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# J A N E E Y R E.

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY

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# JANE EYRE.

## CHAPTER I.

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mamma in the drawing-room; she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and, with her darlings about her 'for the time neither quarreling nor crying), looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group, saying, "She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation that I was endeavoring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy little children."

"What does Bessie say I have done?" I asked.

"Jane, I don't like cavilers or questioners: besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and, until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent."

A small breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room: I slipped in there. It contained a book-case: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass protecting, but not separating, me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near, a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast

I returned to my book—Bewick's History of British Birds: the letter-press thereof I cared little for, generally speaking; and yet there were certain introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank. They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of "the solitary rocks and promontories" by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lindeness, or Naze, to the North Cape—

"Where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls  
Boils round the raked, melancholy isles  
Of farthest Thule; and the Atlantic surge  
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides."

Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, with "the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of dreary space—that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in Alpine heights above heights, surround the pole, and concenter the multiplied rigors of extreme cold." Of these death-white realms I formed an idea of my own—shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children's brains, but strangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vignettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray; to the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking.

I can not tell what sentiment haunted the quiet, solitary church-yard with its inscribed headstone; its gate, its two trees, its low horizon, girdled by a broken wall, and its newly-risen crescent, attesting the hour of eventide.

The two ships becalmed on a torpid sea, I believed to be marine phantoms.

The fiend pinning down the thief's pack behind him, I passed over quickly: it was an object of terror.

So was the black, horned thing seated aloof on a rock, surveying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows.

Each picture told a story; mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting: as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter evenings, when she chanced to be in good humor; and when, having brought her ironing-table to the nursery hearth, she allowed us to sit about it, and while she got up Mrs. Reed's lace frills, and crimped her night-cap borders, fed our eager attention with passages of love and adventure taken from old fairy

tales and older badads; or (as at a later period I discovered) from the pages of Pamela, and Henry, Earl of Moreland.

With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy at least in my way. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came too soon. The breakfast-room door opened.

"Boh! Madam Mope!" cried the voice of John Reed; then he paused: he found the room apparently empty.

"Where the dickens is she?" he continued. "Lizzy, Georgy!" (calling to his sisters) "Joan is not here: tell mamma she is run out into the rain—bad animal!"

"It is well I drew the curtain," thought I; and I wished fervently he might not discover my hiding-place: nor would John Reed have found it out himself; he was not quick either of vision or conception: but Eliza just put her head in at the door and said at once—

"She is in the window-seat, to be sure, Jack."

And I came out immediately; for I trembled at the idea of being dragged forth by the said Jack.

"What do you want?" I asked, with awkward diffidence.

"Say, 'what do you want, Master Reed?'" was the answer. "I want you to come here;" and, seating himself in an arm-chair, he intimated by a gesture that I was to approach and stand before him.

John Reed was a school-boy of fourteen years old—four years older than I, for I was but ten—large and stout for his age, with a dingy and unwholesome skin; thick lineaments in a spacious visage, heavy limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye and flabby cheeks. He ought now to have been at school; but his mamma had taken him home for a month or two, "on account of his delicate health." Mr. Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home; but the mother's heart turned from an opinion so harsh, and inclined rather to the more refined idea that John's sallowness was owing to overapplication, and, perhaps, to pining after home.

John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me—not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in the day, but continually: every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh on my bones shrunk when he came near. There were moments when I was bewildered by the terror he inspired, because I had no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions: the servants did not like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and Mrs. Reed was blind and deaf on the subject; she never saw him strike or heard him abuse me, though he did both now and then in her very presence—more frequently, however, behind her back.

Habitually obedient to John, I came up to his chair: he spent some three minutes in thrusting out his tongue at me as far as he could without damaging the roots: I knew he would soon strike, and, while dreading the blow, I mused on the disgusting and ugly appearance

of him who would presently deal it. I wonder if he read that notion in my face; for, all at once, without speaking, he struck suddenly and strongly. I tottered, and, on regaining my equilibrium, retired back a step or two from his chair.

"That is for your impudence in answering mamma a while since," said he, "and for your sneaking way of getting behind curtains, and for the look you had in your eyes two minutes since, you rat!"

Accustomed to John Reed's abuse, I never had an idea of replying to it; my care was how to endure the blow which would certainly follow the insult.

"What were you doing behind the curtain?" he asked.

"I was reading."

"Show the book."

I returned to the window and fetched it thence.

"You have no business to take our books: you are a dependent, mamma says; you have no money; your father left you none; you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen's children like us, and eat the same meals we do, and wear clothes at our mamma's expense. Now, I'll teach you to rummage my book-shelves: for they *are* mine; all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows."

I did so, not at first aware what was his intention; but when I saw him lift and poise the book, and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with a cry of alarm—not soon enough, however: the volume was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pain was sharp: my terror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded.

"Wicked and cruel boy!" I said. "You are like a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the Roman emperors!"

I had read Goldsmith's History of Rome, and had formed my opinion of Nero, Caligula, &c. Also I had drawn parallels in silence, which I never thought thus to have declared aloud.

"What! what!" he cried, "did she say that to me? Did you hear her, Eliza and Georgiana? Won't I tell mamma? But first—"

He ran headlong at me; I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder; he had closed with a desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyrant—a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle down my neck, and was sensible of some pungent suffering; these sensations, for the time, predominated over fear, and I received him in frantic sort. I don't very well know what I did with my hands, but he called me "Rat! rat!" and bellowed out aloud. Aid was near him; Eliza and Georgiana had run for Mrs. Reed, who was gone up stairs, she now came upon the scene, followed by Bessie and her maid Abbot. We were parted; I heard the words:

"Dear! dear! What a fury to fly at Master John!"

"Did ever any body see such a picture of passion!"

Then Mrs. Reed subjoined:

"Take her away to the red-room, and lock

her in there." Four hands were immediately laid upon me, and I was borne up stairs.

## CHAPTER II

I RESISTED all the way: a new thing for me, and a circumstance which greatly strengthened the bad opinion Bessie and Miss Abbot were disposed to entertain of me. The fact is, I was a trifle beside myself; or, rather, out of myself, as the French would say; I was conscious that a moment's mutiny had already rendered me liable to strange penalties, and, like any other rebel slave, I felt resolved, in my desperation, to go all lengths.

"Hold her arms, Miss Abbot; she's like a mad cat."

"For shame! for shame!" cried the lady's-maid. "What shocking conduct, Miss Eyre, to strike a young gentleman, your benefactress's son! your young master!"

"Master! How is he my master? Am I a servant?"

"No; you are less than a servant, for you do nothing for your keep. There, sit down and think over your wickedness."

They had got me by this time into the apartment indicated by Mrs. Reed, and had thrust me upon a stool; my impulse was to rise from it like a spring; their two pairs of hands arrested me instantly.

"If you don't sit still, you must be tied down," said Bessie. "Miss Abbot, lend me your garters; she would break mine directly."

Miss Abbot turned to divest a stout leg of the necessary ligature. This preparation for bonds, and the additional ignominy it inferred, took a little of the excitement out of me.

"Don't take them off," I cried; "I will not stir."

In guaranty whereof I attached myself to my seat by my hands.

"Mind you don't," said Bessie; and when she had ascertained that I was really subsiding, she loosened her hold of me; then she and Miss Abbot stood with folded arms, looking darkly and doubtfully on my face, as incredulous of my sanity.

"She never did so before," at last said Bessie, turning to the Abigail.

"But it was always in her," was the reply.

"I've told missis often my opinion about the child, and missis agreed with me. She's an underhand little thing; I never saw a girl of her age with so much cover."

Bessie answered not; but ere long, addressing me, she said,

"You ought to be aware, miss, that you are under obligations to Mrs. Reed: she keeps you; if she were to turn you off, you would have to go to the poor-house."

I had nothing to say to these words; they were not new to me; my very first recollections of existence included hints of the same kind. This reproach of my dependence had become a vague sing-song in my ear; very painful and crushing, but only half intelligible. Miss Abbot joined in:

"And you ought not to think yourself on an equality with the Misses Reed and Master Reed, because missis kindly allows you to be

brought up with them. They will have a great deal of money, and you will have none; it is your place to be humble, and to try to make yourself agreeable to them."

"What we tell you is for your good," added Bessie, in no harsh voice; "you should try to be useful and pleasant, then perhaps you would have a home here; but if you become passionate and rude, missis will send you away, I am sure."

"Besides," said Miss Abbot, "God will punish her; he might strike her dead in the midst of her tantrums, and then where would she go? Come, Bessie, we will leave her; I wouldn't have her heart for any thing. Say your prayers, Miss Eyre, when you are by yourself; for if you don't repent, something bad might be permitted to come down the chimney and fetch you away."

They went, shutting the door, and locking it behind them.

The bed-room was a spare chamber, very seldom slept in; I might say never, indeed, unless when a chance influx of visitors at Gateshead Hall rendered it necessary to turn to account all the accommodation it contained; yet it was one of the largest and stateliest chambers in the mansion. A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, stood out like a tabernacle in the center; the two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoons and falls of similar drapery; the carpet was red; the table at the foot of the bed was covered with a crimson cloth; the walls a soft fawn-color, with a blush of pink in it; the wardrobe, the toilet-table, the chairs were of darkly-polished old mahogany. Out of these deep surrounding shades rose high, and glared white, the piled-up mattresses and pillows of the bed, spread with a snowy Marseilles counterpane. Scarcely less prominent was an ample, cushioned easy-chair near the head of the bed, also white, with a footstool before it; and looking, as I thought, like a pale throne.

This room was chill, because it seldom had a fire; it was silent, because remote from the nursery and kitchens; solemn, because it was known to be so seldom entered. The housemaid alone came here on Saturdays, to wipe from the mirrors and the furniture a week's quiet dust; and Mrs. Reed herself, at far intervals, visited it to review the contents of a certain secret drawer in the wardrobe, where were stored divers parchments, her jewel-casket, and a miniature of her deceased husband; and in those last words lies the secret of the red-room—the spell which kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur.

Mr. Reed had been dead nine years; it was in this chamber he breathed his last; here he lay in state; hence his coffin was borne by undertaker's men; and, since that day, a sense of dreary consecration had guarded it from frequent intrusion.

My seat, to which Bessie and the bitter Miss Abbot had left me riveted, was a low ottoman, near the marble chimney-piece; the bed rose before me; to my right hand there was the high, dark wardrobe, with subdued, broken reflections varying the gloss of its panels; to my left were the muffled windows; a great

looking-glass between them repeated the vacant majesty of the bed and room. I was not quite sure whether they had locked the door; and, when I dared move, I got up, and went to see. Alas! yes; no ail was ever more secure. Returning, I had to cross before the looking-glass; my fascinated glance involuntarily explored the depth it revealed. All looked colder and darker in that visionary hollow than in reality; and the strange little figure there gazing at me, with a white face and arms specking the gloom, and glittering eyes of fear moving where all else was still, had the effect of a real spirit. I thought it like one of the tiny phantoms, half fairy, half imp, Bessie's evening stories represented as coming up out of lone, ferny dells, in moors, and appearing before the eyes of belated travelers. I returned to my stool.

Superstition was with me at that moment, but it was not yet her hour for complete victory. My blood was still warm; the mood of the revolted slave was still bracing me with its bitter vigor; I had to stem a rapid rush of retrospective thought before I quailed to the dismal present.

All John Reed's violent tyrannies, all his sisters' proud indifference, all his mother's aversion, all the servants' partiality, turned up in my disturbed mind like a dark deposit in a turbid well. Why was I always suffering, always browbeaten, always accused, forever condemned? Why could I never please? Why was it useless to try to win any one's favor? Eliza, who was headstrong and selfish, was respected. Georgiana, who had a spoiled temper, a very acrid spite, a captious and insolent carriage, was universally indulged. Her beauty—her pink cheeks and golden curls—seemed to give delight to all who looked at her, and to purchase indemnity for every fault. John, no one thwarted, much less punished, though he twisted the necks of the pigeons, killed the little pea-chicks, set the dogs at the sheep, stripped the hothouse vines of their fruit, and broke the buds off the choicest plants in the conservatory; he called his mother "old girl," too; sometimes reviled her for her dark skin, similar to his own, bluntly disregarded her wishes; not unfrequently tore and spoiled her silk attire; and he was still "her own darling." I dared commit no fault; I strove to fulfill every duty; and I was termed naughty and tiresome, sullen and sneaking, from morning to noon, and from noon to night.

My head still ached and bled with the blow and fall I had received. No one had reproved John for wantonly striking me; and because I had turned against him to avert further irrational violence, I was loaded with general opprobrium.

"Unjust! unjust!" said my reason, forced by the agonizing stimulus into precocious, though transitory power; and Resolve, equally wrought up, instigated some strange expedient to achieve escape from insupportable oppression—as running away, or, if that could not be effected, never eating or drinking more, and letting myself die.

What a consternation of soul was mine that dreary afternoon! How all my brain was in tumult, and all my heart in insurrection! Yet

in what darkness, what dense ignorance, ~~was~~ the mental battle fought! I could not answer the ceaseless inward question—*why* I thus suffered; now, at the distance of—I will not say how many years, I see it clearly.

I was a discord in Gateshead Hall; I was like nobody there; I had nothing in harmony with Mrs. Reed, or her children, or her chosen vassalage. If they did not love me, in fact, as little did I love them. They were not bound to regard with affection a thing that could not sympathize with one among them; a heterogeneous thing, opposed to them in temperament, in capacity, in propensities; a useless thing, incapable of serving their interest, or adding to their pleasure; a noxious thing, cherishing the germs of indignation at their treatment—of contempt of their judgment. I know that, had I been a sanguine, brilliant, careless, exacting, handsome, rousing child, though equally dependent and friendless, Mrs. Reed would have endured my presence more complacently; her children would have entertained for me more of the cordiality of fellow-feeling; the servants would have been less prone to make me the scape-goat of the nursery.

Daylight began to forsake the red-room. It was past four o'clock, and the beclouded afternoon was tending to drear twilight. I heard the rain still beating continuously on the staircase window, and the wind howling in the grove behind the hall. I grew by degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sunk. My habitual mood of humiliation, self-doubt, forlorn depression, fell damp on the embers of my decaying ire. All said I was wicked, and perhaps I might be so—what thought had I been but just conceiving, of starving myself to death! That certainly was a crime; and was I fit to die? or was the vault under the chancel of Gateshead Church an inviting bourne? In such vault, I had been told, did Mr. Reed lie buried; and led by this thought to recall his idea, I dwelt on it with gathering dread. I could not remember him, but I knew that he was my own uncle—my mother's brother; that he had taken me when a parentless infant to his house; and that, in his last moments, he had required a promise of Mrs. Reed that she would rear and maintain me as one of her own children. Mrs. Reed probably considered she had kept this promise; and so she had, I dare say, as well as her nature would permit her; but how could she really like an interloper not of her race, and unconnected with her, after her husband's death, by any tie? It must have been most irksome to find herself bound by a hard-wrung pledge to stand in the stead of a parent to a strange child she could not love, and to see an uncongenial alien permanently intruded on her own family group.

A singular notion dawned upon me. I could not—had never doubted—that, if Mr. Reed had been alive, he would have treated me kindly; and now, as I sat looking at the white bed and overshadowed walls, occasionally, also, turning a fascinated eye toward the dimly-gleaming mirror, I began to recall what I had heard of dead men, troubled in their graves by the violation of their last wishes, revisiting the earth to punish the perjured and avenge the oppressed; and I thought Mr. Reed's spirit, har

assed by the wrongs of his sister's child, might quit its abode—whether in the church vault, or in the unknown world of the departed—and rise before me in this chamber. I wiped my tears and hushed my sobs, fearful lest any sign of violent grief might waken a preternatural voice to comfort me, or elicit from the gloom some haloed face bending over me with strange pity. This idea, consolatory in theory, I felt would be terrible if realized. With all my might I endeavored to stifle it—I endeavored to be firm. Shaking my hair from my eyes, I lifted my head and tried to look boldly round the dark room. At this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray from the moon penetrating some aperture in the blind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred. While I gazed, it glided up to the ceiling and quivered over my head. I can now conjecture readily that this streak of light was, in all likelihood, a gleam from a lantern, carried by some one across the lawn; but then, prepared as my mind was for horror, shaken as my nerves were by agitation, I thought the swift-darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world. My heart beat thick—my head grew hot; a sound filled my ears, which I deemed the rushing of wings; something seemed near me; I was oppressed, suffocated; endurance broke down; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort. Steps came running along the outer passage; the key turned; Bessie and Abbot entered.

"Miss Eyre, are you ill?" said Bessie.

"What a dreadful noise! it went quite through me!" exclaimed Abbot.

"Take me out! Let me go into the nursery!" was my cry.

"What for? Are you hurt? Have you seen something?" again demanded Bessie.

"Oh! I saw a light, and I thought a ghost would come." I had now got hold of Bessie's hand, and she did not snatch it from me.

"She has screamed out on purpose," declared Abbot, in some disgust. "And what a scream! If she had been in great pain one would have excused it, but she only wanted to bring us all here: I know her wicked, naughty tricks."

"What is all this?" demanded another voice peremptorily; and Mrs. Reed came along the corridor, her cap flying wide, her gown rustling stormily. "Abbot and Bessie, I believe I gave orders that Jane Eyre should be left in the red-room till I came to her myself."

"Miss Jane screamed so loud, ma'am," pleaded Bessie.

"Let her go," was the only answer. "Loose Bessie's hand, child: you can not succeed in getting out by these means, be assured. I abhor artifice, particularly in children; it is my duty to show you that tricks will not answer; you will now stay here an hour longer, and it is only on condition of perfect submission and stillness that I shall liberate you then."

"Oh aunt, have pity! Forgive me! I can not endure it—let me be punished some other way! I shall be killed if—"

"Silence! This violence is almost repulsive:" and so, no doubt, she felt it. I was a precocious actress in her eyes: she sincerely

looked on me as a compound of virulent passions, mean spirit, and dangerous duplicity.

Bessie and Abbot having retreated, Mrs. Reed, impatient of my now frantic anguish and wild sobs, abruptly thrust me back and locked me in, without further parley. I heard her sweeping away; and soon after she was gone, I suppose I had a species of fit: unconsciousness closed the scene.

### CHAPTER III.

THE next thing I remember is, waking up with a feeling as if I had had a frightful nightmare, and seeing before me a terrible red glare, crossed with thick, black bars. I heard voices, too, speaking with a hollow sound, and as if muffled by a rush of wind or water: agitation, uncertainty, and an all-predominating sense of terror confused my faculties. Ere long, I became aware that some one was handling me; lifting me up and supporting me in a sitting posture: and that more tenderly than I ever been raised or upheld before. I rested my head against a pillow or an arm, and felt easy.

In five minutes more, the cloud of bewilderment dissolved: I knew quite well that I was in my own bed, and that the red glare was the nursery fire. It was night: a candle burned on the table; Bessie stood at the bed-foot with a basin in her hand, and a gentleman sat in a chair near my pillow, leaning over me.

I felt an inexpressible relief, a soothing conviction of protection and security, when I knew that there was a stranger in the room; an individual not belonging to Gateshead, and not related to Mrs. Reed. Turning from Bessie (though her presence was far less obnoxious to me than that of Abbot, for instance, would have been), I scrutinized the face of the gentleman: I knew him; it was Mr. Lloyd, an apothecary, sometimes called in by Mrs. Reed when the servants were ailing; for herself and the children she employed a physician.

"Well, who am I?" he asked.

I pronounced his name, offering him at the same time my hand: he took it, smiling and saying, "We shall do very well by and by." Then he laid me down, and addressing Bessie, charged her to be very careful that I was not disturbed during the night. Having given some further directions, and intimated that he should call again the next day, he departed, to my grief; I felt so sheltered and befriended while he sat in the chair near my pillow; and as he closed the door after him, all the room darkened and my heart again sunk: inexpressible sadness weighed it down.

"Do you feel as if you should sleep, miss?" asked Bessie, rather softly.

Scarcely dared I answer her; for I feared the next sentence might be rough. "I will try."

"Would you like to drink, or could you eat any thing?"

"No, thank you, Bessie."

"Then I think I shall go to bed, for it is past twelve o'clock; but you may call me if you want any thing in the night."

Wonderful civility this! It emboldened me to ask a question.

"Bessie, what is the matter with me? Am I ill?"

"You fell sick, I suppose, in the red-room with crying; you'll be better soon, no doubt."

Bessie went into the housemaid's apartment which was near. I heard her say:

"Sarah, come and sleep with me in the nursery; I daren't for my life be alone with that poor child to-night; she might die: it's such a strange thing she should have that fit; I wonder if she saw any thing. Missis was rather too hard."

Sarah came back with her; they both went to bed; they were whispering together for half an hour before they fell asleep. I caught scraps of their conversation, from which I was able only too distinctly to infer the main subject discussed.

"Something passed her, all dressed in white, and vanished"—"A great black dog behind him"—"Three loud raps on the chamber door"—"A light in the church-yard just over his grave"—&c., &c.

At last both slept: the fire and the candle went out. For me, the watches of that long night passed in ghastly wakefulness; ear, eye, and mind were alike strained by dread: such dread as children only can feel.

No severe or prolonged bodily illness followed this incident of the red-room: it only gave my nerves a shock, of which I feel the reverberation to this day. Yes, Mrs. Reed, to you I owe some fearful pangs of mental suffering. But I ought to forgive you, for you knew not what you did: while rending my heart-strings, you thought you were only uprooting my bad propensities.

Next day, by noon, I was up and dressed, and sat wrapped in a shawl by the nursery hearth. I felt physically weak and broken down; but my worst ailment was an unutterable wretchedness of mind: a wretchedness which kept drawing from me silent tears; no sooner had I wiped one salt drop from my cheek than another followed. Yet, I thought, I ought to have been happy, for none of the Reeds were there; they were all gone out in the carriage with their mamma: Abbot, too, was sewing in another room, and Bessie, as she moved hither and thither, putting away toys and arranging drawers, addressed to me every now and then a word of unwonted kindness. This state of things should have been to me a paradise of peace, accustomed as I was to a life of ceaseless reprimand and thankless fagging; but, in fact, my racked nerves were now in such a state that no calm could soothe, and no pleasure excite them agreeably.

Bessie had been down into the kitchen, and she brought up with her a tart on a certain brightly-painted china plate, whose bird of paradise, nestling in a wreath of convolvuli and rose-buds, had been wont to stir in me a most enthusiastic sense of admiration; and which plate I had often petitioned to be allowed to take in my hand in order to examine it more closely, but had always hitherto been deemed unworthy of such a privilege. This precious vessel was now placed on my knee, and I was cordially invited to eat the

circlet of delicate pastry upon it. Vain favor coming, like most other favors, long deferred and often wished for, too late! I could not eat the tart; and the plumage of the bird, the tints of the flowers, seemed strangely faded: I put both plate and tart away. Bessie asked if I would have a book: the word *book* acted as a transient stimulus, and I begged her to fetch Gulliver's Travels from the library. This book I had again and again perused with delight; I considered it a narrative of facts, and discovered in it a vein of interest deeper than what I found in fairy tales: for as to the elves, having sought them in vain among fox-glove leaves and bells, under mushrooms and beneath the ground-ivy mantling old wall-nooks, I had at length made up my mind to the sad truth that they were all gone out of England to some savage country, where the woods were wilder and thicker, and the population more scant: whereas Lilliput and Brob-dignag being, in my creed, solid parts of the earth's surface, I doubted not that I might one day, by taking a long voyage, see with my own eyes the little fields, houses, and trees, the diminutive people, the tiny cows, sheep, and birds of the one realm; and the corn-fields forest-high, the mighty mastiffs, the monster cats, the tower-like men and women, of the other. Yet, when this cherished volume was now placed in my hand—when I turned over its leaves, and sought in its marvelous pictures the charm I had, till now, never failed to find—all was eerie and dreary; the giants were gaunt goblins, the pigmies malevolent and fearful imps, Gulliver a most desolate wanderer in most dread and dangerous regions. I closed the book, which I dared no longer peruse, and put it on the table, beside the untasted tart.

Bessie had now finished dusting and tidying the room, and, having washed her hands, she opened a certain little drawer, full of splendid shreds of silk and satin, and began making a new bonnet for Georgiana's doll. Meantime she sang: her song was—

"In the days when we went gipsying,  
A long time ago."

I had often heard the song before, and always with lively delight; for Bessie had a sweet voice—at least, I thought so. But now, though her voice was still sweet, I found in its melody an indescribable sadness. Sometimes, preoccupied with her work, she sang the refrain very low, very lingeringly; "A long time ago" came out like the saddest cadence of a funeral hymn. She passed into another ballad, this time a really doleful one:

"My feet they are sore, and my limbs they are weary.  
Long is the way, and the mountains are wild;  
Soon will the twilight close moonless and dreary  
Over the path of the poor orphan child."

"Why did they send me so far and so lonely,  
Up where the moors spread and gray rocks are piled?  
Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only  
Watch o'er the steps of a poor orphan child."

"Yet distant and soft the night breeze is blowing,  
Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild;  
God, in His mercy, protection is showing,  
Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child."

"Even should I fall o'er the broken bridge passing,  
Or stray in the marshes, by false lights beguiled,  
Still will my Father, with promise and blessing,  
Take to His bosom the poor orphan child."

\* There is a thought that for strength should avail me,  
Though both of shelter and kindred despoiled;  
Heaven is a home, and a rest will not fail me;  
God is a friend to the poor orphan child."

"Come, Miss Jane, don't cry," said Bessie, as she finished. She might as well have said to the fire "don't burn!" but how could she divine the morbid suffering to which I was a prey? In the course of the morning Mr. Lloyd came again.

"What, already up!" said he, as he entered the nursery. "Well, nurse, how is she?"

Bessie answered that I was doing very well.

"Then she ought to look more cheerful. Come here, Miss Jane; your name is Jane, is it not?"

"Yes, sir, Jane Eyre."

"Well, you have been crying, Miss Jane Eyre; can you tell me what about? Have you any pain?"

"No, sir."

"Oh! I dare say she is crying because she could not go out with missis in the carriage," interposed Bessie.

"Surely not! why, she is too old for such pettishness."

I thought so too; and my self-esteem being wounded by the false charge, I answered promptly, "I never cried for such a thing in my life: I hate going out in the carriage. I cry because I am miserable."

"Oh, fie, miss!" said Bessie.

The good apothecary appeared a little puzzled. I was standing before him; he fixed his eyes on me very steadily: his eyes were small and gray; not very bright, but I dare say I should think them shrewd now: he had a hard-featured yet good-natured looking face. Having considered me at leisure, he said—

"What made you ill yesterday?"

"She had a fall," said Bessie, again putting in her word.

"Fall! why that is like a baby again! Can't she manage to walk at her age? She must be eight or nine years old."

"I was knocked down," was the blunt explanation jerked out of me by another pang of mortified pride: "but that did not make me ill," I added, while Mr. Lloyd helped himself to a pinch of snuff.

As he was returning the box to his waistcoat pocket, a loud bell rung for the servant's dinner; he knew what it was. "That's for you, nurse," said he; "you can go down; I'll give Miss Jane a lecture till you come back."

Bessie would rather have stayed; but she was obliged to go, because punctuality at meals was rigidly enforced at Gateshead Hall.

"The fall did not make you ill? what did, then?" pursued Mr. Lloyd, when Bessie was gone.

"I was shut up in a room where there is a ghost, till after dark."

I saw Mr. Lloyd smile and frown at the same time: "Ghost! What, you are a baby after all! You are afraid of ghosts?"

"Of Mr. Reed's ghost I am: he died in that room, and was laid out there. Neither Bessie nor any one else will go into it at night, if they can help it; and it was cruel to shut me up alone without a candle—so cruel that I think I shall never forget it."

"Nonsense! And is it that makes you so miserable? Are you afraid now in daylight?"

"No; but night will come again before long; and, besides, I am unhappy, very unhappy, for other things."

"What other things? Can you tell me some of them?"

How much I wished to reply fully to this question! How difficult it was to frame any answer! Children can feel, but they can not analyze their feelings; and if the analysis is partially effected in thought, they know not how to express the result of the process in words. Fearful, however, of losing this first and only opportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, I, after a disturbed pause, contrived to frame a meager, though, as far as it went, true response.

"For one thing, I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters."

"You have a kind aunt and cousins."

Again I paused; then bunglingly enounced:

"But John Reed knocked me down, and my aunt shut me up in the red-room."

Mr. Lloyd a second time produced his snuff-box.

"Don't you think Gateshead Hall a very beautiful house?" asked he. "Are you not very thankful to have such a fine place to live at?"

"It is not my house, sir; and Abbot says I have less right to be here than a servant."

"Pooh! you can't be silly enough to wish to leave such a splendid place!"

"If I had any where else to go, I should be glad to leave it; but I can never get away from Gateshead till I am a woman."

"Perhaps you may—who knows? Have you any relations besides Mrs. Reed?"

"I think not, sir."

"None belonging to your father?"

"I don't know: I asked Aunt Reed once and she said possibly I might have some poor, low relations called Eyre; but she knew nothing about them."

"If you had such, would you like to go to them?"

I reflected. Poverty looks grim to grown people; still more so to children: they have not much idea of industrious, working, respectable poverty; they think of the word only as connected with ragged clothes, scanty food, fireless grates, rude manners, and debasing vices: poverty for me was synonymous with degradation.

"No; I should not like to belong to poor people," was my reply.

"Not even if they were kind to you?"

I shook my head: I could not see how poor people had the means of being kind; and then to learn to speak like them, to adopt their manners, to be uneducated, to grow up like one of the poor women I saw sometimes nursing their children or washing their clothes at the cottage doors of the village of Gateshead; no, I was not heroic enough to purchase liberty at the price of caste.

"But are your relatives so very poor? Are they working people?"

"I can not tell. Aunt Reed says if I have any, they must be a beggarly set; I should not like to go a-begging."



"Would you like to go to school?"

Again I reflected. I scarcely knew what school was. Bessie sometimes spoke of it as a place where young ladies sat in the stocks, wore back-boards, and were expected to be exceedingly genteel and precise; John Reed hated his school, and abused his master; but John Reed's tastes were no rule for mine, and if Bessie's accounts of school-discipline (gathered from the young ladies of a family where she had lived before coming to Gateshead) were somewhat appalling, her details of certain accomplishments attained by these same young ladies were, I thought, equally attractive. She boasted of beautiful paintings of landscapes and flowers by them executed; of songs they could sing and pieces they could play, of purses they could net, of French books they could translate; till my spirit was moved to emulation as I listened. Besides, school would be a complete change; it implied a long journey, an entire separation from Gateshead, an entrance into a new life.

"I should indeed like to go to school," was the audible conclusion of my musings.

"Well, well; who knows what may happen?" said Mr. Lloyd, as he got up. "The child ought to have change of air and scene;" he added, speaking to himself, "nerves not in a good state."

Bessie now returned; at the same moment the carriage was heard rolling up the gravel-walk.

"Is that your mistress, nurse?" asked Mr. Lloyd: "I should like to speak to her before I go."

Bessie invited him to walk into the breakfast-room, and led the way out. In the interview which followed between him and Mrs. Reed, I presume, from after-occurrences, that the apothecary ventured to recommend my being sent to school; and the recommendation was no doubt readily enough adopted; for, as Abbot said, in discussing the subject with Bessie, when both sat sewing in the nursery one night, after I was in bed, and, as they thought, asleep, "Missis was, she dared say, glad enough to get rid of such a tiresome, ill-conditioned child, who always looked as if she were watching every body, and scheming plots underhand." Abbot, I think, gave me credit for being a sort of infantine Guy Fawkes.

On that same occasion I learned, for the first time, from Miss Abbot's communications to Bessie, that my father had been a poor clergyman; that my mother had married him against the wishes of her friends, who considered the match beneath her; that my grandfather Reed was so irritated at her disobedience, he cut her off without a shilling; that after my mother and father had been married a year, the latter caught the typhus fever while visiting among the poor of a large manufacturing town where his curacy was situated, and where that disease was then prevalent; that my mother took the infection from him, and both died within a month of each other.

Bessie, when she heard this narrative, sighed and said, "Poor Miss Jane is to be pitied, too, Abbot."

"Yes," responded Abbot; "if she were a nice, pretty child, one might compassionate her

forlornness; but one really can not care for such a little toad as that."

"Not a great deal, to be sure," agreed Bessie; "at any rate, a beauty like Miss Georgiana would be more moving in the same condition."

"Yes, I dote on Miss Georgiana!" cried the fervent Abbot. "Little darling! with her long curls and her blue eyes, and such a sweet color as she has; just as if she were painted!" Bessie, I could fancy a Welsh rabbit for supper."

"So could I—with a roast onion. Come, we'll go down." They went

#### CHAPTER IV.

FROM my discourse with Mr. Lloyd, and from the above-reported conference between Bessie and Abbot, I gathered enough of hope to suffice as a motive for wishing to get well: a change seemed near—I desired and waited it in silence. It tarried, however; days and weeks passed; I had regained my normal state of health, but no new allusion was made to the subject over which I brooded. Mrs. Reed surveyed me at times with a severe eye, but seldom addressed me. Since my illness she had drawn a more marked line of separation than ever between me and her own children; appointing me a small closet to sleep in by myself, condemning me to take my meals alone, and pass all my time in the nursery, while my cousins were constantly in the drawing-room. Not a hint, however, did she drop about sending me to school; still I felt an instinctive certainty that she would not long endure me under the same roof with her; for her glance, now more than ever, when turned on me, expressed an insuperable and rooted aversion.

Eliza and Georgiana, evidently acting according to orders, spoke to me as little as possible. John thrust his tongue in his cheek whenever he saw me, and once attempted chastisement; but as I instantly turned against him, roused by the same sentiment of deep ire and desperate revolt which had stirred my corruption before, he thought it better to desist, and ran from me uttering execrations and vowing I had burst his nose. I had indeed leveled at that prominent feature as hard a blow as my knuckles could inflict; and when I saw that either that or my look daunted him, I had the greatest inclination to follow up my advantage to purpose; but he was already with his mamma. I heard him in a blubbing tone commence the tale of how "that nasty Jane Eyre" had flown at him like a mad cat—: he was stopped rather harshly—

"Don't talk to me about her, John; I told you not to go near her; she is not worthy of notice; I do not choose that either you or your sisters should associate with her."

Here, leaning over the banister, I cried out suddenly and without at all deliberating on my words,

"They are not fit to associate with me."

Mrs. Reed was rather a stout woman, but, on hearing this strange and audacious declaration, she ran nimbly up the stair, swept me like a whirlwind into the nursery, and crushing me

down on the edge of my crib, dared me in an emphatic voice to rise from that place or utter one syllable during the remainder of the day.

"What would Uncle Reed say to you if he were alive?" was my scarcely voluntary demand. I say scarcely voluntary, for it seemed as if my tongue pronounced words without my will consenting to their utterance: something spoke out of me over which I had no control.

"What?" said Mrs. Reed, under her breath: her usually cold, composed gray eye became troubled with a look like fear; she took her hand from my arm and gazed at me as if she really did not know whether I were child or fiend. I was now in for it.

"My Uncle Reed is in heaven and can see all you do and think; and so can papa and mamma: they know how you shut me up all day long, and how you wish me dead."

Mrs. Reed soon rallied her spirits: she shook me most soundly; she boxed both my ears, and then left me without a word. Bessie supplied the hiatus by a homily of an hour's length, in which she proved beyond a doubt that I was the most wicked and abandoned child ever reared under a roof. I half believed her; for I felt indeed only bad feelings surging in my breast.

November, December, and half of January passed away. Christmas and the New Year had been celebrated at Gateshead with the usual festive cheer; presents had been interchanged, dinners and evening parties given. From every enjoyment I was, of course, excluded: my share of the gayety consisted in witnessing the daily appareling of Eliza and Georgiana, and seeing them descend to the drawing-room, dressed out in thin muslin frocks and scarlet sashes, with hair elaborately ringleted; and afterward, in listening to the sound of the piano or the harp played below, to the passing to and fro of the butler and footmen, to the jingling of glass and china as refreshments were handed, to the broken hum of conversation as the drawing-room doors opened and closed. When tired of this occupation, I would retire from the stair-head to the solitary and silent nursery: there, though somewhat sad, I was not miserable. To speak truth, I had not the least wish to go into company, for in company I was very rarely noticed; and if Bessie had but been kind and companionable, I should have deemed it a treat to spend the evenings quietly with her, instead of passing them under the formidable eye of Mrs. Reed, in a room full of ladies and gentlemen. But Bessie, as soon as she had dressed her young ladies, used to take herself off to the lively regions of the kitchen and housekeeper's room, generally bearing the candle along with her: I then sat with my doll on my knee, till the fire got low, glancing round occasionally to make sure that nothing worse than myself haunted the shadowy room; and when the embers sunk to a dull red, I undressed hastily, tugging at knots and strings as I best might, and sought shelter from cold and darkness in my crib. To this crib I always took my doll: human beings must love something, and, in the dearth of worthier objects of affection, I contrived to find a pleasure in loving and cherishing a faded graven image, shabby as a miniature scare-crow. It puzzles me now to remember with what absurd sincerity I doted

on this wooden toy, nait fancying it alive and capable of sensation. I could not sleep unless it was folded in my night-gown; and when it lay there safe and warm, I was comparatively happy, believing it happy likewise.

Long did the hours seem while I waited the departure of the company, and listened for the sound of Bessie's step on the stairs: sometimes she would come up in the interval to seek her thimble or her scissors, or perhaps to bring me something by way of supper—a bun or a cheese-cake; then she would sit on the bed while I ate it, and when I had finished she would tuck the clothes round me; and twice she kissed me, and said, "Good night, Miss Jane." When thus gentle, Bessie seemed to me the best, prettiest, kindest being in the world; and I wished most intensely that she would always be so pleasant and amiable, and never push me about, or scold, or task me unreasonably, as she was too often wont to do. Bessie Lee must, I think, have been a girl of good natural capacity; for she was smart in all she did, and had a remarkable knack of narrative: so, at least, I judge from the impression made on me by her nursery tales. She was pretty, too, if my recollections of her face and person are correct. I remember her as a slim young woman, with black hair, dark eyes, very nice features, and good, clear complexion; but she had a capricious and hasty temper, and indifferent ideas of principle or justice: still, such as she was, I preferred her to any one else at Gateshead Hall.

It was the fifteenth of January, about nine o'clock in the morning: Bessie was gone down to breakfast; my cousins had not yet been summoned to their mamma; Eliza was putting on her bonnet and warm garden-coat to go and feed her poultry, an occupation of which she was fond: and not less so of selling the eggs to the housekeeper and hoarding up the money she thus obtained. She had a turn for traffick, and a marked propensity for saving, shown not only in the vending of eggs and chickens, but also in driving hard bargains with the gardener about flower-roots, seeds, and slips of plants: that functionary having orders from Mrs. Reed to buy of his young lady all the products of her parterre she wished to sell: and Eliza would have sold the hair off her head if she could have made a handsome profit thereby. As to her money, she first secreted it in odd corners, wrapped in a rag or an old curl-paper; but, some of these hoards having been discovered by the housemaid, Eliza, fearful of one day losing her valued treasure, consented to intrust it to her mother, at a usurious rate of interest—fifty or sixty per cent.—which interest she exacted every quarter, keeping her accounts in a little book with anxious accuracy.

Georgiana sat on a high stool, dressing her hair at the glass and interweaving her curls with artificial flowers and faded feathers, of which she had found a store in a drawer in the attic. I was making my bed, having received strict orders from Bessie to get it arranged before she returned (for Bessie now frequently employed me as a sort of under nursery maid, to tidy the room, dust the chairs, &c.). Having spread the quilt and folded my night-dress, I went to the window-seat to put in order some

picture-books and doll's house furniture scattered there; an abrupt command from Georgiana to let her playthings alone (for the tiny chairs and mirrors, the fairy plates and cups were her property) stopped my proceedings; and then, for lack of other occupation, I fell to breathing on the frost-flowers with which the window was fretted, and thus clearing a space in the glass through which I might look out on the grounds, where all was still and petrified under the influence of a hard frost.

From this window were visible the porter's lodge and the carriage road, and just as I had dissolved so much of the silver-white foliage veiling the panes as left room to look out, I saw the gates thrown open and a carriage roll through. I watched it ascending the drive with indifference: carriages often came to Gateshead, but none ever brought visitors in whom I was interested; it stopped in front of the house, the door-bell rung loudly, the new-comer was admitted. All this being nothing to me, my vacant attention soon found livelier attraction in the spectacle of a little hungry robin, which came and chirped on the twigs of the leafless cherry-tree nailed against the wall near the casement. The remains of my breakfast of bread and milk stood on the table, and having crumbled a morsel of roll, I was tugging at the sash to put out the crumbs on the window-sill, when Bessie came running up stairs into the nursery.

"Miss Jane, take off your pinafore: what are you doing there? Have you washed your hands and face this morning?" I gave another tug before I answered, for I wanted the bird to be secure of its bread: the sash yielded; I scattered the crumbs, some on the stone sill, some on the cherry-tree bough, then, closing the window, I replied:

"No, Bessie; I have only just finished dusting."

"Troublesome, careless child! and what are you doing now? You look quite red, as if you had been about some mischief: what were you opening the window for?"

I was spared the trouble of answering, for Bessie seemed in too great a hurry to listen to explanations; she hauled me to the washstand, inflicted a mercile'ss, but, happily, brief scrub on my face and hands with soap, water, and a coarse towel; disciplined my head with a bristly brush, denuded me of my pinafore, and then hurrying me to the top of the stairs, bid me go down directly, as I was wanted in the breakfast-room.

I would have asked who wanted me; I would have demanded if Mrs. Reed was there; but Bessie was already gone, and had closed the nursery door upon me: I slowly descended. For nearly three months I had never been called to Mrs. Reed's presence: restricted so long to the nursery, the breakfast, dining, and drawing-rooms were become for me awful regions on which it dismayed me to intrude.

I now stood in the empty hall; before me was the breakfast-room door, and I stopped, intimidated and trembling. What a miserable little poltroon had fear, engendered of unjust punishment, made of me in those days! I feared to return to the nursery; I feared to go forward to the parlor; ten minutes I stood in agitated

hesitation: the vehement ringing of the breakfast-room bell decided me; I *must* enter.

"Who could want me?" I asked inwardly, as with both hands I turned the stiff door-handle, which, for a second or two, resisted my efforts. "What should I see besides Aunt Reed in the apartment—a man, or a woman?" The handle turned, the door unclosed, and passing through and courtesying low, I looked up at—a black pillar!—such, at least, appeared to me, at first sight, the straight, narrow, sable-clad shape standing erect on the rug: the grim face at the top was like a carved mask, placed above the shaft by way of capital.

Mrs. Reed occupied her usual seat by the fireside: she made a signal to me to approach; I did so, and she introduced me to the stony stranger with these words: "This is the little girl respecting whom I applied to you."

He, for it was a man, turned his head slowly toward where I stood, and having examined me with the two inquisitive-looking gray eyes which twinkled under a pair of bushy brows, said, solemnly, and in a bass voice: "Her size is small; what is her age?"

"Ten years."

"So much?" was the doubtful answer; and he prolonged his scrutiny some minutes. Presently he addressed me.

"Your name, little girl?"

"Jane Eyre, sir."

In uttering these words I looked up: he seemed to me a tall gentleman; but then I was very little; his features were large, and they and all the lines of his frame were equally harsh and prim.

"Well, Jane Eyre, and are you a good child?"

Impossible to reply to this in the affirmative—my little world held a contrary opinion—I was silent. Mrs. Reed answered for me by an expressive shake of the head, adding soon, "Perhaps the less said on that subject the better, Mr. Brocklehurst."

"Sorry indeed to hear it! she and I must have some talk;" and, bending from the perpendicular, he installed his person in the arm-chair, opposite Mrs. Reed's. "Come here," he said.

I stepped across the rug; he placed me square and straight before him. What a face he had, now that it was almost on a level with mine! what a great nose! and what a mouth! and what large, prominent teeth!

"No sight so sad as that of a naughty child," he began, "especially a naughty little girl. Do you know where the wicked go after death?"

"They go to hell," was my ready and orthodox answer.

"And what is hell? Can you tell me that?"

"A pit full of fire."

"And should you like to fall into that pit, and to be burning there forever?"

"No, sir."

"What must you do to avoid it?"

I deliberated a moment. My answer, when it did come, was objectionable. "I must keep in good health, and not die."

"How can you keep in good health? Children younger than you die daily. I buried a little child of five years old, only a day or two since—a good little child, whose soul is now in heaven. It is to be feared the same could

not be said of you, were you to be called hence."

Not being in a condition to remove his doubt, I only cast my eyes down on the two large feet planted on the rug, and sighed, wishing myself far enough away.

"I hope that sigh is from the heart, and that you repent ever having been the occasion of discomfort to your excellent benefactress."

"Benefactress! benefactress!" said I, inwardly. "They all call Mrs. Reed my benefactress; if so, a benefactress is a disagreeable thing."

"Do you say your prayers night and morning?" continued my interrogator.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you read your Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"With pleasure? Are you fond of it?"

"I like Revelations and the book of Daniel, and Genesis and Samuel, and a little bit of Exodus, and some parts of Kings and Chronicles, and Job and Jonah."

"And the Psalms? I hope you like them."

"No, sir."

"No! oh, shocking! I have a little boy younger than you, who knows six psalms by heart; and when you ask him which he would rather have, a gingerbread-nut to eat, or a verse of a psalm to learn, he says: 'Oh, the verse of a psalm! Angels sing psalms,' says he; 'I wish to be a little angel here below;' he then gets two nuts in recompense for his infant piety."

"Psalms are not interesting," I remarked.

"That proves you have a wicked heart; and you must pray to God to change it—to give you a new and a clean one—to take away your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh."

I was about to propound a question, touching the manner in which that operation of changing my heart was to be performed, when Mrs. Reed interposed, telling me to sit down; she then proceeded to carry on the conversation herself.

"Mr. Brocklehurst, I believe I intimated in the letter which I wrote to you three weeks ago, that this little girl has not quite the character and disposition I could wish. Should you admit her into Lowood school, I should be glad if the superintendent and teachers were requested to keep a strict eye on her, and, above all, to guard against her worst fault—a tendency to deceit. I mention this in your hearing, Jane, that you may not attempt to impose on Mr. Brocklehurst."

Well might I dread—well might I dislike Mrs. Reed, for it was her nature to wound me cruelly. Never was I happy in her presence. However carefully I obeyed, however strenuously I strove to please her, my efforts were still repulsed and repaid by such sentences as the above. Now, uttered before a stranger, the accusation cut me to the heart. I dimly perceived that she was already obliterating hope from the new phase of existence which she destined me to enter; I felt, though I could not have expressed the feeling, that she was sowing aversion and unkindness along my future path; I saw myself transformed, under Mr. Brocklehurst's eye, into an artful, noxious

child, and what could I do to remedy the injury?"

"Nothing, indeed," thought I, as I struggled to repress a sob, and hastily wiped away some tears, the impotent evidences of my anguish.

"Deceit is, indeed, a sad fault in a child," said Mr. Brocklehurst; "it is akin to falsehood, and all liars will have their portion in the lake burning with fire and brimstone. She shall, however, be watched, Mrs. Reed. I will speak to Miss Temple and the teachers."

"I should wish her to be brought up in a manner suiting her prospects," continued my benefactress; "to be made useful, to be kept humble: as for the vacations, she will, with your permission, spend them always at Lowood."

"Your decisions are perfectly judicious, madam," returned Mr. Brocklehurst. "Humility is a Christian grace, and one peculiarly appropriate to the pupils of Lowood; I, therefore, direct that especial care shall be bestowed on its cultivation among them. I have studied how best to mortify in them the worldly sentiment of pride, and, only the other day, I had a pleasing proof of my success. My second daughter, Augusta, went with her mamma to visit the school, and on her return she exclaimed: 'Oh, dear, papa, how quiet and plain all the girls at Lowood look! with their hair combed behind their ears, and their long pinafores, and those little holland pockets outside their frocks—they are almost all like poor people's children!' and, said she, 'they looked at my dress and mamma's as if they had never seen a silk gown before.'"

"This is the state of things I quite approve," returned Mrs. Reed; "had I sought all England over, I could scarcely have found a system more exactly fitting a child like Jane Eyre. Consistency, my dear Mr. Brocklehurst; I advocate consistency in all things."

"Consistency, madam, is the first of Christian duties; and it has been observed in every arrangement connected with the establishment of Lowood: plain fare, simple attire, unsophisticated accommodations, hardy and active habits; such is the order of the day in the house and its inhabitants."

"Quite right, sir. I may, then, depend upon this child being received as a pupil at Lowood, and there being trained in conformity to her position and prospects?"

"Madam, you may; she shall be placed in that nursery of chosen plants; and I trust she will show herself grateful to the inestimable privilege of her election."

"I will send her, then, as soon as possible Mr. Brocklehurst; for, I assure you, I feel anxious to be relieved of a responsibility that was becoming too irksome."

"No doubt, no doubt, madam; and now I wish you good morning. I shall return to Brocklehurst Hall in the course of a week or two; my good friend, the archdeacon, will not permit me to leave him sooner. I shall send Miss Temple notice that she is to expect a new girl, so that there will be no difficulty about receiving her. Good-by."

"Good-by Mr. Brocklehurst; remember me to Mrs. and Miss Brocklehurst, and to Au

gusta and Theodore, and Master Broughton Brocklehurst."

"I will, madam. Little girl, here is a book entitled the 'Child's Guide'; read it, with prayer, especially that part containing an 'account of the awfully sudden death of Martha G——, a naughty child, addicted to falsehood and deceit.'"

With these words, Mr. Brocklehurst put into my hand a thin pamphlet sewn in a cover; and having rung for his carriage, he departed.

Mrs. Reed and I were left alone; some minutes passed in silence; she was sewing, I was watching her. Mrs. Reed might be, at that time, some six or seven-and-thirty; she was a woman of robust frame, square-shouldered and strong-limbed, not tall, and though stout not obese; she had a somewhat large face, the under-jaw being much developed and very solid; her brow was low, her chin large and prominent, mouth and nose sufficiently regular; under her light eyebrows glimmered an eye devoid of ruth; her skin was dark and opaque, her hair nearly flaxen; her constitution was sound as a bell; illness never came near her; she was an exact, clever manager, her household and tenantry were thoroughly under her control; her children only, at times defied her authority and laughed it to scorn; she dressed well, and had a presence and port calculated to set off handsome attire.

Sitting on a low stool, a few yards from her arm-chair, I examined her figure; I perused her features. In my hand I held the tract, containing the sudden death of the liar; to which narrative my attention had been pointed as to an appropriate warning. What had just passed—what Mrs. Reed had said concerning me to Mr. Brocklehurst—the whole tenor of their conversation was recent, raw, and stinging in my mind; I had felt every word as acutely, as I had heard it plainly; and a passion of resentment fermented now within me.

Mrs. Reed looked up from her work; her eye settled on mine, her fingers at the same time suspended their nimble movements.

"Go out of the room; return to the nursery," was her mandate. My look or something else must have struck her as offensive, for she spoke with extreme, though suppressed, irritation. I got up, I went to the door, I came back again; I walked to the window, across the room, then close up to her.

"Speak I must; I had been trodden on severely and *must* turn; but how! What strength had I to dart retaliation at my antagonist? I gathered my energies and launched them in this blunt sentence:

"I am not deceitful; if I were, I should say I loved *you*; but I declare, I do not love you; I dislike you the worst of any body in the world except John Reed; and this book about the liar, you may give it to your girl, Georgiana, for it is she who tells lies, and not I."

Mrs. Reed's hands still lay on her work inactive; her eye of ice continued to dwell freezingly on mine:

"What more have you to say?" she asked, rather in the tone in which a person might address an opponent of adult age than such as is ordinarily used to a child.

That eye of his, that voice, stirred every

antipathy I had. Shaking from head to foot thrilled with ungovernable excitement, I continued:

"I am glad you are no relation of mine; I will never call you aunt again as long as I live I will never come to see you when I am grown up; and if any one asks me how I liked you, and how you treated me, I will say the very thought of you makes me sick, and that you treated me with miserable cruelty."

"How dare you affirm that, Jane Eyre?"

"How dare I, Mrs. Reed? How dare I? Because it is the *truth*. You think I have no feelings, and that I can live without one bit of love or kindness; but I can not live so; and you have no pity. I shall remember how you thrust me back—roughly and violently thrust me back into the red-room, and locked me up there—to my dying day; though I was in agony; though I cried out, while suffocating with distress, 'Have mercy! Have mercy, Aunt Reed!' And that punishment you made me suffer because your wicked boy struck me—knocked me down for nothing. I will tell any body who asks me questions, this exact tale. People think you a good woman; but you are bad—hard-hearted. *You* are deceitful!"

Ere I had finished this reply, my soul began to expand, to exult, with the strangest sense of freedom, of triumph, I ever felt. It seemed as if an invisible bond had burst, and that I had struggled out into un hoped-for liberty. Not without cause was this sentiment; Mrs. Reed looked frightened; her work had slipped from her knee, she was lifting up her hands, rocking herself to and fro, and even twisting her face as if she would cry.

"Jane, you are under a mistake; what is the matter with you? Why do you tremble so violently? Would you like to drink some water?"

"No, Mrs. Reed."

"Is there any thing else you wish for Jane? I assure, I desire to be your friend."

"Not you. You told Mr. Brocklehurst I had a bad character, a deceitful disposition; and I'll let every body at Lowood know what you are, and what you have done."

"Jane, you don't understand these things; children must be corrected for their faults."

"Deceit is not my fault!" I cried out in a savage, high voice.

"But you are passionate, Jane; that you must allow; and now return to the nursery, there's a dear, and lie down a little."

"I am not your dear; I can not lie down; send me to school soon, Mrs. Reed, for I hate to live here."

"I will indeed send her to school soon," murmured Mrs. Reed, *sotto voce*; and gathering up her work, she abruptly quitted the apartment.

I was left there alone, winner of the field. It was the hardest battle I had fought, and the first victory I had gained. I stood awhile on the rug, where Mr. Brocklehurst had stood, and I enjoyed my conqueror's solitude. First, I smiled to myself and felt elate; but this fierce pleasure subsided in me as fast as did the accelerated throb of my pulses. A child can not quarrel with its elders, as I had done; can not give its furious feelings uncontrolled play as I

had given mine, without experiencing afterward the pang of remorse and the chill of reaction. A ridge of lighted heath, alive, glancing, devouring, would have been a meet emblem of my mind when I accused and menaced Mrs. Reed; the same ridge, black and blasted after the flames are dead, would have represented as metely my subsequent condition, when half an hour's silence and reflection had shown me the madness of my conduct, and the dreariness of my hated and hating position.

Something of vengeance I had tasted for the first time; as aromatic wine it seemed on swallowing, warm and racy; its after-flavor, metallic and corroding, gave me a sensation as if I had been poisoned. Willingly would I now have gone and asked Mrs. Reed's pardon; but I knew, partly from experience and partly from instinct, that was the way to make her repulse me with double scorn, thereby re-exciting every turbulent impulse of my nature.

I would fain exercise some better faculty than that of fierce speaking; fain find some nourishment for some less fiendish feeling than that of somber indignation. I took a book, some Arabian tales; I sat down and endeavored to read. I could make no sense of the subject; my own thoughts swam always between me and the page I had always found fascinating. I opened a glass door in the breakfast-room; the shrubbery was quite still; the black frost reigned, unbroken by sun or breeze, through the grounds. I covered my head and arms with the skirt of my frock, and went out to walk in a part of the plantation which was quite sequestered; but I found no pleasure in the silent trees, the fallen fir-cones, the congealed relics of autumn, russet leaves, swept by past winds in heaps, and now stiffened together. I leaned against a gate, and looked into an empty field where no sheep were feeding, where the short grass was nipped and blanched. It was a very gray day; a most opaque sky, "onding on snaw," canopied all; thence flakes fell at intervals, which settled on the hard path and on the hoary lea without melting. I stood, a wretched child enough, whispering to myself over and over again, "What shall I do? what shall I do?"

All at once I heard a clear voice call, "Miss Jane! where are you? Come to lunch!"

It was Bessie, I knew well enough; but I did not stir: her light step came tripping down the path.

"You naughty little thing!" she said. "Why don't you come when you are called?"

Bessie's presence now, compared with the thoughts over which I had been brooding, seemed cheerful; even though, as usual, she was somewhat cross. The fact is, after my conflict with, and victory over, Mrs. Reed, I was not disposed to care much for the nurse-maid's transitory anger; and I *was* disposed to bask in her youthful lightness of heart. I just put my two arms round her, and said, "Come, Bessie! don't scold."

The action was more frank and fearless than any I was habituated to indulge in: somehow it pleased her.

"You are a strange child, Miss Jane," she said, as she looked down at me: "a little ro-

ving solitary thing: and you are going to school, I suppose?"

I nodded.

"And won't you be sorry to leave poor Bessie?"

"What does Bessie care for me? She is always scolding me."

"Because you're such a queer, frightened, shy little thing. You should be bolder."

"What! to get more knocks?"

"Nonsense! But you are rather put upon, that's certain. My mother said, when she came to see me last week, that she would not like a little one of her own to be in your place. Now come in, and I've some good news for you."

"I don't think you have, Bessie."

"Child! What do you mean? What sorrowful eyes you fix on me! Well! but missis and the young ladies and Master John are going out to tea this afternoon, and you shall have tea with me. I'll ask the cook to bake you a little cake, and then you shall help me to look over your drawers; for I am soon to pack your trunk. Missis intends you to leave Gateshead in a day or two, and you shall choose what toys you like to take with you."

"Bessie, you must promise not to scold me any more till I go."

"Well, I will: but mind you are a very good girl, and don't be afraid of me. Don't start when I chance to speak rather sharply: it's so provoking."

"I don't think I shall ever be afraid of you again, Bessie, because I've got used to you; and I shall soon have another set of people to dread."

"If you dread them they'll dislike you."

"As you do, Bessie?"

"I don't dislike you, miss; I believe I am fonder of you than all the others."

"You don't show it."

"You little sharp thing! you've got quite a new way of talking. What makes you so venturesome and hardy?"

"Why, I shall soon be away from you, and besides— I was going to say something about what had passed between me and Mrs. Reed; but on second thoughts I considered it better to remain silent on that head."

"And so you are glad to leave me?"

"Not at all, Bessie; indeed, just now I am rather sorry."

"Just now! and rather! How coolly my little lady says it! I dare say now, if I were to ask you for a kiss you wouldn't give it me: you'd say you would *rather* not."

"I'll kiss you and welcome: bend your head down." Bessie stooped; we mutually embraced, and I followed her into the house quite comforted. That afternoon lapsed in peace and harmony; and in the evening Bessie told me some of her most enchanting stories, and sung me some of her sweetest songs. Even for me life had its gleams of sunshine

## CHAPTER V.

FIVE o'clock had hardly struck on the morning of the 19th January when Bessie brought

a candle into my closet and found me already up and nearly dressed. I had risen half an hour before her entrance, and had washed my face and put on my clothes by the light of a half-moon just setting, whose ray streamed through the narrow window of my little crib. I was to leave Gateshead that day by a coach which passed the lodge gates at six A.M. Bessie was the only person yet risen; she had lighted a fire in the nursery, where she now proceeded to make my breakfast. Few children can eat when excited with the thoughts of a journey; nor could I. Bessie, having pressed me in vain to take a few spoonfuls of the boiled milk and bread she had prepared for me, wrapped up some biscuits in a paper and put them into my bag; then she helped me on with my pelisse and bonnet, and, wrapping herself in a shawl, she and I left the nursery. As we passed Mrs. Reed's bedroom, she said, "Will you go in and bid missis good-by?"

"No, Bessie: she came to my crib last night when you were gone down to supper, and said I need not disturb her in the morning, or my cousins either; and she told me to remember that she had always been my best friend, and to speak of her and be grateful to her accordingly."

"What did you say, miss?"

"Nothing: I covered my face with the bed-clothes, and turned from her to the wall."

"That was wrong, Miss Jane."

"It was quite right, Bessie: your missis has not been my friend; she has been my foe."

"Oh, Miss Jane! don't say so!"

"Good-by to Gateshead!" cried I, as we passed through the hall and went out at the front door.

The moon was set, and it was very dark; Bessie carried a lantern, whose light glanced on wet steps and gravel road sodden by a recent thaw. Raw and chill was the winter morning; my teeth chattered as I hastened down the drive. There was a light in the porter's lodge; when we reached it we found the porter's wife just kindling her fire: my trunk, which had been carried down the evening before, stood corded at the door. It wanted but a few minutes of six, and shortly after that hour had struck, the distant roll of wheels announced the coming coach; I went to the door and watched its lamps approach rapidly through the gloom.

"Is she going by herself?" asked the porter's wife.

"Yes."

"And how far is it?"

"Fifty miles."

"What a long way! I wonder Mrs. Reed is not afraid to trust her so far alone."

The coach drew up; there it was at the gates, with its four horses and its top laden with passengers: the guard and coachman loudly urged haste; my trunk was hoisted up; I was taken from Bessie's neck, to which I clung with kisses.

"Be sure and take good care of her," cried she to the guard, as he lifted me into the inside.

"Ay, ay!" was the answer: the door was clapped to, a voice exclaimed "All right!" and as we drove Thus was I severed from Bes-

sie and Gateshead; thus whirled away to unknown, and, as I then deemed, remote and mysterious regions.

I remember but little of the journey: I only know that the day seemed to me of a preternatural length, and that we appeared to travel over hundreds of miles of road. We passed through several towns, and in one—a very large one—the coach stopped; the horses were taken out, and the passengers alighted to dine. I was carried into an inn, where the guard wanted me to have some dinner; but, as I had no appetite, he left me in an immense room with a fireplace at each end, a chandelier pendent from the ceiling, and a little red gallery high up against the wall filled with musical instruments. Here I walked about a long time, feeling very strange, and mortally apprehensive of some one coming in and kidnapping me: for I believed in kidnappers, their exploits having frequently figured in Bessie's fireside chronicles. At last the guard returned; once more I was stowed away in the coach, my protector mounted his own seat, sounded his hollow horn, and away we rattled over the "stony street" of L—.

The afternoon came on wet and somewhat misty; as it waned into dusk, I began to feel that we were getting very far indeed from Gateshead: we ceased to pass through towns; the country changed: great gray hills heaved up round the horizon: as twilight deepened, we descended a valley, dark with wood, and long after night had overclouded the prospect, I heard a wild wind rushing among trees.

Lulled by the sound, I at last dropped asleep: I had not long slumbered when the sudden cessation of motion awoke me; the coach-door was thrown open, and a person like a servant was standing at it; I saw her face and dress by the light of the lamps.

"Is there a little girl called Jane Eyre, here?" she asked. I answered, "Yes," and was then lifted out; my trunk was handed down, and the coach instantly drove away.

I was stiff with long sitting, and bewildered with the noise and motion of the coach: gathering my faculties, I looked about me. Rain, wind, and darkness filled the air; nevertheless, I dimly discerned a wall before me, and a door open in it; through this door I passed with my new guide; she shut and locked it behind her. There was now visible a house or houses—for the building spread far—with many windows, and lights burning in some; we went up a broad, pebbly path, splashing wet, and were admitted at a door; then the servant led me through a passage into a room with a fire, where she left me alone.

I stood and warmed my numbed fingers over the blaze, then I looked round; there was no candle, but the uncertain light from the hearth showed by intervals, papered walls, carpet, curtains, shining mahogany furniture; it was a parlor, not so spacious or splendid as the drawing-room at Gateshead, but comfortable enough. I was puzzling to make out the subject of a picture on the wall, when the door opened, and an individual carrying a light entered; another followed close behind.

The first was a tall lady, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a pale and large forehead; her figure

was partly enveloped in a snawl, her countenance was grave, her bearing erect.

"The child is very young to be sent alone," said she, putting her candle down on the table. She considered me attentively for a minute or two, then further added :

"She had better be put to bed soon—she looks tired. Are you tired?" she asked, placing her hand on my shoulder.

"A little, ma'am."

"And hungry, too, no doubt; let her have some supper before she goes to bed, Miss Miller. Is this the first time you have left your parents to come to school, my little girl?"

I explained to her that I had no parents. She inquired how long they had been dead; then, how old I was, what was my name, whether I could read, write, and sew a little; then she touched my cheek gently with her forefinger, and saying, "She hoped I should be a good child," dismissed me along with Miss Miller.

The lady I had left might be about twenty-nine; the one who went with me appeared some years younger; the first impressed me by her voice, look, and air. Miss Miller was more ordinary; ruddy in complexion, though of a careworn countenance; hurried in gait and action, like one who had always a multiplicity of tasks on hand; she looked, indeed, what I afterward found she really was, an under-teacher. Led by her, I passed from compartment to compartment, from passage to passage, of a large and irregular building; till, emerging from the total and somewhat dreary silence pervading that portion of the house we had traversed, we came upon the hum of many voices, and presently entered a wide, long room, with great deal tables, two at each end, on each of which burned a pair of candles, and seated all round on benches, a congregation of girls of every age from nine or ten to twenty. Seen by the dim light of the dips, their number to me appeared countless, though not in reality exceeding eighty; they were uniformly dressed in brown stuff frocks of quaint fashion, and long holland pinafores. It was the hour of study; they were engaged in conning over their to-morrow's task, and the hum I had heard was the combined result of their whispered repetitions.

Miss Miller signed to me to sit on a bench near the door, then walking up to the top of the long room, she cried out :

"Monitors, collect the lesson-books and put them away!"

Four tall girls arose from different tables, and going round, gathered the books and removed them. Miss Miller again gave the word of command :

"Monitors, fetch the supper trays!"

The tall girls went out and returned presently, each bearing a tray, with portions of something, I knew not what, arranged thereon, and a pitcher of water and mug in the middle of each tray. The portions were handed round; those who liked took a draught of the water, the mug being common to all. When it came to my turn, I drank, for I was thirsty, but did not touch the food, excitement and fatigue rendering me incapable of eating; I now saw, nowever, that it was a thin oaten cake, shared into fragments

The meal over, prayers were read by Miss Miller, and the classes filed off, two and two, up stairs. Overpowered by this time with weariness, I scarcely noticed what sort of a place the bedroom was, except that, like the school-room, I saw it was very long. To-night I was to be Miss Miller's bed-fellow; she helped me to undress. When laid down, I glanced at the long rows of beds, each of which was quickly filled with two occupants; in ten minutes the single light was extinguished; amid silence and complete darkness, I fell asleep.

The night passed rapidly; I was too tired even to dream; I only once awoke to hear the wind rave in furious gusts, and the rain fall in torrents, and to be sensible that Miss Miller had taken her place by my side. When I again unclosed my eyes, a loud bell was ringing, the girls were up and dressing, day had not yet begun to dawn, and a rushlight or two burned in the room. I, too, rose reluctantly; it was bitter cold, and I dressed as well as I could for shivering, and washed, when there was a basin at liberty, which did not occur soon, as there was but one basin to six girls, on the stands down the middle of the room. Again the bell rung; all formed in file, two and two, and in that order descended the stairs and entered the cold and dimly-lighted school-room; here prayers were read by Miss Miller; afterward she called out :

"Form classes!"

A great tumult succeeded for some minutes, during which Miss Miller repeatedly exclaimed, "Silence!" and "Order!" When it subsided, I saw them all drawn up in four semicircles, before four chairs, placed at the four tables; all held books in their hands, and a great book, like a Bible, lay on each table, before the vacant seat. A pause of some seconds succeeded, filled up by the low, vague hum of numbers; Miss Miller walked from class to class, hushing this indefinite sound.

A distant bell tinkled. Immediately three ladies entered the room; each walked to a table and took her seat; Miss Miller assuming the fourth vacant chair, which was that nearest the door, and around which the smallest of the children were assembled; to this inferior class I was called, and placed at the bottom of it.

Business now began. The day's collect was repeated, then certain texts of Scripture were said, and to these succeeded a protracted reading of chapters in the Bible, which lasted an hour. By the time that exercise was terminated, day had fully dawned. The indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth time; the classes were marshaled, and marched into another room to breakfast. How glad I was to behold a prospect of getting something to eat! I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before.

The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odor far from inviting. I saw a universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it. From the van of the procession, the tall girls of the first class, rose the whispered words :



"Disgusting! The porridge is burned again!"

"Silence!" ejaculated a voice—not that of Miss Miller, but of one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed, but of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided at the other. I looked in vain for her I had first seen the night before—she was not visible. Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table, where I sat, and a strange, foreign-looking, elderly lady, the French teacher, as I afterward found, took the corresponding seat at the other board. A long grace was said, and a hymn sung; then a servant brought in some tea for the teachers, and the meal began.

Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess. Burned porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly. I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it, but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the school-room. I was one of the last to go out; and, in passing the tables, I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it. She looked at the others; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered:

"Abominable stuff! How shameful!"

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again begun, during which the school-room was in a glorious tumult. For that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used their privilege. The whole conversation ran on the breakfast, which one and all abused roundly. Poor things! it was the sole consolation they had. Miss Miller was now the only teacher in the room; a group of great girls standing about her, spoke with serious and sullen gestures. I heard the name of Mr. Brocklehurst pronounced by some lips; at which Miss Miller shook her head disapprovingly; but she made no great effort to check the general wrath; doubtless she shared in it.

A clock in the school-room struck nine; Miss Miller left her circle, and, standing in the middle of the room, cried:

"Silence! To your seats!"

Discipline prevailed: in five minutes the confused throng was resolved into order, and comparative silence quelled the Babel clamor of tongues. The upper teachers now punctually resumed their posts; but still, all seemed to wait. Ranged on benches down the sides of the room, the eighty girls sat motionless and erect; a quaint assemblage they appeared, all with plain locks combed from their faces, not a curl visible; in brown dresses, made high and surrounded by a narrow tucker about the throat, with little pockets of holland (shaped something like a Highlander's purse) tied in front of their frocks and destined to serve the purpose of a work-bag; all, too, wearing wool-

en stockings and country-made shoes fastened with brass buckles. Above twenty of those clad in this costume were full-grown girls, or rather, young women: it suited them ill, and gave an air of oddity even to the prettiest.

I was still looking at them, and also at intervals examining the teachers—none of whom precisely pleased me; for the stout one was a little coarse, the dark one not a little fierce, the foreigner harsh and grotesque, and Miss Miller, poor thing! looked purple, weather-beaten, and overworked—when, as my eye wandered from face to face, the whole school rose simultaneously, as if moved by a common spring.

What was the matter? I had heard no order given; I was puzzled. Ere I had gathered my wits, the classes were again seated; but as all eyes were now turned to one point, mine followed the general direction, and encountered the personage who had received me last night. She stood at the bottom of the long room, on the hearth; for there was a fire at each end: she surveyed the two rows of girls silently and gravely. Miss Miller approaching, seemed to ask her a question, and, having received her answer, went back to her place, and said aloud,

"Monitor of the first class, fetch the globes!"

While the direction was being executed, the lady consulted moved slowly up the room. I suppose I have a considerable organ of veneration, for I retain yet the sense of admiring awe with which my eyes tracked her steps. Seen now, in broad daylight, she looked tall, fair, and shapely; brown eyes, with a benignant light in their irids, and a fine penciling of long lashes round, relieved the whiteness of her large front; on each of her temples her hair, of a very dark brown, was clustered in round curls, according to the fashion of those times, when neither smooth bands nor long ringlets were in vogue; her dress, also in the mode of the day, was of purple cloth, relieved by a sort of Spanish trimming of black velvet; a gold watch (watches were not so common then as now) shone at her girdle. Let the reader add, to complete the picture, refined features; a complexion if pale, clear; and a stately air and carriage, and he will have, at least as clearly as words can give it, a correct idea of the exterior of Miss Temple—Maria Temple, as I afterward saw the name written in a prayer-book intrusted to me to carry to church.

The superintendent of Lowood (for such was this lady) having taken her seat before a pair of globes placed on one of the tables, summoned the first class round her, and commenced giving a lesson in geography; the lower classes were called by the teachers; repetitions in history, grammar, &c., went on for an hour; writing and arithmetic succeeded, and music lessons were given by Miss Temple to some of the elder girls. The duration of each lesson was measured by the clock, which at last struck twelve. The superintendent rose:

"I have a word to address to the pupils," said she.

The tumult of cessation from lessons was already breaking forth, but it sunk at her voice. She went on:

"You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat; you must be hungry: "

have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all."

The teachers looked at her with a sort of surprise.

"It is to be done on my responsibility," she added, in an explanatory tone to them, and immediately afterward left the room.

The bread and cheese was presently brought in and distributed, to the high delight and refreshment of the whole school. The order was now given, "To the garden!" Each put on a coarse straw bonnet, with strings of colored calico, and a cloak of gray frieze. I was similarly equipped, and, following the stream, I made my way into the open air.

The garden was a wide inclosure, surrounded with walls so high as to exclude every glimpse of prospect; a covered verandah ran down on one side, and broad walks bordered a middle space divided into scores of little beds; these beds were assigned as gardens for the pupils to cultivate, and each bed had an owner. When full of flowers, they would, doubtless, look pretty; but now, at the latter end of January, all was wintry blight and brown decay. I shuddered as I stood and looked around me: it was an inclement day for out-door exercise—not positively rainy, but darkened by a drizzling, yellow fog; all underfoot was still soaking wet with the floods of yesterday. The stronger among the girls ran about and engaged in active games, but sundry pale and thin ones herded together for shelter and warmth in the verandah; and among these, as the dense mist penetrated to their shivering frames, I heard frequently the sound of a hollow cough.

As yet I had spoken to no one, nor did any body seem to take notice of me; I stood lonely enough: but to that feeling of isolation I was accustomed, it did not oppress me much. I leaned against a pillar of the verandah, drew my gray mantle close about me, and trying to forget the cold which nipped me without, and the unsatisfied hunger which gnawed me within, delivered myself up to the employment of watching and thinking. My reflections were too undefined and fragmentary to merit record; I hardly yet knew where I was. Gateshead and my past life seemed floated away to an immeasurable distance; the present was vague and strange, and of the future, I could form no conjecture. I looked around the convent-like garden, and then, up at the house, a large building, half of which seemed gray and old, the other half quite new. The new part, containing the school-room and dormitory was lighted by mullioned and latticed windows which gave it a church-like aspect; a stone tablet over the door bore this inscription:

"Lowood Institution. This portion was rebuilt A.D. —, by Naomi Brocklehurst, of Brocklehurst Hall, in this county." "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—St. Matt., v., 16."

I read these words over and over again: I felt that an explanation belonged to them, and was unable fully to penetrate their import. I was still pondering the signification of "Institution," and endeavoring to make out a connection between the first words and the verse

of Scripture, when the sound of a cough, close behind me, made me turn my head. I saw a girl sitting on a stone bench near; she was bent over a book, on the perusal of which she seemed intent; from where I stood I could see the title—it was "Rasselas," a name that struck me as strange, and consequently attractive. In turning a leaf she happened to look up, and said to her directly,

"Is your book interesting?" I had already formed the intention of asking her to lend it to me some day.

"I like it," she answered, after a pause of a second or two, during which she examined me.

"What is it about?" I continued. I hardly know where I found the hardihood thus to open a conversation with a stranger; the step was contrary to my nature and habits: but I think her occupation touched a chord of sympathy somewhere; for I, too, liked reading, though of a frivolous and childish kind; I could not digest or comprehend the serious or substantial.

"You may look at it," replied the girl, offering me the book.

I did so; a brief examination convinced me that the contents were less taking than the title: "Rasselas" looked dull to my trifling taste; I saw nothing about fairies, nothing about genii; no bright variety seemed spread over the closely-printed pages. I returned it to her; she received it quietly, and without saying any thing, she was about to relapse into her former studious mood: again I ventured to disturb her—

"Can you tell me what the writing on that stone over the door means? What is Lowood Institution?"

"This house where you are come to live."

"And why do they call it Institution? Is it in any way different from other schools?"

"It is partly a charity-school: you and I, and all the rest of us are charity-children. I suppose you are an orphan: are not either your father or your mother dead?"

"Both died before I can remember."

"Well, all the girls here have lost either one or both parents, and this is called an institution for educating orphans."

"Do we pay no money? Do they keep us for nothing?"

"We pay, or our friends pay, fifteen pounds a-year for each."

"Then why do they call us charity-children?"

"Because fifteen pounds is not enough for board and teaching, and the deficiency is supplied by subscription."

"Who subscribes?"

"Different benevolent-minded ladies and gentlemen in this neighborhood and in London."

"Who was Naomi Brocklehurst?"

"The lady who built the new part of this house, as that tablet records, and whose son overlooks and directs every thing here."

"Why?"

"Because he is treasurer and manager of the establishment."

"Then this house does not belong to that tall lady who wears a watch, and who said we were to have some bread and cheese?"

"To Miss Temple? Oh no! I wish it did: she has to answer to Mr. Brocklehurst for all

she does. Mr. Brocklehurst buys all our food and all our clothes."

"Does he live here?"

"No—two miles off, at a large hall."

"Is he a good man?"

"He is a clergyman, and is said to do a great deal of good."

"Did you say that tall lady was called Miss Temple?"

"Yes."

"And what are the other teachers called?"

"The one with red cheeks is called Miss Smith; she attends to the work, and cuts out—for we make our own clothes, our frocks, and pelisses, and every thing; the little one with black hair is Miss Scatcherd: she teaches history and grammar, and hears the second class repetitions; and the one who wears a shawl, and has a pocket-handkerchief tied to her side with a yellow ribbon, is Madame Pierrot: she comes from Lisle, in France, and teaches French."

"Do you like the teachers?"

"Well enough."

"Do you like the little black one, and the Madame ——?—I can not pronounce her name as you do."

"Miss Scatcherd is hasty—you must take care not to offend her; Madame Pierrot is not a bad sort of person."

"But Miss Temple is the best—isn't she?"

"Miss Temple is very good, and very clever: she is above the rest, because she knows far more than they do."

"Have you been long here?"

"Two years."

"Are you an orphan?"

"My mother is dead."

"Are you happy here?"

"You ask rather too many questions. I have given you answers enough for the present; now I want to read."

But at that moment the summons sounded for dinner: all re-entered the house. The odor which now filled the refectory was scarcely more appetizing than that which had regaled our nostrils at breakfast: the dinner was served in two huge tin-plated vessels, whence rose a strong steam redolent of rancid fat. I found the mess to consist of indifferent potatoes and strange shreds of rusty meat, mixed and cooked together. Of this preparation a tolerably abundant plateful was apportioned to each pupil. I ate what I could, and wondered within myself whether every day's fare would be like this.

After dinner we immediately adjourned to the school-room: lessons recommenced, and were continued till five o'clock.

The only marked event of the afternoon was, that I saw the girl with whom I had conversed in the verandah dismissed in disgrace, by Miss Scatcherd, from a history class, and sent to stand in the middle of the large school-room. The punishment seemed to me in a high degree ignominious, especially for so great a girl—she looked thirteen or upward. I expected she would show signs of great distress and shame; but, to my surprise, she neither wept nor blushed: composed, though grave, she stood, the central mark of all eyes.

"How can she bear it so quietly—so firmly?"

I asked of myself. "Were I in her place, it seems to me I should wish the earth to open and swallow me up. She looks as if she were thinking of something beyond her punishment—beyond her situation: of something not round her nor before her. I have heard of day-dreams—is she in a day-dream now? Her eyes are fixed on the floor, but I am sure they do not see it—her sight seems turned in, gone down into her heart: she is looking at what she can remember, I believe; not at what is really present. I wonder what sort of a girl she is—whether good or naughty."

Soon after five p.m. we had another meal, consisting of a small mug of coffee and half a slice of brown bread. I devoured my bread and drank my coffee with relish; but I should have been glad of as much more—I was still hungry. Half an hour's recreation succeeded, then study; then the glass of water and the piece of oat-cake, prayers, and bed. Such was my first day at Lowood.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE next day commenced as before, getting up and dressing by rushlight; but this morning we were obliged to dispense with the ceremony of washing: the water in the pitchers was frozen. A change had taken place in the weather the preceding evening, and a keen northeast wind, whistling through the crevices of our bedroom windows all night long, had made us shiver in our beds, and turned the contents of the ewers to ice.

Before the long hour and a half of prayers and bible reading was over, I felt ready to perish with cold. Breakfast-time came at last, and this morning the porridge was not burned; the quality was eatable, the quantity small: how small my portion seemed! I wished it had been doubled.

In the course of the day I was enrolled a member of the fourth class, and regular tasks and occupations were assigned me: hitherto I had only been a spectator of the proceedings at Lowood—I was now to become an actor therein. At first, being little accustomed to learn by heart, the lessons appeared to me both long and difficult: the frequent change from task to task, too, bewildered me; and I was glad, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Smith put into my hands a border of muslin, two yards long, together with needle, thimble, &c., and sent me to sit in a quiet corner of the school-room, with directions to hem the same. At that hour most of the others were sewing likewise; but one class still stood round Miss Scatcherd's chair reading, and as all was quiet, the subject of their lessons could be heard, together with the manner in which each girl acquitted herself, and the animadversions or commendations of Miss Scatcherd on the performance. It was English history: among the readers, I observed my acquaintance of the verandah; at the commencement of the lesson, her place had been at the top of the class, but for some error of pronunciation or some inattention to stops, she was suddenly sent to the very bottom. Even

in that obscure position, Miss Scatcherd continued to make her an object of constant notice; she was continually addressing to her such phrases as the following:—

“Burns (such it seems was her name; the girls here, were all called by their surnames, as boys are elsewhere), Burns, you are standing on the side of your shoe, turn your toes out immediately.” “Burns, you poke your chin most unpleasantly, draw it in.” “Burns, I insist on your holding your head up; I will not have you before me in that attitude,” &c., &c.

A chapter having been read through twice, the books were closed and the girls examined. The lesson had comprised part of the reign of Charles I., and there were sundry questions about tannage and poundage, and ship-money, which most of them appeared unable to answer; still, every little difficulty was solved instantly when it reached Burns: her memory seemed to have retained the substance of the whole lesson, and she was ready with answers on every point. I kept expecting that Miss Scatcherd would praise her attention; but, instead of that, she suddenly cried out:

“You dirty, disagreeable girl! you have never cleaned your nails this morning!”

Burns made no answer: I wondered at her silence.

“Why,” thought I, “does she not explain that she could neither clean her nails nor wash her face, as the water was frozen?”

My attention was now called off by Miss Smith, desiring me to hold a skein of thread: while she was winding it, she talked to me from time to time, asking whether I had ever been at school before, whether I could mark, stitch, knit, &c.; till she dismissed me, I could not pursue my observations on Miss Scatcherd’s movements. When I returned to my seat, that lady was just delivering an order, of which I did not catch the import; but Burns immediately left the class, and, going into the small inner room where the books were kept, returned in half a minute, carrying in her hand a bundle of twigs tied together at one end. This ominous tool she presented to Miss Scatcherd with a respectful courtesy; then she quietly, and without being told, unloosed her pinafore, and the teacher instantly and sharply inflicted on her neck a dozen strokes with the **bunch of twigs**. Not a tear rose to Burns’s eye; and, while I paused from my sewing, because my fingers quivered at this spectacle with a sentiment of unavailing and impotent anger, not a feature of her pensive face altered its ordinary expression.

“Hardened girl!” exclaimed Miss Scatcherd, “nothing can correct you of your slatternly habits: carry the rod away.”

Burns obeyed: I looked at her narrowly as she emerged from the book-closet; she was just putting back her handkerchief into her pocket, and the trace of a tear glistened on her thin cheek.

The play-hour in the evening I thought the pleasantest fraction of the day at Lowood: the bit of bread, the draught of coffee swallowed at five o’clock had revived vitality, if it had not satisfied hunger; the long restraint of the day was slackened; the school-room felt warmer than in the morning: its fires being allowed to

burn a little more brightly to supply, in some measure, the place of candles, not yet introduced; the ruddy gloaming, the licensed uproar, the confusion of many voices gave one a welcome sense of liberty.

On the evening of the day on which I had seen Miss Scatcherd flog her pupil Burns, I wandered as usual among the forms and tables and laughing groups without a companion, yet not feeling lonely: when I passed the windows, I now and then lifted a blind and looked out; it snowed fast, a drift was already forming against the lower panes; putting my ear close to the window, I could distinguish, from the gleeful tumult within, the disconsolate moan of the wind outside.

Probably, if I had lately left a good home and kind parents, this would have been the hour when I should most keenly have regretted the separation: that wind would then have saddened my heart; this obscure chaos would have disturbed my peace: as it was I derived from both a strange excitement, and, reckless and feverish, I wished the wind to howl more wildly, the gloom to deepen to darkness, and the confusion to rise to clamor.

Jumping over forms and creeping under tables, I made my way to one of the fireplaces: there, kneeling by the high wire fender, I found Burns, absorbed, silent, abstracted from all round her by the companionship of a book, which she read by the dim glare of the embers.

“Is it still *Rasselas*?” I asked, coming behind her.

“Yes;” she said, “and I have just finished it.”

And in five minutes more she shut it up. I was glad of this.

“Now,” thought I, “I can perhaps get her to talk.” I sat down by her on the floor.

“What is your name besides Burns?”

“Helen.”

“Do you come a long way from here?”

“I come from a place farther north—quite on the borders of Scotland.”

“Will you ever go back?”

“I hope so; but nobody can be sure of the future.”

“You must wish to leave Lowood?”

“No: why should I? I was sent to Lowood to get an education; and it would be of no use going away until I have attained that object.”

“But that teacher, Miss Scatcherd, is so cruel to you?”

“Cruel? Not at all! She is severe: she dislikes my faults.”

“And if I were in your place I should dislike her: I should resist her; if she struck me with that rod, I should get it from her hand; I should break it under her nose.”

“Probably you would do nothing of the sort: but if you did, Mr. Brocklehurst would expel you from the school; that would be a great grief to your relations. It is far better to endure patiently a smart which nobody feels but yourself, than to commit a hasty action whose evil consequences will extend to all connected with you—and, besides, the Bible bids us return good for evil.”

“But then it seems disgraceful to be flogged, and to be sent to stand in the middle of a room full of people; and you are such a great girl; I

am far younger than you and I could not bear it."

"Yet it would be your duty to bear it, if you could not avoid it: it is weak and silly to say you *can not bear* what it is your fate to be required to bear."

I heard her with wonder: I could not comprehend this doctrine of endurance; and still less could I understand or sympathize with the orbearance she expressed for her chastiser. Still I felt that Helen Burns considered things by a light invisible to my eyes. I suspected she might be right and I wrong; but I would not ponder the matter deeply: like Felix, I put it off to a more convenient season.

"You say you have faults, Helen: what are they? To me you seem very good."

"Then learn from me not to judge by appearances: I am, as Miss Scatcherd said, slatternly; I seldom put, and never keep things in order; I am careless; I forget rules; I read when I should learn my lessons; I have no method; and sometimes I say, like you, I can not *bear* to be subjected to systematic arrangements. This is all very provoking to Miss Scatcherd, who is naturally neat, punctual, and particular."

"And cross and cruel," I added; but Helen Burns would not admit my addition: she kept silence.

"Is Miss Temple as severe to you as Miss Scatcherd?"

At the utterance of Miss Temple's name, a soft smile flitted over her grave face.

"Miss Temple is full of goodness; it pains her to be severe to any one, even the worst in the school; she sees my errors, and tells me of them gently; and, if I do any thing worthy of praise, she gives me my meed liberally. One strong proof of my wretchedly defective nature is, that even her expostulations, so mild, so rational, have not influence to cure me of my faults; and even her praise, though I value it most highly, can not stimulate me to continued care and foresight."

"That is curious," said I; "it is so easy to be careful."

"For *you* I have no doubt it is. I observed you in your class this morning, and saw you were closely attentive; your thoughts never seemed to wander while Miss Miller explained the lesson and questioned you. Now, mine continually rove away: when I should be listening to Miss Scatcherd, and collecting all she says with assiduity, often I lose the very sound of her voice; I fall into a sort of dream. Sometimes I think I am in Northumberland, and that the noises I hear round me are the bubbling of a little brook which runs through Deepden, near our house; then, when it comes to my turn to reply, I have to be awakened; and, having heard nothing of what was read for listening to the visionary brook, I have no answer ready."

"Yet how well you replied this afternoon!"

"It was mere chance; the subject on which we had been reading had interested me. This afternoon, instead of dreaming of Deepden, I was wondering how a man who wished to do right could act so unjustly and unwisely as Charles the First sometimes did; and I thought what a pity it was that, with his integrity and

conscientiousness, he could see no farther than the prerogatives of the crown. If he had but been able to look to a distance, and see how what they call the spirit of the age was tending! Still, I like Charles—I respect him—I pity him, poor murdered king! Yes, his enemies were the worst: they shed blood they had no right to shed. How dared they kill him!"

Helen was talking to herself now; she had forgotten I could not very well understand her—that I was ignorant, or nearly so, of the subject she discussed. I recalled her to my level.

"And when Miss Temple teaches you, do your thoughts wander then?"

"No, certainly, not often; because Miss Temple has generally something to say which is newer than my own reflections; her language is singularly agreeable to me, and the information she communicates is often just what I wished to gain."

"Well, then, with Miss Temple you are good?"

"Yes, in a passive way; I make no effort; I follow as inclination guides me. There is no merit in such goodness."

"A great deal; you are good to those who are good to you. It is all I ever desire to be. If people were always kind and obedient to those who are cruel and unjust, the wicked people would have it all their own way: they would never feel afraid, and so they would never alter, but grow worse and worse. When we are struck at without a reason, we should strike back again very hard; I am sure we should—so hard as to teach the person who struck us never to do it again."

"You will change your mind, I hope, when you grow older; as yet you are but a little untaught girl."

"But I feel this, Helen; I must dislike those who, whatever I do to please them, persist in disliking me; I must resist those who punish me unjustly. It is as natural as that I should love those who show me affection, or submit to punishment when I feel it is deserved."

"Heathens and savage tribes hold that doctrine, but Christians and civilized nations disown it."

"How? I don't understand."

"It is not violence that best overcomes hate—nor vengeance that most certainly heals injury."

"What then?"

"Read the New Testament, and observe what Christ says, and how he acts—make his word your rule, and his conduct your example."

"What does he say?"

"Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you."

"Then I should love Mrs. Reed, which I can not do; I should bless her son John, which is impossible."

In her turn, Helen Burns asked me to explain; and I proceeded forthwith to pour out, in my own way, the tale of my sufferings and resentments. Bitter and truculent when excited, I spoke as I felt, without reserve or softening. Helen heard me patiently to the end: I expected she would then make a remark, but she said nothing.

"Well," I asked impatiently, "is not Mrs. Reed, a hard-hearted, bad woman?"

"She has been unkind to you, no doubt; because, you see, she dislikes your cast of character, as Miss Scatcherd does mine: but how minutely you remember all she has done and said to you! What a singularly deep impression her injustice seems to have made on your heart! No ill usage so brands its record on my feelings. Would you not be happier if you tried to forget her severity, together with the passionate emotions it excited? Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world: but the time will soon come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark of the spirit will remain, the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature: whence it came it will return—perhaps again to be communicated to some being higher than man—perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph! Surely it will never, on the contrary, be suffered to degenerate from man to fiend? No; I can not believe that: I hold another creed, which no one ever taught me, and which I seldom mention, but in which I delight, and to which I cling; for it extends hope to all: it makes Eternity a rest—a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed, I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime; I can so sincerely forgive the first while I abhor the last: with this creed, revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low: I live in calm, looking to the end."

Helen's head, always drooping, sunk a little lower as she finished this sentence. I saw by her look she wished no longer to talk to me, but rather to converse with her own thoughts. She was not allowed much time for meditation: a monitor, a great rough girl, presently came up, exclaiming, in a strong Cumberland accent:

"Helen Burns, if you don't go and put your drawer in order, and fold up your work this minute, I'll tell Miss Scatcherd to come and look at it!"

Helen sighed as her reverie fled, and getting up, obeyed the monitor without reply as without delay.

## CHAPTER VII.

My first quarter at Lowood seemed an age; and not the golden age either: it comprised an irksome struggle with difficulties in habituating myself to new rules and unwonted tasks. The fear of failure in these points harassed me worse than the physical hardships of my lot; though these were no trifles.

During January, February, and part of March, the deep snows, and after their melting, the almost impassable roads prevented our stirring beyond the garden walls, except to go to church; but within these limits we had

to pass an hour every day in the open air. Our clothing was insufficient to protect us from the severe cold: we had no boots, the snow got into our shoes and melted there; our ungloved hands became numbed and covered with chilblains, as were our feet; I remember well the distracting irritation I endured from this cause, every evening when my feet inflamed; and the torture of thrusting the swelled, raw and stiff toes into my shoes in the morning. Then the scanty supply of food was distressing: with the keen appetites of growing children, we had scarcely sufficient to keep alive a delicate invalid. From this deficiency of nourishment resulted an abuse which pressed hardly on the younger pupils; whenever the famished great girls had an opportunity, they would coax or menace the little ones out of their portion. Many a time I have shared between two claimants the precious morsel of brown bread distributed at tea time; and after relinquishing to a third half the contents of my mug of coffee, I have swallowed the remainder with an accompaniment of secret tears, forced from me by the exigency of hunger.

Sundays were dreary days in that wintry season. We had to walk two miles to Brocklebridge church, where our patron officiated: we set out cold, we arrived at church colder; during the morning service we became almost paralyzed. It was too far to return to dinner, and an allowance of cold meat and bread, in the same penurious proportion observed in our ordinary meals, was served around between the services.

At the close of the afternoon service, we returned by an exposed and hilly road, where the bitter winter wind, blowing over a range of snowy summits to the north, almost flayed the skin from our faces.

I can remember Miss Temple walking lightly and rapidly along our drooping line, her plaid cloak, which the frosty wind fluttered, gathered close about her, and encouraging us, by precept and example, to keep up our spirits, and march forward, as she said, "like stalwart soldiers." The other teachers, poor things, were generally themselves too much dejected to attempt the task of cheering others.

How we longed for the light and heat of a blazing fire when we got back! But, to the little ones at least, this was denied; each hearth in the school-room was immediately surrounded by a double row of great girls, and behind them the younger children crouched in groups, wrapping their starved arms 'n their pinafores.

A little solace came at tea time, in the shape of a double ration of bread, a whole instead of a half slice, with the delicious addition of a thin scrape of butter; it was the hebdomadal treat to which we all looked forward from Sabbath to Sabbath. I generally contrived to reserve a moiety of this bounteous repast for myself, but the remainder I was invariably obliged to part with.

The Sunday evening was spent in repeating, by heart, the Church Catechism, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew; and in listening to a long sermon, read by Miss Miller, whose irrepressible yawns attested her

weariness. A frequent interlude of these performances was the enactment of the part of Eutychus by some half dozen of little girls; who, overpowered by sleep, would fall down, if not out of the third loft, yet off the fourth form, and be taken up half dead. The remedy was to thrust them forward into the center of the school-room, and oblige them to stand there till the sermon was finished. Sometimes their feet failed them, and they sunk together in a heap; they were then propped up with the monitor's high stools.

I have not yet alluded to the visits of Mr. Brocklehurst; and, indeed, that gentleman was from home during the greater part of the first month after my arrival—perhaps prolonging his stay with his friend the archdeacon; his absence was a relief to me. I need not say that I had my own reasons for dreading his coming; but come he did at last.

One afternoon (I had then been three weeks at Lowood), as I was sitting with a slate in my hand, puzzling over a sum in long division, my eyes, raised in abstraction to the window, caught sight of a figure just passing; I recognized, almost instinctively, that gaunt outline; and when, two minutes after, all the school, teachers included, rose *en masse*, it was not necessary for me to look up in order to ascertain whose entrance they thus greeted. A long stride measured the school-room, and presently beside Miss Temple, who herself had risen, stood the same black column which had frowned on me so ominously from the hearth-rug of Gateshead. I now glanced sideways at this piece of architecture. Yes, I was right; it was Mr. Brocklehurst, buttoned up in a surcoat, and looking longer, narrower, and more rigid than ever.

I had my own reasons for being dismayed at this apparition; too well I remembered the perfidious hints given by Mrs. Reed about my disposition, &c.; the promise pledged by Mr. Brocklehurst to apprise Miss Temple and the teachers of my vicious nature. All along I had been dreading the fulfillment of this promise; I had been looking out daily for the "Coming Man," whose information respecting my past life and conversation was to brand me as a bad child forever; now there he was. He stood at Miss Temple's side; he was speaking low in her ear; I did not doubt he was making disclosures of my villainy, and I watched her eye with painful anxiety, expecting every moment to see its dark orb turn on me a glance of repugnance and contempt. I listened, too; and as I happened to be seated quite at the top of the room, I caught most of what he said; its import relieved me from immediate apprehension.

"I suppose, Miss Temple, the thread I bought at Lowton will do; it struck me that it would be just of the quality for the calico chemises, and I sorted the needles to match. You may tell Miss Smith that I forgot to make a memorandum of the darning-needles, but she shall have some papers sent in next week; and she is not, on any account, to give out more than one at a time to each pupil; if they have more, they are apt to be careless and lose them. And, oh, ma'am! I wish the woolen stockings were better looked to! When I was here last I went

into the kitchen-garden and examined the clothes drying on the line; there was a quantity of black hose in a very bad state of repair; from the size of the holes in them I was sure they had not been well mended from time to time."

He paused.

"Your directions shall be attended to, sir," said Miss Temple.

"And, ma'am," he continued, "the laundress tells me some of the girls have two clean tuckers in the week; it is too much; the rules limit them to one."

"I think I can explain that circumstance, sir. Agnes and Catherine Johnstone were invited to take tea with some friends at Lowton last Thursday, and I gave them leave to put on clean tuckers for the occasion."

Mr. Brocklehurst nodded.

"Well, for once it may pass; but please not to let the circumstance occur too often. And there is another thing which surprised me; I find, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served out to the girls during the past fortnight. How is this? I look over the regulations, and I find no such meal as lunch mentioned. Who introduced this innovation? and by what authority?"

"I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir," replied Miss Temple; "the breakfast was so ill prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it; and I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner time."

"Madam, allow me an instant! You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or over dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and subverting the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on those occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of martyrs, to the exhortations of our blessed Lord himself, calling upon his disciples to take up their cross and follow him; to his warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to his divine consolations, 'if ye suffer hunger or thirst for my sake, happy are ye.' Oh, madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burned porridge into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"

Mr. Brocklehurst again paused—perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her, but she now gazed straight before her, and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and fixity of that material, especially her mouth, closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open

it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity.

Meantime, Mr. Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said, in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used,

"Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what—*what* is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled—curled all over!" And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so.

"It is Julia Severn," replied Miss Temple, very quietly.

"Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world so openly—here, in an evangelical, charitable establishment—as to wear her hair one mass of curls?"

"Julia's hair curls naturally," returned Miss Temple, still more quietly.

"Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature; I wish these girls to be the children of grace; and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow; and I see others who have far too much of the excrescence; that tall girl, tell her to turn round. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall."

Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smooth away the involuntary smile that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they obeyed. Leaning back on my bench, I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on this maneuver; it was a pity Mr. Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would, perhaps have felt that, whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was farther beyond his interference than he imagined.

He scrutinized the reverse of these living medals some five minutes, then pronounced sentence. These words fell like the knell of doom:

"All those top-knots must be cut off."

Miss Temple seemed to remonstrate.

"Madam," he pursued, "I have a Master to serve whose kingdom is not of this world; my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh; to teach them to clothe themselves with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven; these, I repeat, must be cut off; think of the time wasted, of—"

Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted: three other visitors, ladies, now entered the room. They ought to have come a little sooner to have heard his lecture on dress, for they were splendidly attired in velvet, silk, and furs. The two younger of the trio (fine girls of sixteen and seventeen) had gray beaver hats, then in fashion, shaded with ostrich-plumes, and

from under the brim of this graceful head-dress fell a profusion of light tresses, elaborately curled; the elder lady was enveloped in a costly velvet shawl, trimmed with ermine, and she wore a false front of French curls.

These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple, as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honor at the top of the room. It seems they had come in the carriage with their reverend relative, and had been conducting a rummaging scrutiny of the rooms up stairs, while he transacted business with the housekeeper, questioning the laundress, and lecturing the superintendent. They now proceeded to address divers remarks and reproofs to Miss Smith, who was charged with the care of the linen and the inspection of the dormitories; but I had no time to listen to what they said; other matters called off and enchained my attention.

Hitherto, while gathering up the discourse of Mr. Brocklehurst and Miss Temple, I had not, at the same time, neglected precautions to secure my own personal safety; which I thought would be effected, if I could only elude observation. To this end, I had set well back on the form, and while seeming to be busy with my sum, had held my slate in such a manner as to conceal my face: I might have escaped notice, had not my treacherous slate somehow happened to slip from my hand, and falling with an obtrusive crash, directly drawn every eye upon me; I knew that it was all over now, and, as I stooped to pick up the two fragments of slate, I rallied my forces for the worst. It came.

"A careless girl!" said Mr. Brocklehurst, and immediately after—"It is the new pupil, I perceive." And before I could draw breath, "I must not forget I have a word to say respecting her." Then aloud—how loud it seemed to me!—"Let the child who broke her slate, come forward!"

Of my own accord I could not have stirred; I was paralyzed: but the two great girls who sat on each side of me set me on my legs and pushed me toward the dread judge, and then Miss Temple gently assisted me to his very feet, and I caught her whispered counsel.

"Don't be afraid, Jane; I saw it was an accident: you shall not be punished."

The kind whisper went to my heart like a dagger.

"Another minute, and she will despise me for a hypocrite," thought I; and an impulse of fury against Reed, Brocklehurst, and Co., bounded in my pulses at the conviction. I was no Helen Burns.

"Fetch that stool," said Mr. Brocklehurst, pointing to a very high one from which a monitor had just risen. It was brought.

"Place the child upon it."

And I was placed there, by whom I don't know; I was in no condition to note particulars; I was only aware that they had hoisted me up to the height of Mr. Brocklehurst's nose, that he was within a yard of me, and that a spread of shot orange and purple silk pelisses, and a cloud of silvery plumage extended and waved below me.

Mr. Brocklehurst hemmed.

"Ladies," said he, turning to his family



"Miss Temple, teachers, and children, you all see this girl!"

Of course they did; for I felt their eyes directed like burning-glasses against my scorched skin.

"You see she is yet young; you observe she possesses the ordinary form of childhood; God has graciously given her the shape that he has given to all of us; no signal deformity points her out as a marked character. Who would think that the Evil One had already found a servant and agent in her? Yet such, I grieve to say, is the case."

A pause—in which I began to steady the palsy of my nerves, and to feel that the rubicon was passed; and that the trial, no longer to be shirked, must be firmly sustained.

"My dear children," pursued the black marble clergyman, with pathos, "this is a sad, a melancholy occasion; for it becomes my duty to warn you, that this girl, who might be one of God's own lambs, is a little cast-away; not a member of the true flock, but evidently an interloper and an alien. You must be on your guard against her; you must shun her example; if necessary, avoid her company, exclude her from your sports, and shut her from your converse. Teachers, you must watch her; keep your eyes on her movements, weigh well her words, scrutinize her actions, punish her body to save her soul; if, indeed, such salvation be possible, for (my tongue falters while I tell it) this girl—this child, the native of a Christian land, worse than many a little heathen who says its prayers to Brahma and kneels before Juggernaut—this girl is—a liar!"

Now came a pause of ten minutes; during which I, by this time in perfect possession of my wits, observed all the female Brocklehursts produce their pocket-handkerchiefs and apply them to their optics, while the elderly lady swayed herself to and fro, and the younger ones whispered, "How shocking!"

Mr. Brocklehurst resumed.

"This I learned from her benefactress; from the pious and charitable lady who adopted her in her orphan state, reared her as her own daughter, and whose kindness, whose generosity, the unhappy girl repaid by an ingratitude so bad, so dreadful, that at last her excellent patroness was obliged to separate her from her own young ones, fearful lest her vicious example should contaminate their purity; she has sent her here to be healed, even as the Jews of old sent their diseased to the troubled pool of Bethesda; and, teachers, superintendent, I beg of you not to allow the waters to stagnate round her."

With this sublime conclusion, Mr. Brocklehurst adjusted the top button of his surtout, muttered something to his family, who rose, bowed to Miss Temple, and then all the great people sailed in state from the room. Turning at the door, my judge said,

"Let her stand half an hour longer on that stool, and let no one speak to her during the remainder of the day."

There I was, then, mounted aloft: I who had said I could not bear the shame of standing on my natural feet in the middle of the room, was now exposed to general view on a pedestal of infamy. What my sensations

were no language can describe; but just as they all rose, stifling my breath and constricting my throat, a girl came up and passed me; in passing, she lifted her eyes. What a strange light inspired them! What an extraordinary sensation that ray sent through me! How the new feeling bore me up. It was as if a martyr, a hero, had passed a slave or victim, and imparted strength in the transit. I mastered the rising hysteria, lifted up my head, and took a firm stand on the stool. Helen Burns asked some slight question about her work of Miss Smith, was chidden for the triviality of the inquiry, returned to her place, and smiled at me as she again went by. What a smile! I remember it now, and I know that it was the effluence of fine intellect, of true courage; it lighted up her marked lineaments, her thin face, her sunken, gray eye, like a reflection from the aspect of an angel. Yet at that moment Helen Burns wore on her arm "the untidy badge;" scarcely an hour ago I heard her condemned by Miss Scatcherd to a dinner of bread and water on the morrow, because she had blotted an exercise in copying it out. Such is the imperfect nature of man—such spots are there on the disc of the clearest planet; and eyes like Miss Scatcherd's can only see those minute defects, and are blind to the full brightness of the orb.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ERE the half-hour ended, five o'clock struck; school was dismissed, and all were gone into the refectory to tea. I now ventured to descend; it was deep dusk; I retired into a corner and sat down on the floor. The spell by which I had been so far supported began to dissolve; reaction took place, and soon, so overwhelming was the grief that seized me, I sunk prostrate with my face to the ground. Now I wept; Helen Burns was not here; nothing sustained me: left to myself I abandoned myself, and my tears watered the boards. I had meant to be so good, and to do so much at Lowood; to make so many friends, to earn respect, and win affection. Already I had made visible progress; that very morning I had reached the head of my class; Miss Miller had praised me warmly; Miss Temple had smiled approbation; she had promised to teach me drawing, and to let me learn French, if I continued to make similar improvement two months longer: and then I was well received by my fellow-pupils; treated as an equal by those of my own age, and not molested by any; now, here I lay again crushed and trodden on; and could I ever rise more?

"Never," I thought; and ardently I wished to die. While sobbing out this wish in broken accents, some one approached; I started up—again Helen Burns was near me; the fading fires just showed her coming up the long, vacant room; she brought my coffee and bread.

"Come, eat something," she said; but I put both away from me, feeling as if a drop or a crumb would have choked me in my present condition. Helen regarded me, probably with surprise: I could not now abate my agitation

though I tried hard ; I continued to weep aloud. She sat down on the ground near me, embraced her knees with her arms, and rested her head upon them ; in that attitude she remained silent as an Indian. I was the first who spoke.

"Helen, why do you stay with a girl whom every body believes to be a liar?"

"Every body, Jane! Why, there are only eighty people who have heard you called so, and the world contains hundreds of millions."

"But what have I to do with millions? The eighty I know despise me."

"Jane, you are mistaken; probably not one in the school either despises or dislikes you; many, I am sure, pity you much."

"How can they pity me after what Mr. Brocklehurst said?"

"Mr. Brocklehurst is not a god; nor is he even a great and admired man: he is little liked here; he never took steps to make himself liked. Had he treated you as an especial favorite, you would have found enemies, declared or covert, all around you; as it is, the greater number would offer you sympathy if they dared. Teachers and pupils may look coldly on you for a day or two, but friendly feelings are concealed in their hearts; and if you persevere in doing well, these feelings will ere long appear so much the more evidently for their temporary suppression. Besides, Jane—" She paused.

"Well, Helen!" said I, putting my hand into hers; she chafed my fingers gently to warm them, and went on—

"If all the world hated you, and believed you wicked, while your own conscience approved you, and absolved you from guilt, you would not be without friends."

"No; I know I should think well of myself; but that is not enough; if others don't love me, I would rather die than live—I can not bear to be solitary and hated, Helen. Look here; to gain some real affection from you, or Miss Temple, or any other whom I truly love, I would willingly submit to have the bone of my arm broken, or to let a bull toss me, or to stand behind a kicking horse, and let it dash its hoof at my chest—"

"Hush, Jane! you think too much of the love of human beings; you are too impulsive, too vehement; the Sovereign hand that created your frame, and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feeble as you. Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits; that world is round us, for it is every where; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us; and if we were dying in pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognize our innocence (if innocent we be, as I know you are of this charge which Mr. Brocklehurst has weakly and pompously repeated at second-hand from Mrs. Reed; for I read a sincere nature in your ardent eyes and on your clear front), and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is

so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness—to glory?"

I was silent; Helen had calmed me; but in the tranquillity she imparted there was an alloy of inexpressible sadness. I felt the impression of woe as she spoke, but I could not tell whence it came; and when, having done speaking, she breathed a little fast and coughed a short cough, I momentarily forgot my own sorrows to yield to a vague concern for her.

Resting my head on Helen's shoulder, I put my arms round her waist; she drew me to her, and we reposed in silence. We had not sat long thus, when another person came in. Some heavy clouds, swept from the sky by a rising wind, had left the moon bare; and her light, streaming in through a window near, shone full both on us and on the approaching figure, which we at once recognized as Miss Temple.

"I came on purpose to find you, Jane Eyre," said she; "I want you in my room; and as Helen Burns is with you, she may come too."

We went; following the superintendent's guidance, we had to tread some intricate passages, and mount a stair-case before we reached her apartment; it contained a good fire, and looked cheerful. Miss Temple told Helen Burns to be seated in a low arm-chair on one side of the hearth, and herself taking another, she called me to her side.

"Is it all over?" she asked, looking down at my face. "Have you cried your grief away?"

"I am afraid I never shall do that."

"Why?"

"Because I have been wrongly accused, and you, ma'am, and every body else will now think me wicked."

"We shall think you what you prove yourself to be, my child. Continue to act as a good girl, and you will satisfy me."

"Shall I, Miss Temple?"

"You will," said she, passing her arm round me. "And now tell me who is the lady whom Mr. Brocklehurst called your benefactress?"

"Mrs. Reed, my uncle's wife. My uncle is dead, and he left me to her care."

"Did she not, then, adopt you of her own accord?"

"No, ma'am; she was sorry to have to do it; but my uncle, as I have often heard the servants say, got her to promise, before he died, that she would always keep me."

"Well, now, Jane, you know, or at least I will tell you, that when a criminal is accused, he is always allowed to speak in his own defense. You have been charged with falsehood; defend yourself to me as well as you can. Say whatever your memory suggests as true; but add nothing and exaggerate nothing."

I resolved in the depth of my heart that I would be most moderate—most correct; and, having reflected a few minutes in order to arrange coherently what I had to say, I told her all the story of my sad childhood. Exhausted by emotion, my language was more subdued than it generally was when it developed that sad theme; and mindful of Helen's warnings against the indulgence of resentment, I infused into the narrative far less of gall and

wormwood than ordinary. Thus restrained and simplified, it sounded more credible; I felt as I went on that Miss Temple fully believed me.

In the course of the tale I had mentioned Mr. Lloyd as having come to see me after the fit; for I never forgot the, to me, frightful episode of the red-room; in detailing which, my excitement was sure, in some degree, to break bounds; for nothing could soften in my recollection the spasm of agony which clutched my heart when Mrs. Reed spurned my wild supplication for pardon, and locked me a second time in the dark and haunted chamber.

I had finished. Miss Temple regarded me a few minutes in silence; she then said—

"I know something of Mr. Lloyd; I shall write to him; if his reply agrees with your statement, you shall be publicly cleared from every imputation; to me, Jane, you are clear now."

She kissed me, and still keeping me at her side (where I was contented to stand, for I derived a child's pleasure from the contemplation of her face, her dress, her one or two ornaments, her white forehead, her clustered and shining curls, and beaming dark eyes), she proceeded to address Helen Burns.

"How are you to-night Helen? Have you coughed much to-day?"

"Not quite so much, I think, ma'am."

"And the pain in the chest?"

"It is a little better."

Miss Temple got up, took her hand and examined her pulse; then she returned to her own seat: as she resumed it, I heard her sigh low. She was pensive a few minutes, then rousing herself, she said cheerfully,

"But you two are my visitors to-night; I must treat you as such." She rung her bell.

"Barbara," she said to the servant who answered it, "I have not yet had tea; bring the tray, and place cups for these two young ladies."

And a tray was soon brought. How pretty to my eyes did the china cups and bright teapot look, placed on the little round table near the fire! How fragrant was the steam of the beverage, and the scent of the toast! of which, however, I, to my dismay (for I was beginning to be hungry), discerned only a very small portion; Miss Temple discerned it too.

"Barbara," said she, "can you not bring a little more bread and butter? There is not enough for three."

Barbara went out; she returned soon:

"Madam, Mrs. Harden says she has sent up the usual quantity."

Mrs. Harden, be it observed, was the housekeeper; a woman after Mr. Brocklehurst's own heart, made up of equal parts, whalebone and iron.

"Oh, very well!" returned Miss Temple; "we must make it do, Barbara, I suppose." And as the girl withdrew, she added, smilingly, "Fortunately, I have it in my power to supply deficiencies for this once."

Having invited Helen and me to approach the table, and placed before each of us a cup of tea, with one delicious but thin morsel of toast, she got up, and unlocked a drawer, and tak-

ing from it a parcel wrapped in paper, disclosed presently to our eyes a good-sized seed cake.

"I meant to give each of you some of this to take with you," said she; "but as there is so little toast you must have it now," and she proceeded to cut slices with a generous hand.

We feasted that evening as on nectar and ambrosia; and not the least delight of the entertainment was the smile of gratification with which our hostess regarded us, as we satisfied our famished appetites on the delicate fare she liberally supplied. Tea over and the tray removed, she again summoned us to the fire; we sat one on each side of her, and now a conversation followed between her and Helen, which it was indeed a privilege to be admitted to hear.

Miss Temple had always something of serenity in her air, of state in her mien, of refined propriety in her language, which precluded deviation into the ardent, the excited, the eager; something which chastened the pleasure of those who looked on her and listened to her, by a controlling sense of awe; such was my feeling now: but as to Helen Burns, I was struck with wonder.

The refreshing meal, the brilliant fire, the presence and kindness of her beloved instructress, or perhaps more than all these, something in her own unique mind, had roused her powers within her. They woke, they kindled; first, they glowed in the bright tint of her cheek, which till this hour I had never seen but pale and bloodless; then they shone in the liquid luster of her eyes, which had suddenly acquired a beauty more singular than that of Miss Temple's—a beauty neither of fine color, nor long eyelash, nor penciled brow, but of meaning, of movement, of radiance. Then her soul sat on her lips, and language flowed, from what source I can not tell. Has a girl of fourteen a hear large enough, vigorous enough to hold the swelling spring of pure, full, fervid eloquence? Such was the characteristic of Helen's discourse on that, to me, memorable evening; her spirit seemed hastening to live within a very brief span as much as many live during a protracted existence.

They conversed of things I had never heard of; of nations and times past; of countries far away; of secrets of nature discovered or guessed at; they spoke of books; how many they had read! What stores of knowledge they possessed! Then they seemed so familiar with French names and French authors; but my amazement reached its climax when Miss Temple asked Helen if she sometimes snatched a moment to recall the Latin her father had taught her; and, taking a book from a shelf, bade her read and construe a page of "Virgil;" and Helen obeyed, my organ of veneration expanding at every sounding line. She had scarcely finished ere the bell announced bed-time; no delay could be admitted; Miss Temple embraced us both, saying as she drew us to her heart:

"God bless you, my children!"

Helen she held a little longer than me; she let her go more reluctantly; it was Helen her eye followed to the door; it was for her she a

second time breathed a sad sigh ; for her she wiped a tear from her cheek.

On reaching the bedroom, we heard the voice of Miss Scatcherd ; she was examining drawers ; she had just pulled out Helen Burns's, and when we entered Helen was greeted with a sharp reprimand, and told that to-morrow she should have half a dozen of untidy folded articles pinned to her shoulder.

"My things were, indeed, in shameful disorder," murmured Helen to me, in a low voice ; "I intended to have arranged them, but I forgot."

Next morning, Miss Scatcherd wrote in conspicuous characters on a piece of pasteboard the word "Slattern," and bound it like a phylactery round Helen's large, mild, intelligent, and benign-looking forehead. She wore it till evening, patient, unresentful, regarding it as a deserved punishment. The moment Miss Scatcherd withdrew after afternoon-school, I ran to Helen, tore it off, and thrust it into the fire ; the fury of which she was incapable had been burning in my soul all day, and tears, hot and large, had continually been scalding my cheek ; for the spectacle of her sad resignation gave me an intolerable pain at the heart.

About a week subsequently to the incidents above narrated, Miss Temple, who had written to Mr. Lloyd, received his answer : it appeared that what he said went to corroborate my account. Miss Temple, having assembled the whole school, announced that inquiry had been made into the charges alleged against Jane Eyre, and that she was most happy to be able to pronounce her completely cleared from every imputation. The teachers then shook hands with me and kissed me, and a murmur of pleasure ran through the ranks of my companions.

Thus relieved of a grievous load, I from that hour set to work afresh, resolved to pioneer my way through every difficulty ; I toiled hard, and my success was proportionate to my efforts ; my memory, not naturally tenacious, improved with practice ; exercise sharpened my wits ; in a few weeks I was promoted to a higher class ; in less than two months I was allowed to commence French and drawing. I learned the first two tenses of the verb *Etre*, and sketched my first cottage (whose walls by-the-by, outrivalled in slope those of the leaning tower of Pisa), on the same day. That night, on going to bed, I forgot to prepare in imagination the Barmecide supper of hot, roast potatoes, or white bread and new milk, with which I was wont to amuse my inward cravings ; I feasted, instead, on the spectacle of ideal drawings which I saw in the dark ; all the work of my own hands : freely penciled houses and trees, picturesque rocks and ruins, Cuypp-like groups of cattle, sweet paintings of butterflies hovering over unblown roses, of birds picking at ripe cherries, of wrens' nests inclosing pearl-like eggs, wreathed about with young ivy sprays. I examined, too, in thought, the possibility of my ever being able to translate currently, a certain little French story-book which Madam Pierrot had that day shown me ; nor was that problem solved to my satisfaction ere I fell sweetly asleep.

Well has Solomon said : "Better is a dinner

of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

I would not now have exchanged Lowood, with all its privations for Gateshead and its daily luxuries.

## CHAPTER IX

BUT the privations, or, rather, the hardship of Lowood, lessened. Spring drew on ; she was, indeed, already come ; the frosts of winter had ceased ; its snows were melted ; its cutting winds ameliorated. My wretched feet, flayed and swelled to lameness by the sharp air of January, began to heal and subside under the gentler breathings of April. The nights and mornings no longer, by their Canadian temperature, froze the very blood in our veins ; we could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden. Sometimes, on a sunny day, it began even to be pleasant and genial ; and a greenness grew over those brown beds which, freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps. Flowers peeped out among the leaves—snowdrops, crocuses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies. On Thursday afternoons (half holidays) we now took walks, and found still sweeter flowers opening by the wayside, under the hedges.

I discovered, too, that a great pleasure—an enjoyment which the horizon only bounded—lay all outside the high and spike-guarded walls of our garden. This pleasure consisted in a prospect of noble summits girdling a great hill-hollow, rich in verdure and shadow ; in a bright beck, full of dark stones and sparkling eddies. How different had this scene looked when I viewed it laid out beneath the iron sky of winter, stiffened in frost, shrouded with snow—when mists as chill as death wandered to the impulse of east winds along those purple peaks, and rolled down "ing" and holm till they blended with the frozen fog of the beck ! That beck itself was then a torrent, turbid and curbless ; it tore asunder the wood, and sent a raving sound through the air, often thickened with wild rain or whirling sleet ; and for the forest on its banks, that showed only ranks of skeletons.

April advanced to May. A bright, serene May it was ; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigor ; Lowood shook loose its tresses ; it became all green, all flowery ; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life ; woodland plants sprung up profusely in its recesses ; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows ; and it made a strange ground-sunshine out of the wealth of its wild primrose plants ; I have seen their pale, gold gleam, in overshadowed spots, like scatterings of the sweetest luster. All this I enjoyed often and fully, free, unwatched, and almost alone ; for this unwonted liberty and pleasure there was a cause, to which it now becomes my task to advert.

Have I not described a pleasant site for a dwelling, when I speak of it as bosomed in, hill

and wood, and rising from the verge of a stream? Assuredly, pleasant enough; but whether healthy or not is another question.

That forest dell, where Lowood lay, was the cradle of fog and fog-bred pestilence; which, quickening with the quickening spring, crept into the Orphan Asylum, breathed typhus through its crowded school-room and dormitory, and, ere May arrived, transformed the seminary into an hospital.

Semi-starvation and neglected colds had predisposed most of the pupils to receive infection. Forty-five out of the eighty girls lay ill at one time. Classes were broken up, rules relaxed. The few who continued well were allowed almost unlimited license, because the medical attendant insisted on the necessity of frequent exercise to keep them in health; and had it been otherwise, no one had leisure to watch or restrain them. Miss Temple's whole attention was absorbed by the patients; she lived in the sick room, never quitting it except to snatch a few hours' rest at night. The teachers were fully occupied with packing up and making other necessary preparations for the departure of those girls who were fortunate enough to have friends and relations able and willing to remove them from the seat of contagion. Many, already smitten, went home only to die; some died at the school, and were buried quietly and quickly, the nature of the malady forbidding delay.

While disease had thus become an inhabitant of Lowood, and death its frequent visitor; while there was gloom and fear within its walls; while its rooms and passages steamed with hospital smells—the drug and the pastile striving vainly to overcome the effluvia of mortality—that bright May shone unclouded over the bold hills and beautiful woodland out-of-doors. Its garden, too, glowed with flowers; hollyhocks had sprung up tall as trees, lilies had opened, dahlias and roses were in bloom; the borders of the little beds were gay with pink thrift and crimson double-daisies; the sweet-briers gave out, morning and evening, their scent of spice and apples; and these fragrant treasures were all useless for most of the inmates of Lowood, except to furnish now and then a handful of herbs and blossoms to put in a coffin.

But I, and the rest who continued well, enjoyed fully the beauties of the scene and season. They let us ramble in the wood, like gipsies, from morning till night; we did what we liked—went where we liked; we lived better, too. Mr. Brocklehurst and his family never came near Lowood now; household matters were not scrutinized into; the cross housekeeper was gone, driven away by the fear of infection; her successor, who had been matron at the Lowton Dispensary, unused to the ways of her new abode, provided with comparative liberality. Besides, there were fewer to feed; the sick could eat little; our breakfast-basins were better filled; when there was no time to prepare a regular dinner, which often happened, she would give us a large piece of cold pie, or a thick slice of bread and cheese, and this we carried away with us to the wood, where we each chose the spot we liked best, and dined sumptuously.

My favorite seat was a smooth and broad

stone, rising white and dry from the very middle of the beck, and only to be got at by wading through the water—a feat I accomplished bare-foot. The stone was just broad enough to accommodate comfortably me and another girl—at that time my chosen comrade—one Mary Ann Wilson, a shrewd, observant personage, whose society I took pleasure in, partly because she was witty and original, and partly because she had a manner which set me at my ease. Some years older than I, she knew more of the world, and could tell me many things I liked to hear. With her my curiosity found gratification. To my faults, also, she gave ample indulgence, never imposing curb or rein on anything I said. She had a turn for narrative—I for analysis; she liked to inform—I to question; so we got on swimmingly together, deriving much entertainment, if not much improvement, from our mutual intercourse.

And where, meantime, was Helen Burns? Why did I not spend these sweet days of liberty with her? Had I forgotten her? or was I so worthless as to have grown tired of her puerile society? Surely the Mary Ann Wilson I have mentioned was inferior to my first acquaintance, she could only tell me amusing stories, and reciprocate any racy and pungent gossip I chose to indulge in; while, if I have spoken truth of Helen, she was qualified to give those who enjoyed the privilege of her converse a taste of far higher things.

True, reader, and I knew and felt this; and though I am a defective being, with many faults and few redeeming points, yet I never tired of Helen Burns, nor ever ceased to cherish for her a sentiment of attachment as strong, tender, and respectful as any that ever animated my heart. How could it be otherwise, when Helen, at all times and under all circumstances, evinced for me a quiet and faithful friendship, which ill-humor never soured nor irritation ever troubled? But Helen was ill at present; for some weeks she had been removed from my sight to I knew not what room, up stairs. She was not, I was told, in the hospital portion of the house with the fever patients; for her complaint was consumption, not typhus; and by consumption I, in my ignorance, understood something mild, which time and care would be sure to alleviate.

I was confirmed in this idea by the fact of her once or twice coming down stairs on very warm, sunny afternoons, and being taken by Miss Temple into the garden; but, on these occasions, I was not allowed to go and speak to her; I only saw her from the school-room window, and then not distinctly, for she was much wrapped up, and sat at a distance under the verandah.

One evening, in the beginning of June, I had stayed out very late with Mary Ann in the wood; we had, as usual, separated ourselves from the others, and had wandered far—so far that we lost our way, and had to ask it at a lonely cottage, where a man and woman lived, who looked after a herd of half-wild swine that fed on the mast in the wood. When we got back, it was after moonrise; a pony, which we knew to be the surgeon's, was standing at the garden-door. Mary Ann remarked, that she supposed some one must be very ill, as Mr

Bates had been sent for at that time of the evening. She went into the house. I stayed behind a few minutes to plant in my garden a handful of roots I had dug up in the forest, and which I feared would wither if I left them till morning. This done, I lingered yet a little longer; the flowers smelled so sweet as the dew fell; it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow; the moon rose with such majesty in the grave east. I was noting these things, and enjoying them as a child might, when it entered my mind, as it had never done before:

"How sad to be lying now on a sick bed, and to be in danger of dying! This world is pleasant; it would be dreary to be called from it, and to have to go—who knows where?"

And then my mind made its first earnest effort to comprehend what had been infused into it concerning heaven and hell, and for the first time it recoiled, baffled; and, for the first time, glancing behind, on each side, and before it, it saw all round an unfathomed gulf; it felt the one point where it stood—the present; all the rest was formless cloud and vacant depth, and it shuddered at the thought of tottering, and plunging amid that chaos. While pondering this new idea, I heard the front door open; Mr. Bates came out, and with him was a nurse. After she had seen him mount his horse and depart, she was about to close the door, but I ran up to her.

"How is Helen Burns?"

"Very poorly," was the answer.

"Is it her Mr. Bates has been to see?"

"Yes."

"And what does he say about her?"

"He says she'll not be here long."

This phrase, uttered in my hearing yesterday, would have only conveyed the notion that she was about to be removed to Northumberland, to her own home. I should not have suspected that meant she was dying; but I knew instantly now; it opened clear on my comprehension that Helen Burns was numbering her last days in this world, and that she was going to be taken to the region of spirits, if such region there were. I experienced a shock of horror, then a strong thrill of grief, then a desire—a necessity—to see her; and I asked in what room she lay.

"She is in Miss Temple's room," said the nurse.

"May I go up and speak to her?"

"Oh, no, child! It is not likely: and now it is time for you to come in; you'll catch the fever if you stop out when the dew is falling."

The nurse closed the front door; I went in by the side entrance which led to the school-room; I was just in time; it was nine o'clock, and Miss Miller was calling the pupils to go to bed.

It might be two hours later, probably near eleven, when I—not having been able to fall asleep, and deeming, from the perfect silence of the dormitory, that my companions were all wrapped in profound repose—rose softly, put on my frock over my night-dress, and, without shoes, crept from the apartment, and set off in quest of Miss Temple's room. It was quite at the outer end of the house; but I knew my

way; and the light of the unclouded summer moon, entering here and there at passage windows, enabled me to find it without difficulty. An odor of camphor and burned vinegar warned me when I came near the fever room; and I passed its door quickly, fearful lest the nurse who sat up all night should hear me. I dreaded being discovered and sent back; for I *must* see Helen—I must embrace her before she died—I must give her one last kiss, exchange with her one last word.

Having descended a stair-case, traversed a portion of the house below, and succeeded in opening and shutting, without noise, two doors, I reached another flight of steps; these I mounted, and then just opposite to me was Miss Temple's room. A light shone through the key-hole, and from under the door: a profound stillness pervaded the vicinity. Coming near, I found the door slightly ajar; probably to admit some fresh air into the close abode of sickness. Indisposed to hesitate, and full of impatient impulses—soul and senses quivering with keen throes—I put it back and looked in. My eye sought Helen, and feared to find death.

Close by Miss Temple's bed, and half covered with its white curtains, there stood a little crib. I saw the outline of a form under the clothes, but the face was hid by the hangings: the nurse I had spoken to in the garden sat in an easy chair, asleep; an unsnuffed candle burned dimly on the table. Miss Temple was not to be seen: I knew afterward that she had been called to a delirious patient in the fever-room. I advanced; then paused by the crib side: my hand was on the curtain, but I preferred speaking before I withdrew it. I still recoiled at the dread of seeing a corpse.

"Helen!" I whispered softly; "are you awake?"

She stirred, herself put back the curtain, and I saw her face, pale, wasted, but quite composed; she looked so little changed that my fear was instantly dissipated.

"Can it be you, Jane?" she asked in her own gentle voice.

"Oh!" I thought, "she is not *going* to die; they are mistaken: she could not *speak* and look so calmly if she were."

I got on to her crib and kissed her: her forehead was cold, and her cheek both cold and thin, and so were her hand and wrist; but she smiled as of old.

"Why are you come here, Jane? It is past eleven o'clock; I heard it strike some minutes since."

"I came to see you, Helen; I heard you were very ill, and I could not sleep till I had spoken to you."

"You came to bid me good-by, then; you are just in time, probably."

"Are you going somewhere, Helen? Are you going home?"

"Yes; to my long home—my last home."

"No, no, Helen." I stopped, distressed. While I tried to devour my tears, a fit of coughing seized Helen; it did not, however, wake the nurse; when it was over, she lay some minutes exhausted; then she whispered—

"Jane, your little feet are bare; lie down and cover yourself with my quilt."

I did so; she put her arm over me, and!

nestled close to her. After a long silence, she resumed; still whispering—

"I am very happy, Jane; and when you hear that I am dead you must be sure and not grieve; there is nothing to grieve about. We all must die one day, and the illness which is removing me is not painful; it is gentle and gradual; my mind is at rest. I leave no one to regret me much; I have only a father; and he is lately married, and will not miss me. By dying young I shall escape great sufferings. I had not qualities or talents to make my way very well in the world; I should have been continually at fault."

"But where are you going to, Helen? Can you see? Do you know?"

"I believe; I have faith; I am going to God."

"Where is God? What is God?"

"My maker and yours; who will never destroy what he created. I rely implicitly on his power, and confide wholly in his goodness; I count the hours till that eventful one arrives which shall restore me to him, reveal him to me."

"You are sure, then, Helen, that there is such a place as heaven; and that our souls can get to it when we die?"

"I am sure there is a future state; I believe God is good; I can resign my immortal part to him without any misgiving. God is my father; God is my friend; I love him; I believe he loves me."

"And shall I see you again, Helen, when I die?"

"You will come to the same region of happiness; be received by the same mighty, universal Parent, no doubt, dear Jane."

Again I questioned; but this time only in thought. "Where is that region? Does it exist?" And I clasped my arms closer round Helen; she seemed dearer to me than ever; I felt as if I could not let her go; I lay with my face hidden on her neck. Presently she said, in the sweetest tone—

"How comfortable I am! That last fit of coughing has tired me a little; I feel as if I could sleep; but don't leave me, Jane; I like to have you near me."

"I'll stay with you, dear Helen; no one shall take me away."

"Are you warm, darling?"

"Yes."

"Good-night, Jane."

"Good-night, Helen."

She kissed me, and I her; and we both soon slumbered.

When I awoke it was day: an unusual movement roused me; I looked up; I was in somebody's arms; the nurse held me; she was carrying me through the passage back to the dormitory. I was not reprimanded for leaving my bed; people had something else to think about: no explanation was afforded then to my many questions; but a day or two afterward I learned that Miss Temple, on returning to her own room at dawn, had found me laid in the little crib; my face against Ellen Burns's shoulder, my arms round her neck. I was asleep, and Helen was—dead.

Her grave is in Brocklebridge church-yard; for fifteen years after her death it was only

covered by a grassy mound; but now a gray marble tablet marks the spot, inscribed with her name, and the word "Resurgam."

## CHAPTER X.

HITHERTO I have recorded in detail the events of my insignificant existence: to the first ten years of my life, I have given almost as many chapters. But this is not to be a regular autobiography; I am only bound to invoke memory where I know her responses will possess some degree of interest; therefore I now pass a space of eight years almost in silence: a few lines only are necessary to keep up the links of connection.

When the typhus fever had fulfilled its mission of devastation at Lowood, it gradually disappeared from thence; but not till its virulence and the number of its victims had drawn public attention on the school. Inquiry was made into the origin of the scourge, and by degrees various facts came out which excited public indignation in a high degree. The unhealthy nature of the site; the quantity and quality of the children's food; the brackish, fetid water used in its preparation; the pupils' wretched clothing and accommodations, all these things were discovered; and the discovery produced a result mortifying to Mr. Brocklehurst, but beneficial to the institution.

Several wealthy and benevolent individuals in the county subscribed largely for the erection of a more convenient building in a better situation; new regulations were made; improvements in diet and clothing introduced; the funds of the school were intrusted to the management of a committee. Mr. Brocklehurst, who, from his wealth and family connections, could not be overlooked, still retained the post of treasurer; but he was aided in the discharge of his duties by gentlemen of rather more enlarged and sympathizing minds; his office of inspector, too, was shared by those who knew how to combine reason with strictness, comfort with economy, compassion with uprightness. The school, thus improved, became in time a truly useful and noble institution. I remained an inmate of its walls, after its regeneration, for eight years—six as pupil, and two as teacher; and in both capacities I bear my testimony to its value and importance.

During these eight years my life was uniform, but not unhappy, because it was not inactive. I had the means of an excellent education placed within my reach; a fondness for some of my studies and a desire to excel in all, together with a great delight in pleasing my teachers, especially such as I loved, urged me on: I availed myself fully of the advantages offered me. In time I rose to be the first girl of the first class; then I was invested with the office of teacher; which I discharged with zeal for two years; but at the end of that time I altered.

Miss Temple, through all changes, had thus far continued superintendent of the seminary; to her instruction I owed the best part of my acquirements; her friendship and society had been my continual solace; she had stood me in the stead of mother, governess, and, latterly

companion. At this period she married, removed with her husband (a clergyman, an excellent man, almost worthy of such a wife) to a distant county, and, consequently, was lost to me.

From the day she left I was no longer the same: with her was gone every settled feeling, every association that had made Lowood in some degree a home to me. I had imbibed from her something of her nature and much of her habits: more harmonious thoughts; what seemed better regulated feelings had become the inmates of my mind. I had given in allegiance to duty and order; I was quiet; I believed I was content; to the eyes of others, usually even to my own, I appeared a disciplined and subdued character.

But destiny, in the shape of the Rev. Mr. Nasmyth, came between me and Miss Temple; I saw her in her traveling-dress step into a post-chaise, shortly after the marriage ceremony, I watched the chaise mount the hill and disappear beyond its brow, and then retired to my own room, and there spent in solitude the greatest part of the half-holiday granted in honor of the occasion.

I walked about the chamber most of the time. I imagined myself only to be regretting my loss and thinking how to repair it; but when my reflections were concluded, and I looked up and found that the afternoon was gone, and evening far advanced, another discovery dawned on me; namely, that in the interval I had undergone a transforming process; that my mind had put off all it had borrowed of Miss Temple, or, rather, that she had taken with her the serene atmosphere I had been breathing in her vicinity, and that now I was left in my natural element, and beginning to feel the stirring of old emotions. It did not seem as if a prop were withdrawn, but rather as if a motive were gone; it was not the power to be tranquil which had failed me, but the reason for tranquillity was no more. My world had for some years been in Lowood; my experience had been of its rules and systems; now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes and fears, of sensations and excitements, awaited those who had courage to go forth into its expanse to seek real knowledge of life amid its perils.

I went to my window, opened it, and looked out. There were the two wings of the building; there was the garden; there were the skirts of Lowood; there was the hilly horizon. My eye passed all other objects to rest on those most remote, the blue peaks; it was those I longed to surmount; all within their boundary of rock and heath seemed prison-ground, exile limits. I traced the white road winding round the base of one mountain, and vanishing in a gorge between two: how I longed to follow it further! I recalled the time when I had traveled that very road in a coach; I remembered descending that hill at twilight: an age seemed to have elapsed since the day which brought me first to Lowood; and I had never quitted it since. My vacations had all been spent at school; Mrs. Reed had never sent for me to Gateshead; neither she nor any of her family had ever been to visit me. I had had no communication by letter or message with the outer

world; school rules, school duties, school habits and notions, and voices, and faces, and phrases, and costumes, and preferences, and antipathies; such was what I knew of existence. And now I felt that it was not enough. I tired of the routine of eight years in one afternoon. I desired liberty; for liberty I gasped; for liberty I uttered a prayer; it seemed scattered on the wind then faintly blowing. I abandoned it, and framed an humbler supplication; for change, stimulus; that petition, too, seemed swept off into vague space. "Then," I cried, half desperate, "grant me, at least, a new servitude!"

Here a bell, ringing the hour of supper, called me down stairs.

I was not free to resume the interrupted chain of my reflections till bed-time; even then a teacher who occupied the same room with me kept me from the subject to which I longed to recur, by a prolonged effusion of small talk. How I wished sleep would silence her! It seemed as if, could I but go back to the idea which had last entered my mind as I stood at the window, some inventive suggestion would rise for relief.

Miss Gryce snored at last; she was a heavy Welshwoman, and till now her habitual nasal strains had never been regarded by me in any other light than as a nuisance; to-night I hailed the first deep notes with satisfaction; I was debarrassed of interruption; my half-effaced thought instantly revived.

"A new servitude! There is something in that," I soliloquized (mentally, be it understood; I did not talk aloud). "I know there is, because it does not sound too sweet; it is not like such words as Liberty, Excitement, Enjoyment: delightful sounds, truly; but no more than sounds for me; and so hollow and fleeting that it is mere waste of time to listen to them. But Servitude! that must be matter of fact. Any one may serve: I have served here eight years; now all I want is to serve elsewhere. Can I not get so much of my own will? Is not the thing feasible? Yes, yes; the end is not so difficult, if I had only a brain active enough to ferret out the means of attaining it."

I sat up in bed by way of arousing this said brain; it was a chilly night; I covered my shoulders with a shawl, and then I proceeded to think again with all my might.

"What do I want? A new place, in a new house, among new faces, under new circumstances; I want this because it is of no use wanting any thing better. How do people do to get a new place? They apply to friends, I suppose: I have no friends. There are many others who have no friends, who must look about for themselves and be their own helpers; and what is their resource?"

I could not tell; nothing answered me; I then ordered my brain to find a response, and quickly. It worked and worked faster; I felt the pulses throb in my head and temples; but for nearly an hour it worked in chaos, and no result came of its efforts. Feverish with vain labor, I got up and took a turn in the room; undrew the curtain, noted a star or two, shivered with cold, and again crept to bed.

A kind fairy, in my absence, had sure dropped the required suggestion on my pillow; for



as I lay down it came quietly and naturally to my mind: "Those who want situations advertised: you must advertise in the —shire Herald."

"How! I know nothing about advertising."

Replies rose smooth and prompt now:

"You must inclose the advertisement and the money to pay for it under a cover directed to the Editor of the Herald; you must put it, the first opportunity you have, into the post at Lowton; answers must be addressed to J. E. at the post-office there; you can go and inquire in about a week after you send your letter, if any are come, and act accordingly."

This scheme I went over twice, thrice; it was then digested in my mind; I had it in a clear, practical form; I felt satisfied, and fell asleep.

With earliest day, I was up. I had my advertisement written, inclosed, and directed before the bell rung to rouse the school; it ran thus:

"A young lady accustomed to tuition (had I not been a teacher two years?) is desirous of meeting with a situation in a private family where the children are under fourteen (I thought that as I was barely eighteen, it would not do to undertake the guidance of pupils nearer my own age). She is qualified to teach the usual branches of a good English education, together with French, drawing, and music (in those days, reader, this, now narrow catalogue of accomplishments, would have been held tolerably comprehensive). Address J. E., Post-office, Lowton, —shire."

This document remained locked in my drawer all day; after tea, I asked leave of the new superintendent to go to Lowton, in order to perform some small commissions for myself and one or two of my fellow-teachers; permission was readily granted; I went. It was a walk of two miles, and the evening was wet, but the days were still long; I visited a shop or two, slipped the letter into the post-office, and came back through heavy rain, with streaming garments, but with a relieved heart.

The succeeding week seemed long: it came to an end at last, however, like all subliminary things, and once more, toward the close of a pleasant autumn day, I found myself afoot on the road to Lowton. A picturesque track it was, by the way; lying along the side of the beck and through the sweetest curves of the dale; but that day I thought more of the letters, that might or might not be awaiting me at the little burgh whither I was bound, than of the charms of lea and water.

My ostensible errand on this occasion was to get measured for a pair of shoes; so I discharged that business first, and when it was done I stepped across the clean and quiet little street from the shoemaker's to the post-office: it was kept by an old dame, who wore horn spectacles on her nose, and black mittens on her hands.

"Are there any letters for J. E.?" I asked.

She peered at me over her spectacles, and then she opened a drawer, and fumbled among its contents for a long time; so long that my hopes began to falter. At last, having held a document before her glasses for nearly five minutes, she presented it across the counter,

accompanying the act by another inquisitive and mistrustful glance—it was for J. E.

"Is there only one?" I demanded.

"There are no more," said she; and I put it in my pocket and turned my face homeward; I could not open it then: rules obliged me to be back by eight, and it was already half-past seven.

Various duties awaited me on my arrival: I had to sit with the girls during their hour of study; then it was my turn to read prayers, to see them to bed; afterward I supped with the other teachers. Even when we finally retired for the night, the inevitable Miss Gryce was still my companion; we had only a short end of candle in our candlestick, and I dreaded lest she should talk till it was all burned out; fortunately, however, the heavy supper she had eaten produced a soporific effect; she was already snoring, before I had finished undressing. There still remained an inch of candle; I now took out my letter, the seal was an initial F.; I broke it, the contents were brief.

"If J. E., who advertised in the —shire Herald of last Thursday possesses the acquirements mentioned, and if she is in a position to give satisfactory references as to character and competency, a situation can be offered her where there is but one pupil, a little girl, under ten years of age; and where the salary is thirty pounds per annum. J. E. is requested to send references, name, address, and all particulars to the direction:

"Mrs. Fairfax, Thornfield, near Millcote, —shire."

I examined the document long; the writing was old-fashioned and rather uncertain, like that of an elderly lady. This circumstance was satisfactory; a private fear had haunted me that, in thus acting for myself and by my own guidance, I ran the risk of getting into some scrape; and, above all things, I wished the result of my endeavors to be respectable, proper, *en règle*. I now felt that an elderly lady was no bad ingredient in the business I had on hand. Mrs. Fairfax! I saw her in a black gown and widow's cap; frigid, perhaps, but not uncivil; a model of elderly English respectability. Thornfield! that, doubtless, was the name of her house, a neat, orderly spot, I was sure; though I failed in my efforts to conceive a correct plan of the premises. Millcote, —shire; I brushed up my recollections of the map of England; yes, I saw it, both the shire and the town. —shire was seventy miles nearer London than the remote county where I now resided; that was a recommendation to me. I longed to go where there was life and movement; Millcote was a large manufacturing town on the banks of the A—; a busy place enough, doubtless; so much the better, it would be a complete change at least. Not that my fancy was much captivated by the idea of long chimneys and clouds of smoke "but," I argued, "Thornfield will, probably, be a good way from the town."

Here the socket of the candle dropped, and the wick went out.

Next day new steps were to be taken; my plans could no longer be confined to my own breast; I must impart them in order to achieve their success. Having *set out* and obtained

an audience of the superintendent, during the noontide recreation, I told her I had a prospect of getting a new situation, where the salary would be double what I now received (for at Lowood I only got £15 per annum); and requested she would break the matter for me to Mr. Brocklehurst or some of the committee, and ascertain whether they would permit me to mention them as references. She obligingly consented to act as mediatrix in the matter. The next day she laid the affair before Mr. Brocklehurst, who said that Mrs. Reed must be written to, as she was my natural guardian. A note was accordingly addressed to that lady, who returned for answer, that "I might do as I pleased; she had long relinquished all interference in my affairs." This note went the round of the committee, and, at last, after what appeared to me most tedious delay, formal leave was given me to better my condition if I could; and an assurance added, that, as I had always conducted myself well, both as teacher and pupil, at Lowood, a testimonial of character and capacity, signed by the inspectors of that institution, should forthwith be furnished me.

This testimonial I accordingly received in about a week; forwarded a copy of it to Mrs. Fairfax, and got that lady's reply, stating that she was satisfied, and fixing that day fortnight as the period for my assuming the post of governess in her house.

I now busied myself in preparations; the fortnight passed rapidly. I had not a very large wardrobe, though it was adequate to my wants; and the last day sufficed to pack my trunk, the same I had brought with me eight years ago from Gateshead.

The box was corded, the card nailed on. In half an hour the carrier was to call for it to take to Lowton; whither I myself was to repair at an early hour the next morning to meet the coach. I had brushed my black stuff traveling-dress, prepared my bonnet, gloves, and muff; sought in all my drawers to see that no article was left behind; and now, having nothing more to do, I sat down and tried to rest. I could not; though I had been on foot all day, I could not now repose an instant; I was too much excited. A phase of my life was closing to-night, a new one opening to-morrow; impossible to slumber in the interval, I must watch feverishly while the change was being accomplished.

"Miss," said a servant, who met me in the lobby, where I was wandering like a troubled spirit, "a person below wishes to see you."

"The carrier, no doubt," I thought, and ran down stairs without inquiry. I was passing the back parlor, or teacher's sitting-room, the door of which was half open, to go to the kitchen, when some one ran out:

"It's her, I am sure! I could have told her any where!" cried the individual, who stopped my progress and took my hand.

I looked; I saw a woman attired like a well-dressed servant, matronly, yet still young; very good looking, with black hair and eyes, and lively complexion.

"Well, who is it?" she asked in a voice and with a smile I half recognized; "you've not quite forgotten me, I think, Miss Jane?"

In another second I was embracing and kiss-

ing her rapturously, "Bessie! Bessie! Bessie!" that was all I said; whereat she half laughed half cried, and we both went into the parlor. By the fire stood a little fellow three years old in plaid frock and trowsers.

"That is my little boy," said Bessie, directly.

"Then you are married, Bessie?"

"Yes; nearly five years since, to Robert Leaven, the coachman; and I've a little girl besides Bobby there, that I've christened Jane."

"And you don't live at Gateshead?"

"I live at the Lodge; the old porter has left."

"Well, and how do they all get on? Tell me every thing about them, Bessie; but sit down first; and, Bobby, come and sit on my knee, will you?" but Bobby preferred sidling over to his mother.

"You're not grown so very tall, Miss Jane, nor so very stout," continued Mrs. Leaven. "I dare say they've not kept you too well at school; Miss Reed is the head and shoulders taller than you are, and Miss Georgiana would make two of you in breadth."

"Georgiana is handsome, I suppose, Bessie?"

"Very. She went up to London last winter with her mamma, and there every body admired her, and a young lord fell in love with her, but his relations were against the match; and—what do you think! he and Miss Georgiana made it up to run away, but they were found out and stopped. It was Miss Reed that found them out; I believe she was envious, and now she and her sister lead a cat-and-dog life together; they are always quarreling."

"Well, and what of John Reed?"

"Oh, he is not doing so well as his mamma could wish. He went to college, and he got—plucked, I think they call it; and then his uncles wanted him to be a barrister, and study the law; but, he is such a dissipated young man, they will never make much of him, I think."

"What does he look like?"

"He is very tall; some people call him a fine-looking young man; but he has such thick lips."

"And Mrs. Reed?"

"Missis looks stout and well enough in the face, but I think she's not quite easy in her mind: Mr. John's conduct does not please her; he spends a deal of money."

"Did she send you here, Bessie?"

"No, indeed; but I have long wanted to see you, and when I heard that there had been a letter from you, and that you were going to another part of the country, I thought I'd just set off and get a look at you before you were quite out of my reach."

"I am afraid you are disappointed in me, Bessie." I said this laughing; I perceived that Bessie's glance, though it expressed regard, did in no shape denote admiration.

"No, Miss Jane, not exactly: you are genteel enough; you look like a lady, and it is as much as ever I expected of you: you were no beauty as a child."

I smiled at Bessie's frank answer; I felt that it was correct, but I confess I was not quite indifferent to its import. At eighteen most people wish to please, and the conviction that they have not an exterior likely to second that desire brings any thing but gratification.

"I dare say you are clever, though," continued Bessie, by way of solace. "What can you do? Can you play on the piano?"

"A little."

There was one in the room; Bessie went and opened it, and then asked me to sit down and give her a tune: I played a waltz or two and she was charmed.

"The Miss Reeds could not play as well!" said she, exultingly. "I always said you would surpass them in learning; and can you draw?"

"That is one of my paintings over the chimney-piece." It was a landscape in water-colors, of which I had made a present to the superintendent in acknowledgment of her obliging mediation with the committee on my behalf; and which she had had framed and glazed.

"Well, that is beautiful, Miss Jane! It is as fine a picture as any Miss Reed's drawing-master could paint, let alone the young ladies themselves, who could not come near it; and have you learned French?"

"Yes, Bessie, I can both read it and speak it."

"And you can work on muslin and canvas?"

"I can."

"Oh, you are quite a lady, Miss Jane! I knew you would be; you will get on whether your relations notice you or not. There was something I wanted to ask you—have you ever heard any thing from your father's kinsfolk, the Eyres?"

"Never in my life."

"Well, you know missis always said they were poor and quite despicable; and they may be poor, but I believe they are as much gentry as the Reeds are; for one day, nearly seven years ago, a Mr. Eyre came to Gateshead, and wanted to see you. Missis said you were at school fifty miles off; he seemed so much disappointed, for he could not stay—he was going on a voyage to a foreign country, and the ship was to sail from London in a day or two. He looked quite a gentleman, and I believe he was your father's brother."

"What foreign country was he going to, Bessie?"

"An island thousands of miles off, where they make wine—the butler did tell me—"

"Madeira?" I suggested.

"Yes, that is it—that is the very word."

"So he went?"

"Yes; he did not stay many minutes in the house; missis was very high with him; she called him afterward a 'sneaking tradesman.' My Robert believes he was a wine-merchant."

"Very likely," I returned; "or perhaps clerk or agent to a wine-merchant."

Bessie and I conversed about old times an hour longer, and then she was obliged to leave me. I saw her again for a few minutes the next morning at Lowton, while I was waiting for the coach. We parted finally at the door of the Brocklehurst Arms there; each went her separate way—she set off for the brow of Lowood Fell to meet the conveyance which was to take her back to Gateshead, I mounted the vehicle which was to bear me to new duties and a new life in the unknown environs of Millcote.

## CHAPTER XI

A NEW chapter in a novel is something like a new scene in a play; and when I draw up the curtain this time, reader, you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large-figured papering on the walls as inn rooms have; such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantle-piece, such prints, including a portrait of George the Third, and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe. All this is visible to you by the light of an oil-lamp hanging from the ceiling, and by that of an excellent fire, near which I sit in my cloak and bonnet; my muff and umbrella lie on the table, and I am warming away the numbness and chill contracted by sixteen hours' exposure to the rawness of an October day. I left Lowton at four o'clock p. m., and the Millcote town-clock is now just striking eight.

Reader, though I look comfortably accommodated, I am not very tranquil in my mind; I thought when the coach stopped here there would be some one to meet me; I looked anxiously round as I descended the wooden steps the "boots" placed for my convenience, expecting to hear my name pronounced and to see some description of carriage waiting to convey me to Thornfield. Nothing of the sort was visible; and when I asked a waiter if any one had been to inquire after a Miss Eyre, I was answered in the negative; so I had no resource but to request to be shown into a private room; and here I am waiting, while all sorts of doubts and fears are troubling my thoughts.

It is a very strange sensation to inexperienced youth to feel itself quite alone in the world; cut adrift from every connection, uncertain whether the port to which it is bound can be reached, and prevented by many impediments from returning to that it has quitted. The charm of adventure sweetens that sensation, the glow of pride warms it; but then the throb of fear disturbs it; and fear with me became predominant when half an hour elapsed and still I was alone. I bethought myself to ring the bell.

"Is there a place in this neighborhood called Thornfield?" I asked of the waiter who answered the summons.

"Thornfield? don't know, ma'am; I'll inquire at the bar." He vanished, but reappeared instantly.

"Is your name Eyre, miss?"

"Yes."

"Person here waiting for you."

"I jumped up, took my muff and umbrella, and hastened into the inn passage; a man was standing by the open door, and in the lamp-lighted street, I dimly saw a one-horse conveyance."

"This will be your luggage, I suppose!" said the man, rather abruptly, when he saw me, pointing to my trunk in the passage.

"Yes."

He hoisted it on to the vehicle, which was a sort of car, and then I got in; before he shut me up, I asked him how far it was to Thornfield.

"A matter of six miles."

"How long shall we be before we get there?"

"Happen an hour and a half."

He fastened the car door, climbed to his own seat outside, and we set off. Our progress was leisurely, and gave me ample time to reflect; I was content to be at length so near the end of my journey; and as I leaned back in the comfortable though not elegant conveyance, I meditated much at my ease.

"I suppose," thought I, "judging from the plainness of the servant and carriage, Mrs. Fairfax is not a very dashing person; so much the better; I never lived among fine people but once, and I was very miserable with them. I wonder if she lives alone except this little girl; if so, and if she is in any degree amiable, I shall surely be able to get on with her; I will do my best—it is a pity that doing one's best does not always answer. At Lowood, indeed, I took that resolution, kept it, and succeeded in pleasing; but with Mrs. Reed I remember my best was always spurned with scorn. I pray God Mrs. Fairfax may not turn out a second Mrs. Reed; but if she does, I am not bound to stay with her; let the worst come to the worst, I can advertise again. How far are we on our road now, I wonder?"

I let down the window and looked out. Mill-cote was behind us; judging by the number of its lights, it seemed a place of considerable magnitude—much larger than Lowton. We were now, as far as I could see, on a sort of common; but there were houses scattered all over the district. I felt we were in a different region to Lowood—more populous, less picturesque; more stirring, less romantic.

The roads were heavy, the night misty; my conductor let his horse walk all the way, and the hour and a half extended, I verily believe, to two hours; at last he turned in his seat and said:

"You're noan so far fro' Thornfield now."

Again I looked out—we were passing a church; I saw its low, broad tower against the sky, and its bell was tolling a quarter; I saw a narrow galaxy of lights, too, on a hillside, marking a village or hamlet. About ten minutes after, the driver got down and opened a pair of gates; we passed through, and they clashed to behind us. We now slowly ascended a drive, and came upon the long front of a house; candle-light gleamed from one curtained bow-window—all the rest were dark. The car stopped at the front door; it was opened by a maid-servant; I alighted and went in.

"Will you walk this way, ma'am?" said the girl; and I followed her across a square hall with high doors all round; she ushered me into a room, whose double illumination of fire and candle at first dazzled me, contrasting as it did with the darkness to which my eyes had been for two hours inured; when I could see, however, a cozy and agreeable picture presented itself to my view.

A snug, small room; a round table by a cheerful fire; an arm-chair, high-backed and old-fashioned, wherein sat the neatest imaginable little elderly lady, in widow's cap, black silk gown, and snowy muslin apron—exactly like what I had fancied Mrs. Fairfax, only less stately and milder-looking. She was occupied in knitting; a large cat sat demurely at her feet; nothing, in short, was wanting to complete

the beau ideal of domestic comfort. A more reassuring introduction for a new governess could scarcely be conceived; there was no grandeur to overwhelm, no stateliness to embarrass; and then, as I entered, the old lady got up and promptly and kindly came forward to meet me.

"How do you do, my dear! I am afraid you have had a tedious ride, John drives so slowly; you must be cold—come to the fire."

"Mrs. Fairfax, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes, you are right; do sit down."

She conducted me to her own chair, and then began to remove my shawl and untie my bonnet-strings; I begged she would not give herself so much trouble.

"Oh, it is no trouble; I dare say your own hands are almost numbed with cold. Leah, make a little hot negus, and cut a sandwich or two; here are the keys of the store-room."

And she produced from her pocket a most housewifely bunch of keys, and delivered them to the servant.

"Now, then, draw nearer to the fire," she continued. "You've brought your luggage with you, haven't you, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'll see it carried into your room," she said, and bustled out.

"She treats me like a visitor," thought I. "I little expected such a reception; I anticipated only coldness and stiffness; this is not like what I have heard of the treatment of governesses; but I must not exult too soon."

She returned; with her own hands cleared her knitting apparatus and a book or two from the table, to make room for the tray which Leah now brought, and then herself handed me the refreshments. I felt rather confused at being the object of more attention than I had ever before received, and that, too, shown by my employer and superior: but as she did not herself seem to consider she was doing anything out of her place, I thought it better to take her civilities quietly.

"Shall I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Fairfax to-night?" I asked, when I had partaken of what she offered me.

"What did you say, my dear? I am a little deaf," returned the good lady, approaching her ear to my mouth.

I repeated the question more distinctly.

"Miss Fairfax? Oh, you mean Miss Varens! Varens is the name of your future pupil."

"Indeed? Then she is not your daughter?"

"No—I have no family."

I should have followed up my first inquiry by asking in what way Miss Varens was connected with her; but I recollected it was not polite to ask too many questions; besides, I was sure to hear in time.

"I am so glad," she continued, as she sat down opposite to me, and took the cat on her knee, "I am so glad you are come; it will be quite pleasant living here now with a companion. To be sure it is pleasant at any time; for Thornfield is a fine old hall, rather neglected of late years, perhaps, but still it is a respectable place; yet, you know, in winter time, one feels dreary quite alone, in the best quarters. I say alone—Leah is a nice girl to be sure, and John and his wife are very decent people; but then, you see, they are only servants, and one

can't converse with them on terms of equality; one must keep them at due distance, for fear of losing one's authority. I'm sure last winter (it was a severe one, if you recollect, and when it did not snow, it rained and blew), not a creature but the butcher and postman came to the house, from November till February; and I really got quite melancholy with sitting night after night alone; I had Leah in to read to me sometimes; but I don't think the poor girl liked the task much; she felt it confining. In spring and summer one got on better; sunshine and long days make such a difference; and then just at the commencement of this autumn, little Adela Varens came and her nurse: a child makes a house alive all at once; and now you are here I shall be quite gay."

My heart really warmed to the worthy lady as I heard her talk; and I drew my chair a little nearer to her, and expressed my sincere wish that she might find my company as agreeable as she anticipated.

"But I'll not keep you sitting up late to-night," said she; "it is on the stroke of twelve now, and you have been traveling all day: you must feel tired. If you have got your feet well warmed I'll show you your bedroom. I've had the room next to mine prepared for you; it is only a small apartment, but I thought you would like it better than one of the large front chambers; to be sure they have finer furniture, but they are so dreary and solitary, I never sleep in them myself."

I thanked her for her considerate choice, and as I really felt fatigued with my long journey, expressed my readiness to retire. She took her candle, and I followed her from the room. First she went to see if the hall-door was fastened; having taken the key from the lock, she led the way up stairs. The steps and banisters were of oak; the stair-case window was high and latticed: both it, and the long gallery into which the bedroom doors opened, looked as if they belonged to a church rather than a house. A very chill and vault-like air pervaded the stairs and gallery, suggesting cheerless ideas of space and solitude; and I was glad when finally ushered into my chamber, to find it of small dimensions and furnished in ordinary modern style.

When Mrs. Fairfax had bid me a kind good-night, and I had fastened my door, gazed leisurely round, and in some measure effaced the eerie impression made by that wide hall, that dark and spacious stair-case, and that long, cold gallery, by the livelier aspect of my little room, I remembered that after a day of bodily fatigue and mental anxiety, I was now at last in safe haven. The impulse of gratitude swelled my heart, and I knelt down at the bedside and offered up thanks where thanks were due; not forgetting, ere I rose, to implore aid on my further path, and the power of meriting the kindness which seemed so frankly offered me before it was earned. My couch had no thorns in it that night; my solitary room no fears. At once weary and content, I slept soon and soundly; when I awoke it was broad day.

The chamber looked such a bright little place to me as the sun shone in between the gay blue chintz window-curtains, showing papered walls and a carpeted floor, so unlike the

bare planks and stained plaster of Lowood, that my spirits rose at the view. External have a great effect on the young: I thought that a fairer era of life was beginning for me—one that was to have its flowers and pleasures, as well as its thorns and toils. My faculties, roused by the change of scene, the new field offered to hope, seemed all astir. I can not precisely define what they expected, but it was something pleasant: not perhaps that day or that month, but at an indefinite future period.

I rose; I dressed myself with care: obliged to be plain—for I had no article of attire that was not made with extreme simplicity—I was still by nature solicitous to be neat. It was not my habit to be disregarding of appearance, or careless of the impression I made: on the contrary, I ever wished to look as well as I could, and to please as much as my want of beauty would permit. I sometimes regretted that I was not handsomer: I sometimes wished to have rosy cheeks, a straight nose, and small cherry mouth; I desired to be tall, stately, and finely developed in figure; I felt it a misfortune that I was so little, so pale, and had features so irregular and marked. And why had I these aspirations and these regrets? It would be difficult to say: I could not then distinctly say it to myself; yet I had a reason, and a logical, natural reason too. However, when I had brushed my hair very smooth, and put on my black frock—which, Quaker-like as it was, at least had the merit of fitting to a nicety—and adjusted my clean white tucker, I thought I should do respectably enough to appear before Mrs. Fairfax; and that my new pupil would not at least recoil from me with antipathy. Having opened my chamber window, and seen that I left all things straight and neat on the toilet-table, I ventured forth.

Traversing the long and matted gallery, I descended the slippery steps of oak; then I gained the hall; I halted there a minute; I looked at some pictures on the walls (one I remember represented a grim man in a cuirass, and one a lady with powdered hair and a pearl necklace); at a bronze lamp pendent on the ceiling, at a great clock whose case was of oak, curiously carved, and ebon black with time and rubbing. Every thing appeared very stately and imposing to me; but then I was so little accustomed to grandeur. The hall-door, which was half of glass, stood open; I stepped over the threshold. It was a fine autumn morning; the early sun shone serenely on embrowned groves and still green fields; advancing on to the lawn, I looked up, and surveyed the front of the mansion. It was three stories high, of proportions not vast, though considerable; a gentleman's manor-house, not a nobleman's seat; battlements around the top gave it a picturesque look. Its gray front stood out well from the back ground of a rookery, whose cawing tenants were now on the wing; they flew over the lawn and grounds to alight in a great meadow, from which these were separated by a sunk fence, and where an array of mighty old thorn-trees, strong, knotty, and broad as oaks at once explained the etymology of the mansion's designation. Farther off were hills; not so lofty as those round

Lowood, nor so craggy, nor so like barriers of separation from the living world; but yet, quiet and lonely hills enough, and seeming to embrace Thornfield with a seclusion I had not expected to find existent so near the stirring locality of Millcote. A little hamlet whose roofs were blent with trees, straggled up the side of one of these hills; the church of the district stood nearer Thornfield: its old tower-top looked over a knoll between the house and gates.

I was yet enjoying the calm prospect and pleasant fresh air, yet listening with delight to the cawing of the rooks, yet surveying the wide, hoary front of the hall, and thinking what a great place it was for one lonely little dame like Mrs. Fairfax to inhabit, when that lady appeared at the door.

"What! out already?" said she. "I see you are an early riser." I went up to her, and was received with an affable kiss and shake of the hand.

"How do you like Thornfield?" she asked. I told her I liked it very much.

"Yes," she said, "it is a pretty place; but I fear it will be getting out of order, unless Mr. Rochester should take it into his head to come and reside here permanently; or, at least, visit it rather oftener; great houses and fine grounds require the presence of the proprietor."

"Mr. Rochester!" I exclaimed. "Who is he?"

"The owner of Thornfield," she responded quietly. "Did you not know he was called Rochester?"

Of course I did not—I had never heard of him before; but the old lady seemed to regard his existence as a universally understood fact, with which every body must be acquainted by instinct.

"I thought," I continued, "Thornfield belonged to you."

"To me! Bless you, child! what an idea! To me? I am only the housekeeper—the manager. To be sure, I am distantly related to the Rochesters by the mother's side; or, at least, my husband was; he was a clergyman, incumbent of Hay—that little village yonder on the hill—and that church near the gates was his. The present Mr. Rochester's mother was a Fairfax, and second cousin to my husband; but I never presume on the connection—in fact, it is nothing to me; I consider myself quite in the light of an ordinary housekeeper: my employer is always civil, and I expect nothing more."

"And the little girl—my pupil?"

"She is Mr. Rochester's ward; he commissioned me to find a governess for her. He intends to have her brought up in—shire, I believe. Here she comes with her 'bonne,' as she calls her nurse." The enigma then was explained: this affable and kind little widow was no great dame, but a dependent like myself. I did not like her the worse for that; on the contrary, I felt better pleased than ever. The equality between her and me was real; not the mere result of condescension on her part; so much the better—my position was all the freer.

As I was meditating on this discovery, a

little girl, followed by her attendant, came running up the lawn. I looked at my pupil, who did not, at first appear to notice me; she was quite a child, perhaps seven or eight years old, slightly built, with a pale, small-featured face, and a redundancy of hair falling in curls to her waist.

"Good morning, Miss Adela," said Mrs. Fairfax. "Come and speak to the lady who is to teach you, and to make you a clever woman some day." She approached.

"C'est là ma gouvernante!" said she, pointing to me, and addressing her nurse, who answered:

"Mais oui, certainement."

"Are they foreigners?" I inquired, amazed at hearing the French language.

"The nurse is a foreigner, and Adela was born on the continent; and, I believe, never left it till within six months ago. When she first came here she could speak no English; now she can make shift to talk it a little; I don't understand her, she mixes it so with French; but you will make out her meaning very well, I dare say."

Fortunately I had had the advantage of being taught French by a French lady; and as I had always made a point of conversing with Madame Pierrot, as often as I could, and had, besides, during the last seven years, learned a portion of French by heart daily—applying myself to take pains with my accent, and imitating as closely as possible the pronunciation of my teacher—I had acquired a certain degree of readiness and correctness in the language, and was not likely to be much at a loss with Mademoiselle Adela. She came and shook hands with me when she heard that I was her governess; and as I led her into breakfast, I addressed some phrases to her in her own tongue; she replied briefly at first, but after we were seated at the table, and she had examined me some ten minutes with her large hazel eyes, she suddenly commenced chattering fluently.

"Ah!" cried she in French, "you speak my language as well as Mr. Rochester does; I can talk to you as I can to him, and so can Sophie. She will be glad; nobody here understands her; Madame Fairfax is all English. Sophie is my nurse; she came with me over the sea in a great ship with a chimney that smoked—how it did smoke—and I was sick, and so was Sophie, and so was Mr. Rochester. Mr. Rochester lay down on a sofa in a pretty room called the salon, and Sophie and I had little beds in another place. I nearly fell out of mine; it was like a shelf. And, Mademoiselle—what is your name?"

"Eyre—Jane Eyre."

"Aire! Bah! I can not say it. Well; our ship stopped in the morning, before it was quite daylight, at a great city—a huge city, with very dark houses and all smoky; not at all like the pretty, clean town I came from; and Mr. Rochester carried me in his arms over a plank to the land, and Sophie came after, and we all got into a coach, which took us to a beautiful large house, larger than this and finer, called an hotel. We stayed there nearly a week, I and Sophie used to walk every day in a great green place full of trees, called the park; and

there were many children there besides me, and a pond with beautiful birds in it, that I fed with crumbs."

"Can you understand her when she runs on so fast?" asked Mrs. Fairfax.

I understood her very well, for I had been accustomed to the fluent tongue of Madame Pierrot.

"I wish," continued the good lady, "you would ask her a question or two about her parents; I wonder if she remembers them?"

"Adèle," I inquired, "with whom did you live when you were in that pretty, clean town you spoke of?"

"I lived long ago with mamma; but she is gone to the Holy Virgin. Mamma used to teach me to dance and sing, and to say verses. A great many gentlemen and ladies came to see mamma, and I used to dance before them, or to sit on their knees and sing to them; I liked it. Shall I let you hear me sing now?"

She had finished her breakfast, so I permitted her to give a specimen of her accomplishments. Descending from her chair, she came and placed herself on my knee; then, folding her little hands demurely before her, shaking back her curls and lifting her eyes to the ceiling, she commenced singing a song from some opera. It was the strain of a forsaken lady, who, after bewailing the perfidy of her lover, calls pride to her aid; desires her attendant to deck her in her brightest jewels and richest robes, and resolves to meet the false one that night at a ball, and prove to him, by the gayety of her demeanor, how little his desertion has affected her.

The subject seemed strangely chosen for an infant singer; but I suppose the point of the exhibition lay in hearing the notes of love and jealousy warbled with the lisp of childhood; and in very bad taste that point was; at least, I thought so.

Adèle sang the canzonet tunefully enough, and with the naïveté of her age. This achieved, she jumped from my knee, and said, "Now, mademoiselle, I will repeat you some poetry."

Assuming an attitude, she began "La Ligue des Rats; fable de La Fontaine." She then declaimed the little piece, with an attention to punctuation and emphasis, a flexibility of voice, and an appropriateness of gesture, very unusual, indeed, at her age, and which proved she had been carefully trained.

"Was it your mamma who taught you that piece?" I asked.

"Yes, and she just used to say it in this way: 'Qu'avez vous donc? lui dit un de ces rats; parlez!' She made me lift my hand—so—to remind me to raise my voice at the question. Now, shall I dance for you?"

"No, that will do; but after your mamma went to the Holy Virgin, as you say, with whom did you live then?"

"With Madame Frédéric and her husband; she took care of me, but she is nothing related to me. I think she is poor, for she had not so fine a house as mamma. I was not long there. Mr. Rochester asked me if I would like to go and live with him in England, and I said yes; for I knew Mr. Rochester before I knew Madame Frédéric, and he was always kind to me

and gave me pretty dresses and toys; but you see he has not kept his word, for he has brought me to England, and now he has gone back again himself, and I never see him."

After breakfast, Adèle and I withdrew to the library, which room, it appears, Mr. Rochester had directed should be used as the school-room. Most of the books were locked up behind glass doors; but there was one book-case left open, containing every thing that could be needed in the way of elementary works, and several volumes of light literature, poetry, biography, travels, a few romances, &c. I suppose he had considered that these were all the governess would require for her private perusal; and, indeed, they contented me amply for the present; compared with the scanty pickings I had now and then been able to glean at Lowood, they seemed to offer an abundant harvest of entertainment and information. In this room, too, there was a cabinet-piano, quite new, and of superior tone; also, an easel for painting, and a pair of globes.

I found my pupil sufficiently docile, though disinclined to apply; she had not been used to regular occupation of any kind. I felt it would be injudicious to confine her too much at first; so, when I had talked to her a great deal, and got her to learn a little, and when the morning had advanced to noon, I allowed her to return to her nurse. I then proposed to occupy myself till dinner-time in drawing some little sketches for her use.

As I was going up stairs to fetch my portfolio and pencils, Mrs. Fairfax called to me. "Your morning school-hours are over now, I suppose," said she. She was in a room, the folding-doors of which stood open. I went in when she addressed me. It was a large, stately apartment, with purple chairs and curtains, a Turkey carpet, walnut-paneled walls, one vast window rich in stained glass, and a lofty ceiling nobly molded. Mrs. Fairfax was dusting some vases of fine purple spar, which stood on a side-board.

"What a beautiful room!" I exclaimed, as I looked round; for I had never before seen any half so imposing.

"Yes, this is the dining-room. I have just opened the window to let in a little air and sunshine, for every thing gets so damp in apartments that are seldom inhabited; the drawing-room, yonder, feels like a vault."

She pointed to a wide arch corresponding to the window, and hung, like it, with a Tyrian-dyed curtain, now looped up. Mounting to it by two broad steps and looking through, I thought I caught a glimpse of a fairy place—so bright to my novice-eyes appeared the view beyond. Yet it was merely a very pretty drawing-room, and within it a boudoir, both spread with white carpets, on which seemed laid brilliant garlands of flowers; both ceiled with snowy moldings of white grapes and vine-leaves, beneath which glowed, in rich contrast, crimson couches and ottomans; while the ornaments on the pale Parian mantle-piece were of sparkling Bohemian glass, ruby red; and between the windows large mirrors repeated the general blending of snow and fire.

"In what order you keep these rooms, Mrs. Fairfax!" said I. "No dust, no canvas cov-

erings; except that the air feels chilly, one would think they were inhabited daily."

"Why, Miss Eyre, though Mr. Rochester's visits here are rare, they are always sudden and unexpected; and as I observed that it put him out to find every thing swathed up, and to have a bustle of arrangement on his arrival, I thought it best to keep the rooms in readiness."

"Is Mr. Rochester an exacting, fastidious sort of man?"

"Not particularly so; but he has a gentleman's tastes and habits, and he expects to have things managed in conformity to them."

"Do you like him? Is he generally liked?"

"Oh, yes; the family have always been respected here. Almost all the land in this neighborhood, as far as you can see, has belonged to the Rochesters time out of mind."

"Well, but, leaving his land out of the question, do you like him? Is he liked for himself?"

"I have no cause to do otherwise than like him; and I believe he is considered a just and liberal landlord by his tenants, but he has never lived much among them."

"But has he no peculiarities? What, in short, is his character?"

"Oh! his character is unimpeachable, I suppose. He is rather peculiar, perhaps. He has traveled a great deal, and seen a great deal of the world, I should think. I dare say he is clever, but I never had much conversation with him."

"In what way is he peculiar?"

"I don't know—it is not easy to describe—nothing striking, but you feel it when he speaks to you; you can not be always sure whether he is in jest or earnest, whether he is pleased or the contrary; you don't thoroughly understand him—in short, at least, I don't; but it is of no consequence, he is a very good master."

This was all the account I got from Mrs. Fairfax of her employer and mine. There are people who seem to have no notion of sketching a character, or observing and describing salient points, either in persons or things; the good lady evidently belonged to this class; my queries puzzled, but did not draw her out. Mr. Rochester was Mr. Rochester in her eyes—a gentleman—a landed proprietor—nothing more. She inquired and searched no farther, and evidently wondered at my wish to gain a more definite notion of his identity.

When we left the dining-room, she proposed to show me over the rest of the house; and I followed her up stairs and down stairs, admiring as I went, for all was well-arranged and handsome. The large front chambers I thought especially grand; and some of the third story rooms, though dark and low, were interesting from their air of antiquity. The furniture once appropriated to the lower apartments had from time to time been removed here, as fashions changed, and the imperfect light, entering by their narrow casements, showed bedsteads of a hundred years old; chests, in oak or walnut, looking, with their strange carvings of palm branches and cherubs' heads, like types of the Hebrew ark; rows of venerable chairs, high-backed and narrow; stools, still more antiquated, on whose cushioned tops were yet apparent traces of half-effaced embroideries, wrought by

fingers that for two generations have been coffin-dust. All these relics gave to the third story of Thornfield Hall the aspect of a home of the past—a shrine of memory. I liked the hush, the gloom, the quaintness of these retreats in the day; but I by no means coveted a night's repose on one of those wide and heavy beds—shut in, some of them, with doors of oak; shaded, others, with wrought old English hangings, crusted with thick work, portraying effigies of strange flowers, and stranger birds, and strangest human beings—all which would have looked strange, indeed, by the pallid gleam of moonlight.

"Do the servants sleep in these rooms?" I asked.

"No; they occupy a range of smaller apartments to the back. No one ever sleeps here. One would almost say that, if there were a ghost at Thornfield Hall, this would be its haunt."

"So I think. You have no ghost, then?"

"None that I ever heard of," returned Mrs. Fairfax, smiling.

"Nor any traditions of one—no legends or ghost stories?"

"I believe not; and yet it is said, the Rochesters have been rather a violent than a quiet race in their time. Perhaps, though, that is the reason they rest tranquilly in their graves now."

"Yes; 'after life's fitful fever they sleep well,'" I muttered. "Where are you going now, Mrs. Fairfax?" for she was moving away.

"On to the leads; will you come and see the view from thence?" I followed still, up a very narrow stair-case to the attics, and thence by a ladder and through a trap-door to the roof of the Hall. I was now on a level with the crow colony, and could see into their nests. Leaning over the battlements, and looking far down, I surveyed the grounds laid out like a map; the bright and velvet lawn closely girdling the gray base of the mansion; the field, wide as a park, dotted with its ancient timber; the wood, dun and sere, divided by a path visibly overgrown, greener with moss than the trees were with foliage; the church at the gates, the road, the tranquil hills, all reposing in the autumn day's sun; the horizon bounded by a propitious sky, azure, marbled with pearly white. No feature in the scene was extraordinary, but all was pleasing. When I turned from it and repassed the trap-door, I could scarcely see my way down the ladder. The attic seemed black as a vault, compared with that arch of blue air to which I had been looking up, and to that sun-lighted scene of grove, pasture, and green hill, of which the Hall was the center, and over which I had been gazing with delight.

Mrs. Fairfax stayed behind a moment to fasten the trap-door; I, by dint of groping, found the outlet from the attic, and proceeded to descend the narrow garret stair-case. I lingered in the long passage to which this led, separating the front and back rooms of the third story; narrow, low, and dim, with only one little window at the far end, and looking, with its two rows of small black doors all shut, like a corridor in some Bluebeard's castle.

While I paced softly on, the last sound I ex-



pected to hear in so still a region, a laugh, struck my ear. It was a curious laugh; distinct, formal, mirthless. I stopped; the sound ceased, only for an instant; it began again, louder; for, at first, though distinct, it was very low. It passed off in a clamorous peal that seemed to wake an echo in every lonely chamber; though it originated but in one, and I could have pointed out the door whence the accents issued.

"Mrs. Fairfax!" I called out; for I now heard her descending the great stairs. "Did you hear that loud laugh? Who is it?"

"Some of the servants very likely," she answered; "perhaps Grace Poole."

"Did you hear it?" I again inquired.

"Yes, plainly: I often hear her; she sews in one of these rooms. Sometimes Leah is with her; they are frequently noisy together."

The laugh was repeated in its low, syllabic tone, and terminated in an odd murmur.

"Grace!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax.

I really did not expect any Grace to answer; for the laugh was as tragic, as preternatural a laugh as any I ever heard; and, but that it was high noon, and that no circumstance of ghostliness accompanied the curious cackination, but that neither scene nor season favored fear, I should have been superstitiously afraid. However, the event showed me I was a fool for entertaining a sense even of surprise.

The door nearest me opened, and a servant came out—a woman of between thirty and forty; a set, square-made figure, red-haired, and with a hard, plain face; any apparition less romantic or less ghostly could scarcely be conceived.

"Too much noise, Grace," said Mrs. Fairfax. "Remember directions!" Grace court-tesied silently and went in.

"She is a person we have to sew and assist Leah in her housemaid's work," continued the widow; "not altogether unobjectionable in some points, but she does well enough. By-the-by, how have you got on with your new pupil this morning?"

The conversation, thus turned on Adèle, continued till we reached the light and cheerful region below. Adèle came running to meet us in the hall, exclaiming:

"Mesdames, vous êtes servies!" adding "J'ai bien fait, moi!"

We found dinner ready, and waiting for us in Mrs. Fairfax's room.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE promise of a smooth career, which my first calm introduction to Thornfield Hall seemed to pledge, was not belied on a longer acquaintance with the place and its inmates. Mrs. Fairfax turned out to be what she appeared, a placid-tempered, kind-natured woman, of competent education and average intelligence. My pupil was a lively child, who had been spoiled and indulged, and, therefore, was sometimes wayward; but as she was committed entirely to my care, and no injudicious interference from any quarter ever thwarted my plans for her improvement, she soon forgot her little freaks, and became obedient and teachable. She had

no great talents, no marked traits of character—no peculiar development of feeling or taste which raised her one inch above the ordinary level of childhood; but neither had she any deficiency or vice which sunk her below it. She made reasonable progress, entertained for me a vivacious, though, perhaps, not very profound affection, and by her simplicity, gay prattle, and efforts to please, inspired me, in return, with a degree of attachment sufficient to make us both content in each other's society.

This, *par parenthèse*, will be thought cool language by persons who entertain solemn doctrines about the angelic nature of children and the duty of those charged with their education to conceive for them an idolatrous devotion: but I am not writing to flatter parental egotism, to echo cant, or prop up humbug; I am merely telling the truth. I felt a conscientious solicitude for Adèle's welfare and progress, and a quiet liking to her little self, just as I cherished toward Mrs. Fairfax a thankfulness for her kindness, and a pleasure in her society proportionate to the tranquil regard she had for me, and the moderation of her mind and character.

Any body may blame me who likes, when I add, further, that, now and then, when I took a walk by myself in the grounds—when I went down to the gates and looked through them along the road—or when, while Adèle played with her nurse, and Mrs. Fairfax made jellies in the store-room, I climbed the three staircases, raised the trap-door of the attic, and having reached the leads, looked out afar over sequestered field and hill, and along dim sky-line: that then I longed for a power of vision which might overpass that limit; which might reach the busy world, towns, regions full of life I had heard of but never seen: that then I desired more of practical experience than I possessed; more of intercourse with my kind, of acquaintance with variety of character, than was here within my reach. I valued what was good in Mrs. Fairfax, and what was good in Adèle; but I believed in the existence of other and more vivid kinds of goodness, and what I believed in I wished to behold.

Who blames me? Many, no doubt; and I shall be called discontented. I could not help it: the restlessness was in my nature; it agitated me to pain sometimes. Then my sole relief was to walk along the corridor of the third story, backward and forward, safe in the silence and solitude of the spot, and allow my mind's eye to dwell on whatever bright visions rose before it—and certainly they were many and glowing; to let my heart be heaved by the exultant movement which, while it swelled it in trouble, expanded it with life; and, best of all, to open my inward ear to a tale that was never ended—a tale my imagination created, and narrated continuously, quickened with all of incident, life, fire, feeling, that I desired and had not in my actual existence.

It is vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity: they must have action; and they will make it if they can not find it. Millions are condemned to a stiller doom than mine, and millions are in silent revolt against their lot. Nobody knows how many rebellions, besides political rebellions, ferment in the masses of life which people earth. Women

are supposed to be very calm generally: but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex.

When thus alone, I not unfrequently heard Grace Poole's laugh: the same—the same peal, the same low, slow ha! ha! which, when first heard, had thrilled me: I heard, too, her eccentric murmurs; stranger than her laugh. There were days when she was quite silent; but there were others when I could not account for the sounds she made. Sometimes I saw her: she would come out of her room with a basin, or a plate, or a tray in her hand, go down to the kitchen and shortly return, generally (oh romantic reader, forgive me for telling the plain truth!) bearing a pot of porter. Her appearance always acted as a damper to the curiosity raised by her oral oddities; hard-featured and staid, she had no point to which interest could attach. I made some attempts to draw her into conversation, but she seemed a person of few words: a monosyllabic reply usually cut short every effort of that sort.

The other members of the household, viz., John and his wife, Leah the housemaid, and Sophie the French nurse, were decent people, but in no respect remarkable: with Sophie I used to talk French, and sometimes I asked her questions about her native country; but she was not of a descriptive or narrative turn, and generally gave such vapid and confused answers as were calculated rather to check than encourage inquiry.

October, November, December passed away. One afternoon in January, Mrs. Fairfax had begged a holyday for Adèle, because she had a cold; and, as Adèle seconded the request with an ardor that reminded me how precious occasional holydays had been to me in my own childhood, I accorded it, deeming that I did well in showing pliability on the point. It was a fine, calm day, though very cold; I was tired of sitting still in the library through a whole long morning: Mrs. Fairfax had just written a letter which was waiting to be posted, so I put on my bonnet and cloak and volunteered to carry it to Hay; the distance, two miles, would be a pleasant winter afternoon walk. Having seen Adèle comfortably seated in her little chair by Mrs. Fairfax's parlor fireside, and given her her best wax doll (which I usually kept enveloped in silver paper in a drawer) to play with, and a story-book for change of amusement; and having replied to her "*Revenez bientôt, ma bonne amie, ma chère Mademoiselle Jeannette*" with a kiss, I set out.

The ground was hard, the air was still, my road was lonely; I walked fast till I got warm, and then I walked slowly to enjoy and analyze the species of pleasure brooding for me in the hour and situation. It was three o'clock; the

church-bell tolled as I passed under the belfry the charm of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws; but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds which stirred occasionally in the hedge looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.

This lane inclined up-hill all the way to Hay: having reached the middle, I sat down on a stile which led thence into a field. Gathering my mantle about me and sheltering my hands in my muff, I did not feel the cold, though it froze keenly—as was attested by a sheet of ice covering the causeway, where a little brooklet, now congealed, had overflowed after a rapid thaw some days since. From my seat I could look down on Thornfield: the gray and battlemented hall was the principal object in the vale below me; its woods and dark rookery rose against the west. I lingered till the sun went down among the trees, and sunk crimson and clear behind them. I turned eastward.

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momentarily: she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear, too, felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell: but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sigh of the most remote.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripples and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear: a positive tramp, tramp; a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings; as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aerial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon and blended clouds, where tint melts into tint.

The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile; yet as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies, bright and dark, tenanted my mind: the memories of nursery stores were there among other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a vigor and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales wherein figured a North of England spirit, called a "Gytrash;" which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and some

imes came upon belated travelers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight, when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white color made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one mask of Bessie's "Gytrash"—a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would. The horse followed—a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man, the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the "Gytrash:" it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcasses of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form. No "Gytrash" was this—only a traveler taking the short cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned: a sliding sound and an exclamation of "What the deuce is to do now!" and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway. The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound; which was deep in proportion to his magnitude. He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; it was all he could do—there was no other help at hand to summon. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveler, by this time struggling himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the question—

"Are you injured, sir?"

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; however, he was pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly.

"Can I do any thing?" I asked again.

"You must just stand on one side," he answered as he rose, first to his knees, and then to his feet. I did; whereupon began a heaving, stamping, clattering process, accompanied by a barking and baying, which removed me effectually some yards distance: but I would not be driven quite away till I saw the event. This was finally fortunate; the horse was re-established, and the dog was silenced with a "Down, Pilot!" The traveler now stooping, felt his foot and leg, as if trying whether they were sound; apparently something ailed them, for he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and sat down.

I was in the mood for being useful, or at least officious, I think, for I now drew near him again.

"If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch some one, either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay."

"Thank you; I shall do: I have no broken bones—only a sprain," and again he stood up and tried his foot, but the result exerted an involuntary "Ugh!"

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was waxing bright; I could see him plainly. His figure was enveloped in a riding-coak, fur-collared, and steel-clasped; its de-

tails were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height, and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now he was past youth, but had not reached middle age: perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my life spoken to one. I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with any thing in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or any thing else that is bright but antipathetic.

If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humored to me when I addressed him; if he had put off my offer of assistance gayly and with thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew inquiries; but the frown, the roughness of the traveler set me at my ease; I retained my station when he waved to me to go, and announced—

"I can not think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse."

He looked at me when I said this: he had hardly turned his eyes in my direction before.

"I should think you ought to be at home yourself," said he, "if you have a home in this neighborhood; where do you come from?"

"From just below; and I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is moonlight: I will run over to Hay for you with pleasure, if you wish it—indeed, I am going there to post a letter."

"You live just below—do you mean at that house with the battlements!" pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary gleam, bringing it out distinct and pale from the woods, that, by contrast with the western sky, now seemed one mass of shadow.

"Yes, sir."

"Whose house is it?"

"Mr. Rochester's."

"Do you know Mr. Rochester?"

"No, I have never seen him."

"He is not resident then?"

"No."

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I can not."

"You are not a servant at the Hall, of course! You are—" He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which, as usual, was quite simple: a black merino cloak, a black beaver bonnet; neither of them half fine enough for a lady's maid. He seemed puzzled to decide what I was: I helped him.

"I am the governess."

"Ah, the governess!" he repeated; "deuce take me if I had not forgotten! The governess!" and again my raiment underwent scrutiny. In two minutes he rose from the stile; his face expressed pain when he tried to move

"I can not commission you to fetch a help," he said, "but you may help me a little yourself, if you will be so kind."

"Yes, sir."

"You have not an umbrella that I can use as a stick?"

"No."

"Try to get hold of my horse's bridle and lead him to me; you are not afraid?"

I should have been afraid to touch a horse when alone, but when told to do it, I was disposed to obey. I put down my muff on the stile, and went up to the tall steed; I endeavored to catch the bridle, but it was a spirited thing, and would not let me come near its head; I made effort on effort, though in vain: meantime, I was mortally afraid of its trampling fore-feet. The traveler waited and watched for some time, and at last he laughed.

"I see," he said, "the mountain will never be brought to Mahomet, so all you can do is to aid Mahomet to go to the mountain; I must beg of you to come here."

I came. "Excuse me," he continued; "necessity compels me to make you useful." He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaning on me with some stress, limped to his horse. Having once caught the bridle, he mastered it directly, and sprung to his saddle, grimacing grimly as he made the effort, for it wrenched his spine.

"Now," said he, releasing his under lip from a hard bite, "just hand me my whip; it lies there under the hedge."

I sought it and found it.

"Thank you; now make haste with the letter to Hay, and return as fast as you can."

A touch of a spurred heel made his horse first start and rear, and then bound away; the dog rushed in his traces; all three vanished.

"Like heath that in the wilderness  
The wild wind whirls away."

I took up my muff and walked on. The incident had occurred and was gone for me; it *was* an incident of no moment, no romance, no interest in a sense; yet it marked with change one single hour of a monotonous life. My help had been needed and claimed; I had given it; I was pleased to have done something; trivial, transitory though the deed was, it was yet an active thing, and I was weary of an existence all passive. The new face, too, was like a new picture introduced to the gallery of memory; and it was dissimilar to all the others hanging there; firstly, because it was masculine; and secondly, because it was dark, strong and stern. I had it still before me when I entered Hay, and slipped the letter into the post-office; I saw it as I walked fast down-hill all the way home. When I came to the stile I stopped a minute, looked round and listened, with an idea that a horse's hoofs might ring on the causeway again, and that a rider in a cloak, and a Gytrash-like Newfoundland dog, might be again apparent; I saw only the hedge and a pollard willow before me, rising up still and straight to meet the moonbeams; I heard only the faintest waft of wind, roaming fitful among the trees round Thornfield, a mile distant; and when I glanced down in the direction of the murmur, my eye, traversing the hall-front, caught a light kindling

in a window: it reminded me that I was late, and I hurried on.

I did not like re-entering Thornfield. To pass its threshold was to return to stagnation; to cross the silent hall, to ascend the darksome stair-case, to seek my own lonely little room, and then to meet tranquil Mrs. Fairfax, and spend the long winter evening with her and her only, was to quell wholly the faint excitement awakened by my walk—to slip again over my faculties the viewless fetters of a uniform and too still existence; of an existence whose very privileges of security and ease I was becoming incapable of appreciating. What good it would have done me at that time to have been tossed in the storms of an uncertain, struggling life, and to have been taught by rough and bitter experience to long for the calm amid which I now repined! Yes, just as much good as it would do a man tired of sitting still in a "too easy chair" to take a long walk; and just as natural was the wish to stir, under my circumstances, as it would be under his.

I lingered at the gates; I lingered on the lawn; I paced backward and forward on the pavement; the shutters of the glass door were closed; I could not see into the interior; and both my eyes and spirit seemed drawn from the gloomy house—from the gray hollow filled with rayless cells, as it appeared to me—to that sky expanded before me—a blue sea absolved from taint of cloud; the moon ascending it in solemn march; her orb seeming to look up as she left the hill-tops, from behind which she had come, far and farther below her, and aspired to the zenith, midnight-dark in its fathomless depth and measureless distance; and for those trembling stars that followed her course, they made my heart tremble, my veins glow when I viewed them. Little things recall us to earth; the clock struck in the hall; that sufficed—I turned from moon and stars, opened a side-door and went in.

The hall was not dark, nor yet was it lighted only by the high-hung bronze lamp; a warm glow suffused both it and the lower steps of the oak stair-case. This ruddy shine issued from the great dining-room, whose two-leaved door stood open and showed a genial fire in the grate, glancing on marble hearth and brass fire-irons, and revealing purple draperies and polished furniture in the most pleasant radiance. It revealed, too, a group near the mantle-piece; I had scarcely caught it, and scarcely become aware of a cheerful mingling of voices, among which I seemed to distinguish the tones of Adèle, when the door closed.

I hastened to Mrs. Fairfax's room; there was a fire there, too, but no candle, and no Mrs. Fairfax. Instead, all alone, sitting upright on the rug and gazing with gravity at the blaze, I beheld a great black and white, long-haired dog, just like the Gytrash of the lane. It was so like it that I went forward and said, "Pilot," and the thing got up and came to me and snuffed me. I ceased him, and he wagged his great tail; but he looked an eerie creature to be alone with, and I could not tell whence he had come. I rung the bell, for I wanted a candle, and I wanted, too, to get an account of this visitant. Leah entered.

"What dog is this?"

"He came with master."

"With whom?"

"With master—Mr. Rochester—he is just arrived."

"Indeed—and is Mrs. Fairfax with him?"

"Yes, and Miss Adèle—they are in the dining-room, and John is gone for a surgeon, for master has had an accident—his horse fell and his ankle is sprained."

"Did the horse fall in Hay-lane?"

"Yes, coming down hill—it slipped on some ice."

"Ah! bring me a candle, will you, Leah?"

Leah brought it; she entered, followed by Mrs. Fairfax, who repeated the news; adding that Mr. Carter, the surgeon, was come and was now with Mr. Rochester; then she hurried out to give orders about tea, and I went up stairs to take off my things.

### CHAPTER. XIII.

MR. ROCHESTER, it seems, by the surgeon's orders, went to bed early that night; nor did he rise soon next morning. When he did come down it was to attend to business; his agent and some of his tenants were arrived, and waiting to speak with him.

Adèle and I had now to vacate the library; it would be in daily requisition as a reception-room for callers. A fire was lighted in an apartment up stairs, and there I carried our books, and arranged it for the future school-room. I discerned in the course of the morning that Thornfield Hall was a changed place; no longer silent as a church, it echoed every hour or two to a knock at the door or a clang of the bell; steps, too, often traversed the hall, and new voices spoke in different keys below; a rill from the outer world was flowing through it—it had a master; for my part, I liked it better.

Adèle was not easy to teach that day; she could not apply, she kept running to the door and looking over the banisters to see if she could get a glimpse of Mr. Rochester; then she coined pretexts to go down stairs, in order, as I shrewdly suspected, to visit the library, where I knew she was not wanted; then, when I got a little angry, and made her sit still, she continued to talk incessantly of her "ami, Monsieur Edouard Fairfax de Rochester," as she dubbed him (I had not before heard his prenomen), and to conjecture what presents he had brought her: for it appears he had intimated the night before that, when his luggage came from Millcote, there would be found among it a little box in whose contents she had an interest.

"Et cela doit signifier," said she, "qu'il y aura là dedans un cadeau pour moi, et peut être pour vous, aussi, mademoiselle. Monsieur a parlé de vous: il m'a demandé le nom de ma gouvernante, et si elle n'était pas une petite personne, assez mince et un peu pâle. J'ai dit que oui: car c'est vrai, n'est-ce pas, mademoiselle?"

I and my pupil dined as usual in Mrs. Fairfax's parlor; the afternoon was wild and snowy, and we passed it in the school-room. At dark I allowed Adèle to put away books and work, and to run down stairs; for, from the

comparative silence below, and from the cessation of appeals to the door-bell, I conjectured that Mr. Rochester was now at liberty. Left alone, I walked to the window, but nothing was to be seen thence: twilight and snow-flakes together thickened the air and hid the very shrubs on the lawn. I let down the curtain and went back to the fireside.

In the clear embers I was tracing a view, not unlike a picture I remember to have seen of the castle of Heidelberg, on the Rhine, when Mrs. Fairfax came in, breaking up by her entrance the fiery mosaic I had been piecing together, and scattering, too, some heavy, unwelcome thoughts that were beginning to throng on my solitude.

"Mr. Rochester would be glad if you and your pupil would take tea with him in the drawing-room this evening," said she; "he has been so much engaged all day that he could not ask to see you before."

"When is his tea-time?" I inquired.

"Oh, at six o'clock: he keeps early hours in the country. You had better change your frock now: I will go with you and fasten it. Here is a candle."

"Is it necessary to change my frock?"

"Yes, you had better. I always dress for the evening when Mr. Rochester is here."

This additional ceremony seemed somewhat stately; however, I repaired to my room, and, with Mrs. Fairfax's aid, replaced my black stuff dress by one of black silk, the best and the only additional one I had, except one of light gray, which, in my Lowood notions of the toilet, I thought too fine to be worn, except on first-rate occasions.

"You want a brooch," said Mrs. Fairfax. I had a single little pearl ornament which Miss Temple gave me as a parting keepsake; I put it on, and then we went down stairs. Unused as I was to strangers, it was rather a trial to appear, thus formally summoned, in Mr. Rochester's presence. I let Mrs. Fairfax precede me into the dining-room, and kept in her shade as we crossed that apartment; and, passing the arch, whose curtain was now dropped, entered the elegant recess beyond.

Two wax candles stood lighted on the table, and two on the mantle-piece; basking in the light and heat of a superb fire lay Pilot; Adèle knelt near him. Half reclined on a couch appeared Mr. Rochester, his foot supported by the cushion; he was looking at Adèle and the dog; the fire shone full on his face. I knew my traveler, with his broad and jetty eyebrows, his square forehead, made squarer by the horizontal sweep of his black hair. I recognized his decisive nose, more remarkable for character than beauty, his full nostrils, denoting, I thought, cholera; his grim mouth, chin, and jaw—yes, all three were very grim, and no mistake. His shape, now divested of cloak, I perceived harmonized in squareness with his physiognomy: I suppose it was a good figure in the athletic sense of the term, broad-chested and thin-flanked, though neither tall nor graceful.

Mr. Rochester must have been aware of the entrance of Mrs. Fairfax and myself; but it appeared he was not in the mood to notice us, for he never lifted his head as we approached.

"Here is Miss Eyre, sir," said Mrs. Fairfax,

in her quiet way. He bowed, still not taking his eyes from the group of the dog and child.

"Let Miss Eyre be seated," said he; and there was something in the forced, stiff bow, in the impatient, yet formal tone, which seemed further to express, "What the deuce is it to me whether Miss Eyre be there or not? At this moment I am not disposed to accost her."

I sat down quite disembarassed. A reception of finished politeness would probably have confused me: I could not have returned or repaid it by answering grace and elegance on my part; but harsh caprice laid me under no obligation; on the contrary, a decent quiescence, under the freak of manner, gave me the advantage. Besides, the eccentricity of the proceeding was piquant: I felt interested to see how he would go on.

He went on as a statue would; that is, he neither spoke nor moved. Mrs. Fairfax seemed to think it necessary that some one should be amiable, and she began to talk. Kindly, as usual—and, as usual, rather trite—she condescended with him on the pressure of business he had had all day, on the annoyance it must have been to him with that painful sprain; then she commended his patience and perseverance in going through with it.

"Madam, I should like some tea," was the sole rejoinder she got. She hastened to ring the bell; and, when the tray came, she proceeded to arrange the cups, spoons, &c., with assiduous celerity. I and Adèle went to the table; but the master did not leave his couch.

"Will you hand Mr. Rochester's cup?" said Mrs. Fairfax to me; "Adèle, might, perhaps spill it."

I did as requested. As he took the cup from my hand, Adèle, thinking the moment propitious for making a request in my favor, cried out:

"N'est-ce-pas, Monsieur, qu'il y a un cadeau pour Mademoiselle Eyre, dans votre petit coffre?"

"Who talks of cadeaux?" said he gruffly; "did you expect a present, Miss Eyre? Are you fond of presents?" and he searched my face with eyes that I saw were dark, irate, and piercing.

"I hardly know, sir; I have little experience of them; they are generally thought pleasant things."

"Generally thought! But what do you think?"

"I should be obliged to take time, sir, before I could give you an answer worthy of your acceptance; a present has many faces to it, has it not? and one should consider all before pronouncing an opinion as to its nature."

"Miss Eyre, you are not so unsophisticated as Adèle; she demands a 'cadeau,' clamorously the moment she sees me—you beat about the bush."

"Because I have less confidence in my deserts than Adèle has; she can prefer the claim of old acquaintance, and the right, too, of custom; for she says you have always been in the habit of giving her playthings; but if I had to make out a case I should be puzzled, since I am a stranger and have done nothing to entitle me to an acknowledgment."

"Oh, don't fall back on overmodesty! I

have examined Adèle, and find you have taken great pains with her; she is not bright, she has no talents, yet in a short time she has made much improvement."

"Sir, you have now given me my 'cadeau;' I am obliged to you; it is the meed teachers most covet; praise of their pupils' progress."

"Humph!" said Mr. Rochester, and he took his tea in silence.

"Come to the fire," said the master, when the tray was taken away and Mrs. Fairfax had settled into a corner with her knitting; while Adèle was leading me by the hand round the room, showing me the beautiful books and ornaments on the consoles and chiffonnières. We obeyed, as in duty bound. Adèle wanted to take a seat on my knee, but she was ordered to amuse herself with Pilot.

"You have been resident in my house three months?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you came from—?"

"From Lowood school in —shire."

"Ah! a charitable concern. How long were you there?"

"Eight years."

"Eight years! you must be tenacious of life. I thought half the time in such a place would have done up any constitution? No wonder you have rather the look of another world. I marvelled where you had got that sort of face. When you came on me in Hay-lane last night, I thought unaccountably of fairy tales, and had half a mind to demand whether you had been witched my horse; I am not sure yet. What are your parents?"

"I have none."

"Nor ever had, I suppose; do you remember them?"

"No."

"I thought not. And so you were waiting for your people when you sat on that stile?"

"For, whom, sir?"

"For the men in green; it was a proper moonlight evening for them. Did I break through one of your rings, that you spread that damned ice on the causeway?"

I shook my head. "The men in green all forsook England a hundred years ago," said I, speaking as seriously as he had done. "And not even in Hay-lane or the fields about it could you find a trace of them. I don't think either summer or harvest or winter moon will ever shine on their revels more."

Mrs. Fairfax had dropped her knitting, and with raised eyebrows seemed wondering what sort of talk this was.

"Well," resumed Mr. Rochester, "if you disown parents, you must have some sort of kinsfolk—uncles and aunts?"

"No; none that I ever saw."

"And your home?"

"I have none."

"Where do your brothers and sisters live?"

"I have no brothers or sisters."

"Who recommended you to come here?"

"I advertised, and Mrs. Fairfax answered my advertisement."

"Yes," said the good lady, who now knew what ground we were upon, "and I am daily thankful for the choice Providence led me to make. Miss Eyre has been an invaluable com-

panion to me, and a kind and careful teacher to Adèle."

"Don't trouble yourself to give her a character," returned Mr. Rochester; "eulogiums will not bias me—I shall judge for myself. She began by felling my horse."

"Sir?" said Mrs. Fairfax.

"I have to thank her for this sprain."

The widow looked bewildered.

"Miss Eyre, have you ever lived in a town?"

"No, sir."

"Have you seen much society?"

"None but the pupils and teachers of Lowood, and now the inmates of Thornfield."

"Have you read much?"

"Only such books as fell in my way; and they have not been numerous or very learned."

"You have lived the life of a nun; no doubt you are well drilled in religious forms; Brocklehurst, who, I understand, directs Lowood, is a parson, is he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you girls probably worshiped him, as a convent full of religious would worship their director."

"Oh, no."

"You are very cool! No! What! a novice not worship her priest? That sounds blasphemous."

"I disliked Mr. Brocklehurst; and I was not alone in the feeling. He is a harsh man—at once pompous and meddling; he cut off our hair, and, for economy's sake, bought us bad needles and thread, with which we could hardly sew."

"That was very false economy," remarked Mrs. Fairfax, who now again caught the drift of the dialogue.

"And was that the head and front of his offending?" demanded Mr. Rochester.

"He starved us when he had the sole superintendence of the provision department, before the committee was appointed; and he bored us with long lectures once a-week, and with evening readings from books of his own inditing, about sudden deaths and judgments, which made us afraid to go to bed."

"What age were you when you went to Lowood?"

"About ten."

"And you stayed there eight years; you are now, then, eighteen?"

I assented.

"Arithmetic, you see, is useful; without its aid I should hardly have been able to guess your age. It is a point difficult to fix where the features and countenance are so much at variance as in your case. And now, what did you learn at Lowood? Can you play?"

"A little."

"Of course; that is the established answer. Go into the library—I mean, if you please. (Excuse my tone of command; I am used to say 'Do this,' and it is done; I can not alter my customary habits for one new inmate.) Go, then, into the library; take a candle with you, leave the door open, sit down to the piano, and play a tune."

I departed, obeying his directions.

"Enough!" he called out in a few minutes.

"You play a little, I see; like any other English

school-girl; perhaps rather better than some but not well."

I closed the piano, and returned. Mr. Rochester continued:

"Adèle showed me some sketches this morning, which she said were yours. I don't know whether they were entirely of your doing; probably a master aided you?"

"No, indeed!" I interjected.

"Ah! that pricks pride. Well, fetch me your portfolio, if you can vouch for its contents being original; but don't pass your word unless you are certain—I can recognize patchwork."

"Then I will say nothing, and you shall judge for yourself, sir."

I brought the portfolio from the library.

"Approach the table," said he; and I wheeled it to his couch. Adèle and Mrs. Fairfax drew near to see the pictures.

"No crowding," said Mr. Rochester; "take the drawings from my hand as I finish with them; but don't push your faces up to mine."

He deliberately scrutinized each sketch and painting. Three he laid aside; the others, when he had examined them, he swept from him.

"Take them off to the other table, Mrs. Fairfax," said he, "and look at them with Adèle; you" (glancing at me) "resume your seat, and answer my questions. I perceive these pictures were done by the one hand: was that hand yours?"

"Yes."

"And when did you find time to do them? They have taken much time, and some thought."

"I did them in the last two vacations I spent at Lowood, when I had no other occupation."

"Where did you get your copies?"

"Out of my head."

"That head I see now on your shoulders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has it other furniture of the same kind within?"

"I should think it may have: I should hope—better."

He spread the pictures before him, and again surveyed them alternately.

While he is so occupied, I will tell you, reader, what they are: and first, I must premise that they are nothing wonderful. The subjects had, indeed, risen vividly on my mind. As I saw them with the spiritual eye, before I attempted to embody them, they were striking; but my hand would not second my fancy, and in each case it had wrought out but a pale portrait of the thing I had conceived.

These pictures were in water-colors. The first represented clouds low and livid, rolling over a swelled sea: all the distance was in eclipse; so, too, was the foreground, or, rather, the nearest billows, for there was no land. One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam; its beak held a gold bracelet, set with gems, that I had touched with as brilliant tints as my pallet could yield, and as glittering distinctness as my pencil could impart. Sinking below the bird and mast, a drowned corpse glanced through the green water; a fair arm was the only limb clearly visible, whence the bracelet had been washed or torn.

The second picture contained for foreground only the dim peak of a hill, with grass and some leaves slanted as if by a breeze. Beyond and above spread an expanse of sky, dark-blue as at twilight: rising into the sky, was a woman's shape to the bust, portrayed in tints as dusk and soft as I could combine. The dim forehead was crowned with a star; the lineaments below were seen as through the suffusion of vapor; the eyes shone dark and wild; the hair streamed shadowy, like a beamless cloud torn by storm or by electric travail. On the neck lay a pale reflection, like moonlight; the same faint luster touched the train of thin clouds from which rose and bowed this vision of the Evening Star.

The third showed the pinnacle of an iceberg piercing a polar winter sky; a muster of northern lights reared their dim lances, close serried, along the horizon. Throwing these into distance, rose, in the foreground, a head, a colossal head, inclined toward the iceberg, and resting against it. Two thin hands, joined under the forehead, and supporting it, drew up before the lower features a sable veil; a brow quite bloodless, white as bone, and an eye hollow and fixed, blank of meaning but for the glassiness of despair, alone were visible. Above the temples, amid wreathed turban folds of black drapery, vague in its character and consistency as cloud, gleamed a ring of white flame, gemmed with sparkles of a more lurid tinge. This pale crescent was "The likeness of a Kingly Crown;" what it diademed was "the shape which shape had none."

"Were you happy when you painted these pictures?" asked Mr. Rochester, presently.

"I was absorbed, sir: yes, and I was happy. To paint them, in short, was to enjoy one of the keenest pleasures I have ever known."

"That is not saying much. Your pleasures, by your own account, have been few; but I dare say you did exist in a kind of artist's dreamland while you blent and arranged these strange tints. Did you sit at them long each day?"

"I had nothing else to do, because it was the vacation, and I sat at them from morning till noon, and from noon till night: the length of the midsummer days favored my inclination to apply."

"And you felt self-satisfied with the result of your ardent labors?"

"Far from it. I was tormented by the contrast between my idea and my handiwork: in each case I had imagined something which I was quite powerless to realize."

"Not quite: you have secured the shadow of your thought; but no more, probably. You had not enough of the artist's skill and science to give it full being: yet the drawings are, for a school-girl, peculiar. As to the thoughts, they are elfish. These eyes in the Evening Star you must have seen in a dream. How could you make them look so clear, and yet not at all brilliant? for the planet above quells their rays. And what meaning is that in their solemn depth? And who taught you to paint wind? There is a high gale in that sky, and on this hill-top. Where did you see Latmos? for that is Latmos. There, put the drawings away!"

I had scarce tied the strings of the portfolio when, looking at his watch, he said, abruptly,

"It is nine o'clock: what are you about, Miss Eyre, to let Adèle sit up so long? Take her to bed."

Adèle went to kiss him before quitting the room; he endured the caress, but scarcely seemed to relish it more than Pilot would have done, nor so much.

"I wish you all good-night, now," said he, making a movement of the hand toward the door, in token that he was tired of our company, and wished to dismiss us. Mrs. Fairfax folded up her knitting; I took my portfolio: we courtied to him, received a frigid bow in return, and so withdrew.

"You said Mr. Rochester was not strikingly peculiar, Mrs. Fairfax," I observed, when I rejoined her in her room, after putting Adèle to bed.

"Well, is he?"

"I think so: he is very changeful and abrupt."

"True; no doubt he may appear so to a stranger, but I am so accustomed to his manner, I never think of it; and then, if he has peculiarities of temper, allowance should be made."

"Why?"

"Partly, because it is his nature—and we can none of us help our nature; and partly, he has painful thoughts, no doubt, to harass him and make his spirits unequal."

"What about?"

"Family troubles, for one thing."

"But he has no family."

"Not now; but he has had, or, at least, relatives. He lost his elder brother a few years since."

"His elder brother?"

"Yes. The present Mr. Rochester has not been very long in possession of the property: only about nine years."

"Nine years is a tolerable time. Was he so very fond of his brother as to be still inconsolable for his loss?"

"Why, no; perhaps not. I believe there were some misunderstandings between them. Mr. Rowland Rochester was not quite just to Mr. Edward; and perhaps he prejudiced his father against him. The old gentleman was fond of money, and anxious to keep the family estate together. He did not like to diminish the property by division, and yet he was anxious that Mr. Edward should have wealth, too, to keep up the consequence of the name; and soon after he was of age, some steps were taken that were not quite fair, and made a great deal of mischief. Old Mr. Rochester and Mr. Rowland combined to bring Mr. Edward into what he considered a painful position, for the sake of making his fortune: what the precise nature of that position was I never clearly knew, but his spirit could not brook what he had to suffer in it. He is not very forgiving: he broke with his family, and now for many years he has led an unsettled kind of life. I don't think he has ever been resident at Thornfield for a fortnight together, since the death of his brother, without a will, left him master of the estate; and, indeed, no wonder he shuns the old place."

"Why should he shun it?"



"Perhaps he thinks it gloomy."

The answer was evasive—I should have liked something clearer; but Mrs. Fairfax either could not, or would not, give me more explicit information of the origin and nature of Mr. Rochester's trials. She averred they were a mystery to herself, and that what she knew was chiefly from conjecture. It was evident, indeed, that she wished me to drop the subject, which I did accordingly.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

FOR several subsequent days I saw little of Mr. Rochester. In the mornings he seemed much engaged with business, and in the afternoon, gentlemen from Millcote or the neighborhood called, and sometimes stayed to dine with him. When his sprain was well enough to admit of horse exercise, he rode out a good deal, probably to return these visits, as he generally did not come back till late at night.

During this interval, even Adèle was seldom sent for to his presence, and all my acquaintance with him was confined to an occasional rencounter in the hall, on the stairs, or in the gallery; when he would sometimes pass me haughtily and coldly, just acknowledging my presence by a distant nod or a cool glance, and sometimes bow and smile with gentlemanlike affability. His changes of mood did not offend me, because I saw that I had nothing to do with their alternation: the ebb and flow depended on causes quite disconnected with me.

One day he had had company to dinner, and had sent for my portfolio, in order, doubtless, to exhibit its contents: the gentlemen went away early, to attend a public meeting at Millcote, as Mrs. Fairfax informed me; but the night being wet and inclement, Mr. Rochester did not accompany them. Soon after they were gone, he rung the bell: a message came that I and Adèle were to go down stairs. I brushed Adèle's hair and made her neat, and having ascertained that I was myself in my usual Quaker trim, where there was nothing to retouch—all being too close and plain, braided locks included, to admit of disarrangement—we descended, Adèle wondering whether the *petit coffre* was at length come: for, owing to some mistake, its arrival had hitherto been delayed. She was gratified; there it stood, a little carton, on the table when we entered the dining-room. She appeared to know it by instinct.

"Ma boîte! ma boîte!" exclaimed she, running toward it.

"Yes—there is your 'boîte' at last; take it into a corner, you genuine daughter of Paris, and amuse yourself with disemboweling it," said the deep and rather sarcastic voice of Mr. Rochester, proceeding from the depths of an immense easy-chair at the fireside. "And mind," he continued, "don't bother me with any details of the anatomical process, or any notice of the condition of the entrails: let your operation be conducted in silence—tiens-toi tranquille, enfant; comprends-tu?"

Adèle seemed scarcely to need the warning; she had already retired to a sofa with her treasure, and was busy untying the cord which secured the lid. Having removed this impediment,

and lifted certain silvery envelopes of tissue paper, she merely exclaimed:

"Oh, Ciel! Que c'est beau!" and then remained absorbed in ecstasie contemplation.

"Is Miss Eyre, there!" now demanded the master, half-rising from his seat to look round to the door, near which I stood.

"Ah! well; come forward; be seated here." He drew a chair near his own. "I am not fond of the prattle of children," he continued; "for, old bachelor as I am, I have no pleasant associations connected with their lisp. It would be intolerable to me to pass a whole evening *tête à tête* with a brat. Don't draw that chair farther off, Miss Eyre; sit down exactly were I placed it—if you please, that is. Confound these civilities! I continually forget them. Nor do I particularly affect simple-minded old ladies. By the by, I must have in mine; it won't do to neglect her: she is a Fairfax, or wed to one; and blood is said to be thicker than water."

He rung and dispatched an invitation to Mrs. Fairfax, who soon arrived, knitting basket in hand.

"Good-evening, madam; I sent to you for a charitable purpose; I have forbidden Adèle to talk to me about her presents, and she is bursting with repletion; have the goodness to serve her as audtress and interlocutrice; it will be one of the most benevolent acts you ever performed."

Adèle, indeed, no sooner saw Mrs. Fairfax than she summoned her to her sofa, and there quickly filled her lap with the porcelain, the ivory, the waxen contents of her "boîte," pouring out, meantime, explanations and raptures in such broken English as she was mistress of.

"Now I have performed the part of a good host," pursued Mr. Rochester, "put my guests into the way of amusing each other, I ought to be at liberty to attend to my own pleasure. Miss Eyre, draw your chair still a little farther forward; you are yet too far back: I can not see you without disturbing my position in this comfortable chair, which I have no mind to do."

I did as I was bid, though I would much rather have remained somewhat in the shade; but Mr. Rochester had such a direct way of giving orders, it seemed a matter of course to obey him promptly.

We were, as I have said, in the dining-room; the luster, which had been lighted for dinner, filled the room with a festal breadth of light; the large fire was all red and clear; the purple curtains hung rich and ample before the lofty window and loftier arch; every thing was still, save the subdued chat of Adèle (she dared not speak loud), and, filling up each pause, the beating of winter rain against the panes.

Mr. Rochester, as he sat in his damask covered chair, looked different to what I had seen him look before—not quite so stern; much less gloomy. There was a smile on his lips, and his eyes sparkled, whether with wine or not, I am not sure, but I think it very probable. He was, in short, in his after-dinner mood—more expanded and genial, and also more self-indulgent than the frigid and rigid temper of the morning; still, he looked preciously grim, cushioning his massive head

against the swelling back of his chair, and receiving the light of the fire on his granite-hewn features, and in his great, dark eyes—for he had great, dark eyes, and very fine eyes, too—not without a certain change in their depths sometimes, which, if it was not softness, reminded you, at least, of that feeling.

He had been looking two minutes at the fire, and I had been looking the same length of time at him, when, turning suddenly, he caught my gaze fastened on his physiognomy.

"You examine me, Miss Eyre," said he; "do you think me handsome?"

I should, if I had deliberated, have replied to this question by something conventionally vague and polite; but the answer somehow slipped from my tongue before I was aware.

"No, sir."

"Ah! By my word! there is something singular about you," said he; "you have the air of a little nonnette; quaint, quiet, grave, and simple as you sit with your hands before you, and your eyes generally bent on the carpet (except, by the by, when they are directed piercingly to my face, as just now, for instance); and when one asks you a question, or makes a remark to which you are obliged to reply, you rap out a round rejoinder, which, if not blunt, is at least brusque. What do you mean by it?"

"Sir, I was too plain; I beg your pardon. I ought to have replied that it was not easy to give an impromptu answer to a question about appearances; that tastes differ; that beauty is of little consequence, or something of that sort."

"You ought to have replied no such thing. Beauty of little consequence, indeed! And so, under pretense of softening the previous outrage, of stroking and soothing me into placidity, you stick a sly penknife under my ear! Go on; what fault do you find with me, pray? I suppose I have all my limbs and all my features like any other man?"

"Mr. Rochester, allow me to down my first answer. I intended no pointed repartee; it was only a blunder."

"Just so; I think so; and you shall be answerable for it. Criticise me; does my fore-haied not please you?"

He lifted up the sable waves of hair which lay horizontally over his brow, and showed a solid enough mass of intellectual organs; but an abrupt deficiency where the suave sign of benevolence should have risen.

"Now, ma'am, am I a fool?"

"Far from it, sir. You would perhaps think me rude if I inquired, in return, whether you are a philanthropist?"

"There again! Another stick of the penknife, when she pretended to pat my head; and that is because I said I did not like the society of children and old women (low be it spoken!). No, young lady, I am not a general philanthropist; but I bear a conscience;" and he pointed to the prominences which are said to indicate that faculty—and which, fortunately for him, were sufficiently conspicuous; giving, indeed, a marked breadth to the upper part of his head; "and besides, I once had a kind of rude tenderness of heart. When I was as old as you was a feeling fellow enough; partial

to the unfledged, unfostered, and unlucky; but fortune has knocked me about since; she has even kneaded me with her knuckles, and now I flatter myself I am hard and tough as an India-rubber ball, pervious, though, through a chink or two still, and with one sentient point in the middle of the lump. Yes; does that leave hope for me?"

"Hope of what, sir?"

"Of my final retransformation from India-rubber back to flesh?"

"Decidedly he has had too much wine," I thought, and I did not know what answer to make to his queer question; how could I tell whether he was capable of being retransformed?

"You look very much puzzled, Miss Eyre, and though you are not pretty any more than I am handsome, yet a puzzled air becomes you; besides, it is convenient, for it keeps those searching eyes of yours away from my physiognomy, and busies them with the worsted flowers of the rug—so puzzle on. Young lady, I am disposed to be gregarious and communicative to-night."

With this announcement he rose from his chair, and stood, leaning his arm on the marble mantle-piece; in that attitude his shape was seen plainly, as well as his face; his unusual breadth of chest, disproportionate almost to his length of limb. I am sure most people would have thought him an ugly man; yet there was so much unconscious pride in his port; so much ease in his demeanor; such a look of complete indifference to his own external appearance; so haughty a reliance on the power of other qualities, intrinsic or adventitious, to atone for the lack of mere personal attractiveness, that, in looking at him, one inevitably shared the indifference; and even, in a blind, imperfect sense, put faith in the confidence.

"I am disposed to be gregarious and communicative to-night," he repeated; "and that is why I sent for you. The fire and the chandelier were not sufficient company for me; nor would Pilot have been, for none of these can talk. Adèle is a degree better, but still far below the mark; Mrs. Fairfax ditto; you, I am persuaded, can suit me if you will; you puzzled me the first evening I invited you down here. I have almost forgotten you since; other ideas have driven yours from my head; but to-night I am resolved to be at ease—to dismiss what importunes, and recall what pleases. It would please me now to draw you out—to learn more of you—therefore speak."

Instead of speaking, I smiled; and not a very complaisant or submissive smile either.

"Speak," he urged.

"What about, sir?"

"Whatever you like. I leave both the choice of subject and the manner of treating it entirely to yourself."

Accordingly I sat and said nothing. "If he expects me to talk, for the mere sake of talking and showing off, he will find he has addressed himself to the wrong person," I thought.

"You are dumb, Miss Eyre."

I was dumb still. He bent his head a little toward me, and with a single hasty glance seemed to dive into my eyes.

"Stubborn?" he said, "and annoyed. Ah, it is consistent. I put my request in an absurd, almost insolent form. Miss Eyre, I beg your pardon. The fact is, once for all, I don't wish to treat you like an inferior; that is (correcting himself), I claim only such superiority as must result from twenty years' difference in age, and a century's advance in experience. This is legitimate, et j'y tiens, as Adèle would say; and it is by virtue of this superiority, and this alone, that I desire you to have the goodness to talk to me a little now, and divert my thoughts, which are galled with dwelling on one point—cankering as a rusty nail."

He had deigned an explanation—almost an apology. I did not feel insensible to his condescension, and would not seem so.

"I am willing to amuse you if I can, sir—quite willing; but I can not introduce a topic, because how do I know what will interest you? Ask me questions, and I will do my best to answer them."

"Then, in the first place, do you agree with me that I have a right to be a little masterful—abrupt—perhaps exacting, sometimes, on the grounds I stated: namely, that I am old enough to be your father, and that I have battled through a varied experience with many men of many nations, and roamed over half the globe, while you have lived quietly with one set of people in one house?"

"Do as you please, sir."

"That is no answer; or, rather, it is a very irritating, because a very evasive one: reply clearly."

"I don't think, sir, you have a right to command me, merely because you are older than I, or because you have seen more of the world than I have; your claim to superiority depends on the use you have made of your time and experience."

"Humph!" promptly spoken. But I won't allow that, seeing that it would never suit my case, as I have made an indifferent, not to say, a bad use of both advantages. Leaving superiority out of the question, then, you must still agree to receive my orders now and then, without being piqued or hurt by the tone of command—will you?"

I smiled. I thought to myself Mr. Rochester is peculiar. He seems to forget that he pays me £30 per annum for receiving his orders.

"The smile is very well," said he, catching instantly the passing expression; "but speak, too."

"I was thinking, sir, that very few masters would trouble themselves to inquire whether or not their paid subordinates were piqued and hurt by their orders."

"Paid subordinates? What! you are my paid subordinate, are you? Oh, yes, I had forgotten the salary! Well, then, on that mercenary ground, will you agree to let me hector a little?"

"No, sir, not on that ground; but on the ground that you did forget it, and that you care whether or not a dependent is comfortable in his dependency, I agree heartily."

"And will you consent to dispense with a great many conventional forms and phrases, without thinking that the omission arises from negligence?"

"I am sure, sir, I should never mistake in formality for insolence: one, I rather like; the other, nothing free-born would submit to, even for a salary."

"Humph! Most things free-born will submit to any thing for a salary; therefore, keep to yourself, and don't venture on generalities of which you are intensely ignorant. However, I mentally shake hands with you for your answer, despite its inaccuracy; and as much for the manner in which it was said, as for the substance of the speech; the manner was frank and sincere; one does not often see such a manner: no, on the contrary, affectation or coldness, or stupid, coarse-minded misapprehension of one's meaning are the usual rewards of candor. Not three in three thousand raw school-girl-governesses would have answered me as you have just done. But I don't mean to flatter you; if you are cast in a different mold to the majority, it is no merit of yours; Nature did it. And then, after all, I go too fast in my conclusions; for what I yet know, you may be no better than the rest; you may have intolerable defects to counterbalance your few good points."

"And so may you," I thought. My eye met his as the idea crossed my mind. He seemed to read the glance, answering as if its import had been spoken, as well as imagined:

"Yes, yes, you are right," said he; "I have plenty of faults of my own; I know it, and I don't wish to palliate them, I assure you. God wot I need not be too severe about others. I have a past existence, a series of deeds, a color of life to contemplate within my own breast, which might well call my sneers and censures from my neighbors to myself. I started, or, rather (for, like other defaulters, I like to lay half the blame on ill fortune and adverse circumstances), was thrust on to a wrong tack at the age of one-and-twenty, and have never recovered the right course since; but I might have been very different; I might have been as good as you—wiser—almost as stainless. I envy you your peace of mind, your clean conscience, your unpolluted memory. Little girl a memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure—an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment; is it not?"

"How was your memory when you were eighteen, sir?"

"All right, then—limpid, salubrious; no gush of bilge-water had turned it to fetid puddle. I was your equal at eighteen—quite your equal. Nature meant me to be, on the whole, a good man, Miss Eyre, one of the better end, and you see I am not so. You would say you don't see it; at least, I flatter myself I read as much in your eye (beware, by the by, what you express with that organ, I am quick at interpreting its language). Then, take my word for it, I am not a villain; you are not to suppose that—to attribute to me any such bad eminence; but owing, I verily believe, rather to circumstances than to my natural bent, I am a trite, commonplace sinner, hackneyed in all the poor, petty dissipations, with which the rich and worthless try to put on life. Do you wonder that I avow this to you? Know, that in the course of your future life you will often find yourself elected the involuntary confidant of your acquaintances'

secrets. People will instinctively find out, as I have done, that it is not your forte to talk of yourself, but to listen while others talk of themselves; they will feel, too, that you listen with no malevolent scorn of their indiscretion, but with a kind of innate sympathy—not the less comforting and encouraging because it is very unobtrusive in its manifestations.”

“How do you know! how can you guess all this, sir?”

“I know it well: therefore I proceed almost as freely as if I were writing my thoughts in a diary. You would say, I should have been superior to circumstances; so I should—so I should; but you see I was not. When fate wronged me, I had not the wisdom to remain cool: I turned desperate; then I degenerated. Now, when any vicious simpleton excites my disgust by his paltry ribaldry, I can not flatter myself that I am better than he: I am forced to confess that he and I are on a level. I wish I had stood firm—God knows I do! Dread remorse when you are tempted to err, Miss Eyre: remorse is the poison of life.”

“Repentance is said to be its cure, sir.”

“It is not its cure. Reformation may be its cure; and I could reform—I have strength yet for that—if—but where is the use of thinking of it, hampered, burdened, cursed as I am! Besides, since happiness is irrevocably denied me, I have a right to get pleasure out of life; and I *will* get it cost what it may.”

“Then you will degenerate still more, sir.”

“Possibly: yet why should I, if I can get sweet fresh pleasure? And I may get it as sweet and fresh as the wild honey the bee gathers on the moor.”

“It will sting—it will taste bitter, sir.”

“How do you know! you never tried it. How very serious—how very solemn you look; and you are as ignorant of the matter as this rameo head (taking one from the mantle-piece)! You have no right to preach to me, you Neophyte, that have not passed the porch of life and are absolutely unacquainted with its mysteries.”

“I only remind you of your own words, sir; you said error brought remorse, and you pronounced remorse the poison of existence.”

“And who talks of error now? I scarcely think the notion that flittered across my brain was an error. I believe it was an inspiration rather than a temptation; it was very genial, very soothing, I know that. Here it comes again! It is no devil, I assure you: or if it be, it has put on the robes of an angel of light. I think I must admit so fair a guest when it asks its entrance to my heart.”

“Distrust it, sir; it is not a true angel.”

“Once more, how do you know! By what instinct do you pretend to distinguish between a fallen seraph of the abyss, and a messenger from the eternal throne—between a guide and a seducer?”

“I judged by your countenance, sir, which was troubled, when you said the suggestion had returned upon you. I feel sure it will work you more misery if you listen to it.”

“Not at all—it bears the most gracious message in the world: for the rest, you are not my conscience-keeper, so don’t make yourself uneasy. Here, come in, bonny wanderer!”

He said this as if he spoke to a vision, viewless to any eye but his own; then folding his arms, which he had half extended, on his chest, he seemed to inclose in their embrace the invisible being.

“Now,” he continued, again addressing me, “I have received the pilgrim—a disguised deity, as I verily believe. Already it has done me good; my heart was a sort of charnel; it will now be a shrine.”

“To speak truth, sir, I don’t understand you at all; I can not keep up the conversation, because it has got out of my depth. Only one thing I know; you said you were not as good as you should like to be, and that you regretted your own imperfection—one thing I can comprehend: you intimated that to have a sullied memory was a perpetual bane. It seems to me, that if you tried hard, you would in time find it possible to become what you yourself would approve; and that if from this day you began with resolution to correct your thoughts and actions, you would, in a few years, have laid up a new and stainless store of recollections, to which you might revert with pleasure.”

“Justly thought, rightly said, Miss Eyre; and at this moment, I am paving hell with energy.”

“Sir?”

“I am laying down good intentions, which I believe durable as flint. Certainly, my associates and pursuits shall be other than they have been.”

“And better?”

“And better—as much better as pure ore is than foul dross. You seem to doubt me; I don’t doubt myself; I know what my aim is, what my motives are; and, at this moment I pass a law, unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians, that both are right.”

“They can not be, sir, if they require a new statute to legalize them.”

“They are, Miss Eyre, though they absolutely require a new statute; unheard-of combinations of circumstances demand unheard-of rules.”

“That sounds a dangerous maxim, sir; because one can see at once that it is liable to abuse.”

“Sententious sage! so it is; but I swear by my household gods not to abuse it.”

“You are human and fallible.”

“I am; so are you—what then?”

“The human and fallible should not arrogate a power with which the divine and perfect alone can be safely intrusted.”

“What power?”

“That of saying of any strange, unsanctioned line of action, ‘Let it be right.’”

“‘Let it be right’—the very words; you have pronounced them.”

“*May* it be right, then,” I said as I rose, deeming it useless to continue a discourse which was all darkness to me; and, besides, sensible that the character of my interlocutor was beyond my penetration: at least, beyond its present reach; and feeling the uncertainty the vague sense of insecurity, which accompanies a conviction of ignorance.

“Where are you going?”

“To put Adèle to bed: it is past her bed-time.”

"You are afraid of me, because I talk like a sphynx."

"Your language is enigmatical, sir; but though I am bewildered, I am certainly not afraid."

"You *are* afraid—your self-love dreads a blunder."

"In that sense I do feel apprehensive—I have no wish to talk nonsense."

"If you did, it would be in such a grave, quiet manner, I should mistake it for sense. Do you never laugh, Miss Eyre? Don't trouble yourself to answer—I see, you laugh rarely; but you can laugh very merrily; believe me, you are not naturally austere, any more than I am naturally vicious. The Lowood constraint still clings to you somewhat; controlling your features, muffling your voice, and restricting your limbs; and you fear in the presence of a man and a brother—or father, or master, or what you will—to smile too gayly, speak too freely, or move too quickly; but in time, I think you will learn to be natural with me, as I find it impossible to be conventional with you; and then your looks and movements will have more vivacity and variety than they dare offer now. I see, at intervals, the glance of a curious sort of bird through the close-set bars of the cage; a vivid, restless, resolute captive is there; were it but free, it would soar cloud-high. You are still bent on going?"

"It has struck nine, sir."

"Never mind; wait a minute: Adèle is not ready to go to bed yet. My position, Miss Eyre, with my back to the fire, and my face to the room, favors observation. While talking to you, I have occasionally watched Adèle (I have my own reasons for thinking her a curious study, reasons that I may—nay that I shall impart to you some day); she pulled out of her box, about ten minutes ago, a little pink silk frock; rapture lighted her face as she unfolded it; coquetry runs in her blood, blends with her brains, and seasons the marrow of her bones. 'Il faut que je l'essaie!' cried she; 'et à l'instant même!' and she rushed out of the room. She is now with Sophie, undergoing a robing process; in a few minutes she will re-enter; and I know what I shall see, a miniature of Céline Varens, as she used to appear on the boards at the rising of —; but never mind that. However, my tenderest feelings are about to receive a shock; such is my presentiment; stay, now, to see whether it will be realized."

Ere long, Adèle's little foot was heard tripping across the hall. She entered, transformed as her guardian had predicted. A dress of rose-colored satin, very short, and as full in the skirt as it could be gathered, replaced the brown frock she had previously worn; a wreath of rosebuds circled her forehead; her feet were dressed in silk stockings and small white satin sandals.

"Est-ce que ma robe va bien?" cried she, bounding forward; "et mes souliers? et mes bas? Tenez-je crois que je vais danser!"

And spreading out her dress, she chasséed across the room; till, having reached Mr. Rochester, she wheeled lightly round before him on tip-toe, then dropped on one knee at his feet, exclaiming—

"Monsieur, je vous remercie mille fois de

votre bonté;" then rising, she added, "*C'est comme cela que maman faisait, n'est-ce pas, monsieur!*"

"Pre-cise-ly!" was the answer; "and 'comme cela,' she charmed my English gold out of my British breeches' pocket. I have been green, too, Miss Eyre—ay, grass-green: not a more vernal tint freshens you now than once freshened me. My Spring is gone, however; but it has left me that French floweret on my hands; which, in some moods, I would fain be rid of. Not valuing now the root whence it sprung; having found that it was of a sort which nothing but gold dust could manure, I have but half a liking to the blossom; especially when it looks so artificial, as just now I keep it and rear it rather on the Roman Catholic principle of expiating numerous sins, great or small, by one good work. I'll explain all this some day. Good-night."

## CHAPTER XV.

MR. ROCHESTER did, on a future occasion explain it.

It was one afternoon, when he chanced to meet me and Adèle in the grounds, and while she played with Pilot and her shuttlecock, he asked me to walk up and down a long beech avenue within sight of her.

He then said that she was the daughter of a French opera dancer, Céline Varens, toward whom he had once cherished what he called a "grande passion." This passion Céline had professed to return with even superior ardor. He thought himself her idol, ugly as he was; he believed, as he said, that she preferred his "taille d'athlète" to the elegance of the Apollo Belvidere.

"And, Miss Eyre, so much was I flattered by this preference of the Gallic sylph for her British gnome, that I installed her in a hotel; gave her a complete establishment of servants, a carriage, cashmeres, diamonds, dentelles, &c. In short, I began the process of ruining myself in the received style—like any other spoony. I had not, it seems, the originality to chalk out a new road to shame and destruction, but trod the old track with stupid exactness not to deviate an inch from the beaten center. I had—as I deserve to have—the fate of all other spoonies. Happening to call one evening, when Céline did not expect me, I found her out; but it was a warm night, and I was tired with strolling through Paris, so I sat down in her boudoir; happy to breathe the air consecrated so lately by her presence. No—I exaggerate; I never thought there was any consecrating virtue about her: it was rather a sort of pastile perfume she had left—a scent of musk and amber, than an odor of sanctity. I was just beginning to stifle with the fumes of conservatory flowers and sprinkled essences, when I bethought myself to open the window and step out on to the balcony. It was moonlight, and gas-light besides, and very still and serene. The balcony was furnished with a chair or two; I sat down, took out a cigar—I will take one now, if you will excuse me."

Here ensued a pause, filled up by the producing and lighting of a cigar; having placed

it to his lips and breathed a trail of Havannah incense on the freezing and sunless air, he went on.

"I liked bonbons, too, in those days, Miss Eyre, and I was *croquant*—(overlook the barbarism) *croquant* chocolate comfits, and smoking alternately, watching, meantime, the equipages that rolled along the fashionable street toward the neighboring opera-house, when in an elegant close carriage drawn by a beautiful pair of English horses, and distinctly seen in the brilliant city-night, I recognized the 'voiture' I had given Céline. She was returning; of course my heart thumped with impatience against the iron rails I leaned upon. The carriage stopped, as I had expected, at the hotel door; my flame (that is the very word for an opera innamorata) alighted: though muffled in a cloak—an unnecessary incumbrance, by the by, on so warm a June evening—I knew her instantly by her little foot, seen peeping from the skirt of her dress, as she skipped from the carriage-step. Bending over the balcony, I was about to murmur 'Mon Ange'—in a tone, of course, which should be audible to the ear of love alone—when a figure jumped from the carriage after her, cloaked also; but that was a spurred heel which had rung on the pavement, and that was a hatted head which now passed under the arched *porte cochère* of the hotel.

"You never felt jealousy did you, Miss Eyre? Of course not: I need not ask you; because you never felt love. You have both sentiments yet to experience: your soul sleeps; the shock is yet to be given which shall waken it. You think all existence lapses in as quiet a flow as that in which your youth has hitherto slid away. Floating on with closed eyes and muffled ears, you neither see the rocks bristling not far off in the bed of the flood, nor hear the breakers boil at their base. But I tell you—and you may mark my words—you will come some day to a craggy pass of the channel, where the whole of life's stream will be broken up into whirl and tumult, foam and noise: either you will be dashed to atoms on crag-points, or lifted up and borne on by some master wave into a calmer current—as I am now.

"I like this day; I like that sky of steel; I like the sternness and stillness of the world under this frost. I like Thornfield; its antiquity; its retirement; its old crows-trees and thorn-trees; its gray façade, and lines of dark windows reflecting that metal welkin: and yet how long have I abhorred the very thought of it; shunned it like a great plague-house! How I do still abhor—"

He ground his teeth and was silent; he arrested his step and struck his boot against the hard ground. Some hatred thought seemed to have him in its grip, and to hold him so tightly that he could not advance.

We were ascending the avenue when he thus paused; the hall was before us. Lifting his eye to its battlements, he cast over them a glare such as I never saw before or since. Pain, shame, ire—impatience, disgust, detestation—seemed momentarily to hold a quivering conflict in the large pupil dilating under his ebon eyebrow. Wild was the wrestle which should be paramount; but another feeling rose

and triumphed: something hard and cynical, self-willed and resolute: it settled his passion and petrified his countenance. He went on.

"During the moment I was silent, Miss Eyre, I was arranging a point with my destiny. She stood there, by that beech-trunk—a hag like one of those who appeared to Macbeth on the heath of Forres. 'You like Thornfield?' she said, lifting her finger; and then she wrote in the air a memento, which ran in lurid hieroglyphics all along the house-front, between the upper and lower row of windows. 'Like it if you can! Like it if you dare!'

"'I will like it,' said I. 'I dare like it;' and (he subjoined modestly) I will keep my word: I will break obstacles to happiness, to goodness—yes, goodness. I wish to be a better man than I have been; than I am; as Job's leviathan broke the spear, the dart, and the habergeon, hinderances which others count as iron and brass, I will esteem but straw and rotten wood."

Adèle ran before him with her shuttlecock. "Away!" he cried harshly; "keep at a distance, child; or go in to Sophie!" Continuing then to pursue his walk in silence, I ventured to recall him to the point whence he had abruptly diverged.

"Did you leave the balcony, sir," I asked, "when Mademoiselle Varens entered?"

I almost expected a rebuff for this hardly well-timed question; but, on the contrary, waking out of his scowling abstraction, he turned his eyes toward me, and the shade seemed to clear off his brow.

"Oh, I had forgotten Céline! Well, to resume. When I saw my charmer thus come in accompanied by a cavalier, I seemed to hear a hiss, and the green snake of jealousy, rising on undulating coils from the moonlit balcony, glided within my waistcoat and eat its way in two minutes to my heart's core. Strange!" he exclaimed, suddenly starting again from the point. "Strange that I should choose you for the confidant of all this, young lady; passing strange that you should listen to me quietly, as if it were the most usual thing in the world for a man like me to tell stories of his opera-mistresses to a quaint, inexperienced girl like you! But the last singularity explains the first, as I intimated once before: you, with your gravity, considerateness, and caution were made to be the recipient of secrets. Besides, I know what sort of a mind I have placed in communication with my own—I know it is one not liable to take infection: it is a peculiar mind. It is a unique one. Happily I do not mean to harm it: but if I did, it would not take harm from me. The more you and I converse the better: for while I can not blight you, you may refresh me." After this digression he proceeded.

"I remained in the balcony. 'They will come to her boudoir no doubt,' thought I: 'let me prepare an ambush.' So, putting my hand in through the open window, I drew the curtain over it, leaving only an opening through which I could take observations; then I closed the casement, all but a chink just wide enough to furnish an outlet to 'lovers' whispered vows: then I stole back to my chair; and as I resumed it the pair came in. My eye was quickly at the

aperture. Céline's chambermaid entered, lighted a lamp, left it on the table and withdrew. The couple were thus revealed to me clearly; both removed their cloaks, and there was 'the Varens' shining in satin and jewels—my gifts of course—and there was her companion in an officer's uniform; and I knew him for a young roué of a vicomte—a brainless and vicious youth whom I had sometimes met in society, and had never thought of hating because I despised him so absolutely. On recognizing him, the fang of the snake—jealousy, was instantly broken; because at the same moment my love for Céline sunk under an extinguisher. A woman who could betray me for such a rival was not worth contending for; she deserved only scorn; less, however, than I, who had been her dupe."

They began to talk; their conversation eased me completely: frivolous, mercenary, heartless, and senseless, it was rather calculated to weary than enrage a listener. A card of mine lay on the table; this being perceived brought my name under discussion. Neither of them possessed energy or wit to belabor me soundly; but they insulted me as coarsely as they could in their little way: especially Céline; who even waxed rather brilliant on my personal defects—deformities she termed them. Now it had been her custom to lanch out into fervent admiration of what she called my 'beauté mâle;' wherein she differed diametrically from you, who told me point-blank at the second interview, that you did not think me handsome. 'The contrast struck me at the time, and—'

Adèle here came running up again.

"Monsieur, John has just been to say that your agent has called and wishes to see you."

"Ah! in that case I must abridge. Opening the window, I walked in upon them; liberated Céline from my protection; gave her notice to vacate her hotel; offered her a purse for immediate exigencies; disregarded screams, hysterics, prayers, protestations, convulsions; made an appointment with the vicomte for a meeting at the Bois de Boulogne. Next morning I had the pleasure of encountering him; left a bullet in one of his poor, etiolated arms, feeble as the wing of a chicken in the pip, and then thought I had done with the whole crew. But, unluckily, the Varens, six months before, had given me this fillette Adèle, who she affirmed was my daughter; and perhaps she may be, though I see no proofs of such grim paternity written in her countenance; Pilot is more like me than she. Some years after I had broken with the mother, she abandoned her child and ran away to Italy with a musician, or singer. I acknowledged no natural claim on Adèle's part to be supported by me; nor do I now acknowledge any, for I am not her father; but hearing that she was quite destitute, I e'en took the poor thing out of the slime and mud of Paris, and transplanted it here, to grow up clean in the wholesome soil of an English country garden. Mrs. Fairfax found you to train it; but now you know that it is the illegitimate offspring of a French opera girl, you will perhaps think differently of your post and protégée; you will be coming to me some day with notice that you have found another place—that you beg me to look out for a new governess, &c.—eh?"

"No—Adèle is not answerable for either her mother's faults or yours; I have a regard for her, and now that I know she is, in a sense, parentless—forsaken by her mother and disowned by you, sir—I shall cling closer to her than before. How could I possibly prefer the spoiled pet of a wealthy family, who would hate her governess as a nuisance, to a lonely little orphan, who leans toward her as a friend?"

"Oh, that is the light in which you view it! Well, I must go in now, and you too; it darkens."

But I stayed out a few minutes longer with Adèle and Pilot—ran a race with her, and played a game of battledore and shuttlecock. When we went in and I had removed her bonnet and coat, I took her on my knee, kept her there an hour, allowing her to prattle as she liked, not rebuking even some little freedoms and trivialities into which she was apt to stray when much noticed; and which betrayed in her a superficiality of character, inherited probably from her mother, hardly congenial to an English mind. Still she had her merits; and I was disposed to appreciate all that was good in her to the utmost. I sought in her countenance and features a likeness to Mr. Rochester, but found none; no trait, no turn of expression announced relationship. It was a pity; if she could but have been proved to resemble him, he would have thought more of her.

It was not till after I had withdrawn to my own chamber for the night, that I steadily reviewed the tale Mr. Rochester had told me. As he had said, there was probably nothing at all extraordinary in the substance of the narrative itself: a wealthy Englishman's passion for a French dancer, and her treachery to him, were every-day matters enough, no doubt, in society; but there was something decidedly strange in the paroxysm of emotion which had suddenly seized him, when he was in the act of expressing the present contentment of his mood, and his newly-revived pleasure in the old hall and its environs. I meditated wonderingly on this incident; but gradually quitting it, as I found it for the present inexplicable, I turned to the consideration of my master's manner to myself. The confidence he had thought fit to repose in me seemed a tribute to my discretion; I regarded and accepted it as such. His deportment had now for some weeks been more uniform toward me than at first. I never seemed in his way; he did not take fits of chilling hauteur; when he met me unexpectedly the encounter seemed welcome; he had always a word and sometimes a smile for me; when summoned by formal invitation to his presence, I was honored by a cordiality of reception that made me feel I really possessed the power to amuse him, and that these evening conferences were sought as much for his pleasure as for my benefit.

I, indeed, talked comparatively little; but I heard him talk with relish. It was his nature to be communicative; he liked to open to a mind unacquainted with the world, glimpses of its scenes and ways (I do not mean its corrupt scenes and wicked ways, but such as derived their interest from the great scale on which they were acted, the strange novelty by which they were characterized) and I had a keen

delight in receiving the new ideas he offered, in imagining the new pictures he portrayed, and following him in thought through the new regions he disclosed; never startled or troubled by one noxious allusion.

The ease of his manner freed me from painful restraint; the friendly frankness, as correct as cordial, with which he treated me, drew me to him. I felt at times, as if he were my relation, rather than my master, yet he was imperious sometimes still, but I did not mind that, I saw it was his way. So happy, so gratified did I become with this new interest added to life, that I ceased to pine after kindred: my thin crescent-destiny seemed to enlarge, the blanks of existence were filled up, my bodily health improved; I gathered flesh and strength.

And was Mr. Rochester now ugly in my eyes? No, reader: gratitude, and many associations, all pleasurable and genial, made his face the object I best liked to see; his presence in a room was more cheering than the brightest fire. Yet I had not forgotten his faults, indeed, I could not, for he brought them frequently before me. He was proud, sardonic, harsh to inferiority of every description; in my secret soul I knew that his great kindness to me was balanced by unjust severity to others. He was moody, too, unaccountably so; I more than once, when sent for to read to him, found him sitting in his library alone, with his head bent on his folded arms; and, when he looked up, a morose, almost a malignant, scowl blackened his features. But I believe that his moodiness, his harshness, and his former faults of morality (I say *former*, for now he seemed corrected of them) had their source in some cruel cross of fate. I believed he was naturally a man of better tendencies, higher principles, and purer tastes than such as circumstances had developed, education instilled, or destiny encouraged. I thought there were excellent materials in him, though for the present they hung together somewhat spoiled and tangled. I can not deny that I grieved for his grief, whatever that was, and would have given much to assuage it.

Though I had now extinguished my candle and was laid down in bed, I could not sleep, for thinking of his look when he paused in the avenue, and told how his destiny had risen up before him and dared him to be happy at Thornfield.

"Why not?" I asked myself: "what alienates him from the house? Will he leave it again soon? Mrs. Fairfax said he seldom stayed here longer than a fortnight at a time, and he has now been resident eight weeks. If he does go the change will be doleful. Suppose he should be absent, spring, summer, and autumn, how joyless sunshine and fine days will seem!"

I hardly know whether I had slept or not after this musing; at any rate I started wide awake on hearing a vague murmur, peculiar and lugubrious, which sounded, I thought, just above me. I wished I had kept my candle burning: the night was dreadfully dark, my spirits were depressed. I rose and sat up in bed, listening. The sound was hushed.

I tried again to sleep, but my heart beat anxiously, my inward tranquillity was broken. The

clock, far down in the hall, struck two. Just then it seemed my chamber-door was touched, as if fingers had swept the panels in groping a way along the dark gallery outside. I said, "Who is there?" Nothing answered. I was chilled with fear.

All at once I remembered that it might be Pilot; who, when the kitchen-door chanced to be left open, not unfrequently found his way up to the threshold of Mr. Rochester's chamber; I had seen him lying there myself in the mornings. The idea calmed me somewhat; I laid down. Silence composes the nerves, and as an unbroken hush now reigned again through the whole house, I began to feel the return of slumber. But it was not fated that I should sleep that night. A dream had scarcely approached my ear, when it fled affrighted, scared by a narrow-freezing incident enough.

This was a demoniac laugh; low, suppressed, and deep, muttered, as it seemed, at the very keyhole of my chamber-door. The head of my bed was near the door, and I thought at first the goblin-laughers stood at my bedside, or, rather, crouched by my pillow; but I rose, looked round, and could see nothing; while, as I still gazed, the unnatural sound was reiterated, and I knew it came from behind the panels. My first impulse was to rise and fasten the bolt; my next, again to cry out, "Who is there?"

Something gurgled and moaned. Ere long, steps retreated up the gallery toward the third story stair-case; a door had lately been made to shut in that stair-case; I heard it open and close, and all was still.

"Was that Grace Poole? and is she possessed with a devil?" thought I. Impossible now to remain longer by myself, I must go to Mrs. Fairfax. I hurried on my frock and a shawl; I withdrew the bolt and opened the door with a trembling hand. There was a candle burning just outside, left on the matting in the gallery. I was surprised at this circumstance, but still more was I amazed to perceive the air quite dim, as if filled with smoke; and, while looking to the right hand and left, to find whence these blue wreaths issued, I became further aware of a strong smell of burning.

Something creaked; it was a door ajar: and that door was Mr. Rochester's, and the smoke rushed in a cloud from thence. I thought no more of Mrs. Fairfax; I thought no more of Grace Poole or the laugh; in an instant I was within the chamber. Tongues of flame darted round the bed; the curtains were on fire. In the midst of blaze and vapor, Mr. Rochester lay stretched motionless, in deep sleep.

"Wake! wake!" I cried—I shook him, but he only murmured and turned; the smoke had stupefied him. Not a moment could be lost; the very sheets were kindling. I rushed to his basin and ewer; fortunately, one was wide and the other deep and both were filled with water. I heaved them up, deluged the bed and its occupant, flew back to my own room, brought my own water-jug, baptised the couch afresh, and by God's aid, succeeded in extinguishing the flames which were devouring it.

The hiss of the quenched element, the breakage of a pitcher which I flung from my hand when I had emptied it, and above all, the splash



o' the shower-bath I had liberally bestowed, roused Mr. Rochester at last. Though it was now dark, I knew he was awake; because I heard him fulminating strange anathemas at finding himself lying in a pool of water.

"Is there a flood?" he cried.

"No, sir," I answered; "but there has been a fire; get up, do, you are quenched now; I will fetch you a candle."

"In the name of all the elves in Christendom, is that Jane Eyre?" he demanded. "What have you done with me, witch, sorceress? Who is in the room besides you? Have you plotted to drown me?"

"I will fetch you a candle, sir; and in Heaven's name, get up. Somebody has plotted something; you can not too soon find out who and what it is."

"There—I am up now; but at your peril you fetch a candle yet; wait two minutes till I get into some dry garments, if any dry there be—yes, here is my dressing-gown, now run!"

I did run; I brought the candle which still remained in the gallery. He took it from my hand, held it up, and surveyed the bed, all blackened and scorched, the sheets drenched, the carpet round swimming in water.

"What is it! and who did it?" he asked.

I briefly related to him what had transpired; the strange laugh I had heard in the gallery; the step ascending to the third story; the smoke—the smell of fire which had conducted me to his room; in what state I had found matters there, and how I had deluged him with all the water I could lay hands on.

He listened very gravely; his face, as I went on, expressed more concern than astonishment; he did not immediately speak when I had concluded.

"Shall I call Mrs. Fairfax?" I asked.

"Mrs. Fairfax! No—what the deuce would you call her for? What can she do! Let her sleep unmolested."

"Then I will fetch Leah, and wake John and his wife."

"Not at all; just be still. You have a shawl on; if you are not warm enough, you may take my cloak yonder; wrap it about you, and sit down in the arm-chair; there—I will put it on. Now place your feet on the stool, to keep them out of the wet. I am going to leave you a few minutes. I shall take the candle. Remain where you are till I return; be as still as a mouse. I must pay a visit to this second story. Don't move, remember, or call any one."

He went; I watched the light withdraw. He passed up the gallery very softly, unclosed the stair-case door with as little noise as possible, shut it after him, and the last ray vanished. I was left in total darkness. I listened for some noise, but heard nothing. A very long time elapsed. I grew weary; it was cold, in spite of the cloak; and then I did not see the use of staying, as I was not to rouse the house. I was on the point of risking Mr. Rochester's displeasure, by disobeying his orders, when the light once more gleamed dimly on the gallery-wall, and I heard his unshod feet tread the matting. "I hope it is he," thought I, "and not something worse."

He re-entered pale and very gloomy. "I have found it all out," said he, setting his

candle down on the wash-stand; "it is as I thought."

"How, sir?"

He made no reply, but stood with his arms folded, looking on the ground. At the end of a few minutes he inquired, in rather a peculiar tone—

"I forget whether you said you saw any thing when you opened your chamber-door."

"No, sir, only the candlestick on the ground."

"But you heard an odd laugh? You have heard that laugh before I should think, or something like it?"

"Yes, sir; there is a woman who sews here, called Grace Poole—she laughs in that way. She is a singular person."

"Just so. Grace Poole; you have guessed it. She is, as you say, singular—very. Well I shall reflect on the subject. Meantime, I am glad that you are the only person, besides myself, acquainted with the precise details of to-night's incident. You are no talking fool; say nothing about it. I will account for this state of affairs (pointing to the bed): and now return to your own room. I shall do very well on the sofa in the library for the rest of the night. It is near four; in two hours the servants will be up."

"Good-night then, sir," said I, departing.

He seemed surprised—very inconsistently so, as he had just told me to go.

"What!" he exclaimed, "are you quitting me already; and in that way?"

"You said I might go, sir."

"But not without taking leave; not without a word or two of acknowledgment and good will; not, in short, in that brief, dry fashion. Why, you have saved my life! snatched me from a horrible and excruciating death! and you walk past me as if we were mutual strangers! At least shake hands."

He held out his hand; I gave him mine: he took it first in one, then in both his own.

"You have saved my life; I have a pleasure in owing you so immense a debt. I can not say more. Nothing else that has being would have been tolerable to me in the character of creditor for such an obligation; but you, it is different—I feel your benefits no burden, Jane."

He paused; gazed at me: words almost visible trembled on his lips—but his voice was checked.

"Good-night again, sir. There is no debt, benefit, burden, obligation in the case."

"I knew," he continued, "you would do me good in some way, at some time; I saw it in your eyes when I first beheld you; their expression and smile did not—(again he stopped)—did not (he proceeded, hastily) strike delight to my very inmost heart so for nothing. People talk of natural sympathies; I have heard of good genii; there are grains of truth in the wildest fable. My cherished preserver, good-night!"

Strange energy was in his voice; strange fire in his look.

"I am glad I happened to be awake," I said, and then I was going.

"What, you *will* go?"

"I am cold, sir."

"Cold? Yes—and standing in a pool. Go then, Jane; go!" But he still retained my

hand. and I could not free it. I bethought myself of an expedient.

"I think I hear Mrs. Fairfax move, sir," said I.

"Well, leave me:" he relaxed his fingers, and I was gone.

I regained my couch, but never thought of sleep. Till morning dawned I was tossed on a buoyant but quiet sea, where billows of trouble rolled under surges of joy. I thought sometimes I saw beyond its wild waters a shore, sweet as the hills of Beulah; and now and then a freshening gale, awakened by hope, bore my spirit triumphantly toward the bourne; but I could not reach it, even in fancy—a counteracting breeze blew off land, and continually drove me back. Sense would resist delirium; judgment would warn passion. Too feverish to rest, I rose as soon as day dawned.

## CHAPTER XVI.

I BOTH wished and feared to see Mr. Rochester on the day which followed this sleepless night: I wanted to hear his voice again, yet feared to meet his eye. During the early part of the morning, I momentarily expected his coming. He was not in the frequent habit of entering the school-room; but he did step in for a few minutes sometimes, and I had the impression that he was sure to visit it that day.

But the morning passed just as usual; nothing happened to interrupt the quiet course of Adèle's studies; only, soon after breakfast, I heard some bustle in the neighborhood of Mr. Rochester's chamber, Mrs. Fairfax's voice, and Leah's, and the cook's—that is, John's wife—and even John's own gruff tones. There were exclamations of "What a mercy master was not burned in his bed!" "It is always dangerous to keep a candle lit at night." "How providential that he had presence of mind to think of the water-jug!" "I wonder he waked nobody!" "It is to be hoped he will not take cold with sleeping on the library sofa," &c.

To much confabulation succeeded a sound of scrubbing and setting to rights; and when I passed the room, in going down stairs to dinner, I saw through the open door that all was again restored to complete order, only the bed was stripped of its hangings. Leah stood up in the window-seat, rubbing the panes of glass dimmed with smoke. I was about to address her, for I wished to know what account had been given of the affair; but, on advancing, I saw a second person in the chamber—a woman sitting on a chair by the bedside, and sewing rings to new curtains. That woman was no other than Grace Poole.

There she sat, staid and taciturn-looking, as usual, in her brown stuff gown, her check apron, white handkerchief, and cap. She was intent on her work, in which her whole thoughts seemed absorbed; on her hard forehead, and in her commonplace features, was nothing either of the paleness or desperation one would have expected to see marking the countenance of a woman who had attempted murder, and whose intended victim had followed her last night to her lair, and, as I believed, charged her with the crime she wished to perpetrate. I was amazed

—confounded. She looked up while I still gazed at her; no start, no increase or failure of color betrayed emotion, consciousness of guilt, or fear of detection. She said, "Good morning, miss," in her usual phlegmatic and brief manner; and, taking up another ring and more tape, went on with her sewing.

"I will put her to some test," thought I; "such absolute impenetrability is past comprehension."

"Good morning, Grace," I said. "Has any thing happened here? I thought I heard the servants all talking together a while ago."

"Only master had been reading in his bed last night; he fell asleep with his candle lit, and the curtains got on fire; but, fortunately, he awoke before the bed-clothes or the wood-work caught, and contrived to quench the flame with the water in the ewer."

"A strange affair!" I said, in a low voice; then, looking at her fixedly—"Did Mr. Rochester wake nobody? Did no one hear him move?"

She again raised her eyes to me, and this time there was something of consciousness in their expression. She seemed to examine me warily; then she answered—

"The servants sleep so far off, you know miss, they would not be likely to hear. Mrs. Fairfax's room and yours are the nearest to master's; but Mrs. Fairfax said she heard nothing. When people get elderly, they often sleep heavy." She paused, and then added, with a sort of assumed indifference, but still in a marked and significant tone, "But you are young, miss, and I should say a light sleeper; perhaps you may have heard a noise?"

"I did," said I, dropping my voice, so that Leah, who was still polishing the panes, could not hear me; "and at first I thought it was Pilot; but Pilot can not laugh; and I am certain I heard a laugh, and a strange one."

She took a new needleful of thread, waxed it carefully, threaded her needle with a steady hand, and then observed, with perfect composure—

"It is hardly likely master would laugh, I should think, miss, when he was in such danger; you must have been dreaming."

"I was not dreaming," I said, with some warmth, for her brazen coolness provoked me. Again she looked at me, and with the same scrutinizing and conscious eye.

"Have you told master that you heard a laugh?" she inquired.

"I have not had the opportunity of speaking to him this morning."

"You did not think of opening your door and looking out into the gallery?" she further asked.

She appeared to be cross-questioning me—attempting to draw from me information unawares; the idea struck me that if she discovered I knew or suspected her guilt, she would be playing off some of her malignant pranks on me; I thought it advisable to be on my guard.

"On the contrary," said I, "I bolted my door."

"Then you are not in the habit of bolting your door every night before you get to bed?"

Fiend! she wants to know my habits, that she may lay her plans accordingly! Indignation again prevailed over prudence. I replied

sharply, "Hitherto I have often omitted to fasten the bolt—I did not think it necessary. I was not aware any danger or annoyance was to be dreaded at Thornfield Hall; but in future (and I laid marked stress on the words) I shall take good care to make all secure before I venture to lie down."

"It will be wise so to do," was her answer. "This neighborhood is as quiet as any I know, and I never heard of the Hall being attempted by robbers since it was a house; though there are hundreds of pounds' worth of plate in the plate-closet, as is well known. And, you see, for such a large house there are very few servants, because master has never lived here much; and when he does come, being a bachelor, he needs little waiting on; but I always think it best to err on the safe side; a door is soon fastened, and it is as well to have a drawn bolt between one and any mischief that may be about. A deal of people, miss, are for trusting all to Providence; but I say Providence will not dispense with the means, though he often blesses them when they are used discreetly." And here she closed her harangue—a long one for her, and uttered with the demureness of a Quakeress.

I still stood absolutely dumbfounded at what appeared to me her miraculous self-possession and most inscrutable hypocrisy, when the cook entered.

"Mrs. Poole," said she, addressing Grace, "the servants' dinner will soon be ready; will you come down?"

"No; just put my pint of porter and a bit of pudding on a tray, and I'll carry it up stairs."

"You'll have some meat?"

"Just a morsel, and a taste of cheese—that's all."

"And the sago?"

"Never mind it, at present; I shall be coming down before tea-time; I'll make it myself."

The cook here turned to me, saying that Mrs. Fairfax was waiting for me; so I departed.

I hardly heard Mrs. Fairfax's account of the curtain conflagration during dinner, so much was I occupied in puzzling my brains over the enigmatical character of Grace Poole, and still more in pondering the problem of her position at Thornfield; in questioning why she had not been given into custody that morning, or at the very least dismissed from her master's service. He had almost as much as declared his conviction of her criminality last night; what mysterious cause withheld him from accusing her? Why had he enjoined me to secrecy? It was strange—a bold, vindictive, and haughty gentleman seemed somehow in the power of one of the meanest of his dependents; so much in her power that even when she lifted her hand against his life he dared not openly charge her with the attempt, much less punish her for it.

Had Grace been young and handsome, I should have been tempted to think that tender feelings than prudence or fear influenced Mr. Rochester in her behalf; but, hard-favored and matronly as she was, the idea could not be admitted. "Yet," I reflected, "she has been young once—her youth would be cotemporary with her master's; Mrs. Fairfax told me, once, she had lived here many years. I don't think she can ever have been pretty; but, for aught I

know, she may possess originality and strength of character to compensate for the want of personal advantages. Mr. Rochester is an amateur of the decided and eccentric; Grace is eccentric at least. What if a former caprice (a freak very possible to a nature so sudden and headstrong as his) has delivered him into her power, and she now exercises over his actions a secret influence, the result of his own indiscretion, which he can not shake off, and dare not disregard?" But, having reached this point of conjecture, Mrs. Poole's square, flat figure, and uncomely, dry, even coarse face, recurred so distinctly to my mind's eye, that I thought, "No; impossible! my supposition can not be correct. Yet," suggested the secret voice which talks to us in our own hearts, "you are not beautiful, either, and perhaps Mr. Rochester approves you; at any rate, you have often felt as if he did; and last night—remember his words; remember his look; remember his voice!"

I well remembered all; language, glance, and tone seemed at the moment vividly renewed. I was now in the school-room; Adèle was drawing; I bent over her and directed her pencil. She looked up with a sort of start.

"Qu'avez-vous, mademoiselle?" said she; "Vos doigts tremblent comme la feuille, et vos joues sont rouges, mais rouges comme des cerises!"

"I am hot, Adèle, with stooping!" She went on sketching, I went on thinking.

I hastened to drive from my mind the hateful notion I had been conceiving respecting Grace Poole—it disgusted me. I compared myself with her, and found we were different. Bessie Leaven had said I was quite a lady, and she spoke truth—I was a lady. And now I looked much better than I did when Bessie saw me—I had more color and more flesh; more life, more vivacity; because I had brighter hopes and keener enjoyments.

"Evening approaches," said I, as I looked toward the window. "I have never heard Mr. Rochester's voice or step in the house to-day; but surely I shall see him before night; I feared the meeting in the morning, now I desire it, because expectation has been so long baffled that it is grown impatient."

When dusk actually closed, and when Adèle left me to go and play in the nursery with Sophie, I did most keenly desire it. I listened for the bell to ring below; I listened for Leah coming up with a message; I fancied sometimes I heard Mr. Rochester's own tread, and I turned to the door, expecting it to open and admit him. The door remained shut; darkness only came in through the window. Still it was not late; he often sent for me at seven and eight o'clock, and it was yet but six. Surely I should not be wholly disappointed to-night, when I had so many things to say to him! I wanted again to introduce the subject of Grace Poole, and to hear what he would answer; I wanted to ask him plainly if he really believed it was she who had made last night's hideous attempt; and, if so, why he kept her wickedness a secret. It little mattered whether my curiosity irritated him; I knew the pleasure of vexing and soothing him by turns; it was one I chiefly delighted in, and a sure instinct always prevented me

from going too far; beyond the verge of provocation I never ventured—on the extreme brink I liked well to try my skill. Retaining every minute form of respect, every propriety of my station, I could still meet him in argument without fear or uneasy restraint: this suited both him and me.

A tread creaked on the stairs at last; Leah made her appearance, but it was only to intimate that tea was ready in Mrs. Fairfax's room. Thither I repaired, glad at least to go down stairs, for that brought me, I imagined, nearer to Mr. Rochester's presence.

"You must want your tea," said the good lady, as I joined her, "you ate so little at dinner. I am afraid," she continued, "you are not well to-day; you look flushed and feverish."

"Oh, quite well! I never felt better."

"Then you must prove it by evincing a good appetite; will you fill the tea-pot while I knit off this needle?" Having completed her task, she rose to draw down the blind, which she had hitherto kept up, by way, I suppose, of making the most of daylight, though dusk was now fast deepening into total obscurity.

"It is fair to-night," said she, as she looked through the panes, "though not starlight. Mr. Rochester has, on the whole, had a favorable day for his journey."

"Journey! Is Mr. Rochester gone any where? I did not know he was out."

"Oh, he set off the moment he had breakfasted. He is gone to the Leas, Mr. Eshton's place, ten miles on the other side Millcote. I believe there is quite a party assembled there; Lord Ingram, Sir George Lynn, Colonel Dent, and others."

"Do you expect him back to-night?"

"No, nor to-morrow either; I should think he is very likely to stay a week or more; when these fine, fashionable people get together, they are so surrounded by elegance and gayety, so well provided with all that can please and entertain, they are in no hurry to separate. Gentlemen, especially, are often in request on such occasions, and Mr. Rochester is so talented and so lively in society, that I believe he is a general favorite; the ladies are very fond of him, though you would not think his appearance calculated to recommend him particularly in their eyes; but I suppose his acquirements and abilities, perhaps his wealth and good blood, make amends for any little fault of look."

"Are there ladies at the Leas?"

"There are Mrs. Eshton and her three daughters—very elegant young ladies indeed; and there are the honorable Blanche and Mary Ingram; most beautiful women, I suppose. Indeed, I have seen Blanche, six or seven years since, when she was a girl of eighteen. She came here to a Christmas ball and party Mr. Rochester gave. You should have seen the dining-room that day—how richly it was decorated, how brilliantly lighted up! I should think there were fifty ladies and gentlemen present—all of the first county-families; and Miss Ingram was considered the belle of the evening."

"You saw her, you say, Mrs. Fairfax: what was she like?"

"Yes, I saw her. The dining-room doors were thrown open; and, as it was Christmas-time, the servants were allowed to assemble in

the hall, to hear some of the ladies sing and play. Mr. Rochester would have me to come in, and I sat down in a quiet corner and watched them. I never saw a more splendid scene. The ladies were magnificently dressed; most of them—at least most of the younger ones—looked handsome; but Miss Ingram was certainly the queen."

"And what was she like?"

"Tall, fine bust, sloping shoulders; long, graceful neck; olive complexion, dark and clear; noble features; eyes rather like Mr. Rochester's—large and black, and as brilliant as her jewels. And then she had such a fine head of hair, raven-black, and so becomingly arranged: a crown of thick plaits behind, and in front the longest, the glossiest curls I ever saw. She was dressed in pure white; an amber-colored scarf was passed over her shoulder and across her breast, tied at the side, and descending in long, fringed ends below her knee. She wore an amber-colored flower, too, in her hair; it contrasted well with the jetty mass of her curls."

"She was greatly admired, of course?"

"Yes, indeed; and not only for her beauty but for her accomplishments. She was one of the ladies who sang; a gentleman accompanied her on the piano. She and Mr. Rochester sung a duet."

"Mr. Rochester! I was not aware he could sing."

"Oh! he has a fine bass voice, and an excellent taste for music."

"And Miss Ingram: what sort of a voice had she?"

"A very rich and powerful one: she sang delightfully; it was a treat to listen to her; and she played afterward. I am no judge of music, but Mr. Rochester is; and I heard him say her execution was remarkably good."

"And this beautiful and accomplished lady is not yet married?"

"It appears not. I fancy neither she nor her sister have very large fortunes. Old Lord Ingram's estates were chiefly entailed, and the eldest son came in for every thing almost."

"But I wonder no wealthy nobleman or gentleman has taken a fancy to her: Mr. Rochester, for instance. He is rich, is he not?"

"Oh! yes. But, you see, there is a considerable difference in age: Mr. Rochester is near forty; she is but twenty-five."

"What of that? More unequal matches are made every day."

"True; yet I should scarcely fancy Mr. Rochester would entertain an idea of the sort. But you eat nothing: you have scarcely tasted since you began tea."

"No; I am too thirsty to eat. Will you let me have another cup?"

I was about again to revert to the probability of a union between Mr. Rochester and the beautiful Blanche: but Adèle came in, and the conversation was turned into another channel.

When once more alone, I reviewed the information I had got; looked into my heart, examined its thoughts and feelings, and endeavored to bring back with a strict hand such as had been straying through imagination's boundless and trackless waste, into the safe fold of common sense.

Arraigned at my own bar, Memory having

given her evidence of the hopes, wishes, sentiments I had been cherishing since last night—of the general state of mind in which I had indulged for nearly a fortnight past; Reason having come forward and told, in her own quiet way, a plain, unvarnished tale, showing how I had rejected the real and rabidly devoured the ideal; I pronounced judgment to this effect:

That a greater fool than Jane Eyre had never breathed the breath of life: that a more fantastic idiot had never surfeited herself on sweet lies, and swallowed poison as if it were nectar.

“You,” I said, “a favorite with Mr. Rochester! You gifted with the power of pleasing him! You of importance to him in any way! Go! your folly sickens me. And you have derived pleasure from occasional tokens of preference—equivocal tokens shown by a gentleman of family, and a man of the world, to a dependent and a novice. How dared you! Poor stupid dupe! Could not even self-interest make you wiser? You repeated to yourself this morning the brief scene of last night! Cover your face and be ashamed! He said something in praise of your eyes, did he? Blind puppy! Open their bleared lids and look on your own accursed senselessness! It does good to no woman to be flattered by her superior, who can not possibly intend to marry her; and it is madness in all women to let a secret love kindle within them, which, if unreturned and unknown, must devour the life that feeds it; and, if discovered and responded to, must lead, *ignis fatuus*-like, into miry wilds whence there is no extrication.

“Listen, then, Jane Eyre, to your sentence: to-morrow, place the glass before you, and draw in chalk your own picture, faithfully; without softening one defect: omit no harsh line, smooth away no displeasing irregularity; write under it, ‘Portrait of a governess, disconnected, poor, and plain.’

“Afterward, take a piece of smooth ivory—you have one prepared in your drawing-box: take your pallet, mix your freshest, finest, clearest tints; choose your most delicate camel-hair pencils; delineate carefully the loveliest face you can imagine; paint it in your softest shades and sweetest hues, according to the description given by Mrs. Fairfax of Blanche Ingram: remember the raven ringlets, the oriental eye; what! you revert to Mr. Rochester’s as a model! Order! No, snivel! no sentiment! no regret! I will endure only sense and resolution. Recall the august yet harmonious lineaments, the Grecian neck and bust: let the round and dazzling arm be visible, and the delicate hand; omit neither diamond ring nor gold bracelet; portray faithfully the attire, aerial lace and glistening satin, graceful scarf and golden rose—call it ‘Blanche, an accomplished lady of rank.’

“Whenever, in future, you should chance to fancy Mr. Rochester thinks well of you, take out these two pictures and compare them; say, ‘Mr. Rochester might probably win that noble lady’s love, if he chose to strive for it; is it likely he would waste a serious thought on this indigent and insignificant plebeian?’

“I’ll do it,” I resolved: and having framed this determination, I grew calm, and fell asleep.

I kept my word. An hour or two sufficed to

sketch my own portrait in crayons; and in less than a fortnight I had completed an ivory miniature of an imaginary Blanche Ingram. It looked a lovely face enough, and when compared with the real head in chalk, the contrast was as great as self-control could desire. I derived benefit from the task: it had kept my head and hands employed, and had given force and fixedness to the new impressions I wished to stamp indelibly on my heart.

Ere long I had reason to congratulate myself on the course of wholesome discipline to which I had thus forced my feelings to submit: thanks to it, I was able to meet subsequent occurrences with a decent calm; which, had they found me unprepared, I should, probably, have been unequal to maintain even externally.

## CHAPTER XVII.

A WEEK passed, and no news arrived of Mr. Rochester: ten days, and still he did not come. Mrs. Fairfax said she should not be surprised if he were to go straight from the Leas to London, and thence to the continent, and not show his face again at Thornfield for a year to come: he had not unfrequently quitted it in a manner quite as abrupt and unexpected. When I heard this I was beginning to feel a strange chill and failing at the heart. I was actually permitting myself to experience a sickening sense of disappointment: but rallying my wits, and recollecting my principles, I at once called my sensations to order; and it was wonderful how I got over the temporary blunder—how I cleared up the mistake of supposing Mr. Rochester’s movements a matter in which I had any cause to take a vital interest. Not that I humbled myself by a slavish notion of inferiority: on the contrary, I just said,

“You have nothing to do with the master of Thornfield, further than to receive the salary he gives you for teaching his protégée, and to be grateful for such respectful and kind treatment as, if you do your duty, you have a right to expect at his hands. Be sure that is the only tie he seriously acknowledges between you and him: so don’t make him the object of your fine feelings, your raptures, agonies, and so forth. He is not of your order: keep to your caste; and be too self-respecting to lavish the love of the whole heart, soul, and strength, where such a gift is not wanted and would be despised.”

I went on with my day’s business tranquilly; but, ever and anon, vague suggestion kept wandering across my brain of reasons why I should quit Thornfield; and I kept involuntarily framing advertisements and pondering conjectures about new situations: these thoughts I did not think it necessary to check; they might germinate and bear fruit if they could.

Mr. Rochester had been absent upward of a fortnight, when the post brought Mrs. Fairfax a letter.

“It is from the master,” said she, as she looked at the direction. “Now I suppose we shall know whether we are to expect his return or not.”

And while she broke the seal and perused the document, I went on taking my coffee (we were

at breakfast). it was hot, and I attributed to that circumstance a fiery glow which suddenly rose to my face. Why my hand shook, and why I involuntarily spilled half the contents of my cup into my saucer, I did not choose to consider.

"Well—I sometimes think we are too quiet; but we run a chance of being busy enough now, for a little while at least," said Mrs. Fairfax, still holding the note before her spectacles.

Ere I permitted myself to request an explanation, I tied the string of Adèle's pinafore, which happened to be loose: having helped her also to another bun and refilled her mug with milk, I said, nonchalantly,

"Mr. Rochester is not likely to return soon, I suppose?"

"Indeed he is—in three days, he says; that will be next Thursday; and not alone either. I don't know how many of the fine people at the Leas are coming with him; he sends directions for all the best bedrooms to be prepared; and the library and drawing-rooms are to be cleaned out; and I am to get more kitchen hands from the George Inn, at Millcote, and from wherever else I can; and the ladies will bring their maids and the gentlemen their valets; so we shall have a full house of it." And Mrs. Fairfax swallowed her breakfast and hastened away to commence operations.

The three days were, as she had foretold, busy enough. I had thought all the rooms at Thornfield beautifully clean and well-arranged; but it appears I was mistaken. Three women were got to help; and such scrubbing, such brushing, such washing of paint and beating of carpets, such taking down and putting up of pictures, such polishing of mirrors and lustres, such lighting of fires in bedrooms, and airing of sheets and feather-beds on hearths, I never beheld, either before or since. Adèle ran quite wild in the midst of it: the preparations for company and the prospect of their arrival, seemed to throw her into ecstasies. She would have Sophie to look over all her "toilettes" as she called frocks; to furnish up any that were "passées," and to air and arrange the new. For herself, she did nothing but caper about in the front chambers, jumping on and off the bedsteads, and lie on the mattresses and piled-up bolsters and pillows before the enormous fires roaring in the chimneys. From school duties she was exonerated—Mrs. Fairfax had pressed me into her service, and I was all day in the store-room, helping (or hindering) her and the cook; learning to make custards and cheesecakes, and French pastry, to truss game and garnish dessert-dishes.

The party were expected to arrive on Thursday afternoon, in time for dinner at six. During the intervening period I had no time to nurse chimera; and, I believe, I was as active and gay as any body—Adèle excepted. Still, now and then, I received a damping check to my cheerfulness; and was, in spite of myself, thrown back on the region of doubts and portents, and dark conjectures. This was when I chanced to see the third story stair-case door (which of late had always been kept locked) open slowly, and give passage to the form of Grace Poole, in prim cap, white apron, and handkerchief—when I watched her glide along the gallery, her quiet tread muffled in a list

slipper; when I saw her look into the bustling, topsy-turvy bedrooms—just say a word, perhaps, to the charwomen about the proper way to polish a grate, or clean a marble mantle-piece, or take stains from papered walls, and then pass on. She would thus descend to the kitchen once a-day, eat her dinner, smoke a moderate pipe on the hearth, and go back, carrying her pot of porter with her, for her private solace, in her own gloomy upper haunt. Only one hour in the twenty-four did she pass with her fellow-servant's below; all the rest of her time was spent in some low-ceiled, oaken chamber of the second story; there she sat and sewed—and probably laughed drearily to herself—as companionless as a prisoner in his dungeon.

The strangest thing of all was, that not a soul in the house, except me, noticed her habits, or seemed to marvel at them; no one discussed her position or employment, no one pitied her solitude or isolation. I once, indeed, overheard a part of a dialogue between Leah and one of the charwomen, of which Grace formed the subject. Leah had been saying something I had not caught, and the charwoman remarked:

"She gets good wages, I guess?"

"Yes," said Leah; "I wish I had as good: not that mine are to complain of—there's no stinginess at Thornfield—but they're not one-fifth of the sum Mrs. Poole receives. And she is laying by: she goes every quarter to the bank at Millcote. I should not wonder but she has saved enough to keep her independent if she liked to leave, but I suppose she's got used to the place, and then she's not forty yet, and strong and able for any thing. It is too soon for her to give up business."

"She's a good hand, I dare say," said the charwoman.

"Ah! she understands what she has to do; nobody better," rejoined Leah, significantly; "and it is not every one could fill her shoes, not for all the money she gets."

"That it is not!" was the reply. "I wonder whether master—"

The charwoman was going on, but here Leah turned and perceived me, and she instantly gave her companion a nudge.

"Doesn't she know?" I heard the woman whisper

Leah shook her head, and the conversation was, of course, dropped. All I had gathered from it amounted to this, that there was a mystery at Thornfield, and that from participation in that mystery I was purposely excluded.

Thursday came: all work had been completed the previous evening, carpets were laid down, bed-hangings festooned, radiant white counterpanes spread, toilet-tables arranged, furniture rubbed, flowers piled in vases; both chambers and saloons looked as fresh and bright as hands could make them. The hall, too, was scoured, and the great carved clock, as well as the steps and banisters of the stair-case, were polished to the brightness of glass; in the dining-room, the sideboard flashed resplendent with plate; in the drawing room and boudoir, vases of exotics bloomed on all sides.

Afternoon arrived: Mrs. Fairfax assumed her best black satin gown, her gloves, and her

gold watch; for it was her part to receive the company—to conduct the ladies to their rooms, &c. Adèle, too, would be dressed, though I thought she had little chance of being introduced to the party, that day at least. However, to please her, I allowed Sophie to apparel her in one of her short, full muslin frocks. For myself, I had no need to make any change; I should not be called upon to quit my sanctum of the school-room, for a sanctum it was now become to me, “a very pleasant refuge in time of trouble.”

It had been a mild, serene, spring day: one of those days which toward the end of March or the beginning of April, rise shining over the earth as heralds of summer. It was drawing to an end now, but the evening was even warm, and I sat at work in the school-room with the window open.

“It gets late,” said Mrs. Fairfax, entering in rustling state. “I am glad I ordered dinner an hour after the time Mr. Rochester mentioned, for it is past six now. I have sent John down to the gates to see if there is any thing on the road: one can see a long way from thence in the direction of Millcote.” She went to the window. “Here he is!” said she. “Well, John (leaning out), any news?”

“They’re coming, ma’am,” was the answer. “They’ll be here in ten minutes.”

Adèle flew to the window. I followed, taking care to stand on one side, so that, screened by the curtain, I could see without being seen.

The ten minutes John had given seemed very long, but at last wheels were heard; four equestrians galloped up the drive, and after them came two open carriages. Fluttering veils and waving plumes filled the vehicles; two of the cavaliers were young, dashing-looking gentlemen; the third was Mr. Rochester, on his black horse, Mesrour, Pilot bounding before him; at his side rode a lady, and he and she were the first of the party. Her purple riding-habit almost swept the ground, her veil streamed long on the breeze, mingling with its transparent folds, and gleaming through them shone rich raven ringlets.

“Miss Ingram!” exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, and away she hurried to her post below.

The cavalcade, following the sweep of the drive, quickly turned the angle of the house, and I lost sight of it. Adèle now petitioned to go down, but I took her on my knee and gave her to understand that she must not on any account think of venturing in sight of the ladies, either now or at any other time, unless expressly sent for, that Mr. Rochester would be very angry, &c. “Some natural tears she shed” on being told this; but as I began to look very grave, she consented at last to wipe them.

A joyous stir was now audible in the hall; gentlemen’s deep tones, and ladies silvery accents blent harmoniously together, and distinguishable above all, though not loud, was the sonorous voice of the master of Thornfield Hall, welcoming his fair and gallant guests under his roof. Then light steps ascended the stairs, and there was a tripping through the gallery, and soft, cheerful laughs, and opening and closing doors, and, for a time, a hush.

“Elles changent de toilettes,” said Adèle,

who, listening attentively, had followed every movement; and she sighed.

“Chez maman,” said she, “quand il y avait du monde, je les suivais partout, au salon et à leurs chambres; souvent je regardais les femmes de chambre coiffer et habiller les dames, et c’était si amusant: comme cela on apprend.”

“Don’t you feel hungry, Adèle?”

“Mais oui, mademoiselle: voilà cinq ou six heures que nous n’avons pas mangé.”

“Well now, while the ladies are in their rooms, I will venture down and get you something to eat.”

And issuing from my asylum with precaution, I sought a back stairs which conducted directly to the kitchen. All in that region was fire and commotion; the soup and fish were in the last stage of projection, and the cook hung over crucibles in a frame of mind and body threatening spontaneous combustion. In the servants’ hall two coachmen and three gentlemen’s gentlemen stood or sat round the fire; the Abigail I suppose were up stairs with their mistresses, the new servants that had been hired from Millcote were bustling about every where. Threading this chaos, I at last reached the larder; there I took possession of a cold chicken, a roll of bread, some tarts, a plate or two, and a knife and fork; with this booty I made a hasty retreat. I had regained the gallery, and was just shutting the back door behind me, when an accelerated hum warned me that the ladies were about to issue from their chambers. I could not proceed to the school-room without passing some of their doors, and running the risk of being surprised with my cargo of victualage, so I stood still at this end, which, being windowless, was dark, quite dark now, for the sun was set and twilight gathering.

Presently the chambers gave up their fair tenants one after another: each came out gayly and airily, with dress that gleamed lustrous through the dusk. For a moment they stood grouped together at the other extremity of the gallery, conversing in a key of sweet subdued vivacity: they then descended the stair-case, almost as noiselessly as a bright mist rolls down a hill. Their collective appearance had left on me an impression of high-born elegance, such as I had never before received.

I found Adèle peeping through the school-room door, which she held ajar. “What beautiful ladies!” cried she, in English. “Oh, I wish I might go to them! Do you think Mr. Rochester will send for us by and by, after dinner?”

“No, indeed, I don’t; Mr. Rochester has something else to think about. Never mind the ladies to-night; perhaps, you will see them to-morrow: here is your dinner.”

She was really hungry, so the chicken and tarts served to divert her attention for a time. It was well I secured this forage; or both she, I, and Sophie, to whom I conveyed a share of our repast, would have run a chance of getting no dinner at all: every one down stairs was too much engaged to think of us. The dessert was not carried out till after nine, and at ten, footmen were still running to and fro with trays and coffee-cups. I allowed Adèle to sit up much later than usual; for she declared she could not possibly go to sleep while the doors

kept opening and shutting below, and people bustling about. Besides, she added, a message might possibly come from Mr. Rochester when she was undressed; "et alors quel dommage!"

I told her stories as long as she would listen to them; and then, for a change, I took her out into the gallery. The hall lamp was now lighted, and it amused her to look over the balustrade and watch the servants passing backward and forward. When the evening was far advanced, a sound of music issued from the drawing-room, whither the piano had been removed; Adèle and I sat down on the top step of the stairs to listen. Presently a voice blent with the rich tones of the instrument: it was a lady who sang, and very sweet her notes were. The solo over, a duet followed, and then a glee: a joyous conversational murmur filled up the intervals. I listened long: suddenly I discovered that my ear was wholly intent on analyzing the mingled sounds, and trying to discriminate amid the confusion of accents those of Mr. Rochester; and when it caught them, which it soon did, it found a further task in framing the tones, rendered by distance inarticulate, into words.

The clock struck eleven. I looked at Adèle, whose head leaned against my shoulder; her eyes were waxing heavy, so I took her up in my arms and carried her off to bed. It was near one before the gentlemen and ladies sought their chambers.

The next day was as fine as its predecessor; it was devoted by the party to an excursion to some site in the neighborhood. They set out early in the forenoon, some on horseback, the rest in carriages; I witnessed both the departure and the return. Miss Ingram, as before, was the only lady equestrian; and, as before, Mr. Rochester galloped at her side: the two rode a little apart from the rest. I pointed out this circumstance to Mrs. Fairfax, who was standing at the window with me.

"You said it was not likely they should think of being married," said I; "but you see Mr. Rochester evidently prefers her to any of the other ladies."

"Yes; I dare say: no doubt he admires her."

"And she him," I added; "look how she leans her head toward him as if she were conversing confidentially! I wish I could see her face; I have never had a glimpse of it yet."

"You will see her this evening," answered Mrs. Fairfax. "I happened to remark to Mr. Rochester how much Adèle wished to be introduced to the ladies, and he said: 'Oh let her come into the drawing-room after dinner; and request Miss Eyre to accompany her.'"

"Yes—he said that from mere politeness; I need not go, I am sure," I answered.

"Well—I observed to him that, as you were unused to company, I did not think you would like appearing before so gay a party—all strangers. And he replied, in his quick way, 'Non-seulement. If she objects, tell her it is my particular wish; and if she resists, say I shall come and fetch her in case of intimacy.'"

"I will not give him that trouble," I answered. "I will go, if no better may be; but I don't like it. Shall you be there, Mrs. Fairfax?"

"No; I pleaded off, and we admitted my

plea. I'll tell you how to manage so as to avoid the embarrassment of making a formal entrance, which is the most disagreeable part of the business. You must go into the drawing-room while it is empty, before the ladies leave the dining-table; choose your seat in any quiet nook you like; you need not stay long after the gentlemen come in, unless you please; just let Mr. Rochester see you are there and then slip away—nobody will notice you."

"Will these people remain long, do you think?"

"Perhaps two or three weeks; certainly not more. After the Easter recess, Sir George Lynn, who was lately elected member for Millcote, will have to go up to town and take his seat; I dare say Mr. Rochester will accompany him; it surprises me that he has already made so protracted a stay at Thornfield."

It was with some trepidation that I perceived the hour approach when I was to repair with my charge to the drawing-room. Adèle had been in a state of ecstasy all day, after hearing she was to be presented to the ladies in the evening; and it was not till Sophie commenced the operation of dressing her, that she sobered down. Then the importance of the process quickly steadied her; and by the time she had her curls arranged in well-smoothed, drooping clusters, her pink satin frock put on, her long sash tied, and her lace mittens adjusted, she looked as grave as any judge. No need to warn her not to disarrange her attire; when she was dressed, she sat demurely down in her little chair, taking care previously to lift up the satin skirt for fear she should crease it, and assured me she would not stir thence till I was ready. This I quickly was; my best dress (the silver-gray one, purchased for Miss Temple's wedding and never worn since) was soon put on; my hair was soon smoothed; my sole ornament, the pearl brooch, soon assumed. We descended.

Fortunately there was another entrance to the drawing-room than that through the saloon where they were all seated at dinner. We found the apartment vacant; a large fire burning silently on the marble hearth, and wax candles shining in bright solitude, amid the exquisite flowers with which the tables were adorned. The crimson curtain hung before the arch; slight as was the separation this drapery formed from the party in the adjoining saloon, they spoke in so low a key that nothing of their conversation could be distinguished beyond a soothing murmur.

Adèle, who appeared to be still under the influence of a most solemnizing impression, sat down without a word on the footstool I pointed out to her. I retired to a window-seat, and taking a book from a table near, endeavored to read. Adèle brought her stool to my feet; ere long she touched my knee.

"What is it, Adèle?"

"Est-ce que je ne puis pas prendre une seule de ces fleurs magnifiques, mademoiselle? Seulement pour compléter ma toilette."

"You think too much of your 'toilette' Adèle; but you may have a flower." And she took a rose from a vase and fastened it in her sash. She sighed a sigh of ineffable satisfac-



tion, as if her cup of happiness were now full. I turned my face away to conceal a smile I could not suppress; there was something ludicrous as well as painful in the little Parisienne's earnest and innate devotion to matters of dress.

A soft sound of rising now became audible; the curtain was swept back from the arch; through it appeared the dining-room, with its lighted luster pouring down light on the silver and glass of a magnificent dessert-service covering a long table; a band of ladies stood in the opening; they entered, and the curtain fell behind them.

There were but eight; yet, somehow, as they flocked in, they gave the impression of a much larger number. Some of them were very tall; many were dressed in white; and all had a sweeping amplitude of array that seemed to magnify their persons as a mist magnifies the moon. I rose and courtesied to them; one or two bent their heads in return; the others only stared at me.

They dispersed about the room; reminding me, by the lightness and buoyancy of their movements, of a flock of white plumed birds. Some of them threw themselves in half-reclining positions on the sofas and ottomans; some bent over the tables and examined the flowers and books; the rest gathered in a group round the fire—all talked in a low but clear tone which seemed habitual to them. I knew their names afterward, and may as well mention them now.

First, there was Mrs. Eshton and two of her daughters. She had evidently been a handsome woman, and was well preserved still. Of her daughters, the eldest, Amy, was rather little; naive, and childlike in face and manner, and piquant in form; her white muslin dress and blue sash became her well. The second, Louisa, was taller and more elegant in figure; with a very pretty face, of that order the French term "*minois chiffonné*;" both sisters were fair as lilies.

Lady Lynn was a large and stout personage of about forty; very erect, very haughty-looking, richly dressed in a satin robe of changeful sheen; her dark hair shone glossily under the shade of an azure plume, and within the circlet of a band of gems.

Mrs. Colonel Dent was less showy; but, I thought, more ladylike. She had a slight figure, a pale, gentle face, and fair hair. Her black satin dress, her scarf of rich foreign lace, and her pearl ornaments, pleased me better than the rainbow radiance of the titled dame.

But the three most distinguished—partly, perhaps, because the tallest figures of the band—were the Dowager Lady Ingram and her daughters, Blanche and Mary. They were all three of the loftiest stature of woman. The dowager might be between forty and fifty; her shape was still fine; her hair (by candle light at least) still black; her teeth, too, were still apparently perfect. Most people would have termed her a splendid woman of her age; and so she was, no doubt, physically speaking; but then there was an expression of almost insupportable haughtiness in her bearing and countenance. She had Roman features and a double chin, disappearing into a throat like a pillar;

these features appeared to me not only inflated and darkened, but even furrowed with pride; and the chin was sustained by the same principle, in a position of almost preternatural erectness. She had, likewise, a fierce and a hard eye; it reminded me of Mrs. Reed's; she mouthed her words in speaking; her voice was deep, its inflections very pompous, very dogmatical—very intolerable, in short. A crimson velvet robe, and a shawl turban of some gold-wrought Indian fabric, invested her (I suppose she thought) with a truly imperial dignity.

Blanche and Mary were of equal stature—straight and tall as poplars. Mary was too slim for her height; but Blanche was molded like a Diana. I regarded her, of course, with special interest. First, I wished to see whether her appearance accorded with Mrs. Fairfax's description; secondly, whether it at all resembled the fancy miniature I had painted of her; and thirdly—it will out! whether it were such as I should fancy likely to suit Mr. Rochester's taste.

As far as person went, she answered point for point, both to my picture and Mrs. Fairfax's description. The noble bust, the sloping shoulders, the graceful neck, the dark eyes and black ringlets were all there—but her face! Her face was like her mother's; a youthful, unfurrowed likeness; the same low brow, the same high features, the same pride. It was not, however, so saturnine a pride; she laughed continually; her laugh was satirical, and so was the habitual expression of her arched and haughty lip.

Genius is said to be self-conscious; I can not tell whether Miss Ingram was a genius, but she was self-conscious—remarkably self-conscious indeed. She entered into a discourse on botany with the gentle Mrs. Dent. It seems Mrs. Dent had not studied that science, though, as she said, she liked flowers, "especially wild ones;" Miss Ingram had, and she ran over its vocabulary with an air. I presently perceived she was (what is vernacularly termed) *trailing* Mrs. Dent; that is, playing on her ignorance: her *trail* might be clever, but it was decidedly not good-natured. She played; her execution was brilliant; she sang: her voice was fine; she talked French apart to her mamma, and she talked it well, with fluency and with a good accent.

Mary had a milder and more open countenance than Blanche; softer features too, and a skin some shades fairer (Miss Ingram was dark as a Spaniard)—but Mary was deficient in life; her face lacked expression, her eye luster; she had nothing to say, and having once taken her seat, remained fixed like a statue in its niche. The sisters were both attired in spotless white.

And did I now think Miss Ingram such a choice as Mr. Rochester would be likely to make? I could not tell—I did not know his taste in female beauty. If he liked the majestic, she was the very type of majesty; then she was accomplished, sprightly. Most gentlemen would admire her, I thought; and that he *did* admire her, I already seemed to have obtained proof; to remove the last shade of doubt, it remained but to see them together.

You are not to suppose, reader, that Adèle has all this time been sitting motionless on the

stool at my feet; no, when the ladies entered, she rose, advanced to meet them, made a stately reverence, and said, with gravity—

"Bon jour, mesdames."

And Miss Ingram had looked down at her with a mocking air, and exclaimed, "Oh, what a little puppet!"

Lady Lynn had remarked, "It is Mr. Rochester's ward, I suppose—the little French girl he was speaking of."

Mrs. Dent had kindly taken her hand, and given her a kiss. Amy and Louisa Eshton had cried out simultaneously—

"What a love of a child!"

And then they had called her to a sofa, where she now sat, ensconced between them, chattering alternately in French and broken English; absorbing not only the young ladies' attention, but that of Mrs. Eshton and Lady Lynn, and getting spoiled to her heart's content.

At last coffee is brought in, and the gentlemen are summoned. I sit in the shade—if any shade there be in this brilliantly-lighted apartment; the window-curtain half hides me. Again the arch yawns; they come. The collective appearance of the gentlemen, like that of the ladies, is very imposing; they are all costumed in black; most of them are tall, some young. Henry and Frederic Lynn are very dashing sparks, indeed; and Colonel Dent is a fine soldiery man. Mr. Eshton, the magistrate of the district, is gentlemanlike; his hair is quite white, his eyebrows and whiskers still dark, which gives him something of the appearance of a "*père noble de théâtre*." Lord Ingram, like his sisters, is very tall; like them, also, he is handsome; but he shares Mary's apathetic and listless look; he seems to have more length of limb than vivacity of blood or vigor of brain.

And where is Mr. Rochester?

He comes in last; I am not looking at the arch, yet I see him enter. I try to concentrate my attention on these netting-needles, on the meshes of the purse I am forming—I wish to think only of the work I have in my hands, to see only the silver beads and silk threads that lie in my lap; whereas, I distinctly behold his figure, and I inevitably recall the moment when I last saw it; just after I had rendered him, what he deemed, an essential service—and he, holding my hand, and looking down on my face, surveyed me with eyes that revealed a heart full and eager to overflow; in whose emotions I had a part. How near had I approached him at that moment! What had occurred since, calculated to change his and my relative positions? Yet now, how distant, how far estranged we were! so far estranged, that I did not expect him to come and speak to me. I did not wonder, when, without looking at me, he took a seat at the other side of the room, and began conversing with some of the ladies.

No sooner did I see that his attention was riveted on them, and that I might gaze without being observed, than my eyes were drawn involuntarily to his face; I could no keep their lids under control; they would rise, and the lids would fix on him. I looked, and had an acute pleasure in looking—a precious, yet poignant pleasure; pure gold, with a steely point of agony; a pleasure like what the thirst-perishing man might feel who knows the well to

which he has crept is poisoned, yet stoops and drinks divine draughts nevertheless.

Most true is it that "beauty is in the eye of the gazer." My master's colorless, olive face, square, massive brow, broad and jetty eyebrows, deep eyes, strong features, firm, grim mouth—all energy, decision, will—were not beautiful, according to rule; but they were more than beautiful to me; they were full of an interest, an influence that quite mastered me—that took my feelings from my own power and fettered them in his. I had not intended to love him; the reader knows I had wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected; and now, at the first renewed view of him, they spontaneously revived, green and strong! He made me love him without looking at me.

I compared him with his guests. What was the gallant grace of the Lynns, the languid elegance of Lord Ingram—even the military distinction of Colonel Dent contrasted with his look of native pith and genuine power? I had no sympathy in their appearance, their expression; yet I could imagine that most observers would call them attractive, handsome, imposing; while they would pronounce Mr. Rochester at once harsh-featured and melancholy-looking. I saw them smile, laugh—it was nothing; the light of the candles had as much soul in it as their smile; the tinkle of the bell as much significance as their laugh. I saw Mr. Rochester smile—his stern features softened; his eye grew both brilliant and gentle, its ray both searching and sweet. He was talking, at the moment, to Louisa and Amy Eshton. I wondered to see them receive with calm that look which seemed to me so penetrating; I expected their eyes to fall, their color to rise under it; yet I was glad when I found they were in no sense moved. "He is not to them what he is to me," I thought, "he is not of their kind. I believe he is of mine; I am sure he is—I feel akin to him—I understand the language of his countenance and movements; though rank and wealth sever us widely, I have something in my brain and heart, in my blood and nerves, that assimilates me mentally to him. Did I say, a few days since, that I had nothing to do with him but to receive my salary at his hands? Did I forbid myself to think of him in any other light than as a paymaster? Blasphemy against nature! Every good, true, vigorous feeling I have, gathers impulsively round him. I know I must conceal my sentiments: I must smother hope; I must remember that he can not care much for me. For when I say that I am of his kind, I do not mean that I have his force to influence, and his spell to attract; I mean only that I have certain tastes and feeling in common with him. I must, then, repeat continually that we are forever sundered; and yet, while I breathe and think, I must love him."

Coffee is handed. The ladies, since the gentlemen entered, have become lively as larks; conversation waxes brisk and merry. Colonel Dent and Mr. Eshton argue on politics; their wives listen. The two proud dowagers, Lady Lynn and Lady Ingram, confabulate together. Sir George—whom, by the by, I have forgotten to describe—a very big, and very fresh-looking country gentleman, stands before the sofa, of

fee-cup in hand, and occasionally puts in a word. Mr. Frederic Lynn has taken a seat beside Mary Ingram, and is showing her the engravings of a splendid volume; she looks, smiles now and then, but apparently says little. The tall and phlegmatic Lord Ingram leans with folded arms on the chair-back of the little and lively Amy Eshton; she glances up at him, and chatters like a wren; she likes him better than she does Mr. Rochester. Henry Lynn has taken possession of an ottoman at the feet of Louisa; Adèle shares it with him; he is trying to talk French with her, and Louisa laughs at his blunders. With whom will Blanche Ingram repair? She is standing alone at the table, bending gracefully over an album. She seems waiting to be sought; but she will not wait too long; she herself selects a mate.

Mr. Rochester, having quitted the Eshtons, stands on the hearth as solitary as she stands by the table; she confronts him, taking her station on the opposite side of the mantle-piece.

"Mr. Rochester, I thought you were not fond of children?"

"Nor am I."

"Then, what induced you to take charge of such a little doll as that? (pointing to Adèle). Where did you pick her up?"

"I did not pick her up, she was left on my hands."

"You should have sent her to school."

"I could not afford it; schools are so dear."

"Why, I suppose you have a governess for her; I saw a person with her just now—is she gone? Oh, no! there she is still behind the window-curtain. You pay her, of course; I should think it quite as expensive—more so; for you have them both to keep in addition."

I feared—or should I say, hoped?—the allusion to me would make Mr. Rochester glance my way; and I involuntarily shrunk farther into the shade; but he never turned his eyes.

"I have not considered the subject," said he, indifferently, looking straight before him.

"No—you men never do consider economy and common sense. You should hear mamma on the chapter of governesses; Mary and I have had, I should think, a dozen at least in our day; half of them detestable and the rest ridiculous, and all incubi—were they not, mamma?"

"Did you speak, my own?"

The young lady thus claimed as the dowagers's special property, reiterated her question with an explanation.

"My dearest, don't mention governesses; the word makes me nervous. I have suffered a martyrdom from their incompetency and caprice; I thank Heaven I have now done with them!"

Mrs. Dent now bent over to the pious lady, and whispered something in her ear; I suppose from the answer elicited, it was a reminder that one of the anathematized race was present.

"Tant pis!" said her ladyship, "I hope it may do her good!" Then, in a lower tone, but still loud enough for me to hear, "I noticed her; I am a judge of physiognomy, and in hers I see all the faults of her class."

"What are they, madam?" inquired Mr. Rochester, aloud.

"I will tell you in your private ear," replied she, wagging her turban three times with portentous significance.

"But my curiosity will be past 'as appetite it craves food now."

"Ask Blanche; she is nearer you than I."

"Oh, don't refer him to me, mamma! I have just one word to say of the whole tribe—they are a nuisance. Not that I ever suffered much from them; I took care to turn the tables. What tricks Theodore and I used to play on our Miss Wilsons, and Mrs. Greys, and Madame Jouberts! Mary was always too sleepy to join in a plot with spirit. The best fun was with Madame Joubert; Miss Wilson was a poor sickly thing, lachrymose and low-spirited; not worth the trouble of vanquishing, in short; and Mrs. Grey was coarse and insensible; no blow took effect on her. But poor Madame Joubert! I see her yet in her raging passions, when we had driven her to extremities—spilled our tea, crumbled our bread and butter, tossed our books up to the ceiling, and played a charivari with the ruler and desk, the fender and fireirons. Theodore, do you remember those merry days?"

"Yaas, to be sure I do," drawled Lord Ingram; "and the poor old stick used to cry out 'Oh you villains child!'—and then we sermonized her on the presumption of attempting to teach such clever blades as we were, when she was herself so ignorant."

"We did; and Tedo, you know, I helped you in prosecuting (or persecuting) your tutor, whey-faced Mr. Vining—the parson in the pip, as we used to call him. He and Miss Wilson took the liberty of falling in love with each other—at least Tedo and I thought so; we surprised sundry tender glances and sighs which we interpreted as tokens of 'la belle passion,' and I promise you the public soon had the benefit of our discovery; we employed it as a sort of lever to hoist our dead-weights from the house. Dear mamma there, as soon as she got an inkling of the business, found out that it was of an immoral tendency. Did you not, my lady-mother?"

"Certainly, my best. And I was quite right; depend on that; there are a thousand reasons why liaisons between governesses and tutors should never be tolerated a moment in any well-regulated house; firstly—"

"Oh gracious, mamma! Spare us the enumeration! Au reste, we all know them; danger of bad example to innocence of childhood; distractions and consequent neglect of duty on the part of the attached; mutual alliance and reliance; confidence thence resulting—insolence accompanying—mutiny and general blow-up. Am I right, Baroness Ingram of Ingram Park?"

"My lily-flower, you are right now as always."

"Then no more need be said; change the subject."

Amy Eshton, not hearing or not heeding this dictum, joined in with her soft, infantine tone: "Louisa and I used to quiz our governess too; but she was such a good creature, she would bear any thing; nothing put her out. She was never cross with us; was she, Louisa?"

"No, never; we might do what we pleased

ransack her desk and her workbox, and turn her drawers inside out; and she was so good-natured she would give us any thing we asked for."

"I suppose now," said Miss Ingram, curling her lip sarcastically, "we shall have an abstract of the memoirs of all the governesses extant; in order to avert such a visitation, I again move the introduction of a new topic. Mr. Rochester, do you second my motion?"

"Madam, I support you on this point as on every other."

"Then on me be the onus of bringing it forward. Signior Eduardo, are you in voice to-night?"

"Donna Bianca, if you command it, I will be."

"Then, signior, I lay on you my sovereign behest to furbish up your lungs and other vocal organs, as they will be wanted on my royal service."

"Who would not be the Rizzio of so divine a Mary?"

"A fig for Rizzio!" cried she, tossing her head with all its curls, as she moved to the piano. "It is my opinion the fiddler David must have been an insipid sort of fellow; I like black Bothwell better; to my mind a man is nothing without a spice of the devil in him; and history may say what it will of James Hepburn, but I have a notion he was just that sort of wild, fierce, bandit-hero whom I could have consented to gift with my hand."

"Gentlemen, you hear! Now which of you most resembles Bothwell?" cried Mr. Rochester.

"I should say the preference lies with you," responded Colonel Dent.

"On my honor, I am much obliged to you," was the reply.

Miss Ingram, who had now seated herself with proud grace at the piano, spreading out her snowy robes in queenly amplitude, commenced a brilliant prelude, talking meantime. She appeared to be on her high horse to-night; both her words and her air seemed intended to excite not only the admiration, but the amazement of her auditors; she was evidently bent on striking them as something very dashing and daring indeed.

"Oh, I am so sick of the young men of the present day!" exclaimed she, rattling away at the instrument. "Poor, puny things, not fit to stir a step beyond papa's park-gates; nor to go even so far without mamma's permission and guardianship! Creatures so absorbed in care about their pretty faces and their white hands, and their small feet; as if a man had any thing to do with beauty! As if loveliness were not the special prerogative of woman—her legitimate appanage and heritage! I grant an ugly woman is a blot on the fair face of creation; but as to the gentlemen, let them be solicitous to possess only strength and valor; let their motto be—Hunt, shoot, and fight; the rest is not worth a filip. Such should be my device, were I a man."

"Whenever I marry," she continued, after a pause, which none interrupted, "I am resolved my husband shall not be a rival, but a foil to me. I will suffer no competitor near the throne: I shall exact an undivided homage;

his devotions shall not be shared between me and the shape he sees in his mirror. Mr. Rochester, now sing, and I will play for you."

"I am all obedience," was the response.

"Here, then, is a corsair-song. Know that I devote on corsairs; and for that reason, sing it 'con spirito.'"

"Commands from Miss Ingram's lips would put spirit into a mug of milk and water."

"Take care, then; if you don't please me, I will shame you by showing how such things should be done."

"That is offering a premium on incapacity: I shall now endeavor to fail."

"Gardez-vous en bien! If you err willfully, I shall devise a proportionate punishment."

"Miss Ingram ought to be clement, for she has it in her power to inflict a chastisement beyond mortal endurance."

"Ha! explain!" commanded the lady.

"Pardon me, madam; no need of explanation; your own fine sense must inform you that one of your frowns would be a sufficient substitute for capital punishment."

"Sing!" said she, and again touching the piano she commenced an accompaniment in spirited style.

"Now is my time to slip away," thought I; but the tones that then severed the air arrested me. Mrs. Fairfax had said Mr. Rochester possessed a fine voice: he did—a mellow, powerful bass, into which he threw his own feeling, his own force; finding a way through the ear to the heart, and there waking sensation strangely. I waited till the last deep and full vibration had expired—till the tide of talk, checked an instant, had resumed its flow; I then quitted my sheltered corner and made my exit by the side-door, which was fortunately near. Thence a narrow passage led into the hall; in crossing it, I perceived my sandal was loose; I stooped to tie it, kneeling down for that purpose on the mat at the foot of the staircase. I heard the dining-room door unclose; a gentleman came out; rising hastily, I stood face to face with him; it was Mr. Rochester.

"How do you do?" he asked.

"I am very well, sir."

"Why did you not come and speak to me in the room?"

I thought I might have retorted the question on him who put it; but I would not take that freedom. I answered,

"I did not wish to disturb you, as you seemed engaged, sir."

"What have you been doing during my absence?"

"Nothing particular; teaching Adèle as usual."

"And getting a good deal paler than you were—as I saw at first sight. What is the matter?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"Did you take any cold that night you half drowned me?"

"Not the least."

"Return to the drawing-room; you are deserting too early."

"I am tired, sir."

He looked at me for a minute.

"And a little depressed," he said. "What about? Tell me."

"Nothing- -nothing, sir. I am not depressed."

"But I affirm that you are; so much depressed that a few more words would bring tears to your eyes—indeed, they are there now, shining and swimming; and a bead has slipped from the lash and fallen on to the flag. If I had time, and was not in mortal dread of some prating prig of a servant passing, I would know what all this means. Well, to-night I excuse you; but understand that so long as my visitors stay, I expect you to appear in the drawing-room every evening; it is my wish: don't neglect it. Now go, and send Sophie for Adèle. Good night, my—" He stopped, bit his lip, and abruptly left me.

## CHAPTER XVIII

MERRY days were these at Thornfield Hall, and busy days too; how different from the first three months of stillness, monotony, and solitude I had passed beneath its roof! All sad feelings seemed now driven from the house, all gloomy associations forgotten; there was life every where, movement all day long. You could not now traverse the gallery, once so hushed, nor enter the front chamber, once so tenantless, without encountering a smart lady's-maid or a dandy valet.

The kitchen, the butler's pantry, the servants' hall, the entrance-hall, were equally alive; and the saloons were only left void and still, when the blue sky and halcyon sunshine of the genial spring weather called their occupants out into the grounds. Even when that weather was broken, and continuous rain set in for some days, no damp seemed cast over enjoyment; in-door amusements only became more lively and varied, in consequence of the stop put to out-door gayety.

I wondered what they were going to do the first evening a change of entertainment was proposed: they spoke of "playing charades," but in my ignorance I did not understand the term. The servants were called in, the dining-room tables wheeled away, the lights otherwise disposed, the chairs placed in a semicircle opposite the arch. While Mr. Rochester and the other gentlemen directed these alterations, the ladies were running up and down stairs ringing for their maids. Mrs. Fairfax was summoned to give information respecting the resources of the house in shawls, dresses, draperies of any kind: and certain wardrobes of the third story were ransacked, and their contents, in the shape of brocaded and hooped petticoats, satin sacques, black modes, lace lappets, &c., were brought down in armfuls by the abgails; then a selection was made, and such things as were chosen were carried to the boudoir within the drawing-room.

Meantime, Mr. Rochester had again summoned the ladies round him, and was selecting certain of their number to be of his party. "Miss Ingram is mine, of course," said he; afterward he named the two Misses Eshton, and Mrs. Dent. He looked at me; I happened to be near him, as I had been fastening the clasp of Mrs. Dent's bracelet, which had got loose

"Will you play!" he asked. I shook my head. He did not insist, which I rather feared he would have done; he allowed me to return quietly to my usual seat.

He and his aids now withdrew behind the curtain; the other party, which was headed by Colonel Dent, sat down on the crescent of chairs. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Eshton, observing me, seemed to propose that I should be asked to join them; but Lady Ingram instantly negated the notion.

"No," I heard her say; "she looks too stupid for any game of the sort."

Ere long, a bell tinkled, and the curtain drew up. Within the arch, the bulky figure of Sir George Lynn, whom Mr. Rochester had likewise chosen, was seen enveloped in a white sheet; before him, on a table, lay open a large book; and at his side stood Amy Eshton, draped in Mr. Rochester's cloak, and holding a book in her hand. Somebody, unseen, rung the bell merrily; then Adèle (who had insisted on being one of her guardian's party), bounded forward, scattering round her the contents of a basket of flowers she carried on her arm. Then appeared the magnificent figure of Miss Ingram, clad in white, a long veil on her head, and a wreath of roses round her brow; by her side walked Mr. Rochester, and together they drew near the table. They kneeled, while Mrs. Dent and Louisa Eshton, dressed also in white, took up their stations behind them. A ceremony followed in dumb show, in which it was easy to recognize the pantomime of a marriage. At its termination, Colonel Dent and his party consulted in whispers for two minutes, then the colonel called out,

"Bride!" Mr. Rochester bowed and the curtain fell.

A considerable interval elapsed before it again rose. Its second rising displayed a more elaborately-prepared scene than the last. The drawing-room, as I have before observed, was raised two steps above the dining-room, and on the top of the upper step, placed a yard or two back within the room, appeared a large marble basin, which I recognized as an ornament of the conservatory—where it usually stood surrounded by exotics, and tenanted by gold-fish—and whence it must have been transported with some trouble, on account of its size and weight.

Seated on the carpet, by the side of this basin, was seen Mr. Rochester, costumed in shawls, with a turban on his head. His dark eyes and swarth skin and Paynim features suited the costume exactly; he looked the very model of an eastern emir, an agent or a victim of the bowstring. Presently advanced into view Miss Ingram. She, too, was attired in oriental fashion; a crimson scarf tied sash-like round the waist; an embroidered handkerchief knotted about her temples; her beautifully-molded arms bare, one of them upraised in the act of supporting a pitcher, poised gracefully on her head. Both her cast of form and feature, her complexion and her general air suggested the idea of some Israelitish princess of the patriarchal days; and such was doubtless the character she intended to represent.

She approached the basin, and bent over it as if to fill her pitcher; she again lifted it to her head. The personage on the well-brink now

seemed to accost her; to make some request: "She hasted, let down her pitcher on her hand, and gave him to drink." From the bosom of his robe, he then produced a casket, opened it and showed magnificent bracelets and earrings; she acted astonishment and admiration: kneeling, he laid the treasure at her feet: incredulity and delight were expressed by her looks and gestures; the stranger fastened the bracelets on her arms and the rings in her ears. It was Eliezer and Rebecca: the camels only were wanting.

The divining party again laid their heads together; apparently they could not agree about the word or syllable this scene illustrated. Colonel Dent, their spokesman, demanded "the tableau of the Whole;" whereupon the curtain again descended.

On its third rising only a portion of the drawing-room was disclosed, the rest being concealed by a screen, hung with some sort of dark and coarse drapery. The marble basin was removed; in its place stood a deal table and a kitchen chair: these objects were visible by a very dim light proceeding from a horn lantern, the wax candles being all extinguished.

Amid this sordid scene, sat a man with his clenched hands resting on his knees, and his eyes bent on the ground. I knew Mr. Rochester; though the begrimed face, the disordered dress (his coat hanging loose from one arm, as if it had been almost torn from his back in a scuffle), the desperate and scowling countenance, the rough, bristling hair might well have disguised him. As he moved, a chain clanked; to his wrists were attached fetters.

"Bridewell!" exclaimed Colonel Dent, and the charade was solved.

A sufficient interval having elapsed for the performers to resume their ordinary costume, they re-entered the dining-room. Mr. Rochester led in Miss Ingram; she was complimenting him on his acting.

"Do you know," said she, "that, of the three characters, I liked you in the last best? Oh, had you but lived a few years earlier, what a gallant gentleman-highwayman you would have made!"

"Is all the soot washed from my face?" he asked, turning it toward her.

"Alas! yes; the more's the pity! Nothing could be more becoming to your complexion than that ruffian's rouge."

"You would like a hero of the road, then?"

"An English hero of the road would be the next best thing to an Italian bandit; and that could only be surpassed by a Levantine pirate."

"Well, whatever I am, remember you are my wife: we were married an hour since, in the presence of all these witnesses." She giggled, and her color rose.

"Now, Dent," continued Mr. Rochester, "it is your turn." And, as the other party withdrew, he and his band took the vacated seats. Miss Ingram placed herself at her leader's right hand; the other diviners filled the chairs on each side of him and her. I did not now watch the actors—I no longer waited with interest for the curtain to rise; my attention was absorbed by the spectators; my eyes, erewhile fixed on the arch, were now irresistibly attracted to the semicircle of chairs. What charade Colonel

Dent and his party played, what word they chose, how they acquitted themselves, I no longer remember; but I still see the consultation which followed each scene—I see Mr. Rochester turn to Miss Ingram, and Miss Ingram to him—I see her incline her head toward him, till the jetty curls almost touch his shoulder, and wave against his cheek—I hear their mutual whisperings—I recall their interchanged glances; and something even of the feeling roused by the spectacle returns in memory at this moment.

I have told you, reader, that I had learned to love Mr. Rochester: I could not unlove him now, merely because I found that he had ceased to notice me—because I might pass hours in his presence, and he would never once turn his eyes in my direction—because I saw all his attentions appropriated by a great lady, who scorned to touch me with the hem of her robes as she passed—who, if ever her dark and imperious eye fell on me by chance, would withdraw it instantly, as from an object too mean to merit observation. I could not unlove him, because I felt sure he would soon marry this very lady—because I read daily in her a proud security in his intentions respecting her—because I witnessed hourly in him a style of courtship, which, if careless, and choosing rather to be sought than to seek, was yet, in its very carelessness, captivating, and in its very pride irresistible.

There was nothing to cool or banish love in these circumstances, though much to create despair. Much, too, you will think, reader, to engender jealousy, if a woman in my position could presume to be jealous of a woman in Miss Ingram's. But I was not jealous, or very rarely—the nature of the pain I suffered could not be explained by that word. Miss Ingram was a mark beneath jealousy: she was too inferior to excite the feeling. Pardon the seeming paradox—I mean what I say. She was very showy, but she was not genuine; she had a fine person, many brilliant attainments; but her mind was poor, her heart barren by nature—nothing bloomed spontaneously on that soil—no unforced natural fruit delighted by its freshness. She was not good, she was not original; she used to repeat sounding phrases from books; she never offered, nor had, an opinion of her own. She advocated a high tone of sentiment; but she did not know the sensations of sympathy and pity; tenderness and truth were not in her. Too often she betrayed this by the undue vent she gave to a spiteful antipathy she had conceived against little Adèle, pushing her away with some contumelious epithet if she happened to approach her; sometimes ordering her from the room, and always treating her with coldness and acrimony. Other eyes besides mine watched these manifestations of character—watched them closely, keenly, shrewdly. Yes, the future bridegroom, Mr. Rochester himself, exercised over his intended a ceaseless surveillance; and it was from this sagacity—this guardedness of his—this perfect, clear consciousness of his fair one's defects—this obvious absence of passion in his sentiments toward her, that my ever torturing pain arose.

I saw he was going to marry her, for family, perhaps political reasons—because her rank and

connections suited him ; I felt he had not given her his love, and that her qualifications were ill adapted to win from him that treasure. This was the point—this was where the nerve was touched and teased—this was where the fever was sustained and fed : *she could not charm him.*

If she had managed the victory at once, and he had yielded and sincerely laid his heart at her feet, I should have covered my face, turned to the wall, and (figuratively) have died to them. If Miss Ingram had been a good and noble woman, endowed with force, fervor, kindness, sense, I should have had one vital struggle with two tigers—jealousy and despair ; then, my heart torn out and devoured, I should have admired her—acknowledged her excellence, and been quiet for the rest of my days ; and the more absolute her superiority, the deeper would have been my admiration—the more truly tranquil my quiescence. But as matters really stood, to watch Miss Ingram's efforts at fascinating Mr. Rochester—to witness their repeated failure—herself unconscious that they did fail—vainly fancying that each shaft lanced hit the mark, and infatuatedly pluming herself on success, when her pride and self-complacency repelled further and further what she wished to allure—to witness *this* was to be at once under ceaseless excitation and ruthless restraint.

Because, when she failed, I saw how she might have succeeded. Arrows that continually glanced off from Mr. Rochester's breast, and fell harmless at his feet, might, I knew, if shot by a surer hand, have quivered keen in his proud heart—have called love into his stern eye, and softness into his sardonic face ; or, better still, without weapons, a silent conquest might have been won.

"Why can she not influence him more, when she is privileged to draw so near to him ?" I asked myself. "Surely she can not truly like him, or not like him with true affection ! If she did, she need not coin her smiles so lavishly, flash her glances so unremittingly, manufacture airs so elaborate, graces so multitudinous. It seems to me that she might, by merely sitting quietly at his side, saying little and looking less, get nigher his heart. I have seen in his face a far different expression from that which hardens it now while she is so vivaciously accosting him ; but then it came of itself ; it was not elicited by meretricious arts and calculated manœuvres ; and one had but to accept it—to answer what he asked, without pretension, to address him, when needful, without grimace—and it increased, and grew kinder and more genial, and warmed one like a fostering sunbeam. How will she manage to please him when they are married ! I do not think she will manage it ; and yet it might be managed ; and his wife night, I verily believe, be the very happiest woman the sun shines on."

I have not yet said any thing condemnatory of Mr. Rochester's project of marrying for interest and connections. It surprised me when I first discovered that such was his intention, I had thought him a man unlikely to be influenced by motives so commonplace in his choice of a wife ; but the longer I considered the position, education, &c., of the parties, the less I felt justified in judging and blaming either him or

Miss Ingram, for acting in conformity to ideas and principles instilled into them, doubtless, from their childhood. All their class held these principles : I supposed, then, they had reasons for holding them such as I could not fathom. It seemed to me that, were I a gentleman like him, I would take to my bosom only such a wife as I could love ; but the very obviousness of the advantages to the husband's own happiness, offered by this plan, convinced me that there must be arguments against its general adoption of which I was quite ignorant, otherwise I felt sure all the world would act as I wished to act.

But in other points, as well as this, I was growing very lenient to my master : I was forgetting all his faults, for which I had once kept a sharp look-out. It had formerly been my endeavor to study all sides of his character—to take the bad with the good, and, from the just weighing of both, to form an equitable judgment. Now I saw no bad. The sarcasm that had repelled, the harshness that had startled me once, were only like keen condiments in a choice dish—their presence was pungent, but their absence would be felt as comparatively insipid. And as for the vague something—was it a sinister or a sorrowful, a designing or a desponding expression ?—that opened upon a careful observer, now and then, in his eye, and closed again before one could fathom the strange depth partially disclosed ; that something which used to make me fear and shrink, as if I had been wandering among volcanic-looking hills, and had suddenly felt the ground quiver and seen it gape ; that something I, at intervals, beheld still, and with throbbing heart, but not with palsied nerves. Instead of wishing to shun, I longed only to dare, to divine it ; and I thought Miss Ingram happy, because one day she might look into the abyss at her leisure, explore its secrets, and analyze their nature.

Meantime, while I thought only of my master and his future bride—saw only them, heard only their discourse, and considered only their movements of importance—the rest of the party were occupied with their own separate interests and pleasures. The ladies Lynn and Ingram continued to consort in solemn conferences ; where they nodded their two turbans at each other, and held up their four hands in confronting gestures of surprise, or mystery, or horror, according to the theme on which their gossip ran, like a pair of magnified puppets. Mild Mrs. Dent talked with good-natured Mrs. Eshton ; and the two sometimes bestowed a courteous word or smile on me. Sir George Lynn, Colonel Dent, and Mr. Eshton, discussed politics, or county affairs, or justice business. Lord Ingram flirted with Amy Eshton ; Louisa played and sang to and with one of the Messrs. Lynn ; and Mary Ingram listened languidly to the gallant speeches of the other. Sometimes all, as with one consent, suspended their by-play to observe and listen to the principal actors ; for, after all, Mr. Rochester, and, because closely connected with him, Miss Ingram, were the life and soul of the party. If he were absent from the room an hour, a perceptible dullness seemed to steal over the spirits of his guests ; and his re-entrance was sure to give a fresh impulse to the vivacity of conversation.

The want of his animating influence appeared to be peculiarly felt one day that he had been summoned to Millcote on business, and was not likely to return till late. The afternoon was wet; a walk the party had proposed to take to see a gipsy camp, lately pitched on a common beyond Hay, was consequently deferred. Some of the gentlemen were gone to the stables; the younger ones, together with the younger ladies, were playing billiards in the billiard-room. The dowagers Ingram and Lynn sought solace in a quiet game at cards. Blanche Ingram, after having repelled, by supercilious taciturnity, some efforts of Mrs. Dent and Mrs. Eshton to draw her into conversation, had first murmured over some sentimental tunes and airs on the piano, and then, having fetched a novel from the library, had flung herself in naughty listlessness on a sofa, and prepared to beguile, by the spell of fiction, the tedious hours of absence. The room and the house were silent; only now and then the merriment of the billiard players was heard from above.

It was verging on dusk, and the clock had already given warning of the hour to dress for dinner, when little Adèle, who knelt by me in the drawing-room window-seat, exclaimed:

"Voilà Monsieur Rochester, qui revient!"

I turned, and Miss Ingram darted forward from her sofa: the others, too, looked up from their several occupations; for, at the same time, a crunching of wheels, and a splashing tramp of horse-hoofs became audible on the wet gravel. A post-chaise was approaching.

"What can possess him to come home in that style?" said Miss Ingram. "He rode Mesrour (the black horse), did he not, when he went out? and Pilot was with him. What has he done with the animals?"

As she said this, she approached her tall person and ample garments so near the window, that I was obliged to bend back almost to the breaking of my spine: in her eagerness she did not observe me at first, but when she did, she curled her lip and moved to another casement. The post-chaise stopped; the driver rang the door-bell, and a gentleman alighted, attired in traveling garb; but it was not Mr. Rochester; it was a tall, fashionable-looking man, a stranger.

"Provoking!" exclaimed Miss Ingram: "you tiresome monkey!" (apostrophizing Adèle), "who perched you up in the window to give false intelligence?" and she cast on me an angry glance, as if I were in fault.

Some parleying was audible in the hall, and soon the new-comer entered. He bowed to Lady Ingram, as deeming her the eldest lady present.

"It appears I come at an inopportune time, madam," said he, "when my friend, Mr. Rochester, is from home; but I arrive from a long journey, and I think I may presume so far on old and intimate acquaintance as to install myself here till he returns."

His manner was polite; his accent, in speaking, struck me as being somewhat unusual—not precisely foreign, but still not altogether English; his age might be about Mr. Rochester's, between thirty and forty; his complexion was singularly sallow: otherwise he was a fine-looking man, at first sight especially. On closer examination, you detected something in his face

that displeased, or, rather, that failed to please. His features were regular, but too relaxed; his eye was large and well cut, but the life looking out of it was a tame, vacant life; at least so I thought.

The sound of the dressing-bell dispersed the party. It was not till after dinner that I saw him again; he then seemed quite at his ease. But I liked his physiognomy even less than before; it struck me as being, at the same time, unsettled and inanimate. His eye wandered, and had no meaning in its wandering; this gave him an odd look, such as I never remembered to have seen. For a handsome and not an unamiable-looking man, he repelled me exceedingly; there was no power in that smooth-skinned face of a full oval shape; no firmness in that aquiline nose and small, cherry mouth; there was no thought on the low, even forehead; no command in that blank, brown eye.

As I sat in my usual nook, and looked at him with the light of the girandoles on the mantle-piece beaming full over him—for he occupied an arm-chair, drawn close to the fire, and kept shrinking still nearer, as if he were cold—I compared him with Mr. Rochester. I think (with deference be it spoken) the contrast could not be much greater between a sleek gander and a fierce falcon: between a meek sheep and the rough-coated keen-eyed dog, its guardian.

He had spoken of Mr. Rochester as an old friend. A curious friendship theirs must have been: a pointed illustration, indeed, of the old adage that "extremes meet."

Two or three of the gentlemen sat near him, and I caught at times scraps of their conversation across the room. At first I could not make much sense of what I heard; for the discourse of Louisa Eshton and Mary Ingram, who sat nearer to me, confused the fragmentary sentences that reached me at intervals. These last were discussing the stranger; they both called him "a beautiful man." Louisa said he was "a love of a creature," and she "adored him;" and Mary instanced his "pretty little mouth, and nice nose," as her ideal of the charming.

"And what a sweet-tempered forehead he has!" cried Louisa; "so smooth—none of those frowning irregularities I dislike so much; and such a placid eye and smile!"

And then, to my great relief, Mr. Henry Lynn summoned them to the other side of the room, to settle some point about the deferred excursion to Hay Common.

I was now able to concentrate my attention on the group by the fire, and I presently gathered that the new-comer was called Mr. Mason; then I learned that he was but just arrived in England, and that he came from some hot country, which was the reason, doubtless, his face was so sallow, and that he sat so near the hearth, and wore a surtout in the house. Presently the words Jamaica, Kingston, Spanish Town, indicated the West Indies as his residence; and it was with no little surprise I gathered, ere long, that he had there first seen and become acquainted with Mr. Rochester. He spoke of his friend's dislike of the burning heats, the hurricanes, and rainy seasons of that region. I knew Mr. Rochester had been a traveler; Mrs. Fairfax had said so; but I



thought the continent of Europe had bounded his wanderings; till now I had never heard a hint given of visits to more distant shores.

I was pondering these things, when an incident, and a somewhat unexpected one, broke the thread of my musings. Mr. Mason, shivering as some one chanced to open the door, asked for more coal to be put on the fire, which had burned out its flame, though its mass of cinder still shone hot and red. The footman who brought the coal, in going out, stopped near Mr. Eshton's chair, and said something to him in a low voice, of which I heard only the words, "old woman"—"quite troublesome."

"Tell her she shall be put in the stocks, if she does not take herself off," replied the magistrate.

"No, stop!" interrupted Colonel Dent. "Don't send her away, Eshton; we might turn the thing to account—better consult the ladies." And speaking aloud, he continued, "Ladies, you talked of going to Hay Common to visit the gipsy camp; Sam, here, says that one of the old Mother Bunches is in the servants' hall at this moment, and insists upon being brought in before 'the quality,' to tell them their fortunes. Would you like to see her?"

"Surely, colonel, cried Lady Ingram, "you would not encourage such a low impostor? Dismiss her, by all means, at once!"

"But I can not persuade her to go away, my lady," said the footman; "nor can any of the servants; Mrs. Fairfax is with her just now, entreating her to be gone; but she has taken a chair in the chimney-corner, and says nothing shall stir her from it till she gets leave to come in here."

"What does she want?" asked Mrs. Eshton.

"To tell the gentry their fortunes," she says, ma'am; and she swears she must and will do it."

"What is she like?" inquired the misses Eshton, in a breath.

"A shockingly ugly old creature, miss; almost as black as a crock."

"Why, she's a real sorceress!" cried Frederick Lynn. "Let us have her in, of course."

"To be sure," rejoined his brother; "it would be a thousand pities to throw away such a chance of fun."

"My dear boys, what are you thinking about?" exclaimed Lady Lynn.

"I can not possibly countenance any such inconsistent proceeding," chimed in the Dowager Ingram.

"Indeed, mamma, but you can—and will," pronounced the haughty voice of Blanche, as she turned round on the piano-stool, where till now she had sat silent, apparently examining sundry sheets of music. "I have a curiosity to hear my fortune told; therefore, Sam, order the beldame forward."

"My darling Blanche! recollect—"

"I do—I recollect all you can suggest; and I must have my will—quick, Sam!"

"Yes—yes—yes!" cried all the juveniles, both ladies and gentlemen. "Let her come—it will be excellent sport!"

The footman still lingered. "She looks such a rough one," said he.

"Go!" ejaculated Miss Ingram, and the man went.

Excitement instantly seized the whole party a running fire of raillery and jests was proceeding when Sam returned.

"She won't come now," said he. "She says it's not her mission to appear before the 'vulgar herd' (them's her words). I must show her into a room by herself, and then those who wish to consult her must go to her one by one."

"You see now, my queenly Blanche," began Lady Ingram, "she encroaches. Be advised, my angel-girl—and—"

"Show her into the library, of course," cut in the "angel-girl." "It is not my mission to listen to her before the vulgar herd either; I mean to have her all to myself. Is there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, ma'am—but she looks such a tinkler."

"Cease that chatter, blockhead! and do my bidding."

Again Sam vanished; and mystery, animation, expectation rose to full flow once more.

"She's ready now," said the footman as he reappeared. "She wishes to know who will be her first visitor."

"I think I had better just look in upon her before any of the ladies go," said Colonel Dent. Tell her, Sam, a gentleman is coming."

Sam went and returned.

"She says, sir, that she'll have no gentlemen; they need not trouble themselves to come near her; nor," he added, with difficulty suppressing a titter, "any ladies either, except the young and single."

"By Jove, she has taste!" exclaimed Henry Lynn.

Miss Ingram rose solemnly, "I go first," she said, in a tone which might have befitted the leader of a forlorn hope, mounting a breach in the van of his men.

"Oh, my best! oh, my dearest! pause—reflect!" was her mamma's cry; but she swept past her in stately silence, passed through the door which Colonel Dent held open, and we heard her enter the library.

A comparative silence ensued. Lady Ingram thought it "le cas" to wring her hands, which she did accordingly. Miss Mary declared she felt, for her part, she never dared venture. Amy and Louisa Eshton tittered under their breath, and looked a little frightened.

The minutes passed very slowly—fifteen were counted before the library-door again opened. Miss Ingram returned to us through the arch.

Would she laugh? Would she take it as a joke? All eyes met her with a glance of eager curiosity, and she met all eyes with one of rebuff and coldness; she looked neither flurried nor merry; she walked stiffly to her seat, and took it in silence.

"Well, Blanche?" said Lord Ingram.

"What did she say, sister?" asked Mary.

"What did you think? How do you feel? Is she a real fortune-teller," demanded the misses Eshton.

"Now, now, good people," returned Miss Ingram, "don't press upon me. Really your organs of wonder and credulity are easily excited; you seem by the importance you all—my good mamma included—scribe to this matter absolutely to believe we have a genuine witch in the

house, who is in close alliance with the old gentleman. I have seen a gipsy vagabond; she has practiced in hackneyed fashion the science of palmistry, and told me what such people usually tell. My whim is gratified; and now, I think, Mr. Eshton will do well to put the hag in the stocks to-morrow morning, as he threatened."

Miss Ingram took a book, leaned back in her chair, and so declined further conversation. I watched her for nearly half an hour—during all that time she never turned a page, and her face grew momentarily darker, more dissatisfied, and more sourly expressive of disappointment. She had obviously not heard any thing to her advantage; and it seemed to me, from her prolonged fit of gloom and taciturnity, that she herself, notwithstanding her professed indifference, attached undue importance to whatever revelations had been made her.

Meantime, Mary Ingram, Amy and Louisa Eshton declared they dared not go alone; and yet they all wished to go. A negotiation was opened through the medium of the ambassador, Sam; and after much pacing to and fro, till, I think, the said Sam's calves must have ached with the exercise, permission was at last, with great difficulty, extorted from the rigorous sibyl, for the three to wait upon her in a body.

Their visit was not so still as Miss Ingram's had been; we heard hysterical giggling and little shrieks proceeding from the library; and at the end of about twenty minutes they burst the door open, and came running across the hall, as if they were half scared out of their wits.

"I'm sure she is something not right!" they cried, one and all. "She told us such things! She knows all about us!" and they sunk breathless into the various seats the gentlemen hastened to bring them.

Pressed for further explanation, they declared she had told them of things they had said and done when they were mere children; described books and ornaments they had in their boudoirs at home; keepsakes that different relations had presented to them. They affirmed that she had even divined their thoughts, and had whispered in the ear of each the name of the person she liked best in the world, and informed them of what they most wished for.

Here the gentlemen interposed with earnest petitions to be further enlightened on these two last-named points; but they got only blushes, ejaculations, tremors, and titters in return for their importunity. The matrons, meantime, offered vinaigrettes and wielded fans; and again and again reiterated the expression of their concern that their warning had not been taken in time; and the elder gentlemen laughed, and the younger urged their services on the agitated fair ones.

In the midst of the tumult, and while my eyes and ears were fully engaged in the scene before me, I heard a hem close at my elbow: I turned and saw Sam.

"If you please, miss, the gipsy declares that there is another young single lady in the room who has not been to her yet, and she swears she will not go till she has seen all. I thought it must be you; there is no one else for it. What shall I tell her?"

"Oh, I will go by all means," I answered;

and I was glad of the unexpected opportunity to gratify my much-excited curiosity. I slipped out of the room, unobserved by any eye, for the company were gathered in one mass about the trembling trio just returned, and I closed the door quietly behind me.

"If you like, miss, said Sam, "I'll wait in the hall for you; and if she frightens you, just call and I'll come in."

"No, Sam, return to the kitchen—I am not in the least afraid." Nor was I; but I was a good deal interested and excited

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE library looked tranquil enough as I entered it, and the sibyl—if sibyl she were—was seated snugly enough in an easy-chair at the chimney-corner. She had on a red cloak and a black bonnet, or, rather, a broad-brimmed gipsy hat, tied down with a striped handkerchief under her chin. An extinguished candle stood on the table; she was bending over the fire, and seemed reading in a little black book, like a prayer-book, by the light of the blaze; she muttered the words to herself, as most old women do, while she read. She did not desist immediately on my entrance; it appeared she wished to finish a paragraph.

I stood on the rug and warmed my hands, which were rather cold with sitting at a distance from the drawing-room fire. I felt now as composed as ever I did in my life; there was nothing, indeed, in the gipsy's appearance to trouble one's calm. She shut her book and slowly looked up; her hat-brim partially shaded her face, yet I could see, as she raised it, that it was a strange one. It looked all brown and black; elf-locks bristled out from beneath a white band which passed under her chin, and came half over her cheeks, or, rather, jaws; her eye confronted me at once with a bold and direct gaze.

"Well, and you want your fortune told?" she said in a voice as decided as her glance, as harsh as her features.

"I don't care about it, mother; you may please yourself; but I ought to warn you, I have no faith."

"It's like your impudence to say so; I expected it of you; I heard it in your step as you crossed the threshold."

"Did you? You've a quick ear."

"I have—and a quick eye, and a quick brain."

"You need them all in your trade."

"I do; especially when I've customers like you to deal with. Why don't you tremble?"

"I'm not cold."

"Why don't you turn pale?"

"I am not sick."

"Why don't you consult my art?"

"I'm not silly."

The old crone "nichered" a laugh under her bonnet and bandage; she then drew out a short, black pipe, and, lighting it, began to smoke. Having indulged a while in this sedative, she raised her bent body, took the pipe from her lips, and, while gazing steadily at the fire, said, very deliberately:

"You are cold; you are sick; and you are silly."

"Pro e it," I rejoined.

"I will, in few words. You are cold because you are alone; no contact strikes the fire from you that is in you; you are sick, because the best of feelings, the highest and the sweetest given to man, keeps far away from you; you are silly, because, suffer as you may, you will not beckon it to approach, nor will you stir one step to meet it where it awaits you."

She again put her short, black pipe to her lips, and renewed her smoking with vigor.

"You might say all that to almost any one who you knew lived as a solitary dependent in a great house."

"I might say it to almost any one; but would it be true of almost any one?"

"In my circumstances."

"Yes; just so, in *your* circumstances: but find me another precisely placed as you are."

"It would be easy to find you thousands."

"You could scarcely find me one. If you knew it, you are peculiarly situated: very near happiness; yes; within reach of it. The materials are all prepared; there only wants a movement to combine them. Chance laid them somewhat apart; let them be once approached and bliss results."

"I don't understand enigmas. I never could guess a riddle in my life."

"If you wish me to speak more plainly, show me your palm."

"And I must cross it with silver, I suppose?"

"To be sure."

I gave her a shilling; she put it into an old stocking-foot which she took out of her pocket, and having tied it round and returned it, she told me to hold out my hand. I did. She approached her face to the palm, and pored over it without touching it.

"It is too fine," said she. "I can make nothing of such a hand as that; almost without lines; besides, what is in a palm? Destiny is not written there."

"I believe you," said I.

"No," she continued, "it is in the face; on the forehead, about the eyes, in the eyes themselves, in the lines of the mouth. Kneel, and lift up your head."

"Ah! Now you are coming to reality," I said, as I obeyed her. "I shall begin to put some faith in you presently."

I knelt within half a yard of her. She stirred the fire, so that a ripple of light broke from the disturbed coal; the glare, however, as she sat, only threw her face into deeper shadow; mine, it illumined.

"I wonder with what feelings you came to me to-night," she said, when she had examined me a while. "I wonder what thoughts are busy in your heart during all the hours you sit in yonder room with the fine people flitting before you like shapes in a magic-lantern: just as little sympathetic communion passing between you and them as if they were really mere shadows of human forms and not the actual substance."

"I feel tired often, sleepy sometimes; but seldom sad."

"Then you have some secret hope to buoy you up and please you with whispers of the future?"

"Not I. The utmost I hope is, to save

money enough out of my earnings to set up a school some day in a little house rented by myself."

"A mean nutriment for the spirit to exist on: and sitting in that window-seat (you see I know your habits);—"

"You have learned them from the servants."

"Ah! You think yourself sharp. Well—perhaps I have: to speak truth, I have an acquaintance with one of them—Mrs. Poole—"

I started to my feet when I heard the name

"You have—have you?" thought I; "there is diablerie in the business after all, then!"

"Don't be alarmed," continued the strange being; "she's a safe hand, is Mrs. Poole: close and quiet; any one may repose confidence in her. But, as I was saying: sitting in that window-seat, do you think of nothing but your future school? Have you no present interest in any of the company who occupy the sofas and chairs before you? Is there not one face you study? One figure whose movements you follow with, at least, curiosity?"

"I like to observe all the faces, and all the figures."

"But do you never single one from the rest—or it may be, two?"

"I do frequently; when the gestures or looks of a pair seem telling a tale; it amuses me to watch them."

"What tale do you like best to hear?"

"Oh, I have not much choice! They generally run on the same theme—courtship; and promise to end in the same catastrophe—marriage."

"And do you like that monotonous theme?"

"Positively I don't care about it: it is nothing to me."

"Nothing to you? When a lady, young and full of life and health, charming with beauty and endowed with the gifts of rank and fortune, sits and smiles in the eyes of a gentleman you—"

"I what?"

"You know—and, perhaps, think well of."

"I don't know the gentlemen here. I have scarcely interchanged a syllable with one of them; and as to thinking well of them, I consider some respectable and stately, and middle-aged, and others young, dashing, handsome, and lively; but certainly they are all at liberty to be the recipients of whose smiles they please, without my feeling disposed to consider the transaction of any moment to me."

"You don't know the gentlemen here? You have not exchanged a syllable with one of them? Will you say that of the master of the house?"

"He is not at home."

"A profound remark! A most ingenious quibble! He went to Millcote this morning, and will be back here to-night, or to-morrow: does that circumstance exclude him from the list of your acquaintance—blot him, as it were, out of existence?"

"No; but I can scarcely see what Mr. Rochester has to do with the theme you had introduced."

"I was talking of ladies smiling in the eyes of gentlemen; and of late so many smiles have been shed into Mr. Rochester's eyes, that they

overflow like two cups filled above the brim; have you never remarked that?"

"Mr. Rochester has a right to enjoy the society of his guests."

"No question about his right: but have you never observed that, of all the tales told here about matrimony, Mr. Rochester has been favored with the most lively and the most continuous?"

"The eagerness of a listener quickens the tongue of a narrator." I said this rather to myself than to the gipsy; whose strange talk, voice, manner had by this time wrapped me in a kind of dream. One unexpected sentence came from her lips after another, till I got involved in a web of mystification; and wondered what unseen spirit had been sitting for weeks by my heart, watching its workings, and taking record of every pulse.

"Eagerness of a listener!" repeated she; "yes; Mr. Rochester has sat by the hour, his ear inclined to the fascinating lips that took such delight in their task of communicating; and Mr. Rochester was so willing to receive, and looked so grateful for the pastime given him: you have noticed this?"

"Grateful! I can not remember detecting gratitude in his face."

"Detecting! You have analyzed, then. And what did you detect, if not gratitude?"

I said nothing.

"You have seen love: have you not?—and, looking forward, you have seen him married, and beheld his bride happy?"

"Humph! Not exactly. Your witch's skill is rather at fault sometimes."

"What the devil have you seen, then?"

"Never mind: I came here to inquire, not to confess. Is it known that Mr. Rochester is to be married?"

"Yes; and to the beautiful Miss Ingram."

"Shortly."

"Appearances would warrant that conclusion; and, no doubt (though, with an audacity that wants chastising out of you, you seem to question it), they will be a superlatively happy pair. He must love such a handsome, noble, witty, accomplished lady; and probably she loves him; or, if not his person, at least his purse. I know she considers the Rochester estate eligible to the last degree; though (God pardon me!) I told her something on that point about an hour ago, which made her look wondrous grave; the corners of her mouth fell half an inch. I would advise her black-a-vised suitor to look out; if another comes, with a longer or clearer rent-roll, he's dished."

"But, mother, I did not come to hear Mr. Rochester's fortune; I came to hear my own, and you have told me nothing of it."

"Your fortune is yet doubtful; when I examined your face, one trait contradicted another. Chance has meted you a measure of happiness; that I know. I knew it before I came here this evening. She has laid it carefully on one side for you; I saw her do it; it depends on yourself to stretch out your hand, and take it up; but whether you will do so, is the problem I study. Kneel again on the rug."

"Don't keep me long—the fire scorches me."

I knelt; she did not stoop toward me, but only

gazed, leaning back in her chair. She began muttering:

"The flame flickers in the eye—the eye shines like dew; it looks soft and full of feeling—it smiles at my jargon—it is susceptible; impression follows impression through its clear sphere; when it ceases to smile, it is sad—an unconscious lassitude weighs on the lid, that signifies melancholy resulting from loneliness; it turns from me; it will not suffer further scrutiny; it seems to deny, by a mocking glance, the truth of the discoveries I have already made—to disown the charge both of sensibility and chagrin; its pride and reserve only confirm me in my opinion. The eye is favorable."

"As to the mouth, it delights at times in laughter; it is disposed to impart all that the brain conceives, though, I dare say, it would be silent on much the heart experiences. Mobile and flexible, it was never intended to be compressed in the eternal silence of solitude; it is a mouth which should speak much and smile often, and have human affection for its interlocutor. That feature, too, is propitious."

"I see no enemy to a fortunate issue but in the brow; and that brow professes to say—I can live alone, if self-respect and circumstances require me so to do. I need not sell my soul to buy bliss. I have an inward treasure, born with me, which can keep me alive if all extraneous delights should be withheld, or offered only at a price I can not afford to give." The forehead declares—"Reason sits firm and holds the reins, and she will not let the feelings burst away and hurry her to wild chasms. The passions may rage furiously, like true heathens, as they are, and the desires may imagine all sorts of vain things; but judgment shall still have the last word in every argument, and the casting vote in every decision. Strong wind, earthquake, shock, and fire may pass by, I shall follow the guiding but of that still small voice which interprets the dictates of conscience."

"Well said, forehead: your declaration shall be respected. I have formed my plans—right plans I deem them—and in them I have attended to the claims of conscience, the counsels of reason. I know how soon youth would fade and bloom perish, if, in the cup of bliss offered, but one drop of shame, or one flavor of remorse were detected; and I do not want sacrifice, sorrow, dissolution—such is not my taste. I wish to foster, not to blight—to earn gratitude, not to wring tears of blood—no, nor of brine; my harvest must be in smiles, in endearments, in sweet—that will do. I think I rave in a kind of exquisite delirium. I should wish now to protract this moment *ad infinitum*, but I dare not. So far I have governed myself thoroughly. I have acted as I inwardly swore I would act; but farther might try me beyond my strength. Rise, Miss Eyre, leave me; 'the play is played out.'"

Where was I? Did I wake or sleep? Had I been dreaming? Did I dream still? The old woman's voice had changed. Her accent, her gesture, and all, were familiar to me as my own face in the glass—as the speech of my own tongue. I got up, but did not go. I looked; I

stirred the fire, and I looked again; but she drew her bonnet and her bandage closer about her face, and again beckoned me to depart. The flame illuminated her hand stretched out. Roused now, and on the alert for discoveries, I at once noticed that hand; it was no more the withered limb of old than my own; it was a rounded, supple member, with smooth fingers, symmetrically turned; a broad ring flashed on the little finger, and, stooping forward, I looked at it, and saw a gem I had seen a hundred times before. Again I looked at the face, which was no longer turned from me; on the contrary, the bonnet was doffed, the bandage displaced, the head advanced.

"Well, Jane, do you know me?" asked the familiar voice.

"Only take off the red cloak, sir, and then—"

"But the string is in a knot—help me."

"Break it, sir."

"There, then—'Off, ye lendings!'" And Mr. Rochester stepped out of his disguise.

"Now, sir, what a strange idea!"

"But well carried out, eh! Don't you think so?"

"With the ladies you must have managed well."

"But not with you."

"You did not act the character of a gipsy with me."

"What character did I act? My own?"

"No; some unaccountable one. In short, I believe you have been trying to draw me out—or in. You have been talking nonsense to make me talk nonsense. It is scarcely fair, sir."

"Do you forgive me, Jane?"

"I can not tell till I have thought it all over. If, on reflection, I find I have fallen into no great absurdity, I shall try to forgive you; but it was not right."

"Oh, you have been very correct, very careful, very sensible!"

I reflected, and thought, on the whole, I had. It was a comfort; but, indeed, I had been on my guard almost from the beginning of the interview. Something of masquerade I suspected. I knew gipsies and fortune-tellers did not express themselves as this seeming old woman had expressed herself; besides, I had noted her feigned voice—her anxiety to conceal her features. But my mind had been running on Grace Poole—that living enigma—that mystery of mysteries, as I considered her; I had never thought of Mr. Rochester.

"Well," said he, "what are you musing about! What does that grave smile signify?"

"Wonder and self congratulation, sir. I have your permission to retire, now, I suppose?"

"No; stay a moment, and tell me what the people in the drawing-room, yonder, are doing."

"Discussing the gipsy, I dare say."

"Sit down, sit down! Let me hear what they said about me."

"I had better not stay long, sir; it must be near eleven o'clock. Oh! are you aware, Mr. Rochester, that a stranger has arrived here since you left this morning?"

"A stranger!—no; who can it be? I expected no one; is he gone?"

"No; he said he had known you long, and that he could take the liberty of installing himself here till you returned."

"The devil he did! Did he give his name?"

"His name is Mason, sir; and he comes from the West Indies—from Spanish Town, in Jamaica, I think."

Mr. Rochester was standing near me; he had taken my hand, as if to lead me to a chair. As I spoke, he gave my wrist a convulsive grasp; the smile on his lip froze—apparently a spasm caught his breath.

"Mason!—the West Indies!" he said, in the tone one might fancy a speaking automaton to enounce its single words; "Mason! the West Indies!" he reiterated; and he went over the syllables three times, growing, in the intervals of speaking, whiter than ashes: he hardly seemed to know what he was doing.

"Do you feel ill, sir?" I inquired.

"Jane, I've got a blow; I've got a blow, Jane!" He staggered.

"Oh! lean on me, sir."

"Jane, you offered me your shoulder once before; let me have it now."

"Yes, sir, yes; and my arm."

He sat down, and made me sit beside him. Holding my hand in both of his own, he chafed it, gazing on me, at the same time, with the most troubled and dreary look.

"My little friend!" said he, "I wish I were in a quiet island with only you, and trouble, and danger, and hideous recollections removed from me."

"Can I help you, sir? I'd give my life to serve you."

"Jane, if aid is wanted, I'll seek it at your hands—I promise you that."

"Thank you, sir; tell me what to do—I'll try, at least, to do it."

"Fetch me now, Jane, a glass of wine from the dining-room—they will be at supper there; and tell me if Mason is with them, and what he is doing."

I went. I found all the party in the dining room at supper, as Mr. Rochester had said; they were not seated at table—the supper was arranged on the sideboard; each had taken what he chose, and they stood about, here and there, in groups, their plates and glasses in their hands. Every one seemed in high glee; laughter and conversation were general and animated. Mr. Mason stood near the fire, talking to Colonel and Mrs. Dent, and appeared as merry as any of them. I filled a wine-glass (I saw Miss Ingram watch me frowningly as I did so: she thought I was taking a liberty, I dare say), and I returned to the library.

Mr. Rochester's extreme pallor had disappeared, and he looked once more firm and stern. He took the glass from my hand.

"Here is your health, ministrant spirit!" he said: he swallowed the contents and returned it to me. "What are they doing, Jane?"

"Laughing and talking, sir."

"They don't look grave and mysterious, as if they had heard something strange?"

"Not at all; they are full of jests and gayety."

"And Mason?"

"He was laughing too."

"If all these people came in a body and spit at me, what would you do, Jane?"

"Turn them out of the room, sir, if I could."

He half smiled. "But if I were to go to them, and they only looked at me coldly, and whispered sneeringly among each other, and then dropped off and left me one by one, what then? Would you go with them?"

"I rather think not, sir; I should have more pleasure in staying with you."

"To comfort me."

"Yes, sir, to comfort you, as well as I could."

"And if they laid you under a ban for adhering to me?"

"I, probably, should know nothing about their ban; and if I did, I should care nothing about it."

"Then, you could dare censure for my sake?"

"I could dare it for the sake of any friend who deserved my adherence, as you, I am sure, do."

"Go back now into the room; step quietly up to Mason, and whisper in his ear that Mr. Rochester is come and wishes to see him; show him in here, and then leave me."

"Yes, sir."

I did his behest. The company all stared at me as I passed straight among them. I sought Mr. Mason, delivered the message, and preceded him from the room: I ushered him into the library, and then I went up stairs.

At a late hour, after I had been in bed some time, I heard the visitors repair to their chambers: I distinguished Mr. Rochester's voice, and heard him say, "This way, Mason; this is your room."

He spoke cheerfully: the gay tones set my heart at ease. I was soon asleep.

## CHAPTER XX

I HAD forgotten to draw my curtain, which I usually did, and also to let down my window-blind. The consequence was, that when the moon, which was full and bright (for the night was fine), came in her course to that space in the sky opposite my casement, and looked in at me through the unveiled panes, her glorious gaze roused me. Awaking in the dead of night, I opened my eyes on her disk—silver-white and crystal-clear. It was beautiful, but too solemn; I half rose, and stretched my arm to draw the curtain.

Good God! What a cry!

The night—its silence—its rest, was rent in twain by a savage, a sharp, a shrilly sound that ran from end to end of Thornfield Hall.

My pulse stopped—my heart stood still—my stretched arm was paralyzed. The cry died, and was not renewed. Indeed, whatever being uttered that fearful shriek could not soon repeat it: not the widest-winged condor on the Andes could, twice in succession, send out such a yell from the cloud shrouding his eyry. The thing delivering such utterance must rest ere it could repeat the effort.

It came out of the third story; for it passed overhead. And overhead—yes, in the room just above my chamber-ceiling—I now heard a

struggle: a deadly one it seemed from the noise; and a half-smothered voice shouted—

"Help! help! help!" three times rapidly.

"Will no one come?" it cried; and then, while the staggering and stamping went on wildly, I distinguished, through plank and plaster—

"Rochester! Rochester! For God's sake. Come!"

A chamber-door opened; some one ran, or rushed, along the gallery. Another step stamped on the flooring above, and something fell; and there was silence.

I had put on some clothes, though horror shook all my limbs: I issued from my apartment. The sleepers were all aroused; ejaculations, terrified murmurs sounded in every room; door after door unclosed; one looked out and another looked out; the gallery filled. Gentlemen and ladies alike had quitted their beds; and "Oh! What is it?"—"Who is hurt?"—"What has happened?"—"Fetch a light!"—"Is it fire?"—"Are there robbers?"—"Where shall we run?" was demanded confusedly on all hands. But for the moonlight they would have been in complete darkness. They ran to and fro; they crowded together: some sobbed, some stumbled; the confusion was inextricable.

"Where the devil is Rochester?" cried Colonel Dent. "I can not find him in his bed."

"Here! here!" was shouted in return "Be composed, all of you; I'm coming."

And the door at the end of the gallery opened, and Mr. Rochester advanced with a candle; he had just descended from the upper story. One of the ladies ran to him directly; she seized his arm; it was Miss Ingram.

"What awful event has taken place!" said she. "Speak! let us know the worst at once!"

"But don't pull me down or strangle me," he replied; for the Misses Eshton were clinging about him now; and the two dowagers, in vast white wrappers, were bearing down on him like ships in full sail.

"All's right!—all's right!" he cried. "It's a mere rehearsal of much ado about nothing. Ladies, keep off, or I shall wax dangerous."

And dangerous he looked; his black eyes darted sparks. Calming himself by an effort, he added,

"A servant has had the nightmare; that is all. She's an excitable, nervous person; she construed her dream into an apparition, or something of that sort, no doubt; and has taken a fit with fright. Now, then, I must see you all back into your rooms; for, till the house is settled, she can not be looked after. Gentlemen, have the goodness to set the ladies the example. Miss Ingram, I am sure you will not fail in evincing superiority to idle terrors. Amy and Louisa, return to your nests like a pair of doves, as you are. Mesdames (to the dowagers), you will take cold to a dead certainty, if you stay in this chill gallery any longer."

And so, by dint of alternate coaxing and commanding, he contrived to get them all once more inclosed in their separate dormitories. I did not wait to be ordered back to mine, but retreated unnoticed, as unnoticed I had left it.

Not, however, to go to bed; on the contrary, I began and dressed myself carefully. The sounds I had heard after the scream, and the words that had been uttered, had probably been heard only by me; for they had proceeded from the room above mine: but they assured me that it was not a servant's dream which had thus struck horror through the house; and that the explanation Mr. Rochester had given was merely an invention framed to pacify his guests. I dressed, then, to be ready for emergencies. When dressed, I sat a long time by the window, looking out over the silent grounds and silvered fields, and waiting for I knew not what. It seemed to me that some event must follow the strange cry, struggle, and call.

No; stillness returned; each murmur and movement ceased gradually, and, in about an hour, Thornfield Hall was again as hushed as a desert. It seemed that sleep and night had resumed their empire. Meantime the moon declined; she was about to set. Not liking to sit in the cold and darkness, I thought I would lie down on my bed, dressed as I was. I left the window, and moved with little noise across the carpet; as I stooped to take off my shoes, a cautious hand tapped low at the door.

"Am I wanted?" I asked.

"Are you up?" asked the voice I expected to hear, viz., my master's.

"Yes, sir."

"And dressed?"

"Yes."

"Come out, then, quietly."

I obeyed. Mr. Rochester stood in the gallery, holding a light.

"I want you," he said; "come this way; spare your time, and make no noise."

My slippers were thin; I could walk the matted floor as softly as a cat. He glided up the gallery and up the stairs, and stopped in the dark, low corridor of the fateful third story; I had followed and stood at his side.

"Have you a sponge in your room?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any salts—volatile salts?"

"Yes."

"Go back and fetch both."

I returned, sought the sponge on the wash-stand, the salts in my drawer, and once more retraced my steps. He still waited; he held a key in his hand: approaching one of the small, black doors, he put it in the lock; he paused and addressed me again.

"You don't turn sick at the sight of blood?"

"I think I shall not; I have never been tried yet."

I felt a thrill while I answered him; but no coldness, and no faintness.

"Just give me your hand," he said, "it will not do to risk a fainting fit."

I put my fingers into his. "Warm and steady," was his remark: he turned the key and opened the door.

I saw a room I remembered to have seen before, the day Mrs. Fairfax showed me over the house; it was hung with tapestry; but the tapestry was now looped up in one part, and there was a door apparent, which had then been concealed. This door was open; a light shone out of the room within; I heard thence

a snarling, snatching sound, almost like a dog quarrelling. Mr. Rochester, putting down his candle, said to me, "Wait a minute," and he went forward to the inner apartment. A shout of laughter greeted his entrance; noisy at first, and terminating in Grace Poole's own goblin ha! ha! *She*, then, was there. He made some sort of arrangement, without speaking; though I heard a low voice address him: he came out and closed the door behind him.

"Here, Jane!" he said; and I walked round to the other side of a large bed, which, with its drawn curtains, concealed a considerable portion of the chamber. An easy-chair was near the bed-head: a man sat in it, dressed, with the exception of his coat; he was still; his head leaned back; his eyes were closed. Mr. Rochester held the candle over him; I recognized in his pale and seemingly lifeless face—the stranger, Mason: I saw, too, that his linen on one side, and one arm, was almost soaked in blood.

"Hold the candle," said Mr. Rochester, and I took it; he fetched a basin of water from the wash-stand: "hold that," said he. I obeyed. He took the sponge, dipped it in and moistened the corpse-like face: he asked for my smelling-bottle, and applied it to the nostrils. Mr. Mason shortly unclosed his eyes; he groaned. Mr. Rochester opened the shirt of the wounded man, whose arm and shoulder were bandaged: he sponged away blood, trickling fast down.

"Is there immediate danger," murmured Mr. Mason.

"Pooh! No—a mere scratch. Don't be so overcome, man: bear up! I'll fetch a surgeon for you now, myself—you'll be able to be removed by morning, I hope. Jane—" he continued.

"Sir?"

"I shall have to leave you in this room with this gentlemen for an hour, or, perhaps, two hours; you will sponge the blood as I do when it returns: if he feels faint, you will put the glass of water on that stand, to his lips, and your salts to his nose. You will not speak to him on any pretext—and, Richard, it will be at the peril of your life you speak to her; open your lips—agitate yourself—and I'll not answer for the consequences."

Again the poor man groaned; he looked as if he dared not move—fear, either of death or of something else, appeared almost to paralyze him. Mr. Rochester put the now bloody sponge into my hand, and I proceeded to use it as he had done. He watched me a second, then saying, "Remember!—no conversation," he left the room. I experienced a strange feeling as the key grated in the lock, and the sound of his retreating step ceased to be heard.

Here then I was in the third story, fastened into one of its mystic cells—night around me—a pale and bloody spectacle under my eyes and hands—a murderess hardly separated from me by a single door: yes—that was appalling—the rest I could bear; but I shuddered at the thought of Grace Poole bursting out upon me.

I must keep to my post, however. I must watch this ghastly countenance—these blue, still lips forbidden to unclosethese eyes now shut, now opening, now wandering through the room, now fixing on me, and ever glazed with

the dullness of horror. I must dip my hand again and again in the basin of blood and water, and wipe away the trickling gore. I must see the light of the unsnuffed candle wane on my employment; the shadows darken on the wrought, antique tapestry round me, and grow black under the hangings of the vast old bed, and quiver strangely over the doors of a great cabinet of *posite*—whose front, divided into twelve panels, bore, in grim design, the heads of the twelve apostles, each inclosed in its separate panel as in a frame; while above them at the top rose an ebon crucifix and a dying Christ.

According as the shifting obscurity and flickering gleam hovered here or glanced there, it was now the bearded physician, Luke, that bent his brow; now St. John's long hair that waved; and anon the devilish face of Judas, that grew out of the panel and seemed gathering life and threatening a revelation of the arch-traitor—of Satan himself—in his subordinate's form.

Amid all this, I had to listen as well as watch—to listen for the movements of the wild beast or the fiend in yonder side den. But since Mr. Rochester's visit, it seemed spell-bound; all the night I heard but three sounds, at three long intervals—a step, creak, a momentary renewal of the snarling, canine noise, and a deep human groan.

Then my own thoughts worried me. What crime was this, that lived incarnate in this sequestered mansion, and could neither be expelled nor subdued by the owner? What mystery, that broke out, now in fire and now in blood, at the deadeast hours of night? What creature was it, that, masked in an ordinary woman's face and shape, uttered the voice, now of a mocking demon, and anon of a carnion-seeking bird of prey?

And this man I bent over—this commonplace, quiet stranger—how had he become involved in the web of horror? and why had the Fury flown at him? What made him seek this quarter of the house at an untimely season, when he should have been asleep in bed? I had heard Mr. Rochester assign him an apartment below—what brought him here? And why, now, was he so tame under the violence or treachery done him? Why did he so quietly submit to the concealment Mr. Rochester enforced? Why *did* Mr. Rochester enforce this concealment? His guest had been outraged, his own life on a former occasion had been hideously plotted against; and both attempts he smothered in secrecy and sunk in oblivion! Lastly, I saw Mr. Mason was submissive to Mr. Rochester; that the impetuous will of the latter held complete sway over the inertness of the former: the few words which had passed between them assured me of this. It was evident that, in their former intercourse, the passive disposition of the one had been habitually influenced by the active energy of the other: whence, then, had arisen Mr. Rochester's dismay when he heard of Mr. Mason's arrival? Why had the mere name of this unresisting individual—whom his word now sufficed to control like a child—fallen on him, a few hours since, as a thunderbolt might fall on an oak?

Oh! I could not forget his look and his paleness when he whispered—"Jane, I have

got a blow—I have got a blow, Jane." I could not forget how the arm had trembled which he rested on my shoulder: and it was no light matter which could thus bow the resolute spirit and thrill the vigorous frame of Fairfax Rochester.

"When will he come? When will he come?" I cried inwardly, as the night lingered and lingered—as my bleeding patient drooped, moaned, sickened; and neither day nor aid arrived. I had, again and again, held the water to Mason's white lips; again and again offered him the stimulating salts; my efforts seemed ineffectual: either bodily or mental suffering, or loss of blood, or all three combined, were fast prostrating his strength. He moaned so, and looked so weak, wild, and lost, I feared he was dying; and I might not even speak to him!

The candle, wasted at last, went out; as it expired, I perceived streaks of gray light edging the window-curtains; dawn was then approaching. Presently I heard Pilot bark far below, out of his distant kennel in the courtyard; hope revived. Nor was it unwarranted; in five minutes more the grating key, the yielding lock, warned me my watch was relieved. It could not have lasted more than two hours; many a week has seemed shorter.

Mr. Rochester entered, and with him the surgeon he had been to fetch.

"Now, Carter, be on the alert," he said to this last; "I give you but half an hour for dressing the wound, fastening the bandages, getting the patient down stairs and all."

"But is he fit to move, sir?"

"No doubt of it; it is nothing serious: he is nervous, his spirits must be kept up. Come, set to work."

Mr. Rochester drew back the thick curtain, drew up the holland-blind, let in all the daylight he could; and I was surprised and cheered to see how far dawn was advanced; what rosy streaks were beginning to brighten the east. Then he approached Mason, whom the surgeon was already handling.

"Now, my good fellow, how are you?" he asked.

"She's done for me, I fear," was the faint reply.

"Not a whit!—courage! This day fortnight you'll hardly be a pin the worse of it: you've lost a little blood, that's all. Carter, assure him there's no danger."

"I can do that conscientiously," said Carter, who had now undone the bandages; "only I wish I could have got here sooner; he would not have bled so much—but how is this? The flesh on the shoulder is torn as well as cut? This wound was not done with a knife: there have been teeth here?"

"She bit me," he murmured. "She worried me like a tigress, when Rochester got the knife from her."

"You should not have yielded; you should have grappled with her at once," said Mr. Rochester.

"But under such circumstances, what could one do?" returned Mason. "Oh, it was frightful!" he added, shuddering. "And I did not expect it; she looked so quiet at first."

"I warned you," was his friend's answer



"I said—be on your guard when you go near her. Besides, you might have waited till to-morrow and had me with you; it was mere folly to attempt the interview to-night, and alone."

"I thought I could have done some good."

"You thought! you thought! Yes, it makes me impatient to hear you; but, however, you have suffered, and are likely to suffer enough for not taking my advice; so I'll say no more. Carter—hurry! hurry! The sun will soon rise, and I must have him off."

"Directly, sir; the shoulder is just bandaged. I must look to this other wound in the arm: she has had her teeth here too, I think."

"She has sucked the blood: she said she'd drain my heart," said Mason.

I saw Mr. Rochester shudder: a singularly marked expression of disgust, horror, hatred warped his countenance almost to distortion; but he only said—

"Come, be silent, Richard, and never mind her gibberish: don't repeat it."

"I wish I could forget it," was the answer.

"You will when you are out of the country: when you get back to Spanish Town you may think of her as dead and buried—or rather, you need not think of her at all."

"Impossible to forget this night!"

"It is not impossible; have some energy, man. You thought you were as dead as a herring two hours since, and you are all alive and talking now. There!—Carter has done with you, or nearly so; I'll make you decent in a trice. Jane (he turned to me for the first time since his re-entrance), take this key; go down into my dressing-room; open the top drawer of the wardrobe and take out a clean shirt and neck-handkerchief; bring them here; and be nimble."

I went; sought the repository he had mentioned, found the articles named, and returned with them.

"Now," said he, "go to the other side of the bed while I order his toilet; but don't leave the room; you may be wanted again."

I retired as directed.

"Was any body stirring below when you went down, Jane?" inquired Mr. Rochester, presently.

"No, sir; all was very still."

"We shall get you off cannily, Dick; and it will be better both for your sake, and for that of the poor creature in yonder. I have striven long to avoid exposure, and I should not like it to come at last. Here, Carter, help him on with his waistcoat. Where did you leave your furred cloak? You can't travel a mile without that, I know, in this d—d cold climate. In your room! Jane, run down to Mr. Mason's room, the one next mine, and fetch a cloak you will see there."

Again I ran, and again returned, bearing an immense mantle lined and edged with fur.

"Now I've another errand for you," said my untiring master; "you must away to my room again. What a mercy you are shod with velvet, Jane!—a clod-hopping messenger would never do at this juncture. You must open the middle drawer of my toilet-table and take out a little phial and a little glass you will find there—quick!"

I flew thither and back, bringing the desired vessels.

"That's well! Now, doctor, I shall take the liberty of administering a dose myself; on my own responsibility. I got this cordial at Rome, of an Italian charlatan—a fellow you would have kicked, Carter. It is not a thing to be used indiscriminately, but it is good upon occasion, as now, for instance. Jane, a little water."

He held out the tiny glass, and I half filled it from the water-bottle on the wash-stand.

"That will do; now wet the lip of the phial."

I did so; he measured twelve drops of a crimson liquid, and presented it to Mason.

"Drink, Richard; it will give you the heart you lack, for an hour or so."

"But will it hurt me?—is it inflammatory?"

"Drink! drink! drink!"

Mr. Mason obeyed, because it was evidently useless to resist. He was dressed now; he still looked pale, but he was no longer gory and sullied. Mr. Rochester let him sit three minutes after he had swallowed the liquid; he then took his arm.

"Now I am sure you can get on your feet," he said; "try."

The patient rose.

"Carter, take him under the other shoulder. Be of good cheer, Richard; step out; that's it!"

"I do feel better," remarked Mr. Mason.

"I am sure you do. Now, Jane, trip on before us away to the back stairs; unbolt the side-passage door, and tell the driver of the post-chaise you will see in the yard—or just outside, for I told him not to drive his rattling wheels over the pavement—to be ready; we are coming; and, Jane, if any one is about, come to the foot of the stairs and hem."

It was by this time half-past five, and the sun was on the point of rising; but I found the kitchen still dark and silent. The side-passage door was fastened; I opened it with as little noise as possible; all the yard was quiet; but the gates stood wide open, and there was a post-chaise, with horses ready harnessed, and driver seated on the box, stationed outside. I approached him, and said the gentlemen were coming; he nodded; then I looked carefully round and listened. The stillness of early morning slumbered every where; the curtains were yet drawn over the servants' chamber windows; little birds were just twittering in the blossom-blanchard orchard trees, whose boughs drooped like white garlands over the wall inclosing one side of the yard; the carriage horses stamped from time to time in their closed stables: all else was still.

The gentlemen now appeared. Mason, supported by Mr. Rochester and the surgeon, seemed to walk with tolerable ease; they assisted him into the chaise; Carter followed.

"Take care of him," said Mr. Rochester to the latter, "and keep him at your house till he is quite well; I shall ride over in a day or two to see how he gets on. Richard, how is it with you?"

"The fresh air revives me, Fairfax."

"Leave the window open on his side, Carter; there is no wind—good-bye, Dick."

"Fairfax—"

"Well, what is it?"

"Let her be taken care of; let her be treated as tenderly as may be; let her—" He stopped and burst into tears.

"I do my best; and have done it, and will do it," was the answer. He shut up the chaise door, and the vehicle drove away.

"Yet would to God there was an end of all this!" added Mr. Rochester, as he closed and barred the heavy yard-gates. This done, he moved with slow step and abstracted air, toward a door in the wall bordering the orchard. I, supposing he had done with me, prepared to return to the house; again, however, I heard him call "Jane!" He had opened the portal and stood at it, waiting for me.

"Come where there is some freshness, for a few moments," he said; "that house is a mere dungeon; don't you feel it so?"

"It seems to me a splendid mansion, sir."

"The glamour of inexperience is over your eyes," he answered; "and you see it through a charmed medium; you can not discern that the gilding is slime and the silk draperies cobwebs; that the marble is sordid slate, and the polished woods mere refuse chips and scaly bark. Now *here* (he pointed to the leafy inclosure we had entered) all is real, sweet, and pure."

He strayed down a walk edged with box; with apple-trees, pear-trees, and cherry-trees on one side, and a border on the other, full of all sorts of old-fashioned flowers, stocks, sweet-williams, primroses, pansies, mingled with southernwood, sweet-brier, and various fragrant herbs. They were fresh now as a succession of April showers and gleams, followed by a lovely spring morning, could make them; the sun was just entering the dappled east, and his light illumined the wreathed and dewy orchard trees and shone down the quiet walks under them.

"Jane, will you have a flower?"

He gathered a half-blown rose, the first on the bush, and offered it to me.

"Thank you, sir."

"Do you like this sunrise, Jane? That sky with its high and light clouds which are sure to melt away as the day waxes warm—this placid and balmy atmosphere?"

"I do, very much."

"You have passed a strange night, Jane."

"Yes, sir."

"And it has made you look pale—were you afraid when I left you alone with Mason?"

"I was afraid of some one coming out of the inner room."

"But I had fastened the door—I had the key in my pocket; I should have been a careless shepherd if I had left a lamb—my pet lamb, so near a wolf's-den, unguarded; you were safe."

"Will Grace Poole live here still, sir?"

"Oh, yes! don't trouble your head about her—put the thing out of your thoughts."

"Yet it seems to me your life is hardly secure while she stays."

"Never fear—I will take care of myself."

"Is the danger you apprehended last night gone by now, sir?"

"I can not vouch for that till Mason is out of England; nor even then. To live, for me, Jane, is to stand on a crater-crust which may crack and spue fire any day."

"But Mr. Mason seems a man easily led. Your influence, sir, is evidently potent with him; he will never set you at defiance, or willfully injure you."

"Oh, no! Mason will not defy me; and, knowing it, will he hurt me—but, unintentionally, he might in a moment, by one careless word, deprive me, if not of life, yet forever of happiness."

"Tell him to be cautious, sir; let him know what you fear, and show him how to avert the danger."

He laughed sardonically, hastily took my hand, and as hastily threw it from him.

"If I could do that, simpleton, where would the danger be! Annihilated in a moment. Ever since I have known Mason, I have only had to say to him 'Do that,' and the thing has been done. But I can not give him orders in this case: I can not say 'Beware of harming me, Richard;' for it is imperative that I should keep him ignorant that harm to me is possible. Now you look puzzled; and I will puzzle you further. You are my little friend, are you not?"

"I like to serve you, sir, and to obey you in all that is right."

"Precisely: I see you do. I see genuine contentment in your gait and mien, your eye and face, when you are helping me and pleasing me—working for me, and with me, in, as you characteristically say, '*all that is right*:' for if I bid you do what you thought wrong, there would be no light-footed running, no neat-handed alacrity, no lively glance and animated complexion. My friend would then turn to me, quiet and pale, and would say, 'No, sir; that is impossible: I can not do it, because it is wrong,' and would become immutable as a fixed star. Well, you, too, have power over me, and may injure me: yet I dare not show you where I am vulnerable, lest, faithful and friendly as you are, you should transfix me at once."

"If you have no more to fear from Mr. Mason than you have from me, sir, you are very safe."

"God grant it may be so! Here, Jane, is an arbor; sit down."

The arbor was an arch in the wall, lined with ivy; it contained a rustic seat. Mr. Rochester took it, leaving room, however, for me: but I stood before him.

"Sit," he said; "the bench is long enough for two. You don't hesitate to take a place at my side, do you? Is that wrong?"

I answered him by assuming it: to refuse would, I felt, have been unwise.

"Now, my little friend, while the sun drinks the dew—while all the flowers in this old garden awake and expand, and the birds fetch their young ones' breakfast out of the thorn-field, and the early bees do their first spell of work—I'll put a case to you, which you must endeavor to suppose your own: but first, look at me, and tell me you are at ease, and not fearing that I err in detaining you, or that you err in staying."

"No, sir; I am content."

"Well, then, Jane, call to aid your fancy:—supposed you were no longer a girl well reared and disciplined, but a wild boy, indulged from childhood upward; imagine yourself in a remote foreign land; conceive that you there commit a capital error, no matter of what na-

ture or from what motives, but one whose consequences must follow you through life and taint all your existence. Mind, I don't say a *crime*; I am not speaking of shedding of blood or any other guilty act, which might make the perpetrator amenable to the law: my word is *error*. The results of what you have done become in time to you utterly insupportable; you take measures to obtain relief: unusual measures, but neither unlawful nor culpable. Still you are miserable; for hope has quitted you on the very confines of life: your sun at noon darkens in an eclipse, which you feel will not leave it till the time of setting. Bitter and base associations have become the sole food of your memory: you wander here and there, seeking rest in exile; happiness in pleasure—I mean in heartless, sensual pleasure—such as dulls intellect and blights feeling. Heart-weary and soul-withered, you come home after years of voluntary banishment; you make a new acquaintance—how, or where, no matter: you find in this stranger much of the good and bright qualities which you have sought for twenty years, and never before encountered; and they are all fresh, healthy, without soil and without taint. Such society revives, regenerates: you feel better days come back—higher wishes, purer feelings; you desire to recommence your life, and to spend what remains to you of days in a way more worthy of an immortal being. To attain this end, are you justified in overleaping an obstacle of custom—a mere conventional impediment, which neither your conscience sanctifies nor your judgment approves?"

He paused for an answer: and what was I to say? Oh, for some good spirit to suggest a judicious and satisfactory response! Vain aspiration! The west wind whispered in the ivy round me; but no gentle Ariel borrowed its breath as a medium of speech: the birds sang in the tree-tops; but their song, however sweet, was inarticulate.

Again Mr. Rochester propounded his query: "Is the wandering and sinful, but now rest-seeking and repentant man, justified in daring the world's opinion, in order to attach to him forever, this gentle, gracious, genial stranger; thereby securing his own peace of mind and regeneration of life?"

"Sir," I answered, "a wanderer's repose or a sinner's reformation should never depend on a fellow-creature. Men and women die; philosophers falter in wisdom, and Christians in goodness: if any one you know has suffered and erred, let him look higher than his equals for strength to amend, and solace to heal."

"But the instrument—the instrument! God, who does the work, ordains the instrument. I have myself—I tell it you without parable—been a worldly, dissipated, restless man; and I believe I have found the instrument for my cure, in—"

He paused: the birds went on caroling, the leaves lightly rustling. I almost wondered they did not check their songs and whispers to catch the suspended revelation: but they would have had to wait many minutes—so long was the silence protracted. At last I looked up at the tardy speaker: he was looking eagerly at me.

"Little friend," said he, in quite a changed tone—while his face changed too, losing all its softness and gravity, and becoming harsh and sarcastic—"you have noticed, my tender penchant for Miss Ingram: don't you think if I married her she would regenerate me with a vengeance?"

He got up instantly, went quite to the other end of the walk, and when he came back he was humming a tune.

"Jane, Jane," said he, stopping before me, "you are quite pale with your vigils: don't you curse me for disturbing your rest?"

"Curse you! No, sir."

"Shake hands in confirmation of the word. What cold fingers! They were warmer last night when I touched them at the door of the mysterious chamber. Jane, when will you watch with me again?"

"Whenever I can be useful, sir."

"For instance, the night before I am married? I am sure I shall not be able to sleep. Will you promise to sit up with me to hear me company? To you I can talk of my lovely one; for now you have seen her and know her."

"Yes, sir."

"She's a rare one, is she not, Jane?"

"Yes, sir."

"A strapper—a real strapper, Jane: big brown, and buxom; with hair just such as the ladies of Carthage must have had. Bless me! there's Dent and Lynn in the stables! Go in by the shrubbery, through that wicket."

As I went one way, he went another, and I heard him in the yard, saying, cheerfully,

"Mason got the start of you all this morning; he was gone before sunrise—I rose at four to see him off."

## CHAPTER XXI.

PRESENTIMENTS are strange things! and so are sympathies, and so are signs; and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key. I never laughed at presentiments in my life, because I have had strange ones of my own. Sympathies, I believe, exist (for instance, between far-distant, long-absent, wholly estranged relatives; asserting, notwithstanding their alienation, the unity of the source to which each traces his origin), whose workings baffle mortal comprehension. And signs, for aught we know, may be but the sympathies of nature with man.

When I was a little girl, only six years old, I one night heard Bessie Leaven say to Martha Abbott that she had been dreaming about a little child; and that to dream of children was a sure sign of trouble, either to one's self or one's kin. The saying might have worn out of my memory, had not a circumstance immediately followed which served indelibly to fix it there. The next day Bessie was sent for home to the death-bed of her little sister.

Of late I had often recalled this saying and this incident; for during the past week scarcely a night had gone over my couch that had not brought with it a dream of an infant, which I sometimes hushed in my arms, sometimes dandled on my knee, sometimes watched playing

"In daisies on a lawn; or again, dabbling its hands in running water. It was a wailing child this night, and a laughing one the next—now it nestled close to me, and now it ran from me; but whatever mood the apparition evinced, whatever aspect it wore, it failed not for seven successive nights to meet me the moment I entered the land of slumber.

I did not like this iteration of one idea—this strange recurrence of one image; and I grew nervous as bedtime approached, and the hour of the vision drew near. It was from companionship with this baby-phantom I had been roused on that moonlight night when I heard the cry; and it was on the afternoon of the day following I was summoned down stairs by a message that some one wanted me in Mrs. Fairfax's room. On repairing thither, I found a man waiting for me, having the appearance of a gentleman's servant; he was dressed in deep mourning, and the hat he held in his hand was surrounded with a crape band.

"I dare say you hardly remember me, miss," he said, rising as I entered; "but my name is Leaven; I lived coachman with Mrs. Reed when you were at Gateshead eight or nine years since, and I live there still."

"Oh, Robert! how do you do? I remember you very well; you used to give me a ride sometimes on Miss Georgiana's bay pony. And how is Bessie? You are married to Bessie?"

"Yes, miss—my wife is very hearty, thank you; she brought me another little one about two months since—we have three now—and both mother and child are thriving."

"And are the family well at the house, Robert?"

"I am sorry I can't give you better news of them, miss; they are very badly at present—in great trouble."

"I hope no one is dead," I said, glancing at his black dress. He, too, looked down at the crape round his hat, and replied,

"Mr. John died yesterday was a week, at his chambers in London."

"Mr. John?"

"Yes."

"And how does his mother bear it?"

"Why you see, Miss Eyre, it is not a common mishap; his life has been very wild; these last three years he gave himself up to strange ways, and his death was shocking."

"I heard from Bessie he was not doing well."

"Doing well! He could not do worse; he ruined his health and his estate among the worst men and the worst women. He got into debt and into jail; his mother helped him out twice, but as soon as he was free he returned to his old companions and habits. His head was not strong; the knaves he lived among fooled him beyond any thing I ever heard. He came down to Gateshead about three weeks ago and wanted missis to give up all to him. Missis refused; her means have long been much reduced by his extravagance; so he went back again, and the next news was that he was dead. How he died, God knows! they say he killed himself."

I was silent—the tidings were frightful. Robert Leaven resumed:

"Missis had been out of health herself for some time; she had got very stout, but was not strong with it; and the loss of money and fear of poverty were quite breaking her down. The information about Mr. John's death and the manner of it came too suddenly—it brought on a stroke. She was three days without speaking; but last Tuesday she seemed rather better; she appeared as if she wanted to say something, and kept making signs to my wife and mumbling. It was only yesterday morning, however, that Bessie understood she was pronouncing your name; and at last she made out the words, 'Bring Jane—fetch Jane Eyre; I want to speak to her.' Bessie is not sure whether she is in her right mind, or means any thing by the words; but she told Miss Reed and Miss Georgiana, and advised them to send for you. The young ladies put it off at first; but their mother grew so restless, and said, 'Jane, Jane,' so many times, that at last they consented. I left Gateshead yesterday; and if you can get ready, miss, I should like to take you back with me early to-morrow morning."

"Yes, Robert, I shall be ready; it seems to me that I ought to go."

"I think so too, miss. Bessie said she was sure you would not refuse; but I suppose you will have to ask leave before you can get off?"

"Yes, as I will do it now;" and having directed him to the servants' hall, and recommended him to the care of John's wife, and the attentions of John himself, I went in search of Mr. Rochester.

He was not in any of the lower rooms; he was not in the yard, the stables, or the grounds. I asked Mrs. Fairfax if she had seen him—yes; she believed he was playing billiards with Miss Ingram. To the billiard-room I hastened; the click of balls and the hum of voices resounded thence; Mr. Rochester, Miss Ingram, the two misses Eshton and their admirers, were all busied in the game. It required some courage to disturb so interesting a party; my errand, however, was one I could not defer, so I approached the master where he stood at Miss Ingram's side. She turned as I drew near, and looked at me haughtily; her eyes seemed to demand. "What can the creeping creature want now?" and when I said, in a low voice, "Mr. Rochester," she made a movement as if tempted to order me away. I remember her appearance at the moment—it was very graceful and very striking; she wore a morning robe of sky-blue crape; a gauzy azure scarf was twisted in her hair. She had been all animation with the game, and irritated pride did not lower the expression of her haught lineaments.

"Does that person want you?" she inquired of Mr. Rochester; and Mr. Rochester turned to see who the "person" was. He made a curious grimace—one of his strange and equivocal demonstrations—threw down his cue and followed me from the room.

"Well, Jane?" he said, as he rested his back against the school-room door, which he had shut.

"If you please, sir, I want leave of absence for a week or two."

"What to do? Where to go?"

"To see a sick lady who has sent for me."

"What sick lady? Where does she live?"

"At Gateshead, in —shire."

"—shire? That is a hundred miles off! Who may she be that sends for people to see her at that distance?"

"Her name is Reed, sir—Mrs. Reed."

"Reed of Gateshead? There was a Reed of Gateshead, a magistrate."

"It is his widow, sir."

"And what have you to do with her? How do you know her?"

"Mr. Reed was my uncle, my mother's brother."

"The deuce he was! You never told me that before: you always said that you had no relations."

"None that would own me, sir. Mr. Reed is dead, and his wife cast me off."

"Why?"

"Because I was poor, and burdensome, and she disliked me."

"But Reed left children! you must have cousins! Sir George Lynn was talking of a Reed of Gateshead, yesterday—who, he said, was one of the veriest rascals on town; and Ingram was mentioning a Georgiana Reed of the same place, who was much admired for her beauty, a season or two ago, in London."

"John Reed is dead, too, sir: he ruined himself and half ruined his family, and is supposed to have committed suicide. The news so shocked his mother that it brought on an apoplectic attack."

"And what good can you do to her! Nonsense, Jane! I would never think of running a hundred miles to see an old lady who will, perhaps, be dead before you reach her; besides, you say she cast you off."

"Yes, sir, but that is long ago; and when her circumstances were very different: I could not be easy to neglect her wishes now."

"How long will you stay?"

"As short a time as possible, sir."

"Promise me only to stay a week —"

"I had better not pass my word; I might be obliged to break it."

"At all events you *will* come back; you will not be induced under any pretext to take up a permanent residence with her?"

"Oh, no! I shall certainly return if all be well."

"And who goes with you? You don't travel a hundred miles alone?"

"No, sir; she has sent her coachman."

"A person to be trusted?"

"Yes, sir; he has lived ten years in the family."

Mr. Rochester meditated. "When do you wish to go?"

"Early to-morrow morning, sir."

"Well, you must have money; you can't travel without money, and I dare say you have not much; I have given you no salary yet. How much have you in the world, Jane?" he asked smiling.

I drew out my purse: a meager thing it was. "Five shillings, sir." He took the purse, poured the hoard into his palm and chuckled over it as if its scantiness pleased him. Soon he produced his pocket-book. "Here," said he, offering me a note; it was fifty pounds, and he owed me but fifteen. I told him I had no change

"I don't want change: you know that. Take your wages."

I declined accepting more than was my due. He scowled at first; then, as if recollecting something, he said:

"Right, right! Better not give you all now: you would, perhaps, stay away three months if you had fifty pounds. There are ten; is it not plenty?"

"Yes, sir, but now you owe me five."

"Come back for it, then: I am your banker for forty pounds."

"Mr. Rochester, I may as well mention another matter of business to you while I have the opportunity."

"Matter of business? I'm curious to hear it."

"You have as good as informed me, sir, that you are going shortly to be married?"

"Yes; what then?"

"In that case, sir, Adèle ought to go to school; I am sure you will perceive the necessity of it."

"To get her out of my bride's way; who might otherwise walk over her rather too emphatically. There's sense in the suggestion; not a doubt of it: Adèle, as you say, must go to school; and you, of course, must march straight to—the devil!"

"I hope not, sir; but I must seek another situation somewhere."

"In course!" he exclaimed, with a twang of voice and a distortion of features equally fantastic and ludicrous. He looked at me some minutes.

"And old Madam Reed, or the misses, her daughters, will be solicited by you to seek a place, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I am not on such terms with my relatives as would justify me in asking favors of them—but I shall advertise."

"You shall walk up the pyramids of Egypt!" he growled. "At your peril you advertise! I wish I had only offered you a sovereign instead of ten pounds. Give me back nine pounds, Jane; I've a use for it."

"And so have I, sir," I returned, putting my hands and my purse behind me. "I could not spare the money on any account."

"Little nig-gard!" said he, "refusing me a pecuniary request! Give me five pounds, Jane."

"Not five shillings, sir; nor five pence."

"Just let me look at the cash."

"No, sir; you are not to be trusted."

"Jane!"

"Sir?"

"Promise me one thing."

"I'll promise you any thing, sir, that I think I am likely to perform."

"Not to advertise: and to trust this quest of a situation to me. I'll find you one in time."

"I shall be glad so to do, sir, if you, in your turn, will promise that I and Adèle shall be both safe out of the house before your bride enters it."

"Very well! very well! I'll pledge my word on it. You go to-morrow, then?"

"Yes, sir; early."

"Shall you come down to the drawing-room after dinner?"

"No, sir, I must prepare for the journey."

"Then you and I must bid good-bye for a little while!"

"I suppose so, sir."

"And how do people perform that ceremony of parting, Jane? Teach me: I'm not quite up to it."

"They say farewell; or any other form they prefer."

"Then say it."

"Farewell, Mr. Rochester, for the present."

"What must I say?"

"The same, if you like, sir."

"Farewell, Miss Eyre, for the present; is that all?"

"Yes."

"It seems stingy to my notions, and dry, and unfriendly. I should like something else: a little addition to the rite. If one shook hands, for instance; but no, that would not content me either. So you'll do no more than say 'farewell,' Jane?"

"It is enough sir; as much good-will may be conveyed in one hearty word as in many."

"Very likely; but it is blank and cool—'farewell.'"

"How long is he going to stand with his back against that door?" I asked myself; "I want to commence my packing." The dinner-bell rung, and suddenly away he bolted, without another syllable; I saw him no more during the day, and was off before he had risen in the morning.

I reached the lodge at Gateshead about five o'clock in the afternoon of the first of May; I stepped in there before going up to the Hall. It was very clean and neat; the ornamental windows were hung with little white curtains, the floor was spotless, the grate and fireirons were burnished bright, and the fire burned clear. Bessie sat on the hearth, nursing her last-born, and Robert and his sister played quietly in a corner.

"Bless you! I knew you would come!" exclaimed Mrs. Leaven, as I entered.

"Yes, Bessie," said I, after I had kissed her; "and I trust I am not too late. How is Mrs. Reed? Alive still, I hope?"

"Yes, she is alive, and more sensible and collected than she was. The doctor says she may linger a week or two yet; but he hardly thinks she will finally recover."

"Has she mentioned me lately?"

"She was talking of you only this morning, and wishing you would come; but she is sleeping now, or was ten minutes ago, when I was up at the house. She generally lies in a kind of lethargy all the afternoon, and wakes up about six or seven. Will you rest yourself here an hour, miss, and then I will go up with you?"

Robert here entered, and Bessie laid her sleeping child in the cradle and went to welcome him; afterward she insisted on my taking off my bonnet and having some tea, for she said I looked pale and tired. I was glad to accept her hospitality, and I submitted to be relieved of my traveling garb just as passively as I used to let her undress me when a child.

Old times crowded fast back on me as I watched her bustling about—setting out the tea-tray with her best china, cutting bread and butter, toasting a tea-cake, and, between whiles, giving little Robert or Jane an occasional tap

or push, just as she used to give me in former days. Bessie had retained her quick temper as well as her light foot and good looks.

Tea ready, I was going to approach the table; but she desired me to sit still, quite in her old, peremptory tones. I must be served at the fireside, she said; and she placed before me a little round stand with my cup and a plate of toast, absolutely as she used to accommodate me with some privately purloined daintly on a nursery chair; and I smiled and obeyed her as in by-gone days.

She wanted to know if I was happy at Thornfield Hall, and what sort of a person the mistress was; and when I told her there was only a master, whether he was a nice gentleman, and if I liked him. I told her he was rather an ugly man, but quite a gentleman; and that he treated me kindly, and I was content. Then I went on to describe to her the gay company that had lately been staying at the house; and to these details Bessie listened with interest; they were precisely of the kind she relished.

In such conversation an hour was soon gone; Bessie restored to me my bonnet, &c., and, accompanied by her, I quitted the lodge for the Hall. It was also accompanied by her that I had, nearly nine years ago, walked down the path I was now ascending. On a dark, misty, raw morning in January, I had left a hostile roof with a desperate and embittered heart—a sense of outlawry and almost of reprobation—to seek the chilly harborage of Lowood, that bourn so far away and unexplored. The same hostile roof now again rose before me; my prospects were doubtful yet; and I had yet an aching heart. I still felt as a wanderer on the face of the earth; but I experienced firmer trust in myself and my own powers, and less withering dread of oppression. The gaping wound of my wrongs, too, was now quite healed, and the flame of resentment extinguished.

"You shall go into the breakfast-room first," said Bessie, as she preceded me through the hall; "the young ladies will be there."

In another moment I was within that apartment. There was every article of furniture looking just as it did on the morning I was first introduced to Mr. Brocklehurst—the very rug he had stood upon still covered the hearth. Glancing at the book-cases, I thought I could distinguish the two volumes of *Bewick's British Birds* occupying their old place on the third shelf, and *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Arabian Nights* ranged just above. The inanimate objects were not changed, but the living things had altered past recognition.

Two young ladies appeared before me; one very tall—almost as tall as Miss Ingram—very thin, too, with a sallow face and severe mien. There was something ascetic in her look, which was augmented by the extreme plainness of a strait-skirted, black stuff dress, a starched linen collar, hair combed away from the temples, and the nun-like ornament of a string of ebony beads and a crucifix. This, I felt sure, was Eliza, though I could trace little resemblance to her former self in that elongated and colorless visage.

The other was as certainly Georgiana; but not the Georgiana I remembered—the slim and fairy-like girl of eleven. This was a full-blown,

very plump damsel, fair as wax-work, with handsome and regular features, languishing blue eyes, and ringleted yellow hair. The hue of her dress was black too; but its fashion was so different from her sister's—so much more flowing and becoming—it looked as stylish as the other's looked puritanical.

In each of the sisters there was one trait of the mother, and only one; the thin and pallid elder daughter had her parent's Cairngorm eye; the blooming and luxuriant younger girl had her contour of jaw and chin, perhaps a little softened, but still imparting an indescribable hardness to the countenance, otherwise so voluptuous and buxom.

Both ladies, as I advanced, rose to welcome me, and both addressed me by the name of "Miss Eyre." Eliza's greeting was delivered in a short, abrupt voice, without a smile; and then she sat down again, fixed her eyes on the fire, and seemed to forget me. Georgiana added to her "How d'ye do?" several commonplace about my journey, the weather, and so on, uttered in rather a drawling tone, and accompanied by sundry side-glances that measured me from head to foot—now traversing the folds of my drab merino pelisse, and now lingering on the plain trimming of my cottage bonnet. Young ladies have a remarkable way of letting you know that they think you a "quiz," without actually saying the words. A certain superciliousness of look, coolness of manner, nonchalance of tone, express fully their sentiments on the point, without committing them by any positive rudeness in word or deed.

A sneer, however, whether covert or open, had now no longer that power over me it once possessed; as I sat between my cousins, I was surprised to find how easy I felt under the total neglect of the one and the semi-sarcastic attentions of the other—Eliza did not mortify, nor Georgiana ruffle me. The fact was, I had other things to think about; within the last few months feelings had been stirred in me so much more potent than any they could raise—pains and pleasures so much more acute and exquisite had been excited than any it was in their power to inflict or bestow—that their airs gave me no concern either for good or bad.

"How is Mrs. Reed?" I asked soon, looking calmly at Georgiana, who thought fit to bridle at the direct address, as if it were an unexpected liberty.

"Mrs. Reed? Ah! mamma you mean; she is extremely poorly; I doubt if you can see her to-night."

"If," said I, "you would just step up stairs and tell her I am come, I should be much obliged to you."

Georgiana almost started, and she opened her blue eyes wild and wide. "I know she had a particular wish to see me," I added, "and I would not defer attending to her desire longer than is absolutely necessary."

"Mamma dislikes being disturbed in an evening," remarked Eliza. I soon rose, quietly took off my bonnet and gloves, uninvited, and said I would just step out to Bessie, who was, I dared say, in the kitchen, and ask her to ascertain whether Mrs. Reed was disposed to receive me or not to-night. I went, and, having found Bessie and dispatched her on my errand, I pro-

ceeded to take further measures. It had here tofore been my habit always to shrink from arrogance; received as I had been to-day, I should, a year ago, have resolved to quit Gateshead the very next morning; now, it was disclosed to me all at once, that that would be a foolish plan. I had taken a journey of a hundred miles to see my aunt, and I must stay with her till she was better or dead; as to her daughters' pride or folly, I must put it on one side—make myself independent of it. So I addressed the house-keeper—asked her to show me a room, told her I should probably be a visitor here for a week or two, had my trunk conveyed to my chamber, and followed it thither myself. I met Bessie on the landing.

"Missis is awake," said she; "I have told her you are here; come and let us see if she will know you."

I did not need to be guided to the well-known room, to which I had so often been summoned for chastisement or reprimand in former days. I hastened before Bessie and softly opened the door; a shaded light stood on the table, for it was now getting dark. There was the great four-post bedstead with amber hangings as of old; there the toilet-table, the arm-chair, and the footstool, at which I had a hundred times been sentenced to kneel, to ask pardon for offenses by me uncommitted. I looked into a certain corner near, half expecting to see the slim outline of a once dreaded switch, which used to lurk there, waiting to leap out, imp-like, and lace my quivering palm or shrinking neck. I approached the bed; I opened the curtains and leaned over the high-piled pillows.

Well did I remember Mrs. Reed's face, and I eagerly sought the familiar image. It is a happy thing that time quells the longings of vengeance, and hushes the promptings of rage and aversion: I had left this woman in bitterness and hate, and I came back to her now with no other emotion than a sort of ruth for her great sufferings, and a strong yearning to forget and forgive all injuries—to be reconciled, and clasp hands in amity.

The well-known face was there, stern, relentless as ever; there was that peculiar eye which nothing could melt, and the somewhat raised, imperious, despotic eyebrow. How often had it lowered on me menace and hate! and how the recollection of childhood's terrors and sorrows revived as I traced its harsh line now! And yet I stooped down and kissed her; she looked at me.

"Is this Jane Eyre?" she said.

"Yes, Aunt Reed. How are you, dear aunt?"

I had once vowed that I would never call her aunt again; I thought it no sin to forget and break that vow now. My fingers had fastened on her hand which lay outside the sheet; had she pressed mine kindly, I should at that moment have experienced true pleasure. But unimpressible natures are not so soon softened, nor are natural antipathies so readily eradicated; Mrs. Reed took her hand away, and turning her face rather from me, she remarked that the night was warm. Again she regarded me, so icily, I felt at once that her opinion of me—her feeling toward me—was unchanged and unchangeable. I knew b•

her stony eye, opaque to tenderness, indissoluble to tears, that she was resolved to consider me bad to the last; because to believe me good, would give her no generous pleasure, only a sense of mortification.

I felt pain, and then I felt ire, and then I felt a determination to subdue her; to be her mistress in spite both of her nature and her will. My tears had risen, just as in childhood; I ordered them back to their source. I brought a chair to the bed-head; I sat down and leaned over the pillow.

"You sent for me," I said, "and I am here, and it is my intention to stay till I see how you get on."

"Oh, of course! You have seen my daughters?"

"Yes."

"Well, you may tell them I wish you to stay, till I can talk some things over with you I have on my mind; to-night it is too late; and I have a difficulty in recalling them. But there was something I wished to say—let me see—"

The wandering look and changed utterance told what wreck had taken place in her once vigorous frame. Turning restlessly, she drew the bed-clothes round her; my elbow, resting on a corner of the quilt, fixed it down; she was at once irritated.

"Sit up!" said she, "don't annoy me with noddling the clothes fast; are you Jane Eyre?"

"I am Jane Eyre."

"I have had more trouble with that child than any one would believe. Such a burden to be left on my hands, and so much annoyance as she caused me, daily and hourly, with her incomprehensible disposition, and her sudden starts of temper, and her continual, unnatural watchings of one's movements! I declare she talked to me once like something mad, or like a fiend; no child ever spoke or looked as she did: I was glad to get her away from the house. What did they do with her at Lowood? The fever broke out there, and many of the pupils died. She, however, did not die; but I said she did: 'I wish she had died!'"

"A strange wish, Mrs. Reed: why do you hate her so?"

"I had a dislike to her mother, always; for she was my husband's only sister, and a great favorite with him; he opposed the family's disowning her when she made her low marriage; and when news came of her death, he wept like a simpleton. He would send for the baby, though I entreated him rather to put it out to nurse and pay for its maintenance. I hated it the first time I set my eyes on it, a sickly, whining, pining thing! It would wail in its cradle all night long, not screaming heartily like any other child, but whimpering and moaning. Reed pitied it, and he used to nurse it and notice it as if it had been his own; more, indeed, than he ever noticed his own at that age. He would try to make my children friendly to the little beggar; the darlings could not bear it, and he was angry with them when they showed their dislike. In his last illness, he had it brought continually to his bedside; and but an hour before he died, he bound me by a vow to keep the creature. I would as soon have been charged with a pauper brat out of a work-

house; but he was weak, naturally weak. John does not at all resemble his father, and I am glad of it: John is like me and like my brothers, he is quite a Gibson. Oh, I wish he would cease tormenting me with letters for money! I have no more money to give him, we are getting poor. I must send away half the servants and shut up part of the house, or let it off. I can never submit to do that; yet how are we to get on? Two thirds of my income goes in paying the interest of mortgages. John gambles dreadfully, and always loses, poor boy! He is beset by sharpers; John is sunk and degraded, his look is frightful, I feel ashamed for him when I see him."

She was getting much excited. "I think I had better leave her now," said I to Bessie, who stood on the other side of the bed.

"Perhaps you had, miss; but she often talks in this way toward night; in the morning she is calmer."

I rose. "Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Reed. "There is another thing I wished to say. He threatens me—he continually threatens me with his own death or mine; and I dream sometimes that I see him laid out with a great wound in his throat, or with a swelled and blackened face. I am come to a strange pass; I have heavy troubles. What is to be done? How is the money to be had?"

Bessie now endeavored to persuade her to take a sedative draught: she succeeded with difficulty. Soon after, Mrs. Reed grew more composed, and sunk into a dozing state. I then left her.

More than ten days elapsed before I had again any conversation with her. She continued either delirious or lethargic, and the doctor forbade every thing which could painfully excite her. Meantime, I got on as well as I could with Georgiana and Eliza. They were very cold, indeed, at first. Eliza would sit hah the day sewing, reading, or writing, and scarcely utter a word either to me or her sister. Georgiana would chatter nonsense to her carry-bird by the hour, and take no notice of me. But I was determined not to seem at a loss for occupation or amusement; I had brought my drawing materials with me, and they served me for both.

Provided with a case of pencils, and some sheets of paper, I used to take a seat apart from them, near the window, and busy myself in sketching fancy vignets, representing any scene that happened momentarily to shape itself in the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of imagination: a glimpse of sea between two rocks; the rising moon, and a ship crossing its disk; a group of reeds and water-flags, and a naiad's head, crowned with lotus-flowers, rising out of them; an elf sitting in a hedge-sparrow's nest, under a wreath of hawthorn-bloom.

One morning I fell to sketching a face; what sort of a face it was to be I did not care or know. I took a soft black pencil, gave it a broad point, and worked away. Soon I had traced on the paper a broad and prominent forehead, and a square lower outline of visage; that contour gave me pleasure; my fingers proceeded actively to fill it with features. Strongly marked horizontal eyebrows must be traced under that brow; then followed, naturally, a



well-defined nose, with a straight ridge and full nostrils; then a flexible-looking mouth, by no means narrow; then a firm chin, with a decided cleft down the middle of it: of course, some black whiskers were wanted, and some jetty hair, tufted on the temples, and waved above the forehead. Now for the eyes; I had left them to the last, because they required the most careful working. I drew them large; I shaped them well; the eyelashes I traced long and somber; the irids lustrous and large. "Good! but not quite the thing," I thought, as I surveyed the effect; "they want more force and spirit," and I wrought the shades blacker, that the lights might flash more brilliantly—a happy touch or two secured success. There, I had a friend's face under my gaze; and what did it signify that those young ladies turned their backs on me? I looked at it; I smiled at the speaking likeness; I was absorbed and content.

"Is that a portrait of some one you know?" asked Eliza, who had approached me unnoticed. I responded that it was merely a fancy head, and hurried it beneath the other sheets. Of course, I lied; it was, in fact, a very faithful representation of Mr. Rochester. But what was that to her; or to any one but myself? Georgiana also advanced to look. The other drawings pleased her much, but she called that an "ugly man." They both seemed surprised at my skill. I offered to sketch their portraits; and each, in turn, sat for a pencil outline. Then Georgiana produced her album. I promised to contribute a water-color drawing; this put her at once into good-humor. She proposed a walk in the grounds. Before we had been out two hours, we were deep in a confidential conversation; she had favored me with a description of the brilliant winter she had spent in London two seasons ago—of the admiration she had there excited—the attention she had received; and I even got hints of the titled conquest she had made. In the course of the afternoon and evening these hints were enlarged on; various soft conversations were reported, and sentimental scenes represented; and, in short, a volume of a novel of fashionable life was that day improvised by her for my benefit. The communications were renewed from day to day; they always ran on the same theme—herself, her loves, and woes. It was strange she never once adverted either to her mother's illness or her brother's death, or the present gloomy state of the family prospects. Her mind seemed wholly taken up with reminiscences of past gayety, and aspirations after dissipations to come. She passed about five minutes each day in her mother's sick-room, and no more.

Eliza still spoke little; she had evidently no time to talk. I never saw a busier person than she seemed to be; yet it was difficult to say what she did; or, rather, to discover any result of her diligence. She had an alarm to call her up early. I know not how she occupied herself before breakfast, but after that meal she divided her time into regular portions; and each hour had its allotted task. Three times a-day she studied a little book, which I found, on inspection, was a Common Prayer Book. I asked her once what was the

great attraction of that volume, and she said "the Rubric." Three hours she gave to stitching, with gold thread, the border of a square crimson cloth, almost large enough for a carpet. In answer to my inquiries after the use of this article, she informed me it was a covering for the altar of a new church lately erected near Gateshead. Two hours she devoted to her diary; two to working by herself in the kitchen-garden; and one to the regulation of her accounts. She seemed to want no company—no conversation. I believe she was happy in her way; this routine sufficed to her; and nothing annoyed her so much as the occurrence of any incident which forced her to vary its clock-work regularity.

She told me one evening, when more disposed to be communicative than usual, that John's conduct, and the threatened ruin of the family, had been a source of profound affliction to her; but she had now, she said, settled her mind, and formed her resolution. Her own fortune she had taken care to secure; and when her mother died—and it was wholly improbable, she tranquilly remarked, that she should either recover or linger long, she would execute a long-cherished project—seek a retirement where punctual habits would be permanently secured from disturbance, and place safe barriers between herself and a frivolous world. I asked if Georgiana would accompany her.

"Of course not. Georgiana and she had nothing in common; they never had had. She would not be burdened with her society for any consideration. Georgiana should take her own course; and she, Eliza, would take hers."

Georgiana, when not unburdening her heart to me, spent most of her time in lying on the sofa, fretting about the dullness of the house, and wishing over and over again that her aunt Gibson would send her an invitation up to town. "It would be so much better," she said, "if she could only get out of the way for a month or two, till all was over." I did not ask what she meant by "all being over," but I suppose she referred to the expected decease of her mother, and the gloomy sequel of funeral rites. Eliza generally took no more notice of her sister's indolence and complaints than if no such murmuring, lounging object had been before her. One day, however, as she put away her account-book and unfolded her embroidery, she suddenly took her up thus:

"Georgiana, a more vain and absurd animal than you was certainly never allowed to cumber the earth. You had no right to be born; for you make no use of life. Instead of living for, in, and with yourself, as a reasonable being ought, you seek only to fasten your feebleness on some other person's strength; if no one can be found willing to burden her or him self with such a fat, weak, puffy, useless thing, you cry out that you are ill-treated, neglected, miserable. Then, too, existence for you must be a scene of continual change and excitement, or else the world is a dungeon; you must be admired, you must be courted, you must be flattered—you must have music, dancing, and society—or you languish, you die away. Have you no sense to devise a system which will make you independent of all efforts, and all

wills, but your own? Take one day; share it into sections; to each section apportion its task; leave no stray unemployed quarters of an hour, ten minutes, five minutes—include all; do each piece of business in its turn with method, with rigid regularity. The day will close almost before you are aware it has begun; and you are indebted to no one for helping you to get rid of one vacant moment: you have had to seek no one's company, conversation, sympathy, forbearance; you have lived, in short, as an independent being ought to do. Take this advice: the first and last I shall offer you; then you will not want me or any one else, happen what may. Neglect it—go on as heretofore, craving, whining, and idling—and suffer the results of your idiocy, however bad and insufferable they may be. I tell you this plainly; and listen: for though I shall no more repeat what I am now about to say, I shall steadily act on it. After my mother's death, I wash my hands of you; from the day her coffin is carried to the vault in Gateshead church, you and I will be as separate as if we had never known each other. You need not think that, because we chanced to be born of the same parents, I shall suffer you to fasten me down by even the feeblest claim; I tell you this—if the whole human race, ourselves excepted, were swept away, and we two stood alone on the earth, I would leave you in the old world, and betake myself to the new." She closed her lips.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble of delivering that tirade," answered Georgiana. "Every body knows you are the most selfish, heartless creature in existence; and I know your spiteful hatred toward me; I have had a specimen of it before in the trick you played me about Lord Edwin Vere; you could not bear me to be raised above you, to have a title, to be received into circles where you dare not show your face, and so you acted the spy and informer, and ruined my prospects forever." Georgiana took out her handkerchief and blew her nose for an hour afterward; Eliza sat cold, impassible, and assiduously industrious.

True, generous feeling is made small account of by some; but here were two natures rendered, the one intolerably acrid, the other despicably savorless for the want of it. Feeling without judgment is a washy draught indeed; but judgment untempered by feeling is too bitter and husky a morsel for human deglutition.

It was a wet and windy afternoon: Georgiana had fallen asleep on the sofa over the perusal of a novel; Eliza was gone to attend a saint's-day service at the new church—for in matters of religion she was a rigid formalist; no weather ever prevented the punctual discharge of what she considered her devotional duties; fair or foul, she went to church thrice every Sunday, and as often on week-days as there were prayers.

I bethought myself to go up stairs and see how the dying woman sped, who lay there almost unheeded; the very servants paid her but a remittent attention; the hired nurse, being little looked after, would slip out of the room whenever she could. Bessie was faithful; but she had her own family to mind, and could only come occasionally to the Hall. I found the sick-room unwatched, as I had expected; no

nurse was there; the patient lay still, and seemingly lethargic; her livid face sunk in the pillows; the fire was dying in the grate. I renewed the fuel, rearranged the bed-clothes, gazed awhile on her who could not now gaze on me, and then I moved away to the window.

The rain beat strongly against the panes, the wind blew tempestuously. "One lies there," I thought, "who will soon be beyond the war of earthly elements. Whither will that spirit—now struggling to quit its material tenement—flit when at length released?"

In pondering the great mystery, I thought of Helen Burns; recalled her dying words—her faith—her doctrine of the equality of disembodied souls. I was still listening in thought to her well-remembered tones—still picturing her pale and spiritual aspect, her wasted face and sublime gaze, as she lay on her placid death-bed, and whispered her longing to be restored to her divine Father's bosom—when a feeble voice murmured from the couch behind, "Who is that?"

I knew Mrs. Reed had not spoken for days: was she reviving? I went up to her.

"It is I, aunt Reed."

"Who—I?" was her answer. "Who are you?" looking at me with surprise and a sort of alarm, but still not wildly. "You are quite a stranger to me—where is Bessie?"

"She is at the lodge, aunt."

"Aunt!" she repeated. "Who calls me aunt! You are not one of the Gibsons; and yet I know you—that face, and the eyes and forehead are quite familiar to me; you are like—why, you are like Jane Eyre!"

I said nothing: I was afraid of occasioning some shock by declaring my identity.

"Yet," said she, "I am afraid it is a mistake; my thoughts deceive me. I wished to see Jane Eyre, and I fancy a likeness where none exists; besides, in eight years she must be so changed." I now gently assured her that I was the person she supposed and desired me to be; and seeing that I was understood, and that her senses were quite collected, I explained how Bessie had sent her husband to fetch me from Thornfield.

"I am very ill, I know," she said ere long; "I was trying to turn myself a few minutes since, and find I can not move a limb. It is as well I should ease my mind before I die; what we think little of in health burdens us at such an hour as the present is to me. Is the nurse here? or is there no one in the room but you?"

I assured her we were alone.

"Well, I have twice done you a wrong which I regret now. One was in breaking the promise which I gave my husband to bring you up as my own child; the other—" She stopped. "After all, it is of no great importance, perhaps," she murmured to herself; "and then I may get better; and to humble myself so to her is painful."

She made an effort to alter her position, but failed: her face changed; she seemed to experience some inward sensation—the precursor, perhaps, of the last pang.

"Well, I must get it over. Eternity is before me: I had better tell her. Go to my dressing-case, open it, and take out a letter you will see there."

I obeyed her directions. "Read the letter," she said.

It was short, and thus conceived :

"MADAM—Will you have the goodness to send me the address of my niece, Jane Eyre, and to tell me how she is ; it is my intention to write shortly and desire her to come to me at Madeira. Providence has blessed my endeavors to secure a competency ; and as I am unmarried and childless, I wish to adopt her during my life, and bequeath her at my death whatever I may have to leave."

"I am, madam, &c., &c.,  
"JOHN EYRE, Madeira."

It was dated three years back.

"Why did I never hear of this ?" I asked.

"Because I disliked you too fixedly and thoroughly ever to lend a hand in lifting you to prosperity. I could not forget your conduct to me, Jane—the fury with which you once turned on me ; the tone in which you declared you abhorred me the worst of any body in the world ; the unchildlike look and voice with which you affirmed that the very thought of me made you sick, and asserted that I had treated you with miserable cruelty. I could not forget my own sensations when you thus started up and poured out the venom of your mind ; I felt fear, as if an animal that I had struck or pushed had looked up at me with human eyes and cursed me in a man's voice. Bring me some water ! Oh, make haste !"

"Dear Mrs. Reed," said I, as I offered her the draught she required, "think no more of all this, let it pass away from your mind. Forgive me for my passionate language : I was a child then ; eight, nine years have passed since that day."

She heeded nothing of what I said ; but when she had tasted the water and drawn breath, she went on thus :—

"I tell you I could not forget it, and I took my revenge ; for you to be adopted by your uncle, and placed in a state of ease and comfort, was what I could not endure. I wrote to him ; I said I was sorry for his disappointment, but Jane Eyre was dead—she had died of typhus fever at Lowood. Now act as you please ; write and contradict my assertion—expose my falsehood as soon as you like. You were born, I think, to be my torment ; my last hour is racked by the recollection of a deed which, but for you, I should never have been tempted to commit."

"If you could but be persuaded to think no more of it, aunt, and to regard me with kindness and forgiveness—"

"You have a very bad disposition," said she, "and one to this day I feel it impossible to understand ; how for nine years you could be patient and quiescent under any treatment, and in the tenth break out all fire and violence, I can never comprehend."

"My disposition is not so bad as you think : I am passionate, but not vindictive. Many a time, as a little child, I should have been glad to love you if you would have let me ; and I long earnestly to be reconciled to you now ; kiss me, aunt."

I approached my cheek to her lips ; she would not touch it. She said I oppressed her by leaning over the bed, and again demanded

water. As I laid her down—for I raised her and supported her on my arm while she drank—I covered her ice-cold and clammy hand with mine ; the feeble fingers shrank from my touch—the glazing eyes shunned my gaze.

"Love me, then, or hate me, as you will," I said at last, "you have my full and free forgiveness ; ask now for God's, and be at peace."

Poor, suffering woman ! it was too late for her to make now the effort to change her habitual frame of mind ; living, she had ever hated me—dying, she must hate me still.

The nurse now entered, and Bessie followed. I yet lingered half an hour longer, hoping to see some sign of amity ; but she gave none. She was fast relapsing into stupor ; nor did her mind again rally. At twelve o'clock that night she died. I was not present to close her eyes ; nor were either of her daughters. They came to tell us the next morning that all was over. She was by that time laid out. Eliza and I went to look at her ; Georgiana, who had burst out into loud weeping, said she dared not go. There was stretched Sarah Reed's once robust and active frame, rigid and still ; her eye of flint was covered with its cold lid ; her brow and strong traits wore yet the impress of her inexorable soul. A strange and solemn object was that corpse to me. I gazed on it with gloom and pain ; nothing soft, nothing sweet, nothing pitying, or hopeful, or subduing, did it inspire ; only a grating anguish for her woes—not my loss—and a somber tearless dismay at the fearfulness of death in such a form.

Eliza surveyed her parent calmly. After a silence of some minutes she observed—

"With her constitution she should have lived to a good old age ; her life was shortened by trouble." And then a spasm constricted her mouth for an instant ; as it passed away she turned and left the room, and so did I. Neither of us had dropped a tear.

## CHAPTER XXII.

MR. ROCHESTER had given me but one week's leave of absence ; yet a month elapsed before I quitted Gateshead. I wished to leave immediately after the funeral, but Georgiana entreated me to stay till she could get off to London—whither she was now at last invited by her uncle, Mr. Gibson, who had come down to direct his sister's interment, and settle the family affairs. Georgiana said she dreaded being left alone with Eliza ; from her she got neither sympathy in her dejection, support in her fears, nor aid in her preparations ; so I bore with her feeble-minded quailings and selfish lamentations as well as I could, and did my best in sewing for her and packing her dresses. It is true, that while I worked, she would idle ; and I thought to myself, "If you and I were destined to live always together, cousin, we would commence matters on a different footing. I should not settle tamely down into being the forbearing party ; I should assign you your share of labor, and compel you to accomplish it, or else it should be left undone ; I should insist, also, on your keeping

some of those drawling, half-insincere complaints hushed in your own breast. It is only because our connection happens to be very transitory, and comes at a peculiarly mournful season, that I consent thus to render it so patient and compliant on my part."

At last I saw Georgiana off; but now it was Eliza's turn to request me to stay another week. Her plans required all her time and attention, she said; she was about to depart for some unknown bourn; and all day long she stayed in her own room, her door bolted within, filling trunks, emptying drawers, burning papers, and holding no communication with any one. She wished me to look after the house, to see callers, and answer notes of condolence.

One morning she told me I was at liberty. "And," she added, "I am obliged to you for your valuable services and discreet conduct. There is some difference between living with such a one as you, and with Georgiana; you perform your own part in life, and burden no one. To-morrow," she continued, "I set out for the continent. I shall take up my abode in a religious house, near Lisle—a nunnery you would call it; there I shall be quiet and unmolested. I shall devote myself for a time to the examination of the Roman Catholic dogmas, and to a careful study of the workings of their system; if I find it to be, as I half suspect it is, the one best calculated to insure the doing of all things decently and in order, I shall embrace the tenets of Rome and probably take the veil."

I neither expressed surprise at this resolution nor attempted to dissuade her from it. "The vocation will fit you to a hair," I thought; "much good may it do you!"

When we parted, she said: "Good-bye, cousin Jane Eyre, I wish you well; you have some sense."

I then returned: "You are not without sense, cousin Eliza; but what you have, I suppose, in another year will be walled up alive in a French convent. However, it is not my business, and, so it suits you, I don't much care."

"You are in the right," said she; and with these words we each went our separate way. As I shall not have occasion to refer either to her or her sister again, I may as well mention here that Georgiana made an advantageous match with a wealthy worn-out man of fashion; and that Eliza actually took the veil, and is at this day superior of the convent where she passed the period of her novitiate, and which she endowed with her fortune.

How people feel when they are returning home after an absence, long or short, I did not know. I had never experienced the sensation. I had known what it was to come back to Gateshead, when a child, after a long walk—to be scolded for looking cold or gloomy; and later, what it was to come back from church to Lowood—to long for a plentiful meal and a good fire, and to be unable to get either. Neither of these returnings were very pleasant or desirable; no magnet drew me to a given point, increasing in its strength of attraction the nearer I came. The return to Thornfield was yet to be tried.

My journey seemed tedious—very tedious, fifty miles one day, a night spent at an inn; fifty miles the next day. During the first twelve hours I thought of Mrs. Reed in her last moments; I saw her disfigured and discolored face, and heard her strangely-altered voice; I mused on the funeral day, the coffin the hearse, the black train of tenants and servants—few was the number of relatives—the gaping vault, the silent church, the solemn service. Then I thought of Eliza and Georgiana. I beheld one the cynosure of a ball-room, the other the inmate of a convent cell; and I dwelt on and analyzed their separate peculiarities of person and character. The evening arrival at the great town of — scattered these thoughts; night gave them quite another turn. Laid down on my traveler's bed, I left reminiscence for anticipation.

I was going back to Thornfield; but how long was I to stay there? Not long—of that I was sure. I had heard from Mrs. Fairfax in the interim of my absence. The party at the Hall was dispersed; Mr. Rochester had left for London three weeks ago, but he was then expected to return in a fortnight. Mrs. Fairfax surmised that he was gone to make arrangements for his wedding, as he had talked of purchasing a new carriage. She said, the idea of his marrying Miss Ingram still seemed strange to her; but from what every body said, and from what she had herself seen, she could no longer doubt that the event would shortly take place. "You would be strangely incredulous if you did doubt it," was my mental comment; "I don't doubt it."

The question followed, "Where was I to go?" I dreamed of Miss Ingram all the night. In a vivid morning dream, I saw her closing the gates of Thornfield against me and pointing me out another road; and Mr. Rochester looked on with his arms folded, smiling sardonically, as it seemed, at both her and me.

I had not notified to Mrs. Fairfax the exact day of my return, for I did not wish either car or carriage to meet me at Millcote. I proposed to walk the distance quietly by myself; and very quietly, after leaving my box in the hostler's care, did I slip away from the George Inn, about six o'clock of a June evening, and take the old road to Thornfield; a road which lay chiefly through fields, and was now little frequented.

It was not a bright or splendid summer evening, though fair and soft. The hay-makers were at work all along the road, and the sky, though far from cloudless, was such as promised well for the future—its blue, where blue was visible, was mild and settled, and its cloud strata high and thin. The west, too, was warm; no watery gleam chilled it; it seemed as if there was a fire lighted—an altar burning behind its screen of marbled vapor—and out of apertures shone a golden redness.

I felt glad as the road shortened before me—so glad that I stopped once to ask myself what that joy meant, and to remind reason that it was not to my home I was going, or to a permanent resting-place, or to a place where fond friends looked out for me and waited my arrival. "Mrs. Fairfax will smile you a calm welcome, to be sure," said I; "and little

Adèle will clap her hands and jump to see you ; but you know very well you are thinking of another than they, and that he is not thinking of you."

But what is so headstrong as youth—what so blind as inexperience ! These affirmed that it was pleasure enough to have the privilege of again looking on Mr. Rochester, whether he looked on me or not ; and they added—"Hasten ! hasten ! be with him while you may ; but a few more days or weeks, at most, and you are parted from him forever !" And then I strangled a new-born agony—a deformed thing which I could not persuade myself to own and rear—and ran on.

They are making hay, too, in Thornfield meadows ; or, rather, the laborers are just quitting their work, and returning home with their rakes on their shoulders, now, at the hour I arrive. I have but a field or two to traverse, and then I shall cross the road and reach the gates. How full the hedges are of roses ! but I have no time to gather any ; I want to be at the house. I pass a tall brier, shooting leafy and flowery branches across the path ; I see the narrow stile with stone steps ; and I see—Mr. Rochester sitting there, a book and a pencil in his hand. He is writing.

Well, he is not a ghost—yet every nerve I have is unstrung ; for a moment I am beyond my own mastery. What does it mean ! I did not think I should tremble in this way when I saw him, or lose my voice or the power of motion in his presence. I will go back as soon as I can stir ; I need not make an absolute fool of myself ; I know another way to the house ; it does not signify if I knew twenty ways, for he has seen me.

"Hillo !" he cries ; and he puts up his book and his pencil ; "there you are ! Come on, if you please."

I suppose I do come on, though in what fashion I know not ; being scarcely cognizant of my movements, and solicitous only to appear calm ; and, above all, to control the working muscles of my face, which I feel rebel insolently against my will, and struggle to express what I had resolved to conceal. But I have a veil—it is down ; I may make shift yet to behave with decent composure.

"And this is Jane Eyre ! Are you coming from Millcote, and on foot ? Yes ; just one of your tricks—not to send for a carriage, and come clattering over street and road, like a common mortal, but to steal into the vicinage of your home along with twilight, just as if you were a dream or a shade. What the deuce have you done with yourself this last month ?"

"I have been with my aunt, sir, who is dead."

"A true Janian reply ! Good angels be my guard ! She comes from the other world—from the abode of people who are dead—and tells me so when she meets me alone here in the gloaming ! If I dared, I'd touch you, to see if you are substance or shadow, you elf ! but I'd as soon offer to take hold of a blue *ignis fatuus* light in a marsh. Truant ! truant !" he added, when he had paused an instant, "absent from me a whole month, and forgetting me quite, I'll be sworn !"

I knew there would be pleasure in meeting my master again, even though broken by the fear that he was so soon to cease to be my master, and by the knowledge that I was nothing to him ; but there was ever in Mr. Rochester (so, at least, I thought) such a wealth of the power of communicating happiness, that to taste but of the crumbs he scattered to stray and stranger birds like me, was to feast genially. His last words were balm. They seemed to imply that it imported something to him whether I forgot him or not. And he had spoken of Thornfield as my home—would that it were my home !

He did not leave the stile, and I hardly liked to ask to go by. I inquired soon if he had not been to London.

"Yes ; I suppose you found that out by second sight."

"Mrs. Fairfax told me in a letter."

"And did she inform you what I went to do ?"

"Oh, yes, sir ! Every body knew your errand."

"You must see the carriage, Jane, and tell me if you don't think it will suit Mrs. Rochester exactly ; and whether she won't look like Queen Boadicea, leaning back against those purple cushions. I wish, Jane, I were a trifle better adapted to match with her externally. Tell me now, fairly as you are, can't you give me a charm, or a philter, or something of that sort, to make me a handsome man ?"

"It would be past the power of magic, sir !" and, in thought, I added, "A loving eye is all the charm needed ; to such you are handsome enough, or, rather, your sternness has a power beyond beauty."

Mr. Rochester had sometimes read my unspoken thoughts with an acumen to me incomprehensible ; in the present instance he took no notice of my abrupt vocal response, but he smiled at me with a certain smile he had of his own, and which he used but on rare occasions. He seemed to think it too good for common purposes ; it was the real sunshine of feeling—he shed it over me now.

"Pass Janet," said he, making room for me to cross the stile ; "go up home, and stay your weary little wandering feet at a friend's thresh old."

All I had now to do was to obey him in silence ; no need for me to colloquize further. I got over the stile without a word, and meant to leave him calmly. An impulse held me fast—a force turned me round ; I said—or something in me said for me, and in spite of me—

"Thank you, Mr. Rochester, for your great kindness. I am strangely glad to get back again to you ; and wherever you are is my home—my only home."

I walked on so fast that even he could hardly have overtaken me had he tried. Little Adèle was half wild with delight when she saw me. Mrs. Fairfax received me with her usual plain friendliness. Leah smiled, and even Sophie bid me "bon soir" with glee. This was very pleasant ; there is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

I that evening shut my eyes resolutely against the future; I stopped my ears against the voice that kept warning me of near separation and coming grief. When tea was over, and Mrs. Fairfax had taken her knitting, and I had assumed a low seat near her, and Adèle, kneeling on the carpet had nestled close up to me, and a sense of mutual affection seemed to surround us with a ring of golden peace, I uttered a silent prayer that we might not be parted far or soon; but when, as we thus sat, Mr. Rochester entered, unannounced, and looking at us, seemed to take pleasure in the spectacle of a group so amicable—when he said he supposed the old lady was all right now that she had got her adopted daughter back again, and added that he saw Adèle was “*prête à croquer sa petite maman Anglaise*”—I half ventured to hope that he would, even after his marriage, keep us together somewhere under the shelter of his protection, and not quite exiled from the sunshine of his presence.

A fortnight of dubious calm succeeded my return to Thornfield Hall. Nothing was said of the master's marriage, and I saw no preparation going on for such an event. Almost every day I asked Mrs. Fairfax if she had yet heard any thing decided; her answer was always in the negative. Once she said she had actually put the question to Mr. Rochester as to when he was going to bring his bride home; but he had answered her only by a joke, and one of his queer looks, and she could not tell what to make of him.

One thing specially surprised me, and that was, there were no journeyings backward and forward, no visits to Ingram Park; to be sure it was twenty miles off, on the borders of another county; but what was that distance to an ardent lover? To so practiced and indefatigable a horseman as Mr. Rochester, it would be but a morning's ride. I began to cherish hopes I had no right to conceive—that the match was broken off—that rumor had been mistaken—that one or both parties had changed their minds. I used to look at my master's face to see if it were sad or fierce; but I could not remember the time when it had been so uniformly clear of clouds or evil feelings. If, in the moments I and my pupil spent with him, I lacked spirits and sunk into inevitable dejection, he became even gay. Never had he called me more frequently to his presence—never been kinder to me when there—and, *alas!* never had I loved him so well.

### CHAPTER XXIII

A **SPLENDID** midsummer shone over England; skies so pure, suns so radiant as were then seen in long succession, seldom favor, even singly, our wave-girt land. It was as if a band of Italian days had come from the South, like a flock of glorious passenger-birds, and lighted to rest them on the cliffs of Albion. The hay was all got in; the fields round Thornfield were green and shorn; the roads white and baked; the trees were in their dark prime; hedge and wood, full-leaved and deeply-tinted, contrasted well with the sunny hue of the cleared meadows between.

On midsummer eve, Adèle, weary with gathering wild strawberries in Hay-lane half the day, had gone to bed with the sun. I watched her drop asleep, and when I left her I sought the garden.

It was now the sweetest hour of the twenty-four. “Day its fervid fires had wasted,” and dew fell cool on panting plain and scorched summit. Where the sun had gone down in simple state—pure of the pomp of clouds—spread a solemn purple, burning with the light of red jewel and furnace flame at one point, on one hill-peak, and extending high and wide, soft and still softer, over half heaven. The east had its own charm of fine, deep blue, and its own modest gem, a rising and solitary star; soon it would boast the moon, but she was yet beneath the horizon.

I walked awhile on the pavement, but a subtle, well-known scent—that of a cigar—stole from some window; I saw the library casement open a handbreadth; I knew I might be watched thence, so I went apart into the orchard. No nook in the grounds more sheltered and more Eden-like; it was full of trees, it bloomed with flowers; a very high wall shut it out from the court, on one side; on the other, a beech avenue screened it from the lawn. At the bottom was a sunk fence, its sole separation from lonely fields; a winding walk, bordered with laurels and terminating in a giant horse-chestnut, circled at the base by a seat, led down to the fence. Here one could wander unseen. While such honey-dew fell, such silence reigned, such gloaming gathered, I felt as if I could haunt such shade forever; but in threading the flower and fruit-parterres at the upper part of the inclosure, enticed there by the light the now rising moon casts on this more open quarter, my step is stayed—not by sound, not by sight, but once more by a warning fragrance.

Sweet-brier and southern-wood, jasmine, pink, and rose have long been yielding their evening sacrifice of incense: this new scent is neither of shrub nor flower; it is—I know it well—it is Mr. Rochester's cigar. I look round and I listen. I see trees laden with ripening fruit. I hear a nightingale warbling in a wood half a mile off; no moving form is visible, no coming step audible; but that perfume in creases: I must flee. I make for the wicket leading to the shrubbery, and I see Mr. Rochester entering. I step aside into the ivy recess; he will not stay long; he will soon return whence he came, and if I sit here he will never see me.

But no—eventide is as pleasant to him as to me, and this antique garden as attractive; and he strolls on, now lifting the gooseberry-tree branches to look at the fruit, large as plums, with which they are laden—now taking a ripe cherry from the wall—now stooping toward a knot of flowers, either to inhale their fragrance or to admire the dew-beads on their petals. A great moth goes humming by me; it alights on a plant at Mr. Rochester's feet; he sees it, and bends to examine it.

“Now he has his back toward me,” thought I, “and he is occupied, too; perhaps, if I walk softly, I can slip away unnoticed.”

I trod on an edging of turf, that the crackle of the pebbly gravel might not betray me. He

was standing among the beds at a yard or two distant from where I had to pass; the moth apparently engaged him. "I shall get by very well," I meditated. As I crossed his shadow, thrown long over the garden by the moon, not yet risen high, he said quietly, without turning, "Jane, come and look at this fellow."

I had made no noise—he had not eyes behind—could his shadow feel? I started at first, and then I approached him.

"Look at his wings," said he; "he reminds me rather of a West Indian insect; one does not often see so large and gay a night-rover in England. There! he is flown."

The moth roamed away; I was sheepishly retreating also, but Mr. Rochester followed me, and when we reached the wicket he said—

"Turn back: on so lovely a night it is a shame to sit in the house; and surely no one can wish to go to bed while sunset is thus at meeting with moonrise."

It is one of my faults, that though my tongue is sometimes prompt enough at answer, there are times when it sadly fails me in framing an excuse; and always the lapse occurs at some crisis, when a facile word or plausible pretext is specially wanted to get me out of painful embarrassment. I did not like to walk at this hour alone with Mr. Rochester in the shadowy orchard; but I could not find a reason to allege for leaving him. I followed with lagging step, and thoughts busily bent on discovering a means of extrication; but he himself looked so composed and so grave also, I became ashamed of feeling any confusion; the evil—if evil existent or perspective there was—seemed to lie with me only; his mind was unconscious and quiet.

"Jane," he recommenced, as we entered the laurel-walk, and slowly strayed down in the direction of the sunk fence and the horse-chestnut, "Thornfield is a pleasant place in summer, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must have become in some degree attached to the house—you, who have an eye for natural beauties, and a good deal of the organ of adhesiveness!"

"I am attached to it, indeed."

"And, though I don't comprehend how it is, I perceive you have acquired a degree of regard for that foolish little child Adele, too; and even for simple dame Fairfax?"

"Yes, sir; in different ways, I have an affection for both."

"And would be sorry to part with them?"

"Yes."

"Pity!" he said, and sighed and paused. "It is always the way of events in this life," he continued presently; "no sooner have you got settled in a pleasant resting-place, than a voice calls out to you to rise and move on, for the hour of repose is expired."

"Must I move on, sir?" I asked. "Must I leave Thornfield?"

"I believe you must, Jane. I am sorry, Janet; but I believe, indeed, you must."

This was a blow; but I did not let it prostrate me.

"Well, sir, I shall be ready when the order of march comes."

"It is come now—I must give it to-night."

"Then you are going to be married, sir?"

"Ex-act-ly—pre-cise-ly; with your usual acuteness, you have hit the nail straight on the head."

"Soon, sir?"

"Very soon, my —, that is, Miss Eyre; and you'll remember, Jane, the first time I, or Rumour, plainly intimated to you that it was my intention to put my old bachelor's neck into the sacred noose, to enter into the holy estate of matrimony—to take Miss Ingram to my bosom, in short (she's an extensive armful: but that's not to the point—one can't have too much of such a very excellent thing as my beautiful Blanche)—well, as I was saying—listen to me Jane! You're not turning your head to look after more moths, are you? That was only a lady-clock, child, 'flying away home.' I wish to remind you that it was you who first said to me, with that discretion I respect in you—with that foresight, prudence, and humility which befit your responsible and dependent position—that in case I married Miss Ingram, both you and little Adele had better trot forthwith. I pass over the sort of slur conveyed in this suggestion on the character of my beloved; indeed, when you are far away, Janet, I'll try to forget it; I shall notice only its wisdom, which is such that I have made it my law of action. Adele must go to school, and you, Miss Eyre, must get a new situation."

"Yes, sir, I will advertise immediately; and meantime, I suppose—" I was going to say "I suppose I may stay here till I find another shelter to betake myself to;" but I stopped feeling it would not do to risk a long sentence for my voice was not quite under command.

"In about a month I hope to be a bride groom," continued Mr. Rochester; "and in the interim, I shall myself look out for employment and an asylum for you."

"Thank you, sir; I am sorry to give—"

"Oh, no need to apologize! I consider that when a dependent does her duty as well as you have done yours she has a sort of claim upon her employer for any little assistance he can conveniently render her; indeed, I have already, through my future mother-in-law, heard of a place that I think will suit; it is to undertake the education of the five daughters of Mrs. Dionysius O'Gall of Bitternutt Lodge, Connaught, Ireland. You'll like Ireland, I think: they're such warm-hearted people there, they say."

"It is a long way off, sir."

"No matter—a girl of your sense will not object to the voyage or the distance."

"Not the voyage, but the distance; and then the sea is a barrier—"

"From what, Jane?"

"From England; and from Thornfield; and—"

"Well?"

"From you, sir."

I said this almost involuntarily; and, with as little sanction of free will, my tears gushed out. I did not cry so as to be heard, however; I avoided sobbing. The thought of Mrs. O'Gall and Bitternutt Lodge struck cold to my heart; and colder the thought of all the brine and foam, destined, as it seemed, to rush between me and the master, at whose side I now walked; and coldest at the remembrance of the wider ocean—wealth, caste, custom intervened between me and what I naturally and inevitably loved."

"It is a long way," I again said.

"It is, to be sure; and when you get to Bittern Lodge, Connaught, Ireland, I shall never see you again, Jane: that's morally certain. I never go over to Ireland, not having myself much of a fancy for the country. We have been good friends, Jane, have we not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when friends are on the eve of separation, they like to spend the little time that remains to them close to each other. Come, we'll talk over the voyage and the parting quietly, half an hour or so, while the stars enter into their shining life up in heaven yonder; here is the chestnut-tree; here is the bench at its old roots. Come, we will sit there in peace to-night, though we should never more be destined to sit there together." He seated me and himself.

"It is a long way to Ireland, Janet, and I am sorry to send my little friend on such weary travels; but if I can't do better, how is it to be helped? Are you anything akin to me, do you think, Jane?"

I could risk no sort of answer by this time; my heart was full.

"Because," he said, "I sometimes have a queer feeling with regard to you, especially when you are near me, as now; it is as if I had a string somewhere under my left ribs, tightly and inextricably knotted to a similar string situated in the corresponding quarter of your little frame. And if that boisterous channel, and two hundred miles or so of land come broad between us, I am afraid that cord of communion will be snapped; and then I've a nervous notion I should take to bleeding inwardly. As for you, you'd forget me."

"That I never should, sir; you know—" impossible to proceed.

"Jane, do you hear that nightingale singing in the wood? Listen!"

In listening, I sobbed convulsively; for I could repress what I endured no longer; I was obliged to yield; and I was shaken from head to foot with acute distress. When I did speak, it was only to express an impetuous wish that I had never been born, or never come to Thornfield.

"Because you are sorry to leave it?"

The vehemence of emotion, stirred by grief and love within me, was claiming mastery, and struggling for full sway and asserting a right to predominate—to overcome, to live, rise, and reign at last; yes, and to speak.

"I grieve to leave Thornfield; I love Thornfield; I love it, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life, momentarily at least. I have not been trampled on. I have not been perjured. I have not been buried with inferior minds, and excluded from every glimpse of communion with what is bright, and energetic, and high. I have talked, face to face, with what I reverence; with what I delight in, with an original, a vigorous, an expanded mind. I have known you, Mr. Rochester; and it strikes me with terror and anguish to feel I absolutely must be torn from you forever. I see the necessity of departure; and it is like looking on the necessity of death."

"Where do you see the necessity?" he asked, suddenly.

"Where? You, sir, have placed it before me."

"In what shape?"

"In the shape of Miss Ingram; a noble and beautiful woman, your bride."

"My bride! What bride? I have no bride!"

"But you will have."

"Yes; I will! I will!" He set his teeth.

"Then I must go; you have said it yourself."

"No; you must stay! I swear it, and the oath shall be kept."

"I tell you I must go!" I retorted, roused to something like passion. "Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton! a machine without feelings! and can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong! I have as much soul as you, and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty, and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh; it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal—as we are!"

"As we are!" repeated Mr. Rochester—"so," he added, inclosing me in his arms, gathering me to his breast, pressing his lips on my lips: so, Jane!"

"Yes, so, sir," I rejoined: "and yet not so; for you are a married man—or as good as a married man, and wed to one inferior to you—to one with whom you have no sympathy—whom I do not believe you truly love; for I have seen and heard you sneer at her. I would scorn such a union; therefore I am better than you—let me go!"

"Where, Jane? to Ireland?"

"Yes—to Ireland. I have spoken my mind, and can go any where now."

"Jane, be still; don't struggle so, like a wild, frantic bird that is rending its own plumage in its desperation."

"I am no bird; and no net insnares me: I am a free, human being, with an independent will; which I now exert to leave you."

Another effort set me at liberty, and I stood erect before him.

"And your will shall decide your destiny," he said: "I offer you my hand, my heart, and a share of all my possessions."

"You play a farce, which I merely laugh at."

"I ask you to pass through life at my side—to be my second self, and best earthly companion."

"For that fate you have already made your choice, and must abide by it."

"Jane, be still a few moments: you are overexcited: I will be still too."

A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel-walk, and trembled through the boughs of the chestnut: it wandered away—away—to an indefinite distance—it died. The nightingale's song was then the only voice of the hour. In listening to it, I again wept. Mr. Rochester sat quiet, looking at me gently and seriously. Some time passed before he spoke; he at last said—



"Come to my side, Jane, and let us explain and understand one another."

"I will never again come to your side: I am torn away now, and can not return."

"But, Jane, I summon you as my wife: it is you only I intend to marry."

I was silent: I thought he mocked me.

"Come, Jane—come hither."

"Your bride stands between us."

He rose, and with a stride reached me.

"My bride is here," he said, again drawing me to him, "because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me?"

Still I did not answer, and still I writhed myself from his grasp; for I was still incredulous.

"Do you doubt me, Jane?"

"Entirely."

"You have no faith in me?"

"Not a whit."

"Am I a liar in your eyes?" he asked passionately. "Little skeptic, you *shall* be convinced. What love have I for Miss Ingram? None, and that you know. What love has she for me? None, as I have taken pains to prove: I caused a rumor to reach her that my fortune was not a third of what was supposed, and after that I presented myself to see the result: it was coldness both from her and her mother. I would not—I could not—marry Miss Ingram. You—you strange—you almost unearthly thing! I love as my own flesh. You—poor and obscure, and small and plain as you are—I entreat to accept me as a husband."

"What, me!" I ejaculated, beginning in his earnestness—and especially in his incivility—to credit his sincerity; "me, who have not a friend in the world but you—if you are my friend; not a shilling but what you have given me?"

"You, Jane. I must have you for my own—entirely my own. Will you be mine? Say yes, quickly."

"Mr. Rochester, let me look at your face; turn to the moonlight."

"Why?"

"Because I want to read your countenance; turn!"

"There; you will find it scarcely more legible than a crumpled, scratched page. Read on; only make haste, for I suffer."

His face was very much agitated and very much flushed, and there were strong workings in the features, and strange gleams in the eyes.

"Oh, Jane, you torture me!" he exclaimed.

"With that searching and yet faithful and generous look you torture me!"

"How can I do that? If you are true, and your offer real, my only feelings to you must be gratitude and devotion—they can not torture."

"Gratitude!" he ejaculated; and added wildly—"Jane, accept me quickly. Say, Edward—give me my name—Edward, I will marry you."

"Are you in earnest? Do you truly love me? Do you sincerely wish me to be your wife?"

"I do; and if an oath is necessary to satisfy you, I swear it."

"Then, sir, I will marry you."

"Edward—my little wife!"

"Dear Edward!"

"Come to me—come to me *entirely now*," said he; and added, in his deepest tone, speaking in my ear as his cheek was laid on mine, "Make my happiness—I will make yours."

"God pardon me!" he subjoined ere long, "and man meddle not with me; I have her, and will hold her."

"There is no one to meddle, sir. I have no kindred to interfere."

"No—that is the best of it," he said. And if I had loved him less I should have thought his accent and look of exultation savage; but, sitting by him, roused from the nightmare of parting—called to the paradise of union—I thought only of the bliss given me to drink in so abundant a flow. Again and again he said, "Are you happy, Jane?" And again and again I answered, "Yes." After which he murmured, "It will atone—it will atone. Have I not found her friendless, and cold, and comfortless? Will I not guard, and cherish, and solace her? Is there not love in my heart, and constancy in my resolves? It will expiate at God's tribunal. I know my Maker sanctions what I do. For the world's judgment—I wash my hands there of. For man's opinion—I defy it."

But what had befallen the night? The moon was not yet set, and we were all in shadow; I could scarcely see my master's face, near as I was. And what ailed the chestnut-tree? It writhed and groaned, while wind roared in the laurel-walk, and came sweeping over us.

"We must go in," said Mr. Rochester: "the weather changes. I could have sat with thee till morning, Jane."

"And so," thought I, "could I with you." I should have said so, perhaps, but a livid, vivid spark leaped out of a cloud at which I was looking, and there was a crack, a crash, and a close rattling peal; and I thought only of hiding my dazzled eyes against Mr. Rochester's shoulder. The rain rushed down. He hurried me up the walk, through the grounds, and into the house; but we were quite wet before we could pass the threshold. He was taking off my shawl in the hall, and shaking the water out of my loosened hair, when Mrs. Fairfax emerged from her room. I did not observe her at first, nor did Mr. Rochester. The lamp was lighted. The clock was on the stroke of twelve.

"Hasten to take off your wet things," said he: "and before you go, good-night—good-night, my darling!"

He kissed me repeatedly. When I looked up, on leaving his arms, there stood the widow, pale, grave, and amazed. I only smiled at her, and ran up stairs. "Explanation will do for another time," thought I. Still, when I reached my chamber, I felt a pang at the idea she should even temporarily misconstrue what she had seen. But joy soon effaced every other feeling; and loud as the wind blew, near and deep as the thunder crashed, fierce and frequent as the lightning gleamed, cataract-like as the rain fell during a storm of two hours' duration, I experienced no fear, and little awe. Mr. Rochester came thrice to my door in the course of it, to ask if I was safe and tranquil; and that was comfort, that was strength for any thing.

Before I left my bed in the morning, little Adèle came running in to tell me that the great horse-chestnut at the bottom of the orchard had been struck by lightning in the night, and half of it split away.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

As I rose and dressed, I thought over what had happened, and wondered if it were a dream. I could not be certain of the reality till I had seen Mr. Rochester again, and heard him renew his words of love and promise.

While arranging my hair, I looked at my face in the glass, and felt it was no longer plain; there was hope in its aspect and life in its color; and my eyes seemed as if they had beheld the fount of fruition, and borrowed beams from the lustrous ripple. I had often been unwilling to look at my master, because I feared he could not be pleased at my look, but I was sure I might lift my face to his now and not cool his affection by its expression. I took a plain but clean and light summer dress from my drawer and put it on; it seemed no attire had ever so well become me, because none had I ever worn in so blissful a mood.

I was not surprised, when I ran down into the hall, to see that a brilliant June morning had succeeded to the tempest of the night, and to feel, through the open glass door, the breathing of a fresh and fragrant breeze. Nature must be glad some when I was so happy. A beggar-woman and her little boy, pale, ragged objects both, were coming up the walk, and I ran down and gave them all the money I happened to have in my purse, some three or four shillings; good or bad they must partake of my jubilee. The rooks cawed, and blither birds sung; but nothing was so merry or so musical as my own rejoicing heart.

Mrs. Fairfax surprised me by looking out of the window with a sad countenance, and saying, gravely, "Miss Eyre, will you come to breakfast?" During the meal she was quiet and cool, but I could not undeceive her then. I must wait for my master to give explanations; and so must she. I ate what I could, and then I hastened up stairs. I met Adèle leaving the school-room.

"Where are you going? It is time for lessons."

"Mr. Rochester has sent me away to the nursery."

"Where is he?"

"In there," pointing to the apartment she had left; and I went in, and there he stood.

"Come, and bid me good-morning," said he. I gladly advanced, and it was not merely a cold word now, or even a shake of the hand that I received, but an embrace and a kiss. It seemed natural; it seemed genial to be so well-loved, so caressed by him.

"Jane, you look blooming, and smiling, and pretty," said he; "truly pretty this morning. Is this my pale little elf? Is this my mustard-seed? This little sunny-faced girl, with the dimpled cheek and rosy lips; the satin-smooth hazel hair, and the radiant hazel eyes?" (I had green eyes, reader; but you must excuse

the mistake, for him, they were new-dyed, I suppose.)

"It is Jane Eyre, sir."

"Soon to be Jane Rochester," he added. "in four weeks, Janet, not a day more. Do you hear that?"

I did, and I could not quite comprehend it; it made me giddy. The feeling, the announcement sent through me, was something stronger than was consistent with joy, something that smote and stunned; it was, I think, almost fear.

"You blushed, and now you are white, Jane; what is that for?"

"Because you gave me a new name—Jane Rochester; and it seems so strange."

"Yes, Mrs. Rochester," said he; "young Mrs. Rochester; Fairfax Rochester's girl-bride."

"It can never be, sir; it does not sound likely. Human beings never enjoy complete happiness in this world. I was not born for a different destiny to the rest of my species; to imagine such a lot befalling me is a fairy tale, a day-dream."

"Which I can and will realize. I shall begin to-day. This morning I wrote to my banker in London to send me certain jewels he has in his keeping, heir-looms for the ladies of Thornfield. In a day or two I hope to pour them into your lap; for every privilege, every attention shall be yours, that I would accord a peer's daughter, if about to marry her."

"Oh, sir! never mind jewels! I don't like to hear them spoken of. Jewels for Jane Eyre sounds unnatural and strange; I would rather not have them."

"I will myself put the diamond chain round your neck, and the circlet on your forehead, which it will become: for nature, at least, has stamped her patent of nobility on this brow, Jane; and I will clasp the bracelets on these fine wrists, and load these fairy-like fingers with rings."

"No, no, sir! think of other subjects, and speak of other things, and in another strain. Don't address me as if I were a beauty; I am your plain, Quakerish governess."

"You are a beauty, in my eyes; and a beauty just after the desire of my own heart, delicate and aerial."

"Puny and insignificant, you mean. You are dreaming, sir—or, you are sneering. For God's sake, don't be ironical!"

"I will make the world acknowledge you a beauty, too," he went on, while I really became uneasy at the strain he had adopted; because I felt he was either deluding himself or trying to delude me. "I will attire my Jane in satin and lace, and she shall have roses in her hair, and I will cover the head I love best with a priceless veil."

"And then you won't know me, sir; and I shall not be your Jane Eyre any longer, but an ape in a harlequin's jacket—a jay in borrowed plumes. I would as soon see you, Mr. Rochester, tricked out in stage-trappings, as myself clad in a court-lady's robe; and I don't call you handsome, sir, though I love you most dearly—far too dearly to flatter you. Don't flatter me."

He pursued his theme, however, without

noticing my deprecation. "This very day I shall take you in the carriage to Millcote, and you must choose some dresses for yourself. I told you we shall be married in four weeks. The wedding is to take place quietly, in the church down below yonder; and then I shall wait you away at once to town. After a brief stay there, I shall bear my treasure to regions nearer the sun; to French vineyards and Italian plains; and she shall see whatever is famous in old story and in modern record; she shall taste, too, of the life of cities; and she shall learn to value herself by just comparison with others."

"Shall I travel? and with you, sir?"

"You shall sojourn at Paris, Rome, and Naples; at Florence, Venice, and Vienna; all the ground I have wandered over shall be retold by you; wherever I stamped my hoof, your sylph's foot shall step also. Ten years since, I flew through Europe half mad, with disgust, hate, and rage, as my companions; now I shall revisit it healed and cleansed, with a very angel as my comforter."

I laughed at him as he said this. "I am not an angel," I asserted; "and I will not be one till I die: I will be myself, Mr. Rochester; you must neither expect nor exact any thing celestial of me, for you will not get it any more than I shall get it of you, which I do not at all anticipate."

"What do you anticipate of me?"

"For a little while you will, perhaps, be as you are now, a very little while; and then you will turn cool; and then you will be capricious; and then you will be stern, and I shall have much ado to please you; but when you get well used to me, you will, perhaps, like me again, *like* me, I say not *love* me. I suppose your love will effervesce in six months, or less. I have observed in books written by men, that period assigned as the farthest to which a husband's ardor extends. Yet, after all, as a friend and companion, I hope never to become quite distasteful to my dear master."

"Distasteful! and like you again! I think I shall like you again and yet again; and I will make you confess I do not only *like*, but *love* you—with truth, fervor, constancy."

"Yet, are you not capricious, sir?"

"To women who please me only by their faces, I am the very devil when I find out they have neither souls nor hearts—when they open to me a perspective of flatness, triviality, and, perhaps, imbecility, coarseness, and ill-temper; but to the clear eye and eloquent tongue, to the soul made of fire, and the character that bends but does not break—at once supple and stable, tractable and consistent—I am ever tender and true."

"Had you ever experience of such a character, sir? Did you ever love such a one?"

"I love it now."

"But before me; if I, indeed, in any respect come up to that difficult standard?"

"I never met your likeness, Jane; you please me, and you master me—you seem to submit, and I like the sense of pliancy you impart; and while I am twining the soft, silken skein round my finger, it sends a thrill up my arm to my heart. I am influenced—conquered; and the influence is sweeter than I can express; and

the conquest I undergo has a witchery beyond any triumph I can win. Why do you smile, Jane! What does that inexplicable, that uncanny turn of countenance mean?"

"I was thinking, sir (you will excuse the idea; it was involuntary), I was thinking of Hercules and Samson with their charmers—"

"You were, you little, elfish—"

"Hush, sir. You don't talk very wisely just now; any more than those gentlemen acted very wisely. However, had they been married, they would, no doubt by their severity as husbands, have made up for their softness as suitors; and so will you, I fear. I wonder how you will answer me a year hence, should I ask a favor it does not suit your convenience or pleasure to grant."

"Ask me something now, Janet—the least thing; I desire to be entreated—"

"Indeed, I will sir; I have my petition all ready."

"Speak! But if you look up and smile with that countenance, I shall swear concession before I know to what, and that will make a fool of me."

"Not at all, sir: I ask only this; don't send for the jewels, and don't crown me with roses: you might as well put a border of gold lace round that plain pocket-handkerchief you have there."

"I might as well 'gild refined gold.' I know it; your request is granted, then—for the time. I will remand the order I dispatched to my banker. But you have not yet asked for any thing; you have prayed a gift to be withdrawn; try again."

"Well, then, sir; have the goodness to gratify my curiosity, which is much piqued on one point."

He looked disturbed. "What? what?" he said hastily. "Curiosity is a dangerous petitioner; it is well I have not taken a vow to accord every request—"

"But there can be no danger in complying with this, sir."

"Utter it, Jane; but I wish that instead of a mere inquiry into, perhaps a secret, it was a wish for half my estate."

"Now, king Ahasuerus! What do I want with half your estate? Do you think I am a Jew-usurer, seeking good investment in land? I would much rather have all your confidence. You will not exclude me from your confidence, if you admit me to your heart?"

"You are welcome to all of my confidence that is worth having, Jane; but, for God's sake, don't desire a useless burden! Don't long for poison—don't turn out a downright Eve on my hands!"

"Why not, sir! You have just been telling me how much you like to be conquered, and how pleasant overpersuasion is to you. Don't you think I had better take advantage of the confession, and begin and coax, and entreat—even cry and be sulky if necessary—for the sake of a mere essay of my power?"

"I dare you to any such experiment. En-croach, presume and the game is up."

"Is it, sir! You soon give in. How stern you look now! Your eyebrows have become as thick as my finger, and your forehead resembles, what, in some very astonishing poetry,

I once saw styled, 'a blue-piled thunder-loft.' That will be your married look, sir, I suppose?"

"If that will be *your* married look, I as a Christian, will soon give up the notion of consorting with a mere sprite or salamander. But what had you to ask, thing?—out with it."

"There, you are less than civil now; and I like rudeness a great deal better than flattery. I had rather be a *thing* than an angel. This is what I have to ask: Why did you take such pains to make me believe you wished to marry Miss Ingram?"

"Is that all? Thank God, it is no worse!" And now he unknit his black brows; looked down, smiling at me, and stroked my hair, as if well pleased at seeing a danger averted. "I think I may confess," he continued, "even although I should make you a little indignant, Jane—and I have seen what a fire-spirit you can be when you are indignant. You glowed in the cool moonlight last night, when you mutined against fate, and claimed your rank as my equal. Janet, by the by, it was you who made me the offer."

"Of course I did. But to the point, if you please, sir—Miss Ingram?"

"Well, I feigned courtship of Miss Ingram, because I wished to render you as madly in love with me as I was with you; and I knew jealousy would be the best ally I could call in for the furtherance of that end."

"Excellent! Now you are small—not one whit bigger than the end of my little finger. It was a burning shame, and a scandalous disgrace to act in that way. Did you think nothing of Miss Ingram's feelings, sir?"

"Her feelings are concentrated in one—pride; and that needs humbling. Were you jealous, Jane?"

"Never mind, Mr. Rochester; it is in no way interesting to you to know that. Answer me truly once more. Do you think Miss Ingram will not suffer from your dishonest coquetry? Won't she feel forsaken and deserted?"

"Impossible!—when I told you how she, on the contrary, deserted me; the idea of my insolvency cooled, or, rather, extinguished, her flame in a moment."

"You have a curious designing mind, Mr. Rochester. I am afraid your principles on some points are eccentric."

"My principles were never trained, Jane; they may have grown a little awry for want of attention."

"Once again, seriously. May I enjoy the great good that has been vouchsafed to me, without fearing that any one else is suffering the bitter pain I myself felt a while ago?"

"That you may, my good little girl: there is not another being in the world has the same pure love for me as yourself—for I lay that pleasant unction to my soul, Jane, a belief in your affection."

I turned my lips to the hand that lay on my shoulder. I loved him very much—more than I could trust myself to say—more than words had power to express.

"Ask something more," he said presently; "it is my delight to be entreated, and to yield."

"I was again ready with my request. Communicate your intentions to Mrs. Fairfax, sir—

she saw me with you last night in the hall, and she was shocked. Give her some explanation before I see her again. It pains me to be misjudged by so good a woman."

"Go to your room, and put on your bonnet," he replied. "I mean you to accompany me to Millcote this morning; and while you prepare for the drive, I will enlighten the old lady's understanding. Did she think, Janet, you had given the world for love and considered it well lost?"

"I believe she thought I had forgotten my station; and you yours, sir."

"Station! station!—your station is in my heart, and on the necks of those who would insult you, now or hereafter. Go."

"I was soon dressed; and when I heard Mr. Rochester quit Mrs. Fairfax's parlor, I hurried down to it. The old lady had been reading her morning portion of Scripture—the lesson for the day; her Bible lay open before her, and her spectacles were upon it. Her occupation, suspended by Mr. Rochester's announcement, seemed now forgotten; her eyes, fixed on the blank wall opposite, expressed the surprise of a quiet mind, stirred by unwonted tidings. Seeing me, she roused herself; she made a sort of effort to smile, and framed a few words of congratulation; but the smile expired, and the sentence was abandoned unfinished. She put up her spectacles, shut the Bible, and pushed her chair back from the table.

"I feel so astonished," she began, "I hardly know what to say to you, Miss Eyre. I have surely not been dreaming, have I? Sometimes I half fall asleep when I am sitting alone, and fancy things that have never happened. It has seemed to me more than once, when I have been in a doze, that my dear husband, who died fifteen years since, has come in and sat down beside me; and that I have even heard him call me by my name, Alice, as he used to do. Now, can you tell me whether it is actually true that Mr. Rochester has asked you to marry him? Don't laugh at me. But I really thought he came in here five minutes ago, and said that in a month you would be his wife."

"He has said the same thing to me," I replied.

"He has! Do you believe him? Have you accepted him?"

"Yes."

She looked at me bewildered.

"I could never have thought it. He is a proud man; all the Rochesters were proud; and his father at least liked money. He, too, has always been called careful. He means to marry you?"

"He tells me so."

She surveyed my whole person; in her eyes I read that they had found no charm powerful enough to solve the enigma.

"It passes me!" she continued; "but no doubt it is true, since you say so. How it will answer I can not tell; I really don't know. Equality of position and fortune is often advisable in such cases; and there are twenty years of difference in your ages. He might almost be your father."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Fairfax!" exclaimed I, nettled; "he is nothing like my father! No

one, who saw us together, would suppose it for an instant. Mr. Rochester looks as young, and is as young as some men at five-and-twenty."

"Is it really for love he is going to marry you?" she asked.

I was so hurt by her coldness and skepticism, that the tears rose to my eyes.

"I am sorry to grieve you," pursued the widow, "but you are so young and so little acquainted with men, I wished to put you on your guard. It is an old saying that 'all is not gold that glitters;' and in this case I do fear there will be something found to be different to what either you or I expect."

"Why? am I a monster?" I said; "is it impossible that Mr. Rochester should have a sincere affection for me?"

"No, you are very well, and much improved of late; and Mr. Rochester, I dare say, is fond of you. I have always noticed that you were a sort of pet of his. There are times when, for your sake, I have been a little uneasy at his marked preference, and have wished to put you on your guard; but I did not like to suggest even the possibility of wrong. I knew such an idea would shock, perhaps offend you; and you were so discreet and so thoroughly modest and sensible, I hoped you might be trusted to protect yourself. Last night I can not tell you what I suffered when I sought all over the house, and could find you nowhere, nor the master either; and then, at twelve o'clock, saw you come in with him."

"Well, never mind that now," I interrupted, impatiently; "it is enough that all was right."

"I hope all will be right in the end," she said; "but, believe me, you can not be too careful. Try and keep Mr. Rochester at a distance; distrust yourself as well as him. Gentlemen in his station are not accustomed to marry their governesses."

I was growing truly irritated; happily, Adèle ran in.

"Let me go—let me go to Millcote, too!" she cried. "Mr. Rochester won't, though there is so much room in the new carriage. Beg him to let me go, mademoiselle."

"That I will, Adèle;" and I hastened away with her, glad to quit my gloomy monotony. The carriage was ready; they were bringing it round to the front, and my master was pacing the pavement, Pilot following him backward and forward.

"Adèle may accompany us, may she not, sir?"

"I told her no. I'll have no brats! I'll have only you."

"Do let her go, Mr. Rochester, if you please; it would be better."

"Not it—she will be a restraint."

He was quite peremptory, both in look and voice. The chill of Mrs. Fairfax's warnings, and the damp of her doubts, were upon me; something of unsubstantiality and uncertainty had beset my hopes. I half lost the sense of power over him. I was about mechanically to obey him, without further remonstrance; but as he helmed me into the carriage, he looked at my face.

"What is the matter?" he asked; "all the sunshine is gone. Do you really wish the bairn to go? Will it annoy you if she is left behind?"

"I would far rather she went, sir."

"Then off for your bonnet, and back, like a flash of lightning!" cried he to Adèle.

She obeyed him with what speed she might.

"After all, a single morning's interruption will not matter much," said he, "when I mean shortly to claim you, your thoughts, conversation, and company, for life."

Adèle, when lifted in, commenced kissing me, by way of expressing her gratitude for my intercession; she was instantly stowed away into a corner on the other side of him. She then peeped round to where I sat; so stern a neighbor was too restrictive; to him, in his present fractious mood, she dared whisper no observations, nor ask of him any information.

"Let her come to me," I entreated; "she will, perhaps, trouble you, sir; there is plenty of room on this side."

He handed her over as if she had been a lap-dog; "I'll send her to school yet," he said, but now he was smiling.

Adèle heard him, and asked if she was to go to school "sans mademoiselle?"

"Yes," he replied, "absolutely sans mademoiselle; for I am to take mademoiselle to the moon, and there I shall seek a cave in one of the white valleys among the volcano-tops, and mademoiselle shall live with me there, and only me."

"She will have nothing to eat—you will starve her," observed Adèle.

"I shall gather manna for her morning and night; the plains and hillsides in the moon are bleached with manna, Adèle."

"She will want to warm herself; what will she do for a fire?"

"Fire rises out of the lunar mountains; when she is cold, I'll carry her up to a peak and lay her down on the edge of a crater."

"Oh, qu'elle y sera mal—peu comfortable! And her clothes, they will wear out; how can she get new ones!"

Mr. Rochester professed to be puzzled. "Hem!" said he. "What would you do Adèle? Cudgel your brains for an expedient. How would a white or a pink cloud answer for a gown, do you think? And one could cut a pretty enough scarf out of a rainbow."

"She is far better as she is," concluded Adèle, after musing some time; "besides, she would get tired of living with only you in the moon. If I were mademoiselle, I would never consent to go with you."

"She has consented—she has pledged her word."

"But you can't get her there; there is no road to the moon—it is all air, and neither you nor she can fly."

"Adèle, look at that field." We were now outside Thornfield gates, and bowling lightly along the smooth road to Millcote, where the dust was well laid by the thunder-storm, and where the low hedges and lofty timber trees on each side glistened green, and rain-refreshed.

"In that field, Adèle, I was walking late one evening about a fortnight since—the evening of the day you helped me to make hay in the orchard meadows; and as I was tired with raking swaths, I sat down to rest me on a stile; and there I took out a little book and a pencil, and began to write about a misfortune

that befell me long ago, and a wish I had for happy days to come: I was writing away very fast, though daylight was fading from the leaf, when something came up the path and stopped two yards off me. I looked at it. It was a little thing with a veil of gossamer on its head. I beckoned it to come near me: it stood soon at my knee. I never spoke to it, and it never spoke to me, in words: but I read its eyes, and it read mine; and our speechless colloquy was to this effect:

"It was a fairy, and come from Elf-land, it said; and its errand was to make me happy; I must go with it out of the common world to a lonely place—such as the moon, for instance—and it nodded its head toward her horn, rising over Hay-hill: it told me of the alabaster cave and silver vale where we might live. I said I should like to go; but reminded it, as you did me, that I had no wings to fly.

"Oh," returned the fairy, 'that does not signify! Here is a talisman will remove all difficulties;' and she held out a pretty gold ring. 'Put it,' she said, 'on the fourth finger of my left hand, and I am yours, and you are mine; and we shall leave earth, and make our own heaven yonder.' She nodded again at the moon. The ring, Adèle, is in my breeches-pocket under the disguise of a sovereign; but I mean soon to change it to a ring again."

"But what has mademoiselle to do with it? I don't care for the fairy; you said it was mademoiselle you would take to the moon—!"

"Mademoiselle is a fairy," he said, whispering mysteriously. Whereupon I told her not to mind his badinage; and she, on her part, evinced a fund of genuine French skepticism; denominating Mr Rochester "un vrai menteur," and assuring him that she made no account whatever of his "Contes de fée," and that "du reste, il n'y avait pas de fées et quand même il y en avait;" she was sure they would never appear to him, nor ever give him rings, or offer to live with him in the moon.

The hour spent at Millcote was a somewhat harassing one to me. Mr. Rochester obliged me to go to a certain silk warehouse; there I was ordered to choose half a dozen dresses. I hated the business, I begged leave to defer it; no—it should be gone through with now. By dint of entreaties expressed in energetic whispers, I reduced the half-dozen to two; these, however, he vowed he would select himself. With anxiety I watched his eye rove over the gay stores; he fixed on a rich silk of the most brilliant amethyst dye, and a superb pink satin. I told him, in a new series of whispers, that he might as well buy me a gold gown and a silver bonnet at once; I should certainly never venture to wear his choice. With infinite difficulty (for he was stubborn as a stone) I persuaded him to make an exchange in favor of a sober black satin and pearl-gray silk. "It might pass for the present," he said; "but he would yet see me glittering like a parterre."

Glad was I to get him out of the silk warehouse, and then out of a jeweler's shop; the more he bought me, the more my cheek burned with a sense of annoyance and degradation. As we re-entered the carriage, and I sat back everish and fagged, I remembered what in the

hurry of events, dark and bright, I had wholly forgotten—the letter of my uncle, John Eyre, to Mrs. Reed; his intention to adopt me and make me his testatrix. "It would, indeed, be a relief," I thought, "if I had ever so small an independency; I never can bear being dressed like a doll by Mr. Rochester, or sitting like a second Danae with the golden shower falling daily round me. I will write to Madeira the moment I get home, and tell my uncle John I am going to be married, and to whom; if I had but a prospect of one day bringing Mr. Rochester an accession of fortune, I could better endure to be kept by him now." And somewhat relieved by this idea (which I failed not to execute that day), I ventured once more to meet my master's and lover's eye; which most pertinaciously sought mine, though I averted both face and gaze. He smiled; and I thought his smile was such as a sultan might, in a blissful and fond moment, bestow on a slave his gold and gems had enriched: I crushed his hand, which was ever hunting mine, vigorously, and thrust it back to him, red with the passionate pressure.

"You need not look in that way," I said; "if you do, I'll wear nothing but my old Low-wood frocks to the end of the chapter. I'll be married in this lilac gingham—you may make a dressing-gown for yourself out of the pearl-gray silk, and an infinite series of waistcoats out of the black satin."

He chuckled; he rubbed his hands. "Oh, it is rich to see and hear her!" he exclaimed "Is she original! Is she piquant! I would not exchange this one little English girl for the grand Turk's whole seraglio, gazelle-eyes, houri-forms and all!"

The eastern allusion bit me again: "I'll not stand you an inch in the stead of a seraglio," I said; "so don't consider me an equivalent for one; if you have a fancy for any thing in that line, away with you, sir, to the bazars of Stamboul without delay; and lay out in extensive slave-purchases some of that spare cash you seem at a loss to spend satisfactorily here."

"And what will you do, Janet, while I am bargaining for so many tons of flesh and such an assortment of black eyes?"

"I'll be preparing myself to go out as a missionary to preach liberty to them that are enslaved—your harem inmates among the rest. I'll get admitted there, and I'll stir up mutiny; and you, three-tailed bashaw as you are, sir, shall in a trice find yourself fettered among our hands; nor will I, for one, consent to cut your bonds till you have signed a charter, the most liberal that despot ever yet conferred."

"I would consent to be at your mercy, Jane."

"I would have no mercy, Mr. Rochester, if you supplicated for it with an eye like that. While you looked so, I should be certain that whatever charter you might grant under coercion, your first act, when released, would be to violate its conditions."

"Why, Jane, what would you have? I fear you will compel me to go through a private marriage ceremony, besides that performed at the altar. You will stipulate, I see, for peculiar terms—what will they be?"

"I only want an easy mind, sir; not crushed

by crowded obligations. Do you remember what you said of Céline Varens?—of the diamonds, the cashmeres you gave her? I will not be your English Céline Varens. I shall continue to act as Adèle's governess; by that, I shall earn my board and lodging, and thirty pounds a-year besides. I'll furnish my own wardrobe out of that money, and you shall give me nothing, but—"

"Well, but what?"

"Your regard; and if I give you mine in return, that debt will be quit."

"Well, for cool native impudence, and pure innate pride, you haven't your equal," said he. We are now approaching Thornfield. "Will it please you to dine with me to-day?" he asked, as we re-entered the gates.

"No, thank you, sir."

"And what for, 'no, thank you?' if one may inquire."

"I never have dined with you, sir; and I see no reason why I should now; till—"

"Till what? You delight in half phrases."

"Till I can't help it."

"Do you suppose I eat like an ogre, or a ghoul, that you dread being the companion of my repast?"

"I have formed no suppositions on the subject, sir; but I want to go on as usual for another month."

"You will give up your governing slavery at once."

"Indeed! begging your pardon, sir, I shall not. I shall just go on with it as usual. I shall keep out of your way all day, as I have been accustomed to do; you may send for me in the evening, when you feel disposed to see me, and I'll come then; but at no other time."

"I want a smoke, Jane, or a pinch of snuff, to comfort me under all this 'pour me donner une contenance,' as Adèle would say; and unfortunately, I have neither my cigar-case nor my snuff-box. But listen—whisper—it is your time, now, little tyrant, but it will be mine presently; and when once I have fairly seized you, to have and to hold, I'll just—figuratively speaking—attach you to a chain like this (touching his watch-guard). Yes, bonny wee thing, I'll wear you in my bosom, lest my jewel I should tyne."

He said this as he helped me to alight from the carriage; and while he afterward lifted out Adèle, I entered the house, and made good my retreat up stairs.

He duly summoned me to his presence in the evening. I had prepared an occupation for him; for I was determined not to spend the whole time in a *tête-à-tête* conversation: I remembered his fine voice; I knew he liked to sing—good singers generally do. I was no vocalist myself, and, in his fastidious judgment, no musician either; but I delighted in listening when the performance was good. No sooner had twilight, that hour of romance, begun to lower her blue and starry banner over the lattice, than I rose, opened the piano, and entertained him, for the love of Heaven, to give me a song. He said I was a capricious witch, and that he would rather sing another time; but I averred that no time was like the present.

"Did I like his voice?" he asked.

"Very much." I was not fond of pampering

that susceptible vanity of his; but for once, and from motives of expediency, I would e'en soothe and stimulate it.

"Then, Jane, you must play the accompaniment."

"Very well, sir, I will try."

I did try, but was presently swept off the stool and denominated, "a little bungler." Being pushed unceremoniously to one side—which was precisely what I wished—he usurped my place, and proceeded to accompany himself; for he could play as well as sing. I hid me to the window-recess; and while I sat there and looked out on the still trees and dim lawn, to a sweet air was sung in mellow tones, the following strain.

The truest love that ever heart

Felt at its kindled core

Did through each vein, in quickened start,

The tide of being pour.

Her coming was my hope each day,

Her parting was my pain;

The chance that did her steps delay,

Was ice in every vein.

I dreamed it would be nameless bliss,

As I loved, loved to be;

And to this object did I press

As blind as eagerly.

But wide as pathless was the space

That lay, our lives, between,

And dangerous as the foamy race

Of ocean-surges green.

And haunted as a robber-path

Through wilderness or wood

For Might and Right, and Woe and Wrath,

Between our spirits stood.

I dangers dared; I hind'rance scorned;

I omens did defy:

Whatever menaced, harassed, warned

I passed impetuous by.

On sped my rainbow, fast as light;

I flew as in a dream;

Far glorious rose upon my sight

That child of Shower and Gleam.

Still bright on clouds of suffering dim

Shines that soft, solemn joy;

Nor care I now, how dense and grim

Disasters gather nigh:

I care not in this moment sweet,

Though all I have rushed o'er

Should come on pinion, strong and fleet,

Proclaiming vengeance sore:

Though haughty Hate should strike me down,

Right, bar approach to me,

And grinding might, with furious frown,

Swear endless enmity.

My love has placed her little hand

With noble faith in mine,

And vowed that wedlock's sacred band

Our natures shall entwine.

My love has sworn, with sealing kiss,

With me to live—to die;

I have at last my nameless bliss:

As I love—loved am I!

He rose and came toward me, and I saw his face all kindled, and his full falcon-eye flashing, and tenderness and passion in every lineament. I quailed momentarily—then I rallied. Soft scene, daring demonstration, I would not have; and I stood in peril of both; a weapon of defense must be prepared—I whetted my tongue, as he reached me, I asked with asperity, "whom he was going to marry now?"

"That was a strange question 'to be put by his darling Jane.'"

"Indeed! I considered it a very natural and necessary one; he had talked of his future wife dying with him. What did he mean by such a pagan idea? I had no intention of dying with him—he might depend on that."

"Oh, all he longed, all he prayed for, was

that I might live with him! Death was not for such as I."

"Indeed it was; I had as good a right to die when my time came as he had; but I should bide that time, and not be hurried away in a suttee."

"Would I forgive him for the selfish idea, and prove my pardon by a reconciling kiss?"

"No, I would rather be excused."

Here I heard myself apostrophized as a "hard little thing;" and it was added, "any other woman would have been melted to marrow at hearing such stanzas crooned in her praise."

I assured him I was naturally hard—very flinty, and that he would often find me so; and that, moreover, I was determined to show him divers rugged points in my character before the ensuing four weeks elapsed: he should know fully what sort of a bargain he had made, while there was yet time to rescind it.

"Would I be quiet, and talk rationally?"

"I would be quiet if he liked; and as to talking rationally, I flattered myself I was doing that now."

He fretted, pished and pshawed. "Very good," I thought; "you may fume and fidget as you please, but this is the best plan to pursue with you, I am certain. I like you more than I can say; but I'll not sink into a bathos of sentiment; and with this needle of repartee I'll keep you from the edge of the gulf too; and, moreover, maintain by its pungent aid that distance between you and myself most conducive to our real mutual advantage."

From less to more, I worked him up to considerable irritation; then, after he had retired, in dudgeon, quite to the other end of the room, I got up, and saying, "I wish you good-night, sir," in my natural and wonted respectful manner, I slipped out by the side-door and got away.

The system thus entered on, I pursued during the whole season of probation; and with the best success. He was kept, to be sure, rather cross and crusty; but on the whole I could see he was excellently entertained; and that a lamb-like submission and turtle-dove sensibility, while fostering his despotism more, would have pleased his judgment, satisfied his common-sense, and even suited his taste, less.

In other people's presence I was, as formerly, deferential and quiet; any other line of conduct being uncalled-for; it was only in the evening conferences I thus thwarted and afflicted him. He continued to send for me punctually the moment the clock struck seven; though when I appeared before him now, he had no such honeyed terms as "love" and "darling" on his lips; the best words at my service were "provoking puppet," "malicious elf," "sprite," "changeling," &c. For caresses, too, I now got grimaces; for a pressure of the hand, a pinch on the arm; for a kiss on the cheek, a severe tweak of the ear. It was all right: at present I decidedly preferred these fierce favors to any thing more tender. Mrs. Fairfax, I saw, approved me; her anxiety on my account vanished; therefore I was certain I did well. Meantime, Mr. Rochester affirmed I was wearing him to skin and bone, and threatened awful vengeance for my present conduct at some

period fast coming. I laughed in my sleeve at his menaces; "I can keep you in reasonable check now," I reflected; "and I don't doubt to be able to do it hereafter; if one expedient loses its virtue, another must be devised."

Yet, after all, my task was not an easy one; often I would rather have pleased than teased him. My future husband was becoming to me my whole world, and more than the world—almost my hope of heaven. He stood between me and every thought of religion, as an eclipse intervenes between man and the broad sun. I could not, in those days, see God for his creature, of whom I had made an idol.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE month of courtship had wasted; its very last hours were being numbered. There was no putting off the day that advanced—the bridal day; and all preparations for its arrival were complete. I, at least, had nothing more to do. There were my trunks, packed, locked, corded, ranged in a row along the wall of my little chamber; to-morrow, at this time, they would be far on their road to London; and so should I (D. V.), or, rather, not I, but one Jane Rochester, a person whom as yet I knew not. The cards of address alone remained to nail on; they lay, four little squares, on the drawer. Mr. Rochester had himself written the direction, "Mrs. Rochester, — Hotel, London," on each; I could not persuade myself to affix them, or to have them affixed. Mrs. Rochester! she did not exist; she would not be born till to-morrow, some time after eight o'clock a.m., and I would wait to be assured she had come into the world alive, before I assigned to her all that property. It was enough that, in yonder closet, opposite my dressing-table, garments said to be hers had already displaced my black stuff Lowood frock and straw bonnet; for not to me appertained that suit of wedding raiment—the pearl-colored robe, the vapory veil, pendent from the usurped portmanteau. I shut the closet, to conceal the strange, wraith-like apparel, it contained, which, at this evening hour—nine o'clock—gave out certainly a most ghostly shimmer through the shadow of my apartment. "I will leave you by yourself, white dream," I said; "I am feverish; I hear the wind blowing, I will go out of doors and feel it."

It was not only the hurry of preparation that made me feverish; not only the anticipation of the great change—the new life which was to commence to-morrow; both these circumstances had their share, doubtless, in producing that restless, excited mood which hurried me forth at this late hour into the darkening grounds, but a third cause influenced my mind more than they.

I had at heart a strange and anxious thought. Something had happened which I could not comprehend. No one knew of or had seen the event but myself; it had taken place the preceding night. Mr. Rochester, that night, was absent from home, nor was he yet returned. Business had called him to a small estate of two or three farms he possessed, thirty miles off—business it was requisite he should settle



in person, previously to his meditated departure from England. I waited now his return, eager to disburden my mind, and to seek of him the solution of the enigma that perplexed me. Stay till he comes, reader; and, when I disclose my secret to him, you shall share the confidence.

I sought the orchard, driven to its shelter by the wind, which all day had blown strong and full from the south, without, however, bringing a speck of rain. Instead of subsiding as night drew on, it seemed to augment its rush and deepen its roar. The trees blew steadfastly one way, never writhing round, and scarcely tossing back their boughs once in an hour, so continuous was the strain bending their branchy heads northward; the clouds drifted from pole to pole, fast following, mass on mass; no glimpse of blue sky had been visible that July day.

It was not without a certain wild pleasure I ran before the wind, delivering my trouble of mind to the measureless air-torrent thundering through space. Descending the laurel-walk, I faced the wreck of the chestnut-tree; it stood up, black and riven; the trunk, split down the center, gaped ghastly. The cloven halves were not broken from each other, for the firm base and strong roots kept them unsundered below; though community of vitality was destroyed—the sap could flow no more; their great boughs on each side were dead, and next winter's tempests would be sure to fell one or both to earth; as yet, however, they might be said to form one tree—a ruin—but an entire ruin.

"You did right to hold fast to each other," I said, as if the monster splinters were living things and could hear me; "I think, scathed as you look, and charred and scorched, there must be a little sense of life in you yet, rising out of that adhesion at the faithful, honest roots; you will never have green leaves more—never more see birds making nests, and singing idyls in your boughs; the time of pleasure and love is over with you; but you are not desolate; each of you has a comrade to sympathize with him in his decay." As I looked up at them, the moon appeared momentarily in that part of the sky which filled their fissure; her disk was blood-red and half overcast; she seemed to throw on me one bewildered, dreary glance, and buried herself again instantly in the deep drift of cloud. The wind fell, for a second, round Thornfield; but far away, over wood and water, poured a wild, melancholy wail; it was sad to listen to, and I ran off again.

Here and there I strayed through the orchard, gathering up the apples with which the grass round the tree-roots was thickly strewed. Then I employed myself in dividing the ripe from the unripe; I carried them into the house and put them away in the store-room. Then I repaired to the library to ascertain whether the fire was lighted; for, though summer, I knew on such a gloomy evening Mr. Rochester would like to see a cheerful hearth when he came in; yes, the fire had been kindled some time, and burned well. I placed his arm-chair by the chimney-corner; I wheeled the table near it; I let down the curtain, and

had the candles brought in ready for lighting. More restless than ever, when I had completed these arrangements I could not sit still, nor even remain in the house. A little time-piece in the room and the old clock in the hall simultaneously struck ten.

"How late it grows!" I said. "I will run down to the gates; it is moonlight at intervals; I can see a good way on the road. He may be coming now, and to meet him will save some minutes of suspense."

The wind roared high in the great trees which embowered the gates; but the road, as far as I could see, to the right hand and the left, was all still and solitary; save for the shadows of clouds crossing it at intervals, as the moon looked out, it was but a long, pale line, unvaried by one moving speck.

A puerile tear dimmed my eye while I looked—a tear of disappointment and impatience; ashamed of it, I wiped it away. I lingered; the moon shut herself wholly within her chamber, and drew close her curtain of dense cloud; the night grew dark; rain came driving fast on the gale.

"I wish he would come! I wish he would come!" I exclaimed, seized with hypochondriac foreboding. I had expected his arrival before tea; now it was dark; what could keep him? Had an accident happened? The event of last night again recurred to me. I interpreted it as a warning of disaster; I feared my hopes were too bright to be realized; and I had enjoyed so much bliss lately that I imagined my fortune had passed its meridian, and must now decline.

"Well, I can not return to the house," I thought; "I can not sit by the fireside while he is abroad in inclement weather. Better tire my limbs than strain my heart; I will go forward and meet him."

I set out. I walked fast, but not far. Ere I had measured a quarter of a mile, I heard the tramp of hoofs. A horseman came on, full gallop—a dog ran by his side. Away with evil presentiment! It was he. Here he was, mounted on Mesrour, followed by Pilot. He saw me, for the moon had opened a blue field in the sky, and rode in it watery bright; he took his hat off and waved it round his head. I now ran to meet him.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he stretched out his hand and bent from the saddle; "You can't do without me, that is evident. Step on my boot-toe; give me both hands—mount!"

I obeyed; joy made me agile; I sprang up before him. A hearty kissing I got for a welcome, and some boastful triumph, which I swallowed as well as I could. He checked himself in his exultation to demand, "But is there any thing the matter, Janet, that you come to meet me at such an hour? Is there any thing wrong?"

"No; but I thought you would never come. I could not bear to wait in the house for you, especially with this rain and wind."

"Rain and wind indeed! Yes, you are dripping like a mermaid; pull your cloak round you; but I think you are feverish, Jane; both your cheek and hand are burning hot. I ask again, is there any thing the matter?"

"Nothing, now; I am neither afraid nor unhappy."

"Then you have been both?"

"Rather—but I'll tell you all about it by and by, sir; and I dare say you will only laugh at me for my pains."

"I'll laugh at you heartily when to-morrow is past; till then I dare not; my prize is not certain. This is you; who have been as slippery as an eel this last month, and as thorny as a brier-rose? I could not lay a finger any where but I was pricked; and now I seem to have gathered up a stray lamb in my arms; you wandered out of the fold to seek your shepherd; did you, Jane?"

"I wanted you; but don't boast. Here we are at Thornfield; now let me get down."

He landed me on the pavement. As John took his horse, and he followed me into the hall, he told me to make haste and put something dry on, and then to return to him in the library; and he stopped me, as I made for the staircase, to extort a promise that I would not be long; nor was I long; in five minutes I rejoined him. I found him at supper.

"Take a seat, and bear me company, Jane; please God, it is the last meal but one you will eat at Thornfield Hall for a long time."

I sat down near him; but told him I could not eat.

"Is it because you have the prospect of a journey before you, Jane? Is it the thoughts of going to London that takes away your appetite?"

"I can not see my prospects clearly to night, sir; and I hardly know what thoughts I have in my head. Every thing in life seems unreal."

"Except me; I am substantial enough—touch me."

"You, sir, are the most phantom-like of all; you are a mere dream."

He held out his hand, laughing. "Is that a dream?" said he, placing it close to my eyes. He had a rounded, muscular, and vigorous hand, as well as a long, strong arm.

"Yes; though I touch it, it is a dream," said I, as I put it down from before my face.

"Sir, have you finished supper?"

"Yes, Jane."

I rung the bell, and ordered away the tray. When we were again alone, I stirred the fire, and then took a low seat at my master's knee.

"It is near midnight," I said.

"Yes; but remember, Jane, you promised to wake with me the night before my wedding."

"I did; and I will keep my promise, for an hour or two at least; I have no wish to go to bed."

"Are all your arrangements complete?"

"All, sir."

"And on my part, likewise," he returned. "I have settled every thing; and we shall leave Thornfield to-morrow, within half an hour after our return from church."

"Very well, sir."

"With what an extraordinary smile you uttered that word, 'very well,' Jane! What a bright spot of color you have on each cheek! and how strangely your eyes glitter! Are you well?"

"I believe I am."

"Believe! What is the matter? Tell me what you feel."

"I could not, sir; no words could tell you what I feel. I wish this present hour would never end; who knows with what fate the next may come charged?"

"This is hypochondria, Jane. You have been overexcited or overfatigued."

"Do you, sir, feel calm and happy?"

"Calm? no; but happy—to the heart's core."

I looked up at him to read the signs of bliss in his face; it was ardent and flushed.

"Give me your confidence, Jane," he said; "relieve your mind of any weight that oppresses it, by imparting it to me. What do you fear?—that I shall not prove a good husband?"

"It is the idea farthest from my thoughts."

"Are you apprehensive of the new sphere you are about to enter! of the life into which you are passing?"

"No."

"You puzzle me, Jane; your look and tone of sorrowful audacity perplex and pain me. I want an explanation."

"Then, sir, listen. You were from home last night?"

"I was; I know that; and you hinted a while ago at something which had happened in my absence—nothing, probably, of consequence; but, in short, it has disturbed you. Let me hear it. Mrs. Fairfax has said something, perhaps? or you have overheard the servants talk? Your sensitive self-respect has been wounded?"

"No, sir." It struck twelve—I waited till the time-piece had concluded its silver chime, and the clock its hoarse, vibrating stroke, and then I proceeded.

"All day, yesterday, I was very busy, and very happy in my ceaseless bustle; for I am not, as you seem to think, troubled by any haunting fears about the new sphere, et cetera; I think it a glorious thing to have the hope of living with you, because I love you. No, sir, don't caress me now—let me talk undisturbed. Yesterday I trusted well in Providence, and believed that events were working together for your good and mine; it was a fine day, if you recollect—the calmness of the air and sky forbade apprehensions respecting your safety or comfort on your journey. I walked a little while on the pavement after tea, thinking of you; and I beheld you in imagination so near me, I scarcely missed your actual presence. I thought of the life that lay before me—*your* life, sir—an existence more expansive and stirring than my own; as much more so as the depths of the sea to which the brook runs, are than the shallows of its own strait channel. I wondered why moralists call this world a dreary wilderness; for me it blossomed like a rose. Just at sunset, the air turned cold and the sky cloudy; I went in. Sophie called me up stairs to look at my wedding-dress, which they had just brought; and under it in the box I found your present—the veil which, in your princely extravagance, you sent for from London; resolved, I suppose, since I would not have jewels, to cheat me into accepting something as costly. I smiled as I unfolded it, and devised how I would tease you about your aristocratic tastes, and your efforts to mask your plebeian bride in the attributes of a peeress. I thought how I would carry down to you

"the square of unembroidered blond I had myself prepared as a covering for my low-born head, and ask if that was not good enough for a woman who could bring her husband neither fortune, beauty, nor connections. I saw plainly how you would look; and heard your impetuous republican answers, and your haughty disavowal of any necessity on your part to augment your wealth, or elevate your standing, by marrying either a purse or a coronet."

"How well you read me, you witch!" interposed Mr. Rochester: "but what did you find in the veil besides its embroidery? Did you find poison, or a dagger, that you look so mournful now?"

"No, no, sir; besides the delicacy and richness of the fabric, I found nothing save Fairfax Rochester's pride; and that did not scare me, because I am used to the sight of the demon. But, sir, as it grew dark, the wind rose; it blew yesterday evening, not as it blows now, wild and high, but 'with a sullen, moaning sound,' far more eerie. I wished you were at home. I came into this room, and the sight of the empty chair and fireless hearth chilled me. For some time after I went to bed I could not sleep—a sense of anxious excitement distressed me. The gale still rising, seemed to my ear to muffle a mournful undersound; whether in the house or abroad I could not at first tell, but it recurred, doubtful yet doleful, at every lull; at last I made out it must be some dog howling at a distance. I was glad when it ceased. On sleeping, I continued in dreams the idea of a dark and gusty night. I continued also the wish to be with you, and experienced a strange, regretful consciousness of some barrier dividing us. During all my first sleep, I was following the windings of an unknown road; total obscurity environed me; rain pelted me; I was burdened with the charge of a little child; a very small creature, too young and feeble to walk, and which shivered in my cold arms, and wailed piteously in my ear. I thought, sir, that you were on the road a long way before me; and I strained every nerve to overtake you, and made effort on effort to utter your name and entreat you to stop, but my movements were fettered, and my voice still died away inarticulate; while you, I felt, withdrew farther and farther every moment."

"And these dreams weigh on your spirits now, Jane, when I am close to you? Little nervous subject! Forget visionary woe, and think only of real happiness! You say you love me, Janet: yes, I will not forget that; and you can not deny it. *Those* words did not die inarticulate on your lips. I heard them clear and soft: a thought too solemn perhaps, but sweet as music, 'I think it is a glorious thing to have the hope of living with you, Edward, because I love you.' Do you love me, Jane? repeat it."

"I do, sir, I do, with my whole heart."

"Well," he said, after some minutes' silence, "it is strange; but that sentence has penetrated my breast painfully. Why? I think because you said it with such an earnest, religious energy; and because your upward gaze at me now is the very sublime of faith, truth, and devotion; it is too much as if some spirit were near me. Look wicked, Jane, as you know well how to look, your one of your wild sly

provoking smiles; tell me you hate me—tease me, vex me; do any thing but move me; I would rather be incensed than saddened."

"I will tease you and vex you to your heart's content when I have finished my tale; but hear me to the end."

"I thought, Jane, you had told me all. I thought I had found the source of your melancholy in a dream!"

I shook my head. "What! is there more? But I will not believe it to be any thing important. I warn you of incredulity beforehand. Go on."

The disquietude of his air, the somewhat apprehensive impatience of his manner, surprised me; but I proceeded.

"I dreamed another dream, sir: that Thornfield Hall was a dreary ruin, the retreat of bats and owls. I thought that of all the stately front nothing remained but a shell-like wall, very high and very fragile-looking. I wandered, on a moonlight night, through the grass-grown inclosure within; here I stumbled over a marble hearth, and there over a fallen fragment of cornice. Wrapped up in a shawl, I still carried the unknown little child; I might not lay it down any where, however tired were my arms—however much its weight impeded my progress, I must retain it. I heard the gallop of a horse at a distance on the road; I was sure it was you; and you were departing for many years, and for a distant country. I climbed the thin wall with frantic, perilous haste, eager to catch one glimpse of you from the top; the stones rolled from under my feet, the ivy branches I grasped gave way, the child clung round my neck in terror, and almost strangled me; at last I gained the summit. I saw you like a speck on a white track, lessening every moment. The blast blew so strong I could not stand. I sat down on the narrow ledge; I hushed the scared infant in my lap; you turned an angle of the road; I bent forward to take a last look; the wall crumbled; I was shaken; the child rolled from my knee; I lost my balance, fell, and woke."

"Now, Jane, that is all."

"All the preface, sir; the tale is yet to come. On waking, a gleam dazzled my eyes; I thought—oh, it is daylight! But I was mistaken; it was only candle-light. Sophie, I supposed, had come in. There was a light on the dressing-table, and the door of the closet, where, before going to bed, I had hung my wedding dress and veil, stood open; I heard a rustling there. I asked, 'Sophie, what are you doing?' No one answered; but a form emerged from the closet; it took the light, held it aloft and surveyed the garments pendent from the portmanteau. 'Sophie! Sophie!' I again cried; and still it was silent. I had risen up in bed, I bent forward; first surprise, then bewilderment, came over me; and then my blood crept cold through my veins. Mr. Rochester, this was not Sophie, it was not Leah, it was not Mrs. Fairfax; it was not—no, I was sure of it, and am still—it was not even that strange woman, Grace Poole."

"It must have been one of them," interrupted my master.

"No, sir, I solemnly assure you to the contrary. The shape standing before me had never crossed my eyes within the precincts of Thorn-

field Hall before; the height, the contour were new to me."

"Describe it, Jane."

"It seemed, sir, a woman, tall and large with thick and dark hair hanging long down her back. I know not what dress she had on; it was white and straight; but whether gown, sheet, or shroud, I can not tell."

"Did you see her face?"

"Not at first. But presently she took my veil from its place; she held it up, gazed at it long, and then she threw it over her own head, and turned to the mirror. At that moment I saw the reflection of the visage and features quite distinctly in the dark, oblong glass."

"And how were they?"

"Fearful and ghastly to me—oh, sir, I never saw a face like it! It was a discolored face—it was a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments!"

"Ghosts are usually pale, Jane."

"This, sir, was purple; the lips were swelled and dark; the brow furrowed; the black eyebrows widely raised over the bloodshot eyes. Shall I tell you of what it reminded me?"

"You may."

"Of the foul German specter, the Vampyre."

"Ah! What did it do?"

"Sir, it removed my veil from its gaunt head, rent it in two parts, and, flinging both on the floor, trampled on them."

"Afterward?"

"It drew aside the window-curtain and looked out; perhaps it saw dawn approaching, for, taking the candle, it retreated to the door. Just at my bedside the figure stopped; the fiery eye glared upon me—she thrust up her candle close to my face, and extinguished it under my eyes. I was aware her wild visage flamed over mine, and I lost consciousness; for the second time in my life—only the second time—I became insensible from terror."

"Who was with you when you revived?"

"No one, sir, but the broad day. I rose, bathed my head and face in water, drank a long draught; felt that though enfeebled I was not ill, and determined that to none but you would I impart this vision. Now, sir, tell who and what that woman was?"

"The creature of an over-stimulated brain; that is certain. I must be careful of you, my treasure; nerves like yours were not made for rough handling."

"Sir, depend on it, my nerves were not in fault; the thing was real; the transaction actually took place."

"And your previous dreams, were they real, too? Is Thornfield Hall a ruin? Am I severed from you by insuperable obstacles? Am I leaving you without a tear, without a kiss, without a word?"

"Not yet."

"Am I about to do it? Why the day is already commenced which is to bind us indissolubly; and when we are once united, there shall be no recurrence of these mental terrors, I guaranty that."

"Mental terrors, sir! I wish I could believe them to be only such; I wish it more now than ever, since even you can not explain to me the mystery of that awful visitant."

"And since I can not do it, Jane, it must have been unreal."

"But, sir, when I said so to myself on rising this morning, and when I looked round the room to gather courage and comfort from the cheerful aspect of each familiar object in full daylight, there, on the carpet, I saw, what gave the distinct lie to my hypothesis—the veil, torn from top to bottom in two halves!"

I felt Mr. Rochester start and shudder; he hastily flung his arms round me: "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "that, if any thing malignant did come near you last night, it was only the veil that was harmed. Oh, to think what might have happened!"

He drew his breath short, and strained me so close to him I could scarcely pant. After some minutes' silence, he continued, cheerily,

"Now, Janet, I'll explain to you all about it. It was half dream, half reality; a woman did I doubt not, enter your room; and that woman was, must have been, Grace Poole. You call her a strange being yourself; from all you know, you have reason so to call her; what did she do to me? what to Mason? In a state between sleeping and waking, you noticed her entrance and her actions; but feverish, almost delirious as you were, you ascribed to her a goblin appearance different from her own; the long disheveled hair, the swelled black face, the exaggerated stature, were figments of imagination, results of nightmare; the spiteful tearing of the veil was real, and it is like her. I see you would ask why I keep such a woman in my house; when we have been married a year and a day I will tell you, but not now. Are you satisfied, Jane? Do you accept my solution of the mystery?"

I reflected, and in truth it appeared to me the only possible one; satisfied I was not, but to please him I endeavored to appear so: relieved, I certainly did feel; so I answered him with a contented smile. And now, as it was long past one, I prepared to leave him.

"Does not Sophie sleep with Adèle in the nursery?" he asked, as I lighted my candle

"Yes, sir."

"And there is room enough in Adèle's little bed for you. You must share it with her to-night, Jane; it is no wonder that the incident you have related should make you nervous, and I would rather you did not sleep alone; promise me to go to the nursery."

"I shall be very glad to do so, sir."

"And fasten the door securely on the inside. Wake Sophie when you go up stairs, under pretense of requesting her to rouse you in good time to-morrow; for you must be dressed and have finished breakfast before eight. And now no more somber thoughts; chase dull care away, Janet. Don't you hear to what soft whispers the wind has fallen? and there is no more beating of rain against the window-panes; look here (he lifted up the curtain), it is a lovely night!"

It was. Half heaven was pure and stainless: the clouds, now trooping before the wind, which had shifted to the west, were filing off eastward in long, silvered columns. The moon shone peacefully.

"Well," said Mr. Rochester, gazing inquiringly into my eyes, "how is my Janet now?"

"The night is serene, sir; and so am I."

"And you will not dream of separation and sorrow to-night, but of happy love and blissful union."

This prediction was but half fulfilled; I did not indeed dream of sorrow, but as little did I dream of joy, for I never slept at all. With little Adèle in my arms, I watched the slumber of childhood, so tranquil, so passionless, so innocent, and waited for the coming day; all my life was awake and astir in my frame; and as soon as the sun rose, I rose too. I remember Adèle clung to me as I left her; I remember I kissed her as I loosened her little hands from my neck, and I cried over her with strange emotion, and quitted her because I feared my sobs would break her still sound repose. She seemed the emblem of my past life, and he, I was now to array myself to meet, the dread, but adored, type of my unknown future day.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

SOPHIE came at seven to dress me; she was very long indeed in accomplishing her task, so long that Mr. Rochester, grown, I suppose impatient of my delay, sent up to ask why I did not come. She was just fastening my veil (the plain square of blond after all) to my hair with a brooch; I hurried from under her hands as soon as I could.

"Stop!" she cried, in French. "Look at yourself in the mirror, you have not taken one peep."

So I turned at the door; I saw a robed and veiled figure, so unlike my usual self that it seemed almost the image of a stranger. "Jane!" called a voice, and I hastened down. I was received at the foot of the stairs by Mr. Rochester.

"Lingerer," he said, "my brain is on fire with impatience, and you tarry so long!"

He took me into the dining-room, surveyed me keenly all over, pronounced me "fair as a lily, and not only the pride of his life, but the desire of his eyes," and then telling me he would give me but ten minutes to eat some breakfast, he rung the bell. One of his lately-hired servants, a footman, answered it.

"Is John getting the carriage ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the luggage brought down?"

"They are bringing it down now, sir."

"Go you to the church: see if Mr. Wood (the clergyman) and the clerk are there; return and tell me."

The church, as the reader knows, was but just beyond the gates; the footman soon returned.

"Mr. Wood is in the vestry, sir, putting on his surplice."

"And the carriage?"

"The horses are harnessing."

"We shall not want it to go to church, but it must be ready the moment we return; all the boxes and luggage arranged and strapped on, and the coachman in his seat."

"Yes, sir."

"Jane, are you ready?"

I rose. There were no groomsmen, no bridesmaids, no relatives to wait for or mar-

shal; none but Mr. Rochester and I. Mrs. Fairfax stood in the hall as we passed. I would fain have spoken to her, but my hand was held by a grasp of iron; I was hurried along by a stride I could hardly follow; and to look at Mr. Rochester's face was to feel that not a second of delay would be tolerated for any purpose. I wonder what other bridegroom ever looked as he did—so bent up to a purpose, so grimly resolute; or who, under such steadfast brows, ever revealed such flaming and flashing eyes.

I know not whether the day was fair or foul; in descending the drive, I gazed neither on sky nor earth: my heart was with my eyes—and both seemed migrated into Mr. Rochester's frame. I wanted to see the invisible thing on which, as we went along, he appeared to fasten a glance fierce and fell. I wanted to feel the thoughts whose force he seemed breasting and resisting.

At the church-yard wicket he stopped; he discovered I was quite out of breath. "Am I cruel in my love?" he said. "Delay an instant; lean on me, Jane."

And now I can recall the picture of the gray old house of God rising calm before me, of a rook wheeling round the steeple, of a ruddy morning sky beyond. I remember something, too, of the green grave-mounds; and I have not forgotten, either, two figures of strangers, straying among the low hillocks, and reading the mementoes graven on the few mossy headstones. I noticed them, because, as they saw us, they passed round to the back of the church; and I doubted not they were going to enter by the side-aisle door, and witness the ceremony. By Mr. Rochester they were not observed; he was earnestly looking at my face, from which the blood had, I dare say momentarily fled; for I felt my forehead dewy, and my cheeks and lips cold. When I rallied, which I soon did, he walked gently with me up the path to the porch.

We entered the quiet and humble temple; the priest waited in his white surplice at the lowly altar, the clerk beside him. All was still; two shadows only moved in a remote corner. My conjecture had been correct; the strangers had slipped in before us, and they now stood by the vault of the Rochesters, their backs toward us, viewing through the rails the old, time-stained marble tomb, where a kneeling angel guarded the remains of Damer de Rochester, slain at Marston Moor in the time of the civil wars, and of Elizabeth, his wife.

Our place was taken at the communion-rails. Hearing a cautious step behind me, I glanced over my shoulder; one of the strangers—a gentleman, evidently—was advancing up the chancel. The service began. The explanation of the intent of matrimony was gone through; and then the clergyman came a step farther forward, and, bending slightly toward Mr. Rochester, went on.

"I require and charge you both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed) that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well

assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

He paused, as the custom is. When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply? Not, perhaps, once in a hundred years. And the clergyman, who had not lifted his eyes from his book, and had held his breath but for a moment, was proceeding; his hand was already stretched toward Mr. Rochester, as his lips unclosed to ask, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?"—when a distinct and near voice said—

"The marriage can not go on; I declare the existence of an impediment."

The clergyman looked up at the speaker, and stood mute; the clerk did the same; Mr. Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet; taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, "Proceed."

Profound silence fell when he had uttered that word, with deep but low intonation. Presently Mr. Wood said—

"I can not proceed without some investigation into what has been asserted, and evidence of its truth or falsehood."

"The ceremony is quite broken off," subjoined the voice behind us. "I am in a condition to prove my allegation; an insuperable impediment to this marriage exists."

Mr. Rochester heard, but heeded not; he stood stubborn and rigid, making no movement but to possess himself of my hand. What a hot and strong grasp he had!—and how like quarried marble was his pale, firm, massive front at this moment! How his eyes shone, still watchful, and yet wild beneath!

Mr. Wood seemed at a loss. "What is the nature of the impediment?" he asked. "Perhaps it may be got over—explained away?"

"Hardly," was the answer. "I have called it insuperable, and I speak advisedly."

The speaker came forward, and leaned on the rails. He continued, uttering each word distinctly, calmly, steadily, but not loudly,

"It simply consists in the existence of a previous marriage; Mr. Rochester has a wife now living."

My nerves vibrated to these low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder—my blood felt their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire; but I was collected, and in no danger of swooning. I looked at Mr. Rochester; I made him look at me. His whole face was colorless rock; his eye was both spark and flint. He disavowed nothing; he seemed as if he would defy all things. Without speaking, without smiling, without seeming to recognize in me a human being, he only twined my waist with his arm, and riveted me to his side.

"Who are you?" he asked of the intruder.

"My name is Briggs—a solicitor of — street, London."

"And you would thrust on me a wife?"

"I would remind you of your lady's existence, sir; which the law recognizes, if you do not."

"Favor me with an account of her—with her name, her parentage, her place of abode."

"Certainly." Mr. Briggs calmly took a paper from his pocket, and read out, in a sort of official, nasal voice—

"I affirm and can prove that on the 20th of October, A.D. — (a date of fifteen years back), Edward Fairfax Rochester, of Thornfield Hall, in the county of —, and of Ferndean Manor, in —shire, England, was married to my sister, Bertha Antoinetta Mason, daughter of Jonas Mason, merchant, and of Antoinetta his wife, a Creole—at — church, Spanish Town, Jamaica. The record of the marriage will be found in the register of that church—a copy of it is now in my possession. Signed, Richard Mason."

"That—if a genuine document—may prove I have been married, but it does not prove that the woman mentioned therein as my wife is still living."

"She was living three months ago," returned the lawyer.

"How do you know?"

"I have a witness to the fact; whose testimony even you, sir, will scarcely controvert."

"Produce him—or go to hell."

"I will produce him first—he is on the spot; Mr. Mason, have the goodness to step forward."

Mr. Rochester, on hearing the name, set his teeth; he experienced, too, a sort of strong convulsive quiver; near to him as I was, I felt the spasmodic movement of fury or despair run through his frame. The second stranger, who had hitherto lingered in the background, now drew near; a pale face looked over the solicitor's shoulder—yes, it was Mason himself. Mr. Rochester turned and glared at him. His eye, as I have often said, was a black eye; it had now a tawny, nay, a bloody light in its gloom; and his face flushed—olive cheek and hueless forehead received a glow, as from spreading, ascending heart-fire; and he stirred, lifted his strong arm—he could have struck Mason—dashed him on the church floor—shocked by ruthless blow the breath from his body; but Mason shrunk away, and cried faintly, "Good God!" Contempt fell cool on Mr. Rochester—his passion died as if a blight had shriveled it up; he only asked, "What have you to say?" An inaudible reply escaped Mason's white lips.

"The devil is in it if you can not answer distinctly. I again demand, what have you to say?"

"Sir—sir—" interrupted the clergyman, "do not forget you are in a sacred place." Then addressing Mason, he inquired gently, "Are you aware, sir, whether or not this gentleman's wife is still living?"

"Courage," urged the lawyer, "speak out."

"She is now living at Thornfield Hall," said Mason, in more articulate tones; "I saw her there last April. I am her brother."

"At Thornfield Hall!" ejaculated the clergyman. "Impossible! I am an old resident in this neighborhood, sir, and I never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at Thornfield Hall."

I saw a grim smile contort Mr. Rochester's lip and he muttered—

"No—by God! I took care that none should hear of it—or of her under that name." He mused—for ten minutes he held counsel with,

himself; he formed his resolve, and announced it—

"Enough—all shall bolt out at once, like the bullet from the barrel. Wood, close your book and take off your surplice; John Green (to the clerk), leave the church: there will be no wedding to-day!" the man obeyed.

Mr. Rochester continued, hardily and recklessly: "Bigamy is an ugly word! I meant, however, to be a bigamist; but fate has out-manœuvred me, or Providence has checked me—perhaps the last. I am little better than a devil at this moment; and, as my pastor there would tell me, deserve, no doubt, the sternest judgments of God, even to the quenchless fire and deathless worm. Gentlemen, my plan is broken up! what this lawyer and his client say is true; I have been married; and the woman to whom I was married lives! You say you never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at the house up yonder, Wood; but I dare say you have many a time inclined your ear to gossip about the mysterious lunatic kept there under watch and ward. Some have whispered to you that she is my bastard half-sister; some, my cast-off mistress; I now inform you that she is my wife, whom I married fifteen years ago—Bertha Mason by name; sister of this resolute personage, who is now, with his quivering limbs and white cheeks, showing you what a stout heart men may bear. Cheer up, Dick! never fear me! I'd almost as soon strike a woman as you. Bertha Mason is mad; and she came of a mad family—idiots and maniacs through three generations! Her mother, the Creole, was both a mad woman and a drunkard! as I found out after I had wed the daughter: for they were silent on family secrets before. Bertha, like a dutiful child, copied her parent in both points. I had a charming partner—pure, wise, modest; you can fancy that I was a happy man. I went through rich scenes! Oh! my experience has been heavenly, if you only knew it! But I owe you no further explanation. Briggs, Wood, Mason—I invite you all to come up to the house and visit Mrs. Poole's patient, and *my wife*! You shall see what sort of a being I was cheated into espousing, and judge whether or not I had a right to break the compact, and seek sympathy with something at least human. This girl," he continued, looking at me, "knew no more than you, Wood, of the disgusting secret; she thought all was fair and legal; and never dreamed she was going to be entrapped into a feigned union with a defrauded wretch, already bound to a bad, mad, and embroiled partner! Come, all of you, follow!"

Still holding me fast, he left the church; the three gentlemen came after. At the front door of the hall we found the carriage.

"Take it back to the coach-house, John," said Mr. Rochester, coolly; "it will not be wanted to-day."

At our entrance, Mrs. Fairfax, Adèle, Sophie, Leah, advanced to meet and greet us.

"To the right about—every soul!" cried the master; "away with your congratulations! Who wants them? Not I! they are fifteen years too late!"

He passed on and ascended the stairs, still holding my hand, and still beckoning the gentlemen to follow him; which they did. We

mounted the first stair-case, passed up the gallery, proceeded to the third story; the low, black door, opened by Mr. Rochester's master key, admitted us to the tapestried room, with its great bed, and its pictorial cabinet.

"You know this place, Mason," said our guide; "she bit and stabbed you here."

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door; this, too, he opened. In a room without a window, there burned a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backward and forward. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it groveled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal; but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

"Good-morrow, Mrs. Poole!" said Mr. Rochester. "How are you? and how is your charge to-day?"

"We're tolerable, sir, I thank you," replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob; "rather snappish, but not 'rageous.'"

A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favorable report; the clothed hyena rose up and stood tall on its hind feet.

"Ah, sir, she sees you!" exclaimed Grace; "you'd better not stay."

"Only a few moments, Grace; you must allow me a few moments."

"Take care then, sir! for God's sake, take care!"

The maniac bellowed; she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her visitors. I recognized well that purple face—those bloated features. Mrs. Poole advanced.

"Keep out of the way," said Mr. Rochester, thrusting her aside; "she has no knife now, I suppose! and I'm on my guard."

"One never knows what she has, sir; she is so cunning; it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft."

"We had better leave her," whispered Mason.

"Go to the devil!" was his brother-in-law's recommendation.

"Ware!" cried Grace. The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr. Rochester flung me behind him; the lunatic sprang and grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek; they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equaling her husband, and corpulent besides: she showed virile force in the contest—more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike: he would only wrestle. At last he mastered her arms: Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her: with more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amid the fiercest yells and the most convulsive plunges. Mr. Rochester then turned to the spectators; he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

"That is *my wife*," said he. "Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know—such are the endearments which are to solace

my leisure hours ! And *this* is what I wished to have (laying his hand on my shoulder) : this young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon. I wanted her just as a change after that fierce ragout. Wood and Briggs, look at the difference ! Compare these clear eyes with the red balls yonder—this face with that mask—this form with that bulk ; then judge me, priest of the Gospel and man of the law, and remember with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged ! Off with you now. I must shut up my prize."

We all withdrew. Mr. Rochester stayed a moment behind us, to give some further order to Grace Poole. The solicitor addressed me as we descended the stair.

"You, madam," said he, "are cleared from all blame ; your uncle will be glad to hear it—if, indeed, he should be still living—when Mr. Mason returns to Madeira."

"My uncle ! What of him ? Do you know him ?"

"Mr. Mason does : Mr. Eyre has been the Funchal correspondent of his house for some years. When your uncle received your letter intimating the contemplated union between yourself and Mr. Rochester, Mr. Mason, who was staying at Madeira to recruit his health, on his way back to Jamaica, happened to be with him. Mr. Eyre mentioned the intelligence ; for he knew that my client here was acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Rochester. Mr. Mason, astonished and distressed, as you may suppose, revealed the real state of matters. Your uncle, I am sorry to say, is now on a sick-bed, from which, considering the nature of his disease—decline—and the stage it has reached, it is unlikely he will ever rise. He could not then hasten to England himself, to extricate you from the snare into which you had fallen, but he implored Mr. Mason to lose no time in taking steps to prevent the false marriage. He referred him to me for assistance. I used all dispatch, and am thankful I was not too late : as you doubtless must be also. Were I not morally certain that your uncle will be dead ere you reach Madeira, I would advise you to accompany Mr. Mason back ; but as it is, I think you had better remain in England till you can hear further, either from or of Mr. Eyre. Have we any thing else to stay for ?" he inquired of Mr. Mason.

"No, no—let us be gone," was the anxious reply ; and without waiting to take leave of Mr. Rochester, they made their exit at the hall door. The clergyman stayed to exchange a few sentences, either of admonition or reproof, with his haughty parishioner ; this duty done, he, too, departed.

I heard him go as I stood at the half-open door of my own room, to which I had now withdrawn. The house cleared, I shut myself in, fastened the bolt, that none might intrude, and proceeded—not to weep, not to mourn ; I was yet too calm for that—but mechanically to take off the wedding dress, and replace it by the stuff gown I had worn yesterday, as I thought, for the last time. I then sat down ; I felt weak and tired. I leaned my arms on a table, and my head dropped on them. And now I thought ; still now I had only heard, seen, moved—follow-

ed up and down where I was led or dragged—watched event rush on event, disclosure open beyond disclosure ; but *now I thought*.

The morning had been a quiet morning enough—all except the brief scene with the lunatic ; the transaction in the church had not been noisy ; there was no explosion of passion, no loud altercation, no dispute, no defiance or challenge, no tears, no sobs : a few words had been spoken, a calmly-pronounced objection to the marriage made ; some stern, short questions put by Mr. Rochester ; answers, explanations given, evidence adduced ; an open admission of the truth had been uttered by my master ; then the living proof had been seen ; the intruders were gone, and all was over.

I was in my own room as usual—just myself, without obvious change ; nothing had smitten me, or scathed me, or maimed me. And yet, where was the Jane Eyre of yesterday ? where was her life ? where were her prospects ?

Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent expectant woman—almost a bride—was a cold, solitary girl again ; her life was pale ; her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer ; a white December storm had whirled over June ; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses ; on hay-field and corn-field lay a frozen shroud : lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow ; and the woods which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead—struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first-born in the land of Egypt. I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing ; they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive. I looked at my love ; that feeling which was my master's—which he had created ; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle ; sickness and anguish had seized it ; it could not seek Mr. Rochester's arms—it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh, never more could it turn to him ; for faith was blighted—confidence destroyed ! Mr. Rochester was not to me what he had been ; for he was not what I had thought him. I would not ascribe vice to him ; I would not say he had betrayed me : but the attribute of stainless truth was gone from his idea ; and from his presence I must go ; *that* I perceived well. When—how—whither, I could not yet discern but he himself, I doubted not, would hurry me from Thornfield. Real affection, it seemed, he could not have for me ; it had been only fitful passion ; that was balked ; he would want me no more. I should fear even to cross his path now ; my view must be hateful to him. Oh, how blind had been my eyes ! How weak my conduct !

My eyes were covered and closed ; eddying darkness seemed to swim round me, and reflection came in as black and confused a flow. Self-abandoned, relaxed and effortless, I seemed to have laid me down in the dried-up bed of a great river ; I heard a flood loosened in remote mountains, I felt the torrent come : to rise I had no will, to flee I had no strength. I lay faint, longing to be dead. One idea only



still throbbed lifelike within me—a remembrance of God : it begot an unuttered prayer : these words went wandering up and down in my rayless mind, as something that should be whispered : but no energy was found to express them :

“ Be not far from me, for trouble is near ; there is none to help.”

It was near : and as I had lifted no petition to Heaven to avert it—as I had neither joined my hands, nor bent my knees, nor moved my lips—it came ; in full, heavy swing, the torrent poured over me. The whole consciousness of my life lorn, my love lost, my hope quenched, my faith death-struck, swayed full and mighty above me in one sullen mass. That bitter hour can not be described ; in truth, “ the waters came into my soul ; I sunk in deep mire : I felt no standing ; I came into deep waters ; the floods overflowed me.”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

SOME time in the afternoon I raised my head, and looking round and seeing the westering sun gilding the sign of its decline on the wall, I asked, “ What am I to do ?”

But the answer my mind gave—“ Leave Thornfield at once!”—was so prompt, so dread, that I stopped my ears ; I said, I could not bear such words now. “ That I am not Edward Rochester’s bride is the least part of my woe,” I alleged ; “ that I have wakened out of most glorious dreams, and found them all void and vain, is a horror I could bear and master ; but that I must leave him decidedly, instantly, entirely, is intolerable. I can not do it.”

But, then, a force within me averred that I could do it, and foretold that I should do it. I wrestled with my own resolution ; I wanted to be weak that I might avoid the awful passage of further suffering I saw laid out for me ; and conscience, turned tyrant, held passion by the throat, told her, tauntingly, she had yet but dipped her dainty foot in the slough, and swore that with that arm of iron he would thrust her down to unsounded depths of agony.

“ Let me be torn away, then !” I cried. “ Let another help me !”

“ No ; you shall tear yourself away ; none shall help you ; you shall yourself pluck out your right eye : yourself cut off your right hand : your heart shall be the victim ; and you the priest, to transfix it.”

I rose up suddenly, terror-stricken at the solitude which so ruthless a judge haunted—at the silence which so awful a voice filled. My head swam as I stood erect ; I perceived that I was sickening from excitement and inanition ; neither meat nor drink had passed my lips that day, for I had taken no breakfast. And, with a strange pang, I now reflected, that, long as I had been shut up here, no message had been sent to ask how I was, or to invite me to come down : not even little Adèle had tapped at the door, nor even Mrs. Fairfax had sought me. “ Friends always forget those whom fortune forsakes,” I murmured, as I undrew the bolt and passed out. I stumbled over an obstacle : my head was still dizzy, my sight was dim and my limbs were feeble. I could not soon re-

cover myself ; I fell, but not on to the ground ; an outstretched arm caught me ; I looked up—I was supported by Mr. Rochester, who sat in a chair across my chamber threshold.

“ You come out at last,” he said. “ Well, I have been waiting for you long, and listening ; yet not one movement have I heard, nor one sob : five minutes’ more of that deathlike hush, and I should have forced the lock like a burglar. So, you shun me?—you shut yourself up and grieve alone ! I would rather you had come and upbraided me with vehemence. You are passionate ; I expected a scene of some kind. I was prepared for the hot rain of tears ; only I wanted them to be shed on my breast : now a senseless floor has received them, or your drenched handkerchief. But I err ; you have not wept at all ! I see a white cheek and a faded eye, but no trace of tears. I suppose, then, your heart has been weeping blood !”

“ Well, Jane : not a word of reproach ! Nothing bitter—nothing poignant ! Nothing to cut a feeling or sting a passion ? You sit quietly where I have placed you, and regard me with a weary, passive look.

“ Jane, I never meant to wound you thus. If the man who had but one little ewe lamb that was dear to him as a daughter, that ate of his bread and drank of his cup, and lay in his bosom, had by some mistake slaughtered it at the shambles, he would not have rued his bloody blunder more than I now rue mine. Will you ever forgive me ?”

Reader !—I forgave him at the moment, and on the spot. There was such deep remorse in his eye, such true pity in his tone, such manly energy in his manner ; and, besides, there was such unchanged love in his whole look and mien—I forgave him all : yet not in words, not outwardly ; only at my heart’s core.

“ You know I am a scoundrel, Jane ?” ere long he inquired wistfully—wondering, I suppose, at my continued silence and tameness the result rather of weakness than of will.

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Then tell me so roundly and sharply—don’t spare me.”

“ I can not : I am tired and sick. I want some water.” He heaved a sort of shuddering sigh, and, taking me in his arms, carried me down stairs. At first I did not know to what room he had borne me ; all was cloudy to my glazed sight ; presently I felt the reviving warmth of a fire ; for, summer as it was, I had become icy cold in my chamber. He put wine to my lips ; I tasted it and revived ; then I ate something he offered me, and was soon myself. I was in the library—sitting in his chair—he was quite near. “ If I could go out of life now, without too sharp a pang, it would be well for me,” I thought ; “ then I should not have to make the effort of cracking my heart-strings in rending them from among Mr. Rochester’s. I must leave him, it appears. I do not want to leave him—I can not leave him.”

“ How are you now, Jane ?”

“ Much better, sir ; I shall be well soon.”

“ Taste the wine again, Jane.”

I obeyed him ; then he put the glass on the table, stood before me, and looked at me attentively. Suddenly he turned away, with an inarticulate exclamation, full of passionate emo-

of some kind ; he walked fast through the rain, and came back ; he stooped toward me as if to kiss me ; but I remembered caresses were now forbidden. I turned my face away, and put his aside.

"What !—How is this?" he exclaimed hastily. "Oh, I know! you won't kiss the husband of Bertha Mason? You consider my arms filled, and my embraces appropriated?"

"At any rate, there is neither room nor claim for me, sir."

"Why, Jane! I will spare you the trouble of much talking; I will answer for you—because I have a wife already, you would reply. I guess rightly?"

"Yes."

"If you think so, you must have a strange opinion of me; you must regard me as a plotting profligate—a base and low rake who has been stimulating disinterested love in order to draw you into a snare deliberately laid, and strip you of honor, and rob you of self-respect. What do you say to that? I see you can say nothing; in the first place, you are faint, still, and have enough to do to draw your breath; in the second place, you can not yet accustom yourself to accuse and revile me; and, besides, the flood-gates of tears are opened, and they would rush out if you spoke much; and you have no desire to expostulate, to upbraid, to make a scene; you are thinking how to *act*—*talking*, you consider, is of no use. I know you—I am on my guard."

"Sir, I do not wish to act against you," I said; and my unsteady voice warned me to curtail my sentence.

"Not in *your* sense of the word—but in *mine* you are scheming to destroy me. You have as good as said that I am a married man—as a married man you will shun me, keep out of my way; just now you have refused to kiss me. You intend to make yourself a complete stranger to me; to live under this roof only as Adèle's governess; if ever I say a friendly word to you—if ever a friendly feeling inclines you again to me, you will say—'That man had nearly made me his mistress; I must be ice and rock to him,' and ice and rock you will accordingly become."

I cleared and steadied my voice to reply, "All is changed about me, sir; I must change too—there is no doubt of that; and, to avoid fluctuations of feeling, and continual combats with recollections and associations, there is only one way—Adèle must have a new governess, sir."

"Oh, Adèle will go to school—I have settled that already; nor do I mean to torment you with the hideous associations and recollections of Thornfield Hall—this accursed place—this tent of Achan—this insolent vault offering the ghastliness of living death to the light of the open sky—this narrow stone hell, with its one real sky, worse than a legion of such as we imagine. Jane, you shall not stay here, nor will I. I was wrong ever to bring you to Thornfield Hall, knowing as I did how it was haunted. I charged them to conceal from you, before I ever saw you, all knowledge of the curse of the place; merely because I feared Adèle never would have a governess to stay if she knew with what inmate it was housed, and my

plans would not permit me to remove the maniac elsewhere—though I possess an old house, Ferndean Manor, even more retired and hidden than this, where I could have lodged her safely enough, had not a scruple about the unhealthiness of the situation, in the heart of a wood, made my conscience recoil from the arrangement. Probably those damp walls would soon have eased me of her charge; but to each villain his own vice; and mine is not a tendency to indirect assassination, even of what I most hate.

"Concealing the madwoman's neighborhood from you, however, was something like covering a child with a cloak, and laying it down near a upas-tree; that demon's vicinity is poisoned, and always was. But I'll shut up Thornfield Hall; I'll nail up the front door, and board the lower windows; I'll give Mrs. Poole two hundred a-year to live here with *my wife*, as you term that fearful hag; Grace will do much for money, and she shall have her son, the keeper at Grimsby Retreat, to bear her company and be at hand to give her aid in the paroxysms, when *my wife* is prompted by her familiar to burn people in their beds at night, to stab them, to bite their flesh from their bones, and so on—"

"Sir," I interrupted him, "you are inexorable for that unfortunate lady; you speak of her with hate—with vindictive antipathy. It is cruel—she can not help being mad."

"Jane, my little darling (so I will call you, for so you are), you don't know what you are talking about; you misjudge me again; it is not because she is mad I hate her. If you were mad do you think I should hate you?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then you are mistaken, and you know nothing about me, and nothing about the sort of love of which I am capable. Every atom of your flesh is as dear to me as my own; in pain and sickness it would still be dear. Your mind is my treasure, and if it were broken it would be my treasure still; if you raved, my arms should confine you, and not a straight waistcoat. Your grasp, even in fury, would have a charm for me; if you flew at me as wildly as that woman did this morning, I should receive you in an embrace, at least as fond as it would be restrictive; I should not shrink from you with disgust as I did from her. In your quiet moments you should have no watcher and no nurse but me; and I could hang over you with untiring tenderness, though you gave me no smile in return; and never weary of gazing into your eyes, though they had no longer a ray of recognition for me. But why do I follow that train of ideas? I was talking of removing you from Thornfield. All, you know, is prepared for prompt departure; to-morrow you shall go. I only ask you to endure one more night under this roof, Jane; and then, farewell to its miseries and terrors forever! I have a place to repair to which will be a secure sanctuary from hateful reminiscences, from unwelcome intrusion—even from falsehood and slander."

"And take Adèle with you, sir," I interrupted; "she will be a companion for you."

"What do you mean, Jane? I told you would send Adèle to school. And what do I want with a child for a companion—and no

my own child—a French dancer's bastard. Why do you importune me about her? I say, why do you assign Adèle to me for a companion?"

"You spoke of a retirement, sir; and retirement and solitude are dull—too dull for you."

"Solitude! solitude!" he reiterated, with irritation. "I see I must come to an explanation. I don't know what sphinx-like expression is forming in your countenance. *You* are to share my solitude. Do you understand?"

I shook my head. It required a degree of courage, excited as he was becoming, even to risk that mute sign of dissent. He had been walking fast about the room, and he stopped, as if suddenly rooted to one spot. He looked at me long and hard. I turned my eyes from him, fixed them on the fire, and tried to assume and maintain a quiet, collected aspect.

"Now for the hitch in Jane's character," he said, at last, speaking more calmly than, from his look, I had expected him to speak. "The reel of silk has run smoothly enough so far; but I always knew there would come a knot and a puzzle—here it is. Now for vexation, and exasperation, and endless trouble! By God! I long to exert a fraction of Samson's strength, and break the entanglement like tow!"

He recommenced his walk, but soon again stopped, and this time just before me.

"Jane! will you hear reason? (he stooped and approached his lips to my ear) because, if you won't, I'll try violence." His voice was hoarse; his look that of a man who is just about to burst an insufferable bond and plunge headlong into wild license. I saw that in another moment, and with one impetus of frenzy more, I should be able to do nothing with him. The present—the passing second of time—was all I had in which to control and restrain him. A movement of repulsion, flight, fear, would have sealed my doom—and his. But I was not afraid—not in the least. I felt an inward power—a sense of influence—which supported me. The crisis was perilous, but not without its charm—such as the Indian, perhaps, feels, when he slips over the rapid in his canoe. I took hold of his clenched hand, loosened the contorted fingers, and said to him, soothingly:

"Sit down; I'll talk to you as long as you like, and hear all you have to say, whether reasonable or unreasonable."

He sat down; but he did not get leave to speak directly. I had been struggling with tears for some time. I had taken great pains to repress them, because I knew he would not like to see me weep. Now, however, I considered it well to let them flow as freely and as long as they liked. If the flood annoyed him, so much the better. So I gave way, and cried heartily.

Soon I heard him earnestly entreating me to be composed. I said I could not while he was in such a passion.

"But I am not angry, Jane; I only love you too well. And you had steeled your little pale face with such a resolute, frozen look,

I could not endure it. Hush, now, and wipe your eyes."

His softened voice announced that he was subdued; so I, in my turn, became calm. Now he made an effort to rest his head on my shoulder; but I would not permit it: then he would draw me to him; no.

"Jane! Jane!" he said, in such an accent of bitter sadness, it thrilled along every nerve I had, "you don't love me, then? It was only my station, and the rank of my wife, that you valued? Now that you think me disqualified to become your husband, you recoil from my touch as if I were some toad or ape."

These words cut me; yet what could I do or say? I ought, probably, to have done or said nothing; but I was so tortured by a sense of remorse at thus hurting his feelings, I could not control the wish to drop balm where I had wounded.

"I *do* love you," I said, "more than ever; but I must not show or indulge the feeling; and this is the last time I must express it."

"The last time, Jane? What! do you think you can live with me, and see me daily, and yet, if you still love me, be always cold and distant?"

"No, sir, that I am certain I could not; and therefore I see there is but one way—but you will be furious if I mention it."

"Oh, mention it! if I storm, you have the art of weeping."

"Mr. Rochester, I must leave you."

"For how long, Jane? For a few minutes, while you smooth your hair, which is some what disheveled, and bathe your face, which looks feverish?"

"I must leave Adèle and Thornfield; I must part with you for my whole life; I must begin a new existence among strange faces and strange scenes."

"Of course; I told you you should. I pass over the madness about parting from me. You mean you must become a part of me. As to the new existence, it is all right; you shall yet be my wife—I am not married. You shall be Mrs. Rochester, both virtually and nominally. I shall keep only to you so long as you and I live. You shall go to a place I have in the south of France—a white-walled villa on the shores of the Mediterranean. There you shall live a happy, and guarded, and most innocent life. Never fear that I wish to lure you into error—to make you my mistress. Why do you shake your head? Jane, you must be reasonable, or, in truth, I shall again become frantic."

His voice and hand quivered; his large nostrils dilated; his eye blazed; still, I dared to speak:

"Sir, your wife is living; that is a fact acknowledged this morning by yourself: if I lived with you as you desire, I should then be your mistress; to say otherwise is sophistical—is false."

"Jane, I am not a gentle-tempered man—you forget that; I am not long-enduring; I am not cool and dispassionate. Out of pity to me and yourself, put your finger on my pulse, feel how it throbs, and—beware!"

He bared his wrist, and offered it to me

The blood was forsaking his cheek and lips; they were growing livid; I was distressed on all hands. To agitate him thus deeply, by a resistance he so abhorred, was cruel; to yield, was out of the question. I did what human beings do instinctively when they are driven to utter extremity—looked for aid to one higher than man; the words “God help me!” burst involuntarily from my lips.

“I am a fool!” cried Mr. Rochester, suddenly. “I keep telling her I am not married, and do not explain to her why. I forget she knows nothing of the character of that woman, or of the circumstances attending my infernal union with her. Oh, I am certain Jane will agree with me in opinion, when she knows all that I know! Just put your hand in mine, Janet—that I may have the evidence of touch, as well as sight, to prove you are near me—and I will, in a few words, show you the real state of the case. Can you listen to me?”

“Yes, sir; for hours, if you will.”

“I ask only minutes. Jane, did you ever hear, or know, that I was not the eldest son of my house—that I had once a brother older than I?”

“I remember Mrs. Fairfax told me so once.”

“And did you ever hear that my father was an avaricious, grasping man?”

“I have understood something to that effect.”

“Well, Jane, being so, it was his resolution to keep the property together. He could not bear the idea of dividing his estate and leaving me a fair portion; all, he resolved, should go to my brother, Russell. Yet, as little could he endure that a son of his should be a poor man. I must be provided for by a wealthy marriage. He sought me a partner betimes. Mr. Mason, a West India planter and merchant, was his old acquaintance. He was certain his possessions were real and vast; he made inquiries. Mr. Mason, he found, had a son and daughter; and he learned from him that he could and would give the latter a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; that sufficed. When I left college, I was sent out to Jamaica, to espouse a bride already courted for me. My father said nothing about her money, but he told me Miss Mason was the boast of Spanish Town for her beauty, and this was no lie. I found her a fine woman, in the style of Blanche Ingram, tall, dark, and majestic. Her family wished to secure me, because I was of a good race; and so did she. They showed her to me in parties, splendidly dressed. I seldom saw her alone, and had very little private conversation with her. She flattered me, and lavishly displayed for my pleasure her charms and accomplishments. All the men in her circle seemed to admire her and envy me. I was dazzled—stimulated; my senses were excited; and being ignorant, raw, and inexperienced, I thought I loved her. There is no folly so besotted, that the idiotic rivalries of society, the prudence, the rashness, the blindness of youth will not hurry a man to its commission. Her relatives encouraged me; competitors piqued me; she allured me; a marriage was achieved ere before I knew where I was. Oh, I have

no respect for myself when I think of that act! An agony of inward contempt mastered me. I never loved, I never esteemed, I did not even know her. I was not sure of the existence of one virtue in her nature. I had marked neither modesty, nor benevolence, nor candor, nor refinement in her mind or manners; and I married her—gross, groveling, mole-eyed blockhead that I was! With less sin I might have—but let me remember to whom I am speaking.

“My bride’s mother I had never seen; I understood she was dead. The honey-moon over, I learned my mistake; she was only mad; and shut up in a lunatic asylum. There was a younger brother, too; a complete dumb idiot. The elder one, whom you have seen (and whom I can not hate, while I abhor all his kindred, because he has some grains of affection in his feeble mind, shown in the continued interest he takes in his wretched sister, and also in a doglike attachment he once bore me), will probably be in the same state one day. My father, and my brother Russell knew all this; but they thought only of the thirty thousand pounds, and joined in the plot against me.

“These were vile discoveries; but, except for the treachery of concealment, I should have made them no subject of reproach to my wife; even when I found her nature wholly alien to mine; her tastes obnoxious to me; her cast of mind common, low, narrow, and singularly incapable of being led to any thing higher, expanded to any thing larger—when I found that I could not pass a single evening, nor even a single hour of the day with her in comfort; that kindly conversation could not be sustained between us, because, whatever topic I started, immediately received from her a turn at once coarse and trite, perverse and imbecile—when I perceived that I should never have a quiet or settled household, because no servant would bear the continued outbreaks of her violent and unreasonable temper, or the vexations of her absurd, contradictory, exacting orders—even then I restrained myself: I eschewed upbraiding, I curtailed remonstrance; I tried to devour my repentance and disgust in secret; I repressed the deep antipathy I felt.

“Jane, I will not trouble you with abominable details; some strong words shall express what I have to say. I lived with that woman up stairs four years, and before that time she had tried me indeed; her character ripened and developed with frightful rapidity; her vices sprung up fast and rank; they were so strong, only cruelty could check them; and I would not use cruelty. What a pigmy intellect she had, and what giant propensities! How fearful were the curses those propensities entailed on me! Bertha Mason, the true daughter of an infamous mother, dragged me through all the hideous and degrading agonies which must attend a man bound to a wife at once intemperate and unchaste.

“My brother in the interval was dead; and at the end of the four years my father died too. I was rich enough now, yet poor to hideous indigence; a nature the most gross, impure, depraved I ever saw, was associated with mine, and called by the law and by society a part of me. And I could not rid myself of it by any

legal proceedings for the doctor's now discovered that *my wife* was mad—her excesses had prematurely developed the germs of insanity. Jane, you don't like my narrative; you look almost sick—shall I defer the rest to another day?"

"No, sir; finish it now; I pity you—I do earnestly pity you."

"Pity, Jane, from some people, is a noxious and insulting sort of tribute, which one is justified in hurling back in the teeth of those who offer it; but that is the sort of pity native to callous, selfish hearts; it is a hybrid, egotistical pain at hearing of woes, crossed with ignorant contempt for those who have endured them. But that is not your pity, Jane; it is not the feeling of which your whole face is full at this moment, with which your eyes are now almost overflowing—with which your heart is heaving—with which your hand is trembling in mine. Your pity, my darling, is the suffering mother of love; its anguish is the very natal pang of the divine passion. I accept it, Jane; let the daughter have free advent—my arms wait to receive her."

"Now, sir, proceed: what did you do when you found she was mad?"

"Jane—I approached the verge of despair; a remnant of self-respect was all that intervened between me and the gulf. In the eyes of the world I was doubtless covered with grimy dishonor; but I resolved to be clean in my own sight, and to the last I repudiated the contamination of her crimes, and wrenched myself from connection with her mental defects. Still, society associated my name and person with hers; I yet saw her and heard her daily; something of her breath (faugh!) mixed with the air I breathed; and, besides, I remembered I had once been her husband—that recollection was then; and it is now, inexpressibly odious to me; moreover, I knew that while she lived I could never be the husband of another and better wife; and, though five years my senior (her family and my father had lied to me even in the particular of her age), she was likely to live as long as I, being as robust in frame as she was infirm in mind. Thus, at the age of twenty-six, I was hopeless."

"One night I had been awakened by her yells—(since the medical men had pronounced her mad, she had, of course, been shut up)—it was a fiery West-Indian night; one of the description that frequently precede the hurricanes of those climates; being unable to sleep in bed, I got up and opened the window. The air was like sulphur-steams—I could find no refreshment any where. Mosquitoes came buzzing in and hummed sullenly round the room; the sea, which I could hear from thence, rumbled dull like an earthquake—black clouds were casting up over it; the moon was setting in the waves, broad and red, like a hot cannon-ball—she threw her last bloody glance over a world quivering with the ferment of tempest. I was physically influenced by the atmosphere and scene, and my ears were filled with the curses the maniac still shrieked out; wherein she momentarily mingled my name with such a tone of demon-hate, with such language! no professed harlot ever had a fouler vocabulary than she; though two rooms off, I heard every word—the thin

partitions of the West-India house opposing but slight obstruction to her wolfish cries.

"‘This life,’ said I, at last, ‘is hell! this is the air—those are the sounds of the bottomless pit! I have a right to deliver myself from it if I can. The sufferings of this mortal state will leave me with the heavy flesh that now cumber my soul. Of the fanatic’s burning eternity I have no fear, there is not a future state worse than this present one—let me break away, and go home to God!’"

"I said this while I knelt down at and unlocked a trunk which contained a brace of loaded pistols. I meant to shoot myself. I only entertained the intention for a moment; for, not being insane, the crisis of exquisite and unalloyed despair which had originated the wish and design of self-destruction was past in a second."

"A wind fresh from Europe blew over the ocean and rushed through the open casement; the storm broke, streamed, thundered, blazed, and the air grew pure. I then framed and fixed a resolution. While I walked under the dripping orange-trees of my wet garden, and among its drenched pomegranates and pine-apples, and while the refulgent dawn of the tropics kindled round me—I reasoned thus, Jane: and now listen; for it was true wisdom that consoled me in that hour, and showed me the right path to follow."

"The sweet wind from Europe was still whispering in the refreshed leaves, and the Atlantic was thundering in glorious liberty; my heart, dried up and scorched for a long time, swelled to the tone, and filled with living blood—my being longed for renewal—my soul thirsted for a pure draught. I saw Hope revive, and felt regeneration possible. From a flowery arch at the bottom of my garden I gazed over the sea, bluer than the sky: the old world was beyond; clear prospects opened, thus:

"‘Go,’ said Hope, ‘and live again in Europe; there it is not known what a sullied name you bear, nor what a filthy burden is bound to you. You may take the maniac with you to England; confine her with due attendance and precautions at Thornfield: then travel yourself to what clime you will, and form what new tie you like. That woman, who has so abused your long-suffering, so sullied your name, so outraged your honor, so blighted your youth—is not your wife; nor are you her husband. See that she is cared for as her condition demands, and you have done all that God and humanity require of you. Let her identity, her connection with yourself, be buried in oblivion; you are bound to impart them to no living being. Place her in safety and comfort; shelter her degradation with secrecy, and leave her.’"

"I acted precisely on this suggestion. My father and brother had not made my marriage known to their acquaintance; because, in the very first letter I wrote to apprise them of the union—having already begun to experience extreme disgust of its consequences; and from the family character and constitution, seeing a hideous future opening to me—I added an urgent charge to keep it secret: and very soon the infamous conduct of the wife my father had selected for me was such as to make him blush to own her as his daughter-in-law. Far from

desiring to publish the connection, he became as anxious to conceal it as myself.

"To England, then, I conveyed her; a fearful voyage I had with such a monster in the vessel. Glad was I when I at last got her to Thornfield, and saw her safely lodged in that third story room, of whose secret inner cabinet she has now for ten years made a wild beast's den—a goblin's cell. I had some trouble in finding an attendant for her, as it was necessary to select one on whose fidelity dependence could be placed; for her ravings would inevitably betray my secret: besides, she had lucid intervals of days—sometimes weeks—which she filled up with abuse of me. At last I hired Grace Poole, from the Grimsby Retreat. She and the surgeon, Carter (who dressed Mason's wounds that night he was stabbed and worried), are the only two I have ever admitted to my confidence. Mrs. Fairfax may, indeed, have suspected something; but she could have gained no precise knowledge as to facts. Grace has, on the whole, proved a good keeper: though, owing partly to a fault of her own, of which it appears nothing can cure her, and which is incident to her harassing profession, her vigilance has been more than once lulled and baffled. The lunatic is both cunning and malignant; she has never failed to take advantage of her guardian's temporary lapses: once to secrete the knife, with which she stabbed her brother, and twice to possess herself of the key of her cell, and issue therefrom in the night-time. On the first of these occasions, she perpetrated the attempt to burn me in my bed: on the second she paid that ghastly visit to you. I thank Providence, who watched over you, that she then spent her fury on your wedding apparel, which perhaps brought back vague reminiscences of her own bridal days; but on what might have happened I can not endure to reflect. When I think of the thing which flew at my throat this morning, hanging its black and scarlet visage over the nest of my dove, my blood curdles—"

"And what, sir," I asked, while he paused, "did you do when you had settled her here? Where did you go?"

"What did I do, Jane! I transformed myself into a Will-o'-the-Wisp. Where did I go! I pursued wanderings as wild as those of the March-spirit. I sought the Continent, and went devious through all its lands. My fixed desire was to seek and find a good and intelligent woman, whom I could love; a contrast to the fury I left at Thornfield—"

"But you could not marry, sir."

"I had determined and was convinced that I could and ought. It was not my original intention to deceive, as I have deceived, you. I meant to tell my tale plainly, and make my proposals openly; and it appeared to me so absolutely rational that I should be considered free to love and be loved, I never doubted some woman might be found willing and able to understand my case and accept me, in spite of the curse with which I was burdened."

"Well, sir?"

"When you are inquisitive, Jane, you always make me smile. You open your eyes like an eager bird, and make every now and then a restless movement; as if answers in speech

did not flow fast enough for you, and you wanted to read the tablet of one's heart. But before I go on, tell me what you mean by your 'Well, sir?' It is a small phrase very frequent with you; and which many a time has drawn me on and on through interminable talk; I don't very well know why."

"I mean, what next? How did you proceed? What came of such an event?"

"Precisely; and what do you wish to know now?"

"Whether you found any one you liked whether you asked her to marry you; and what she said."

"I can tell you whether I found any one I liked, and whether I asked her to marry me; but what she said is yet to be recorded in the book of Fate. For ten long years I roved about, living first in one capital, then another; sometimes in St. Petersburg, oftener in Paris; occasionally in Rome, Naples, and Florence. Provided with plenty of money, and the passport of an old name, I could choose my own society; no circles were closed against me. I sought my ideal of a woman among English ladies, French countesses, Italian signoras, and German Gräfinnen. I could not find her. Sometimes, for a fleeting moment, I thought I caught a glance, heard a tone, beheld a form, which announced the realization of my dream; but I was presently undeceived. You are not to suppose that I desired perfection, either of mind or person. I longed only for what suited me—for the antipodes of the Creole; and I longed vainly. Among them all I found not one, whom, had I been ever so free, I—warned as I was of the risks, the horrors, the loathings of incongruous unions—would have asked to marry me. Disappointment made me reckless. I tried dissipation—never debauchery; that I hated, and hate. That was my Indian Messalina's attribute; rooted disgust at it and her restrained me much, even in pleasure. Any enjoyment that bordered on riot seemed to approach me to her and her vices, and I eschewed it."

"Yet I could not live alone; so I tried the companionship of mistresses. The first I chose was Céline Varens—another of those steps which make a man spurn himself when he recalls them. You already know what she was, and how my liaison with her terminated. She had two successors: an Italian, Giacinta, and a German, Clara; both considered singularly handsome. What was their beauty to me in a few weeks! Giacinta was unprincipled and violent; I tired of her in three months. Clara was honest and quiet; but heavy, mindless, unimpressible; not one whit to my taste. I was glad to give her a sufficient sum to set her up in a good line of business, and so get decently rid of her. But, Jane, I see by your face you are not forming a very favorable opinion of me just now. You think me an unfeeling, loose-principled rake; don't you?"

"I don't like you so well as I have done sometimes, indeed, sir. Did it not seem to you in the least wrong to live in that way; first with one mistress and then another? You talk of it as a mere matter of course."

"It was with me; and I did not like it. It was a groveling fashion of existence; I should

never wish to return to it. Hiring a mistress is the next worst thing to buying a slave; both are often by nature, and always by position, inferior; and to live familiarly with inferiors is degrading. I now hate the recollection of the time I passed with Céline, Giacinta, and Clara."

I felt the truth of these words; and I drew from them the certain inference, that if I were so far to forget myself and all the teaching that had ever been instilled into me, as—under any pretext—with any justification—through any temptation—to become the successor of these poor girls, he would one day regard me with the same feeling which now in his mind desecrated their memory. I did not give utterance to this conviction; it was enough to feel it. I impressed it on my heart, that it might remain there to serve me as aid in the time of trial.

"Now, Jane, why don't you say 'Well, sir?' I have not done. You are looking grave. You disapprove of me still, I see. But let me come to the point. Last January, rid of all mistresses—in a harsh, bitter frame of mind, the result of a useless, roving, lonely life—corroded with disappointment, sourly disposed against all men, and especially against all womankind (for I began to regard the notion of an intellectual, faithful, loving woman as a mere dream), recalled by business, I came back to England.

"On a frosty winter afternoon, I rode in sight of Thornfield Hall. Abhorred spot! I expected no peace—no pleasure there. On a stile in Hay-lane I saw a quiet little figure sitting by itself. I passed it as negligently as I did the pollard willow opposite to it; I had no resentment of what it would be to me; no inward warning that the arbitress of my life—my genius for good or evil—waited there in humble guise. I did not know it, even when, on the occasion of Mesrour's accident, it came up and gravely offered me help. Childish and slender creature! It seemed as if a linnet had hopped to my foot and proposed to bear me on its tiny wing. I was surly; but the thing would not go; it stood by me with strange perseverance, and looked and spoke with a sort of authority. I must be aided, and by that hand; and aided I was.

"When once I had pressed the frail shoulder, something new—a fresh sap and sense—stole into my frame. It was well I had learned that this elf must return to me—that it belonged to my house down below—or I could not have felt it pass away from under my hand, and seen it vanish behind the dim hedge, without singular regret. I heard you come home that night, Jane; though probably you were not aware that I thought of you, or watched for you. The next day I observed you—myself unseen—for half an hour, while you played with Adèle in the gallery. It was a snowy day, I recollect, and you could not go out of doors. I was in my room; the door was ajar; I could both listen and watch. Adèle claimed your outward attention for awhile; yet I fancied your thoughts were elsewhere; but you were very patient with her, my little Jane; you talked to her and amused her a long time.

When at last she left you, you lapsed at once into deep reverie; you betook yourself slowly to pace the gallery. Now and then, in passing

a casement, you glanced out at the thick-falling snow; you listened to the sobbing wind, and again you paced gently on, and dreamed. I think those day-visions were not dark; there was a pleasurable illumination in your eye occasionally, a soft excitement in your aspect, which told of no bitter, bilious, hypochondriac brooding; your look revealed rather the sweet musings of youth, when its spirit follows on willing wings the flight of Hope, up and on to an ideal heaven. The voice of Mrs. Fairfax, speaking to a servant in the hall, awakened you; and how curiously you smiled to and at yourself, Janet! There was much sense in your smile; it was very shrewd, and seemed to make light of your own abstraction. It seemed to say—'My fine visions are all very well, but I must not forget they are absolutely unreal. I have a rosy sky, and a green flowery Eden in my brain; but without, I am perfectly aware, lies at my feet a rough tract to travel, and around me gather black tempests to encounter.' You ran down stairs and demanded of Mrs. Fairfax some occupation; the weekly household accounts to make up, or something of that sort, I think it was. I was vexed with you for getting out of my sight.

"Impatiently I waited for evening, when I might summon you to my presence. An unusual—to me—a perfectly new character I suspected was yours; I desired to search it deeper, and know it better. You entered the room with a look and air at once shy and independent; you were quaintly dressed—much as you are now. I made you talk; ere long I found you full of strange contrasts. Your garb and manner were restricted by rule; your air was often diffident, and altogether that of one refined by nature, but absolutely unused to society, and a good deal afraid of making herself disadvantageously conspicuous by some solecism or blunder; yet, when addressed, you lifted a keen, a daring, and a glowing eye to your interlocutor's face; there was penetration and power in each glance you gave; when plied by close questions, you found ready and round answers. Very soon you seemed to get use to me—I believe you felt the existence of sympathy between you and your grim and cross master, Jane; for it was astonishing to see how quickly a certain pleasant ease tranquilized your manner; snarl as I would, you showed no surprise, fear, annoyance, or displeasure at my moroseness; you watched me, and now and then smiled at me with a simple yet sagacious grace I can not describe. I was at once content and stimulated with what I saw; I liked what I had seen, and wished to see more. Yet, for a long time, I treated you distantly, and sought your company rarely. I was an intellectual epicure, and wished to prolong the gratification of making this novel and piquant acquaintance; besides, I was for a while troubled with a haunting fear that if I handled the flower freely its bloom would fade—the sweet charm of freshness would leave it. I did not then know that it was no transitory blossom, but rather the radiant resemblance of one, cut in an indestructible gem. Moreover, I wished to see whether you would seek me if I shunned you—but you did not—you kept in the school-room

as still as your own desk and easel: if by chance I met you, you passed me as soon, and with as little token of recognition as was consistent with respect. Your habitual expression in those days, Jane, was a thoughtful look; not despondent, for you were not sickly; but not buoyant, for you had little hope, and no actual pleasure. I wondered what you thought of me—or if you ever thought of me; to find this out, I resumed my notice of you. There was something glad in your glance, and genial in your manner, when you conversed; I saw you had a social heart; it was the silent school-room—it was the tedium of your life that made you mournful. I permitted myself the delight of being kind to you; kindness stirred emotion soon; your face became soft in expression, your tones gentle: I liked my name pronounced by your lips in a grateful, happy accent. I used to enjoy a chance meeting with you, Jane, at this time; there was a curious hesitation in your manner; you glanced at me with a slight trouble—a hovering doubt, you did not know what my caprice might be—whether I was going to play the master, and be stern—or the friend, and be benignant. I was now too fond of you often to simulate the first; and, when I stretched my hand out dially, such bloom, and light, and bliss rose from your young, wistful features, I had much ado often to avoid straining you then and there to my heart."

"Don't talk any more of those days, sir," I interrupted, furtively dashing away some tears from my eyes: his language was torture to me; for I knew what I must do—and do soon—and all these reminiscences, and these revelations of his feelings, only made my work more difficult.

"No, Jane," he returned; "what necessity is there to dwell on the Past, when the Present is so much surer—the Future so much brighter?"

I shuddered to hear the infatuated assertion.

"You see now how the case stands—do you not?" he continued. "After a youth and manhood, passed half in unutterable misery and half in dreary solitude, I have for the first time found what I can truly love—I have found *you*. You are my sympathy—my better self—my good angel—I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely; a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart; it leans to you, draws you to my center and spring of life, wraps my existence about you—and, kindling in pure, powerful flame, fuses you and me in one."

"It was because I felt and knew this, that I resolved to marry you. To tell me that I had already a wife is empty mockery; you know now that I had but a hideous demon. I was wrong to attempt to deceive you; but I feared a stubbornness that exists in your character. I feared early instilled prejudice; I wanted to have you safe before hazarding confidences. This was cowardly; I should have appealed to your nobleness and magnanimity at first, as I do now—opened to you plainly my life of agony—described to you my hunger and thirst after a higher and worthier existence—shown to you, not my *resolution* (that word is weak) but my resistless *bent* to love faithfully and

well, where I am faithfully and well loved in return. Then I should have asked you to accept my pledge of fidelity, and to give me yours; Jane—give it me now."

A pause.

"Why are you silent, Jane?"

I was experiencing an ordeal; a hand of fiery iron grasped my vitals. Terrible moment; full of struggle, blackness, burning! Not a human being that ever lived could wish to be loved better than I was loved; and him who thus loved me I absolutely worshipped: and I must renounce love and idol. One drear word comprised my intolerable duty—"Depart!"

"Jane, you understand what I want of you? Just this promise—'I will be yours, Mr. Rochester.'"

"Mr. Rochester, I will *not* be yours."

Another long silence.

"Jane!" recommenced he, with a gentleness that broke me down with grief, and turned me stone-cold with ominous terror—for this still voice was the pant of a lion rising—"Jane, do you mean to go one way in the world, and to let me go another?"

"I do."

"Jane (bending toward and embracing me), do you mean it now?"

"I do."

"And now?" softly kissing my forehead and cheek.

"I do—" extricating myself from restraint rapidly and completely.

"Oh, Jane, this is bitter! This—this is wicked. It would not be wicked to love me."

"It would to obey you."

A wild look raised his brows—crossed his features: he rose, but he forbore yet. I laid my hand on the back of a chair for support; I shook, I feared—but I resolved.

"One instant, Jane. Give one glance to my horrible life when you are gone. All happiness will be torn away with you. What then is left! For a wife I have but the maniac up stairs; as well might you refer me to some corpse in yonder church-yard. What shall I do, Jane? Where turn for a companion, and for some hope?"

"Do as I do; trust in God and yourself. Believe in Heaven. Hope to meet again there."

"Then you will not yield?"

"No."

"Then you condemn me to live wretched, and to die accursed?" His voice rose.

"I advise you to live sinless; and I wish you to die tranquil."

"Then you snatch love and innocence from me! You fling me back on lust for a passion—vice for an occupation?"

"Mr. Rochester, I no more assign this fate to you than I grasp at it for myself. We were born to strive and endure—you as well as I; do so. You will forget me before I forget you."

"You make me a liar by such language; you sully my honor. I declared I could not change; you tell me to my face I shall change soon. And what a distortion in your judgment, what a perversity in your ideas, is proved by your conduct! Is it better to drive a fellow creature to despair than to transgress a mere human law—no man being injured by the



breach! for you have neither relatives nor acquaintances whom you need fear to offend by living with me."

This was true; and while he spoke my very conscience and reason turned traitors against me, and charged me with crime in resisting him. They spoke almost as loud as feeling, and that clamored wildly. "Oh, comply!" it said. "Think of his misery, think of his danger, look at his state when left alone; remember his headlong nature, consider the recklessness following on despair; soothe him, save him, love him: tell him you love him and will be his. Who in the world cares for *you*? or who will be injured by what you do?"

Still indomitable was the reply, "I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God, sanctioned by man. I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad—as I am now. Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation; they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigor; stringent are they; inviolate they shall be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth! They have a worth, so I have always believed; and if I can not believe it now, it is because I am insane, quite insane, with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have at this hour to stand by; there I plant my foot."

I did. Mr. Rochester, reading my countenance, saw I had done so. His fury was wrought to the highest; he must yield to it for a moment, whatever followed; he crossed the floor and seized my arm, and grasped my waist. He seemed to devour me with his flaming glance; physically, I felt, at the moment, powerless as stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace; mentally, I still possessed my soul, and with it the certainty of ultimate safety. The soul, fortunately has an interpreter—often an unconscious, but still a truthful, interpreter—in the eye. My eye rose to his, and while I looked in his fierce face, I gave an involuntary sigh; his gripe was painful, and my overtaken strength almost exhausted.

"Never," said he, as he ground his teeth, "never was any thing at once so frail and so indomitable. A mere reed she feels in my hand! (and he shook me with the force of his hold.) I could bend her with my finger and thumb, and what good would it do if I bent, if I uproot, if I crushed her? Consider that eye; consider the resolute, wild, free thing looking out of it, defying me, with more than courage, with a stern triumph. Whatever I do with its cage, I can not get at it, the savage, beautiful creature! If I tear, if I rend the slight prison, my outrage will only let the captive loose. Conqueror I might be of the house, but the inmate would escape to heaven before I could call myself possessor of its clay dwelling-place. And it is you, spirit, with will and energy, and virtue and purity, that I want; not alone your brittle frame. Of yourself, you could come, with soft flight, and nestle against

my heart, if you would; seized against your will, you will elude the grasp like an essence, you will vanish ere I inhale your fragrance Oh! come, Jane, come!"

As he said this, he released me from his clutch, and only looked at me. The look was far worse to resist than the frantic strain; only an idiot, however, would have succumbed now. I had dared and baffled his fury, I must elude his sorrow; I retired to the door.

"You are going, Jane?"

"I am going, sir."

"You are leaving me?"

"Yes."

"You will not come? You will not be my comforter, my rescuer? My deep love, my wild woe, my frantic prayer, are all nothing to you?"

What unutterable pathos was in his voice! How hard it was to reiterate firmly, "I am going."

"Jane!"

"Mr. Rochester."

"Withdraw, then, I consent; but remember, you leave me here in anguish. Go up to your own room; think over all I have said, and, Jane, cast a glance on my sufferings; think on me."

He turned away, he threw himself on his face on the sofa. "Oh, Jane! my hope, my love, my life!" broke in anguish from his lips. Then came a deep, strong sob.

I had already gained the door, but, reader, I walked back—walked back as determinedly as I had retreated. I knelt down by him, I turned his face from the cushion to me; I kissed his cheek, I smoothed his hair with my hand.

"God bless you, my dear master," I said. "God keep you from harm and wrong, direct you, solace you, reward you well for your past kindness to me."

"Little Jane's love would have been my best reward," he answered; "without it, my heart is broken. But Jane will give me her love; yes, nobly, generously."

Up the blood rushed to his face; forth flashed the fire from his eyes, erect he sprung, he held his arms out, but I evaded the embrace, and at once quitted the room.

"Farewell!" was the cry of my heart, as I left him. Despair added, "Farewell, forever!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
The night I never thought to sleep, but a slumber fell on me as soon as I lay down in bed. I was transported in thought to the scenes of childhood: I dreamed that I lay in the red-room at Gateshead; that the night was dark, and my mind impressed with strange fears. The light that long ago had struck me into syncope, recalled in this vision, seemed glidingly to mount the wall, and tremblingly to pause in the center of the obscured ceiling. I lifted up my head to look: the roof resolved to clouds, high and dim; the gleam was such as the moon imparts to vapors she is about to sever. I watched her come, watched with the strangest anticipation, as though some word of doom were to be written on her disk. She broke forth as never moon yet burst from cloud; a hand first penetrated the sable folds and waved them away, then, not a moon, but a white human form shone in the azure, in

glancing a glorious brow earthward. It gazed and gazed on me. It spoke to my spirit ; immeasurably distant was the tone, yet so near, it whispered in my heart,

"My daughter, flee temptation !"

"Mother, I will."

So I answered after I had waked from the trance-like dream. It was yet night, but July nights are short ; soon after midnight, dawn comes. "It can not be too early to commence the task I have to fulfill," thought I. I rose, I was dressed, for I had taken off nothing but my shoes. I knew where to find in my drawers some linen, a locket, a ring. In seeking these articles, I encountered the beads of a pearl necklace Mr. Rochester had forced me to accept a few days ago. I left that, it was not mine ; it was the visionary bride's who had melted in air. The other articles I made up in a parcel ; my purse, containing twenty shillings (it was all I had), I put in my pocket ; I tied on my straw bonnet, pinned my shawl, took the parcel and my slippers, which I would not put on yet, and stole from my room.

"Farewell, kind Mrs. Fairfax !" I whispered, as I glided past her door. "Farewell, my darling Adèle !" I said, as I glanced toward the nursery. No thought could be admitted of entering to embrace her. I had to deceive a fine ear ; for aught I knew, it might now be listening.

I would have got past Mr. Rochester's chamber without a pause ; but my heart momentarily stopping its beat at that threshold, my foot was forced to stop also. No sleep was there ; the inmate was walking restlessly from wall to wall ; and again and again he sighed while I listened. There was a heaven—a temporary heaven—in this room for me, if I chose ; I had but to go in and to say,

"Mr. Rochester, I will love you and live with you through life till death," and a fount of rapture would spring to my lips. I thought of this.

That kind master, who could not sleep now, was waiting with impatience for day. He would send for me in the morning ; I should be gone. He would have me sought for ; vainly. He would feel himself forsaken, his love rejected ; he would suffer, perhaps grow desperate. I thought of this, too. My hand moved toward the lock, I caught it back and glided on.

Dreadfully I wound my way down stairs ; I knew what I had to do, and I did it mechanically. I sought the key of the side-door in the kitchen ; I sought, too, a phial of oil and a feather, I oiled the key and the lock. I got some water, I got some bread, for perhaps I should have to walk far, and my strength, sorely shaken of late, must not break down. All this I did without one sound. I opened the door, passed out, shut it softly. Dim dawn glimmered in the yard. The great gates were closed and locked, but a wicket in one of them was only latched. Through that I departed ; it, too, I shut, and now I was out of Thornfield.

A mile off, beyond the fields, lay a road which stretched in the contrary direction to Millcote ; a road which I had never traveled, but often noticed, and wondered where it led ; thither I bent my steps. No reflection was to be allowed now, not one glance was to be cast back ; not even one forward. Not one thought was

to be given either to the past or the future. The first was a page so heavenly sweet, so deadly sad, that to read one line of it would dissolve my courage and break down my energy. The last was an awful blank, something like the world when the deluge was gone by.

I skirted fields, and hedges, and lanes, till after sunrise. I believe it was a lovely summer morning ; I know my shoes, which I had put on when I left the house, were soon wet with dew. But I looked neither to rising sun, nor smiling sky, nor wakening nature. He who is taken out to pass through a fair scene to the scaffold, thinks not of the flowers that smile on his road, but of the block and ax-edge ; of the disseverment of bone and vein, of the grave gaping at the end ; and I thought of drear flight and homeless wandering—and, oh ! with agony, I thought of what I left ! I could not help it. I thought of him now, in his room, watching the sunrise, hoping I should soon come to say I would stay with him, and be his. I longed to be his, I panted to return ; it was not too late ; I could yet spare him the bitter pang of bereavement. ~~As yet my flight,~~ I was sure, was undiscovered. I could go back and be his comforter, his pride, his redeemer from misery, perhaps from ruin. Oh, that fear of this self-abandonment—far worse than my abandonment—how it goaded me ! It was a barbed arrow-head in my breast ; it tore me when I tried to extract it ; it sickened me when remembrance thrust it farther in. Birds began singing in brake and copse : birds were faithful to their mates ; birds were emblems of love. What was I ! In the midst of my pain of heart, and frantic effort of principle, I abhorred myself. I had no solace from self-approbation, none even from self-respect. I had injured, wounded, left my master. I was hateful in my own eyes. Still I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. As to my own will or conscience, impassioned grief had trampled one and stifled the other. I was weeping wildly as I walked along my solitary way : fast, fast I went like one delirious. A weakness, beginning inwardly, extending to the limbs, seized me, and I fell ; I lay on the ground some minutes, pressing my face to the wet turf. I had some fear, or hope, that here I should die ; but I was soon up, crawling forwards on my hands and knees, and then again raised to my feet, as eager and as determined as ever to reach the road.

When I got there, I was forced to sit to rest me under the hedge ; and while I sat, I heard wheels, and saw a coach come on. I stood up and lifted my hand ; it stopped. I asked where it was going, the driver named a place a long way off, and where I was sure Mr. Rochester had no connections. I asked for what sum he would take me there ; he said thirty shillings ; I answered I had but twenty : well, he would try to make it do. He further gave me leave to get into the inside, as the vehicle was empty ; I entered, was shut in, and it rolled on its way.

Gentle reader, may you never feel what I then felt ! May your eyes never shed such stormy, scalding, heart-wrung tears as poured from mine. May you never appeal to Heaven in prayers so hopeless and so agonized as in that hour left my lips : for never may you, like

me, dread to be the instrument of evil to what you wholly love.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Two days are passed. It is a summer evening; the coachman has set me down at a place called Whitcross, he could take me no farther for the sum I had given, and I was not possessed of another shilling in the world. The coach is a mile off by this time; I am alone. At this moment I discover that I forgot to take my parcel out of the pocket of the coach, where I had placed it for safety; there it remains, there it must remain; and now I am absolutely destitute.

Whitcross is no town, nor even a hamlet; it is but a stone pillar set up where four roads meet; white-washed, I suppose, to be more obvious at a distance and in darkness. Four arms spring from its summit; the nearest town to which these point is, according to the inscription, distant ten miles; the farthest, above twenty. From the well-known names of these towns I learn in what county I have lighted; a north-midland shire, dusk with moorland, ridged with mountain; this I see. There are great moors behind and on each hand of me; there are waves of mountains far beyond that deep valley at my feet. The population here must be thin, and I see no passengers on these roads; they stretch out east, west, north, and south—white, broad, lonely; they are all cut in the moor, and the heather grows deep and wild to their very verge. Yet a chance traveler might pass by; and I wish no eye to see me now; strangers would wonder what I am doing, lingering here at the sign-post, evidently objectless and lost. I might be questioned; I could give no answer but what would sound incredible and excite suspicion. Not a tie holds me to human society at this moment—not a charm or hope calls me where my fellow-creatures are—none that saw me would have a kind thought or a good wish for me. I have no relative but the universal mother, Nature; I will seek her breast and ask repose.

I struck straight into the heath; I held on to a hollow I saw deeply furrowing the brown moorside; I waded, knee-deep in its dark growth; I turned with its turnings, and finding a moss-blackened granite crag in a hidden angle, I sat down under it. High banks of moor were about me; the crag protected my head: the sky was over that.

Some time passed before I felt tranquil even here; I had a vague dread that wild cattle might be near, or that some sportsman or poacher might discover me. If a gust of wind swept the waste, I looked up, fearing it was the rush of a bull; if a plover whistled, I imagined it a man. Finding my apprehensions unfounded, however, and calmed by the deep silence that reigned as evening declined to night-fall, I took confidence. As yet I had not thought; I had only listened, watched, dreaded: now I regained the faculty of reflection.

What was I to do? Where to go? Oh, intolerable questions, when I could do nothing and go nowhere! when a long way must yet be measured by my weary, trembling limbs,

before I could reach human habitation—when cold charity must be entreated before I could get a lodging; reluctant sympathy importuned; almost certain repulse incurred, before my tale could be listened to, or one of my wants relieved!

I touched the heath; it was dry, and yet warm with the heat of the summer day. I looked at the sky; it was pure: a kindly star twinkled just above the chasm ridge. The dew fell, but with propitious softness; no breeze whispered. Nature seemed to me benign and good; I thought she loved me, outcast as I was; and I, who from man could anticipate only mistrust, rejection, insult, clung to her with filial fondness. To-night, at least, I would be her guest—as I was her child: my mother would lodge me without money and without price. I had one morsel of bread yet, the remnant of a roll I had bought in a town we passed through at noon with a stray penny—my last coin. I saw ripe bilberries gleaming here and there, like jet beads in the heath: I gathered a handful and eat them with the bread. My hunger, sharp before, was, if not satisfied, appeased by this hermit's meal. I said my evening prayers at its conclusion, and then chose my couch.

Beside the crag, the heath was very deep; when I lay down my feet were buried in it; rising high on each side, it left only a narrow space for the night-air to invade. I folded my shawl double, and spread it over me for a coverlet; a low, mossy swell was my pillow. Thus lodged, I was not, at least at the commencement of the night, cold.

My rest might have been blissful enough, only a sad heart broke it. It plained of its gaping wounds, its inward bleeding, its riven chords. It trembled for Mr. Rochester and his doom: it bemoaned him with bitter pity; it demanded him with ceaseless longing; and, impotent as a bird with both wings broken, it still quivered its shattered pinions in vain attempts to seek him.

Worn out with this torture of thought, I rose to my knees. Night was come, and her planets were risen; a safe, still night; too serene for the companionship of fear. We know that God is every where; but certainly we feel His presence most when His works are on the grandest scale spread before us; and it is in the unclouded night-sky, where His worlds wheel their silent course, that we read clearest His infinitude, His omnipotence, His omnipresence. I had risen to my knees to pray for Mr. Rochester. Looking up, I, with tear-dimmed eyes, saw the mighty milky-way. Remembering what it was—what countless systems there swept space like a soft trace of light—I felt the might and strength of God. Sure was I of His efficiency to save what He had made; convinced I grew that neither earth should perish, nor one of the souls it treasured. I turned my prayer to thanksgiving; the Source of Life was also the Savior of Spirits. Mr. Rochester was safe: he was God's, and by God would he be guarded. I again nestled to the breast of the hill; and ere long, in sleep, forgot sorrow.

But next day, Want came to me, pale and bare. Long after the little birds had left their nests; long after bees had come in the sweet prime of day to gather the heath honey before

the dew was dried—when the long morning shadows were curtailed, and the sun filled earth and sky—I got up, and I looked round me.

What a still, hot, perfect day! What a golden desert this spreading moor! Every where sunshine. I wished I could live in it and on it. I saw a lizard run over the crag; I saw a bee busy among the sweet bilberries. I would fain at the moment have become bee or lizard, that I might have found fitting nutriment, permanent shelter here. But I was a human being, and had a human being's wants; I must not linger where there was nothing to supply them. I rose; I looked back at the bed I had left. Hopeless of the future, I wished but this—that my Maker had that night thought good to require my soul of me while I slept; and that this weary frame, absolved by death from further conflict with fate, had now but to decay quietly, and mingle in peace with the soil of this wilderness. Life, however, was yet in my possession, with all its requirements, and pains, and responsibilities. The burden must be carried; the want provided for; the suffering endured; the responsibility fulfilled. I set out.

Whitcross regained, I followed a road which led from the sun, now fervent and high. By no other circumstance had I will to decide my choice. I walked a long time, and when I thought I had nearly done enough, and might conscientiously yield to the fatigue that almost overpowered me—might relax this forced action, and, sitting down on a stone I saw near, submit resistlessly to the apathy that clogged heart and limb—I heard a bell chime—a church bell.

I turned in the direction of the sound, and there, among the romantic hills, whose changes and aspect I had ceased to note an hour ago, I saw a hamlet and a spire. All the valley at my right hand was full of pasture-fields, and corn-fields, and wood; and a glittering stream ran zig-zag through the varied shades of green, the mellowing grain, the somber wood-land, the clear and sunny lea. Recalled by the rumbling of wheels to the road before me, I saw a heavily-laden wagon laboring up the hill; and not far beyond were two cows and their drover. Human life and human labor were near. I must struggle on: strive to live and bend to toil like the rest.

About two o'clock P. M. I entered the village. At the bottom of its one street, there was a little shop with some cakes of bread in the window. I coveted a cake of bread. With that refreshment I could perhaps regain a degree of energy; without it, it would be difficult to proceed. The wish to have some strength and some vigor returned to me as soon as I was among my fellow-beings. I felt it would be degrading to faint with hunger on the causeway of a hamlet. Had I nothing about me I could offer in exchange for one of these rolls? I considered. I had a small silk handkerchief tied round my throat; I had my gloves. I could hardly tell how men and women in extremities of destitution proceeded. I did not know whether either of these articles would be accepted: probably they would not; but I must try.

I entered the shop: a woman was there. Seeing a respectably-dressed person, a lady as

she supposed, she came forward with civility. How could she serve me? I was seized with shame: my tongue would not utter the request I had prepared. I dared not offer her the half-worn gloves, the creased handkerchief: besides, I felt it would be absurd. I only begged permission to sit down a moment, as I was tired. Disappointed in the expectation of a customer, she coolly acceded to my request. She pointed to a seat; I sunk into it. I felt sorely urged to weep; but conscious how unseasonable such a manifestation would be, I restrained it. Soon I asked her "if there were any dressmaker or plain-work woman in the village?"

"Yes; two or three. Quite as many as there was employment for."

I reflected. I was driven to the point now. I was brought face to face with necessity. I stood in the position of one without a resource; without a friend; without a coin. I must do something. What? I must apply somewhere. Where?

"Did she know of any place in the neighborhood where a servant was wanted?"

"Nay; she couldn't say."

"What was the chief trade in this place? What did most of the people do?"

"Some were farm laborers; a good deal worked at Mr. Oliver's needle factory, and at the foundry."

"Did Mr. Oliver employ women?"

"Nay; it was men's work."

"And what do the women do?"

"I know n't," was the answer. "Some does one thing, and some another. Poor folk mun get on as they can."

She seemed to be tired of my questions; and, indeed, what claim had I to importune her? A neighbor or two came in; my chair was evidently wanted. I took leave.

I passed up the street, looking as I went at all the houses to the right hand and to the left; but I could discover no pretext, nor see an inducement to enter any. I rambled round the hamlet, going sometimes to a little distance and returning again, for an hour or more. Much exhausted, and suffering greatly now for want of food, I turned aside into a lane and sat down under the hedge. Ere many minutes had elapsed, I was again on my feet, however, and again searching something—a resource, or at least an informant. A pretty little house stood at the top of the lane, with a garden before it, exquisitely neat, and brilliantly blooming. I stopped at it. What business had I to approach the white door, or touch the glittering knocker? In what way could it possibly be the interest of the inhabitants of that dwelling to serve me? Yet I drew near and knocked. A mild-looking, cleanly-attired young woman opened the door. In such a voice as might be expected from a hopeless heart and fainting frame—a voice wretchedly low and faltering—I asked if a servant was wanted here?

"No," said she; "we do not keep a servant."

"Can you tell me where I could get employment of any kind?" I continued. "I am a stranger, without acquaintance, in this place. I want some work; no matter what."

But it was not her business to think for me, or to seek a place for me: besides, in her eyes

how doubtful must have appeared my character, position, tale. She shook her head, she "was sorry she could give me no information," and the white door closed, quite gently and civilly; but it shut me out. If she had held it open a little longer, I believe I should have begged a piece of bread; for I was now brought low.

I could not bear to return to the sordid village, where, besides, no prospect of aid was visible. I should have longed rather to deviate to a wood I saw not far off, which appeared, in its thick shade, to offer inviting shelter; but I was so sick, so weak, so gnawed with nature's cravings, instinct kept me roaming round abodes where there was a chance of food. Solitude would be no solitude—rest no rest—while the vulture hunger, thus sunk beak and talons in my side.

I drew near houses; I left them, and came back again, and again I wandered away; always repelled by the consciousness of having no claim to ask—no right to expect interest in my isolated lot. Meantime, the afternoon advanced, while I thus wandered about like a lost and starving dog. In crossing a field, I saw the church-spire before me: I hastened toward it. Near the church-yard, and in the middle of a garden, stood a well-built though small house, which I had no doubt was the parsonage. I remembered that strangers who arrive at a place where they have no friends, and who want employment, sometimes apply to the clergyman for introduction and aid. It is the clergyman's function to help—at least with advice—those who wish to help themselves. I seemed to have something like a right to seek counsel here. Renewing, then, my courage, and gathering my feeble remains of strength I pushed on. I reached the house, and knocked at the kitchen-door. An old woman opened; I asked was this the parsonage?

"Yes."

"Was the clergyman in?"

"No."

"Would he be in soon?"

"No, he was gone from home."

"To a distance?"

"Not so far—happen three mile. He had been called away by the sudden death of his father; he was at Marsh End now, and would very likely stay there a fortnight longer."

"Was there any lady of the house?"

"Nay, there was naught but her, and she was housekeeper;" and of her, reader, I could not bear to ask the relief for want of which I was sinking; I could not yet beg; and again I crawled away.

Once more I took off my handkerchief—once more I thought of the cakes of bread in the little shop. Oh, but for a crust! for but one mouthful to allay the pang of famine! Instinctively I turned my face again to the village; I found the shop again, and I went in; and though others were there besides the woman, I ventured the request, "Would she give me a roll for this handkerchief?"

She looked at me with evident suspicion: "Nay, she never sold stuff 't that way."

Almost desperate, I asked for half a cake; she again refused. "How could she tell where I had got the handkerchief," she said

"Would she take my gloves?"

"No; what could she do with them?"

Reader, it is not pleasant to dwell on these details. Some say there is enjoyment in looking back to painful experience past; but at this day I can scarcely bear to review the times to which I allude; the moral degradation, blent with the physical suffering, form too distressing a recollection ever to be willingly dwelt on. I blamed none of those who repulsed me. I felt it was what was to be expected, and what could not be helped; an ordinary beggar is frequently an object of suspicion; a well-dressed beggar inevitably so. To be sure, what I begged was employment; but whose business was it to provide me with employment? Not, certainly, that of persons who saw me then for the first time, and who knew nothing about my character. And as to the woman who would not take my handkerchief in exchange for her bread, why, she was right; if the offer appeared to her sinister, or the exchange unprofitable. Let me condense now. I am sick of the subject.

A little before dark I passed a farmhouse, at the open door of which the farmer was sitting, eating his supper of bread and cheese; I stopped and said:—

"Will you give me a piece of bread? for I am very hungry." He cast on me a glance of surprise; but without answering, he cut a thick slice from his loaf, and gave it to me. I imagine he did not think I was a beggar, but only an eccentric sort of lady who had taken a fancy to his brown loaf. As soon as I was out of sight of his house, I sat down and ate it.

I could not hope to get a lodging under a roof, and sought it in the wood I have before alluded to. But my night was wretched, my rest broken; the ground was damp, the air cold; besides, intruders passed near me more than once, and I had again and again to change my quarters; no sense of safety or tranquillity befriended me. Toward morning it rained; the whole of the following day was wet. Do not ask me, reader, to give a minute account of that day; as before, I sought work; as before, I was repulsed; as before, I starved; but once did food pass my lips. At the door of a cottage I saw a little girl about to throw a mess of cold porridge into a pig-trough. "Will you give me that?" I asked.

She stared at me. "Mother!" she exclaimed; "there is a woman wants me to give her these porridge."

"Well, lass," replied a voice within, "give it her if she's a beggar. 'T' pig doesn't want it."

The girl emptied the stiffened mold into my hand, and I devoured it ravenously.

As the wet twilight deepened, I stopped in a solitary bridle-path, which I had been pursuing an hour or more.

"My strength is quite failing me," I said, in soliloquy. "I feel I can not go much farther. Shall I be an outcast again this night? While the rain descends so, must I lay my head on the cold, drenched ground? I fear I can not do otherwise; for who will receive me? But it will be very dreadful; with this feeling of hunger, faintness, chill, and this sense of desolation—this total prostration of hope. In all likelihood, though, I should die before morning. And why can not I reconcile myself to the prospect of death? Why do I struggle to 10

tain a valueless life? Because I know, or believe, Mr. Rochester is still living; and then, to die of want and cold, is a fate to which nature can not submit passively. Oh, Providence! sustain me a little longer! Aid—direct me!”

My glazed eye wandered over the dim and misty landscape. I saw I had strayed far from the village; it was quite out of sight. The very cultivation surrounding it had disappeared. I had, by cross-ways and by-paths, once more drawn near the tract of moorland; and now, only a few fields, almost as wild and unproductive as the heath from which they were scarcely reclaimed, lay between me and the dusky hill.

“Well; I would rather die yonder than in a street or on a frequented road,” I reflected. “And far better that crows and ravens—if any ravens there be in these regions—should pick my flesh from my bones, than that they should be imprisoned in a workhouse coffin, and molder in a pauper’s grave.”

To the hill, then, I turned. I reached it. It remained now only to find a hollow where I could lie down, and feel at least hidden, if not secure; but all the surface of the waste looked level. It showed no variation but of tint; green, where rush and moss overgrew the marshes; black, where the dry soil bore only heath. Dark as it was getting, I could still see these changes, though but as mere alternations of light and shade, for color had faded with the daylight.

My eye still roved over the sullen swell, and along the moor-edge, vanishing amid the wildest scenery, when, at one dim point, far in among the marshes and the ridges, a light sprung up. “That is an *ignis-fatuus*,” was my first thought; and I expected it would soon vanish. It burned on, however, quite steadily, neither receding nor advancing. “Is it, then, a bonfire just kindled?” I questioned. I watched to see whether it would spread; but no; as it did not diminish, so it did not enlarge. “It may be a candle in a house,” I then conjectured; “but if so, I can never reach it. It is much too far away; and were it within a yard of me, what would it avail? I should but knock at the door to have it shut in my face.”

And I sunk down where I stood, and hid my face against the ground. I lay still awhile; the night-wind swept over the hill and over me, and died moaning in the distance; the rain fell fast, wetting me afresh to the skin. Could I but have stiffened to the still frost—the friendly numbness of death—it might have pelted on; I should not have felt it; but my yet living flesh shuddered to its chilling influence. I rose ere long.

The light was yet there, shining dim, but constant, through the rain. I tried to walk again; I dragged my exhausted limbs slowly toward it. It led me aslant over the hill, through a wide bog, which would have been impassable in winter, and was splashy and shaking even now, in the height of summer. Here I fell twice; but as often I rose and rallied my faculties. This light was my forlorn hope, I must gain it.

Having crossed the marsh, I saw a trace of white over the moor. I approached it it was

a road or a track it led straight up to the light, which now beamed from a sort of knoll, amid a clump of trees—firs, apparently, from what I could distinguish of the character of their forms and foliage through the gloom. My star vanished as I drew near; some obstacle had intervened between me and it. I put out my hand to feel the dark mass before me; I discriminated the rough stones of a low wall—above it, something like palisades, and within, a high and prickly hedge. I groped on. Again a whitish object gleamed before me; it was a gate—a wicket; it moved on its hinges as I touched it. On each side stood a sable bush—holly or yew.

Entering the gate and passing the shrubs, the silhouette of a house rose to view, black, low, and rather long; but the guiding light shone nowhere. All was obscurity. Were the inmates retired to rest? I feared it must be so. In seeking the door, I turned an angle; there shot out the friendly gleam again, from the lozenge panes of a very small latticed window, within a foot of the ground, made still smaller by the growth of ivy or some other creeping plant, whose leaves clustered thick over the portion of the house wall in which it was set. The aperture was so screened and narrow, that curtain or shutter had been deemed unnecessary; and when I stooped down and put aside the spray of foliage shooting over it, I could see all within. I could see clearly a room with a sanded floor, clean scoured; a dresser of walnut, with pewter plates ranged in rows, reflecting the redness and radiance of a glowing peat-fire. I could see a clock, a white deal table, some chairs. The candle, whose ray had been my beacon, burned on the table; and by its light an elderly woman, somewhat rough-looking, but scrupulously clean, like all about her, was knitting a stocking.

I noticed these objects cursorily only—in them there was nothing extraordinary. A group of more interest appeared near the hearth, sitting still amid the rosy peace and warmth suffusing it. Two young, graceful women—ladies in every point—sat, one in a low rocking-chair, the other on a lower stool; both wore deep mourning of crape and bombasin, which somber garb singularly set off their very fair necks and faces; a large old pointer dog rested its massive head on the knee of one girl—in the lap of the other was cushioned a black cat.

A strange place was this humble kitchen for such occupants? Who are they? They could not be the daughters of the elderly person at the table; for she looked like a rustic, and they were all delicacy and cultivation. I had nowhere seen such faces as theirs: and yet, as I gazed on them, I seemed intimate with every lineament. I can not call them handsome—they were too pale and grave for the word: as they each bent over a book, they looked thoughtful almost to severity. A stand between them supported a second candle and two great volumes, to which they frequently referred; comparing them seemingly with the smaller books they held in their hands, like people consulting a dictionary to aid them in the task of translation. This scene was as silent as if all the figures had been shadows, and the fire-lit apart-

ment a picture: so hush! was it, I could hear the cinders fall from the grate, the clock tick in its obscure corner; and, I even fancied I could distinguish the click-click of the woman's knitting-needles. When, therefore, a voice broke the strange stillness at last, it was audible enough to me.

"Listen, Diana," said one of the absorbed students; "Franz and old Daniel are together in the night-time, and Franz is telling a dream from which he has awakened in terror—listen!" And in a low voice she read something, of which not one word was intelligible to me; for it was in an unknown tongue—neither French nor Latin. Whether it were Greek or German I could not tell.

"That is strong," she said, when she had finished; "I relish it." The other girl, who had lifted her head to listen to her sister, repeated, while she gazed at the fire, a line which had been read. At a later day, I knew the language and the book: therefore, I will here quote the line; though, when I first heard it, it was only like a stroke on sounding brass to me—conveying no meaning:

"Da trat hervor Einer, anzusehen wie die Sternen Nacht.' Good! good!" she exclaimed, while her dark and deep eye sparkled. "There you have a dim and mighty archangel fitly set before you! The line is worth a hundred pages of fustain. 'Ich wäge die Gedanken in der Schale meines Zornes und die Werke mit dem Gewichte meines Grimms.' I like it!"

Both were again silent.

"Is there any country were they talk i' that way?" asked the old woman, looking up from her knitting.

"Yes, Hannah—a far larger country than England, where they talk in no other way."

"Well, for sure case, I know'n't how they can understand t' one t' other; and if either o'ye went there, ye could tell what they said, I guess?"

"We could probably tell something of what they said, but not all—for we are not as clever as you think us, Hannah. We don't speak German, and we can not read it without a dictionary to help us."

"And what good does it do you?"

"We mean to teach it some time—or at least the elements, as they say; and then we shall get more money than we do now."

"Varry like: but give ower studying; ye've done enough for to-night."

"I think we have; at least, I'm tired. Mary, are you?"

"Mortally: after all, it's tough work fagging away at a language with no master but a lexicon."

"It is: especially such a language as this crabbed but glorious Deutsch I wonder when St. John will come home."

"Surely he will not be long now; it is just ten (looking at a little gold watch she drew from her girdle). It rains fast. Hannah, will you have the goodness to look at the fire in the parlor?"

The woman rose; she opened a door, through which I dimly saw a passage; soon I heard her stir a fire in an inner room; she presently came back.

"Ah, childer!" said she, "it fair troubles me to go into yond' room now; it looks so lonesome wi' the chair empty and set back in a corner."

She wiped her eyes with her apron; the two girls, grave before, looked sad now.

"But he is in a better place," continued Hannah; "we shouldn't wish him here again. And then nobody need to have a quieter death nor he had."

"You say he never mentioned us?" inquired one of the ladies.

"He hadn't time, bairn; he was gone in a minute—was your father. He had been a bit ailing like the day before, but naught to signify; and when Mr. St. John asked if he would like either o' ye to be sent for, he fair laughed at him. He began again with a bit of heaviness in his head the next day—that is, a fortnight sin'—and he went to sleep and niver awakened; he wor a'most stark when your brother went into t' chamber and fand him. Ah, childer! that's t' last o' t' old stock—for ye and Mr. St. John is like of a different soart to them 'at's gone; for all your mother wor mich i' your way, and a'most as book-learned. She wor the pictur' o' ye, Mary; Diana is more like your father."

I thought then so similar I could not tell where the old servant (for such I now concluded her to be) saw the difference. Both were fair complexioned and slenderly made; both possessed faces full of distinction and intelligence. One, to be sure, had hair a shade darker than the other, and there was a difference in their style of wearing it; Mary's pale brown locks were parted and braided smooth; Diana's duskie tresses covered her neck with their curls. The clock struck ten.

"Ye'll want your supper, I'm sure," observed Hannah; "and so will Mr. St. John when he comes in."

And she proceeded to prepare the meal. The ladies rose; they seemed about to withdraw to the parlor. Till this moment, I had been so intent on watching them—their appearance and conversation had excited in me so keen an interest—I had half forgotten my own wretched position; now it recurred to me. More desolate, more desperate than ever, it seemed from contrast. And how impossible did it appear to touch the inmates of this house with concern on my behalf—to make them believe in the truth of my wants and woes—to induce them to vouchsafe a rest for my wanderings! As I groped out the door, and knocked at it hesitatingly, I felt that last idea to be indeed a mere chimera. Hannah opened.

"What do you want?" she inquired, in a voice of surprise, as she surveyed me by the light of the candle she held.

"May I speak to your mistresses?" I said.

"You had better tell me what you have to say to them. Where do you come from?"

"I am a stranger."

"What is your business here at this hour?"

"I want a night's shelter in an outhouse, or any where, and a morsel of bread to eat."

Distrust, the very feeling I dreaded, appeared in Hannah's face. "I'll give you a piece of bread," she said, after a pause; "but—"

we can't take in a vagrant to lodge; it isn't likely."

"Do let me speak to your mistresses?"

"No; not I. What can they do for you? You should not be roving about now; it looks very ill."

"But where shall I go, if you drive me away? What shall I do?"

"Oh, I'll warrant you know where to go, and what to do. Mind you don't do wrong, that's all. Here is a penny, now go."

"A penny can not feed me, and I have no strength to go farther. Don't shut the door—oh, don't, for God's sake!"

"I must—the rain is driving in."

"Tell the young ladies—let me see them?"

"Indeed I will not. You are not what you ought to be, or you wouldn't make such a noise. Move off!"

"But I must die if I am turned away."

"Not you. I'm feard you have some ill plans agate, that bring you about folk's houses at this time o' night. If you've any followers—housebreakers, or such like—any where near, you may tell them we are not by ourselves in the house. We have a gentleman, and dogs, and guns." Here the honest, but inflexible servant, clapped the door to, and bolted it within.

This was the climax. A pang of exquisite suffering—a throe of true despair—rent and leaved my heart. Worn out, indeed, I was; not another step could I stir. I sunk on the wet door-step; I groaned—I wrung my hands—I wept in utter anguish. Oh, this specter of death! Oh, this last hour, approaching in such horror! Alas! this isolation—this banishment from my kind! Not only the anchor of hope, but the footing of fortitude, was gone—at least, for a moment; but the last I soon endeavored to regain.

"I can but die," I said, "and I believe in God. Let me try to wait His will in silence."

These words I not only thought, but uttered; and, thrusting back all my misery into my heart, I made an effort to compel it to remain there, dumb and still.

"All men must die," said a voice, quite close at hand; "but all are not condemned to meet a lingering and premature doom, such as yours would be if you perished here of want."

"Who or what speaks?" I asked, terrified at the unexpected sound, and incapable now of deriving from any occurrence a hope of aid. A form was near—what form, the pitch-dark night and my enfeebled vision prevented me from distinguishing. With a loud, long knock, the new-comer appealed to the door.

"Is it you, Mr. St. John?" cried Hannah.

"Yes—yes; open quickly."

"Well, how wet and cold you must be, such a wild night as it is! Come in—your sisters are quite uneasy about you, and I believe there are bad folks about. There has been a beggar-woman. I declare she is not gone yet—laid down there! Get up—for shame! Move off, I say!"

"Hush, Hannah! I have a word to say to the woman. You have done your duty in excluding, now let me do mine in admitting her. I was near, and listened to both

you and her. I think this is a peculiar case I must, at least, examine into it. Young woman, arise, and pass before me into the house."

With difficulty I obeyed him. Presently I stood within that clean, bright kitchen—on the very hearth—trembling, sickening; conscious of an aspect, in the last degree ghastly, wild, and weather-beaten. The two ladies, their brother, Mr. St. John, the old servant, were all gazing at me.

"St. John, who is it?" I heard one ask.

"I can not tell; I found her at the door," was the reply.

"She does look white," said Hannah.

"As white as clay or death," was responded. "She will fall—let her sit."

And, indeed, my head swam. I dropped; but a chair received me. I still possessed my senses, though just now I could not speak.

Perhaps a little water would restore her. Hannah, fetch some. But she is worn to nothing. How very thin, and how very bloodless!"

"A mere specter!"

"Is she ill, or only famished?"

"Famished, I think. Hannah, is that milk? Give it me, and a piece of bread."

Diana (I knew her by the long curls which I saw drooping between me and the fire as she bent over me) broke some bread, dipped it in milk, and put it to my lips. Her face was near mine; I saw there was pity in it, and I felt sympathy in her hurried breathing. In her simple words, too, the same balm-like emotion spoke: "Try to eat."

"Yes—try," repeated Mary, gently; and Mary's hand removed my sodden bonnet and lifted my head. I tasted what they offered me; feebly, at first—eagerly, soon.

"Not too much, at first; restrain her," said the brother; "she has had enough." And he withdrew the cup of milk and the plate of bread.

"A little more, St. John; look at the avidity in her eyes."

"No more at present, sister. Try if she can speak now—ask her her name."

I felt I could speak, and I answered: "My name is Jane Elliott." Anxious as ever to avoid discovery, I had before resolved to assume an *alias*.

"And where do you live? Where are your friends?"

I was silent.

"Can we send for any one you know?"

I shook my head.

"What account can you give of yourself?"

Somehow, now that I had once crossed the threshold of this house, and once was brought face to face with its owners, I felt no longer outcast, vagrant, and disowned by the wide world. I dared to put off the mendicant—to resume my natural manner and character. began once more to know myself; and when Mr. St. John demanded an account—which, at present, I was far too weak to render—I said, after a brief pause:

"Sir, I can give you no details to-night."

"But what, then," said he, "do you expect me to do for you?"

"Nothing," I replied. My strength sufficed for but short answers. Diana took the word.



"Do you mean," she asked, "that we have now given you what aid you require; and that we may dismiss you to the moor and the rainy night?"

I looked at her. She had, I thought, a remarkable countenance, instinct both with power and goodness. I took sudden courage. Answering her compassionate gaze with a smile, I said: "I will trust you. If I were a masterless and stray dog, I know that you would not turn me from your hearth to-night; as it is, I really have no fear. Do with me and for me as you like, but excuse me from much discourse; my breath is short—I feel a spasm when I speak." All three surveyed me, and all three were silent.

"Hannah," said Mr. St. John, at last, "let her sit there at present, and ask her no questions; in ten minutes more, give her the remainder of that milk and bread. Mary and Diana, let us go into the parlor and talk the matter over."

They withdrew. Very soon one of the ladies returned—I could not tell which. A kind of pleasant stupor was stealing over me as I sat by the genial fire. In an under tone, she gave some directions to Hannah. Ere long, with the servant's aid, I contrived to mount a stair-case—my dripping clothes were removed; soon a warm, dry bed, received me. I thanked God; experienced amid unutterable exhaustion a glow of grateful joy—and slept.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE recollection of about three days and nights succeeding this, is very dim in my mind. I can recall some sensations felt in that interval; but few thoughts framed, and no actions performed. I knew I was in a small room, and in a narrow bed. To that bed I seemed to have grown; I lay on it motionless as a stone; and to have torn me from it would have been almost to kill me. I took no note of the lapse of time—of the change from morning to noon, from noon to evening. I observed when any one entered or left the apartment; I could even tell who they were; I could understand what was said when the speaker stood near me; but I could not answer: to open my lips or move my limbs was equally impossible. Hannah, the servant, was my most frequent visitor. Her coming disturbed me. I had a feeling that she wished me away; that she did not understand me or my circumstances; that she was prejudiced against me. Diana and Mary appeared in the chamber once or twice a-day. They would whisper sentences of this sort at my bedside—

"It is very well we took her in."

"Yes; she would certainly have been found dead at the door in the morning, had she been left out all night. I wonder what she has gone through!"

"Strange hardships, I imagine, poor, emaciated, pallid wanderer!"

"She is not an uneducated person, I should think, by her manner of speaking; her accent was quite pure; and the clothes she took off, though splashed and wet, were little worn and fine."

"She has a peculiar face; fleshless and haggard as it is, I rather like it; and when in good health and animated, I can fancy her physiognomy would be agreeable."

Never once in their dialogues did I hear a syllable of regret at the hospitality they had extended to me; or of suspicion of, or aversion to, myself. I was comforted.

Mr. St. John came but once: he looked at me, and said my state of lethargy was the result of reaction from excessive and protracted fatigue. He pronounced it needless to send for a doctor: nature, he was sure, would manage best, left to herself. He said every nerve had been overstrained in some way, and the whole system must sleep torpid awhile. There was no disease. He imagined my recovery would be rapid enough when once commenced. These opinions he delivered in few words, in a quiet, low voice; and added, after a pause, in the tone of a man little accustomed to expansive comment, "rather an unusual physiognomy: certainly, not indicative of vulgarity or degradation."

"Far otherwise," responded Diana. "To speak truth, St. John, my heart rather warms to the poor little soul. I wish we may be able to benefit her permanently."

"That is hardly likely," was the reply. "You will find she is some young lady who has had a misunderstanding with her friends, and has probably injudiciously left them. We may, perhaps, succeed in restoring her to them, if she is not obstinate; but I trace lines of force in her face which make me skeptical of her tractability." He stood considering me some minutes; then added, "She looks sensible, but not at all handsome."

"She is so ill, St. John."

"Ill or well, she would always be plain. The grace and harmony of beauty are quite wanting in those features."

On the third day, I was better; on the fourth, I could speak, move, rise in bed, and turn. Hannah had brought me some gruel and dry toast, about, as I supposed, the dinner hour. I had eaten with relish: the food was good—void of the feverish flavor which had hitherto poisoned what I had swallowed. When she left me, I felt comparatively strong and revived; ere long satiety of repose, and desire for action stirred me. I wished to rise; but what could I put on? Only my damp and bemired apparel; in which I had slept on the ground and fallen in the marsh. I felt ashamed to appear before my benefactors so clad. I was spared the humiliation.

On a chair by the bedside were all my own things, clean and dry. My black silk frock hung against the wall. The traces of the bog were removed from it; the creases left by the wet, smoothed out; it was quite decent. My very shoes and stockings were purified and rendered presentable. There were the means of washing in the room, and a comb and brush to smooth my hair. After a weary process, and resting every five minutes, I succeeded in dressing myself. My clothes hung loose on me; for I was much wasted; but I covered deficiencies with a shawl, and once more clean and respectable looking—no peck of the dirt, no trace of the disorder I so hated, and which seemed so to degrade me, left—I crept down a stone stair

case, with the aid of the banisters, to a narrow, low passage, and found my way presently to the kitchen.

It was full of the fragrance of new bread, and the warmth of a generous fire. Hannah was baking. Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education; they grow there, firm as weeds among stones. Hannah had been cold and stiff, indeed, at the first: latterly, she had begun to relent a little; and when she saw me come in tidy and well-dressed, she even smiled.

"What, you have got up?" she said. "You are better, then. You may sit down in my chair on the hearthstone, if you will."

She pointed to the rocking-chair; I took it. She bustled about, examining me every now and then with the corner of her eye. Turning to me, as she took some loaves from the oven, she asked, bluntly,

"Did you ever go a-begging afore you came here?"

I was indignant for a moment; but remembering that anger was out of the question, and that had indeed appeared as a beggar to her, I answered quietly, but still not without a certain marked firmness,

"You are mistaken, in supposing me a beggar. I am no beggar, any more than yourself or your young ladies."

After a pause, she said, "I dunnut understand that; you've like no house, nor no brass, I guess?"

"The want of house or brass (by which I suppose you mean money) does not make a beggar in your sense of the word."

"Are you book-learned?" she inquired, presently.

"Yes, very."

"But you've never been to boarding-school?"

"I was at a boarding-school eight years."

She opened her eyes wide. "Whatever can not ye keep yourseln for, then?"

"I have kept myself; and, I trust, shall keep myself again. What are you going to do with these gooseberries?" I inquired, as she brought out a basket of the fruit.

"Mak' em into pies."

"Give them to me and I'll pick them."

"Nay; I dunnut want ye to do naught."

"But I must do something. Let me have them."

She consented; and she even brought me a clean towel to spread over my dress, "lest," as she said, "I should mucky it."

"Ye've not been used to servan't's wark, I see by your hands," she remarked. "Happen ye've been a dressmaker?"

"No, you are wrong. And now, never mind what I have been; don't trouble your head further about me; but tell me the name of the house where we are."

"Some calls it Marsh-End, and some calls it Moor House."

"And the gentleman who lives here is called Mr. St. John?"

"Nay; he doesn't live here; he is only staying awhile. When he is at home, he is in his own parish at Morton."

"That village a few miles off?"

"Ay"

"And what is he?"

"He is a parson."

I remembered the answer of the old house-keeper at the parsonage, when I had asked to see the clergyman. "This, then, was his father's residence?"

"Ay; old Mr. Rivers lived here, and his father, and grandfather, and gurt (great) grand father afore him."

"The name, then, of that gentleman, is Mr. St. John Rivers?"

"Ay; St. John is like his kirstened name."

"And his sisters are called Diana and Mary Rivers?"

"Yes."

"Their father is dead?"

"Dead three weeks sin', of a stroke."

"They have no mother?"

"The mistress has been dead this mony year."

"Have you lived with the family long?"

"I've lived here thirty year. I nursed them all three."

"That proves you must have been an honest and faithful servant. I will say so much for you, though you have had the incivility to call me a beggar."

She again regarded me with a surprised stare.

"I believe," she said, "I was quite mista'en in my thoughts of you: but there is so mony cheats goes about, you mun forgie me."

"And though," I continued, rather severely, "you wished to turn me from the door, on a night when you should not have shut out a dog."

"Well, it was hard: but what can a body do? I thought more o' th' childer nor of mysel; poor things! They've like nobody to tak' care on em but me. I'm like to look sharpish."

I maintained a grave silence for some minutes.

"You munnut think too hardly of me," she again remarked.

"But I do think hardly of you," I said; "and I'll tell you why—not so much because you refused to give me shelter, or regarded me as an impostor, as because you just now made it a species of reproach that I had no "brass" and no house. Some of the best people that ever lived have been as destitute as I am; and if you are a Christian, you ought not to consider poverty a crime."

"No more I ought;" said she; "Mr. St. John tells me so too; and I see I wor wrang—but I've clear a different notion on you now to what I had. You look a raight down dacent little crater."

"That will do—I forgive you now. Shake hands."

She put her floury and horny hand into mine another and heartier smile illumined her rough face, and from that moment we were friends.

Hannah was evidently fond of talking. While I picked the fruit, and she made the paste for the pies, she proceeded to give me sundry details about her deceased master and mistress, and "the childer," as she called the young people.

Old Mr. Rivers, she said, was a plain man enough; but a gentleman, and of as ancient a family as could be found. Marsh-End had belonged to the Rivers' ever since it was a house

and it was, she affirmed, "aboon two hundred year old—for all it looked but a small, humble place, naught to compare wi' Mr. Oliver's grand hall down i' Morton Vale." But she could remember Bill Oliver's father, a journeyman needle-maker; and th' Rivers' wor gentry i' th' owd days o' th' Henrys, as any body might see by looking into th' registers i' Morton Church vestry." Still, she allowed, "the owd maister was like other folk—naught mich out o' t' common way: stark mad o' shooting, and farming, and sich like." The mistress was different. She was a great reader, and studied a deal; and the "bairns" had taken after her. There was nothing like them in these parts, nor ever had been: they had liked learning, all three, almost from the time they could speak; and they had always been "of a mak' of their own." Mr. St. John, when he grew up, would go to college and be a parson; and the girls, as soon as they left school, would seek places as governesses: for they had told her their father had some years ago lost a great deal of money, by a man he had trusted turning bankrupt; and as he was now not rich enough to give them fortunes, they must provide for themselves. They had lived very little at home for a long while, and were only come now to stay a few weeks on account of their father's death: but they did so like Marsh-End and Morton, and all these moors and hills about. They had been in London, and many other grand towns: but they always said there was no place like home: and then they were so agreeable with each other—never fell out nor "threaped." She did not know where there was such a family for being united.

Having finished my task of gooseberry picking, I asked where the two ladies and their brother were now.

"Gone over to Morton for a walk; but they would be back in half an hour to tea."

They returned within the time Hannah had allotted them; they entered by the kitchen door. Mr. St. John, when he saw me, merely bowed and passed through; the two ladies stopped: Mary, in a few words, kindly and calmly expressed the pleasure she felt in seeing me well enough to be able to come down; Diana took my hand: she shook her head at me.

"You should have waited for my leave to descend," she said. "You still look very pale—and so thin! Poor child! poor girl!"

Diana had a voice toned, to my ear, like the cooing of a dove. She possessed eyes whose gaze I delighted to encounter. Her whole face seemed to me full of charn. Mary's countenance was equally intelligent—her features equally pretty: but her expression was more reserved; and her manners, though gentle, more distant. Diana looked and spoke with a certain authority: she had a will evidently. It was my nature to feel pleasure in yielding to an authority supported like hers; and to bend, where my conscience and self-respect permitted, to an active will.

"And what business have you here?" she continued. "It is not your place. Mary and I sit in the kitchen sometimes, because at home we like to be free, even to license—but you are a visitor, and must go into the parlor."

"I am very well here."

"Not at all—with Hannah bustling about and covering you with flour."

"Besides, the fire is too hot for you," interposed Mary.

"To be sure," added her sister. "Come, you must be obedient." And still holding my hand, she made me rise, and led me into the inner room.

"Sit there," she said, placing me on the sofa, "while we take our things off and get the tea ready: it is another privilege we exercise in our little moorland home—to prepare our own meals when we are so inclined; or when Hannah is baking, brewing, washing, or ironing."

She closed the door, leaving me solus with Mr. St. John, who sat opposite; a book or newspaper in his hand. I examined, first, the parlor, and then its occupant.

The parlor was rather a small room, very plainly furnished, yet comfortable, because clean and neat. The old-fashioned chairs were very bright, and the walnut-wood table was like a looking-glass. A few strange, antique portraits of the men and women of other days decorated the stained walls; a cupboard with glass doors contained some books and an ancient set of china. There was no superfluous ornament in the room—not one modern piece of furniture, save a brace of work-boxes and a lady's desk in rosewood, which stood on a side-table: every thing—including the carpet and curtains—looked at once well worn and well saved.

Mr. St. John—sitting as still as one of the dusky pictures on the walls, keeping his eyes fixed on the page he perused, and his lips mutely sealed—was easy enough to examine. Had he been a statue instead of a man, he could not have been easier. He was young—perhaps from twenty-eight to thirty—tall, slender; his face riveted the eye: it was like a Greek face, very pure in outline; quite a straight, classic nose; quite an Athenian mouth and chin. It is seldom, indeed, an English face comes so near the antique models as did his. He might well be a little shocked at the irregularity of my lineaments, his own being so harmonious. His eyes were large and blue, with brown lashes; his high forehead, colorless as ivory, was partially streaked over by careless locks of fair hair.

This is a gentle delineation, is it not, reader? Yet he whom it describes scarcely impressed one with the idea of a gentle; a yielding, an impressible, or even of a placid nature. Quiescent as he now sat, there was something about his nostril, his mouth, his brow, which, to my perceptions, indicated elements within either restless, or hard, or eager. He did not speak to me one word, nor even direct to me one glance, till his sisters returned. Diana, as she passed in and out, in the course of preparing tea, brought me a little cake, baked on the top of the oven.

"Eat that now," she said; "you must be hungry. Hannah says you have had nothing but some gruel since breakfast."

I did not refuse it, for my appetite was awakened and keen. Mr. Rivers now closed his book, approached the table, and, as he took a seat, fixed his blue, pictorial-looking eyes full upon me. There was an unceremonious di

rectness, a searching, decided steadfastness in his gaze now, which told that intention, and not diffidence, had hitherto kept it averted from the stranger.

"You are very hungry," he said.

"I am, sir" It is my way—it always was my way by instinct—ever to meet the brief with brevity, the direct with plainness.

"It is well for you that a low fever has forced you to abstain for the last three days; there would have been danger in yielding to the cravings of your appetite at first. Now you may eat; though still not immoderately."

"I trust that I shall not eat long at your expense, sir," was my very clumsily-contrived, unpolished answer.

"No," he said, coolly; "when you have indicated to us the residence of your friends, we can write to them, and you may be restored to home."

"That, I must plainly tell you, it is out of my power to do; being absolutely without home and friends."

The three looked at me; but not distrustfully. I felt there was no suspicion in their glances: there was more of curiosity. I speak particularly of the young ladies. St. John's eyes, though clear enough in a literal sense, in a figurative one were difficult to fathom. He seemed to use them rather as instruments to search other people's thoughts, than as agents to reveal his own; the which combination of keenness and reserve was considerably more calculated to embarrass than to encourage.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you are completely isolated from every connection?"

"I do. Not a tie links me to any living thing, not a claim do I possess to admittance under any roof in England."

"A most singular position at your age!"

Here I saw his glance directed to my hands, which were folded on the table before. I wondered what he sought there; his words soon explained the quest.

"You have never been married! You are a spinster?"

Diana laughed. "Why, she can't be above seventeen or eighteen years old, St. John," said she.

"I am near nineteen, but I am **not** married. No."

I felt a burning glow mount to my face, for bitter and agitating recollections were awakened by the allusion to marriage. They all saw the embarrassment and the emotion. Diana and Mary relieved me by turning their eyes elsewhere than to my crimsoned visage; but the colder and sterner brother continued to gaze, till the trouble he had excited forced out tears as well as color.

"Where did you last reside?" he now asked.

"You are too inquisitive, St. John," murmured Mary, in a low voice; but he leaned over the table and required an answer, by a second firm and piercing look.

"The name of the place where, and of the person with whom I lived, is my secret," I replied, concisely.

"Which, if you like, you have, in my opinion, a right to keep, both from St. John and every other questioner," remarked Diana.

"Yet if I know nothing about you or your

history, I can not help you," he said. "And you need help, do you not?"

"I need it, and I seek it; so far, sir, that some true philanthropist will put me in the way of getting work which I can do, and the remuneration for which will keep me, if but in the barest necessities of life."

"I know not whether I am a true philanthropist, yet I am willing to aid you to the utmost of my power in a purpose so honest. First, then, tell me what you have been accustomed to do, and what you *can* do."

I had now swallowed my tea. I was mightily refreshed by the beverage, as much so as a giant with wine; it gave new tone to my unstrung nerves, and enabled me to address this penetrating young judge steadily.

"Mr. Rivers," I said, turning to him, and looking at him as he looked at me, openly and without diffidence, "you and your sisters have done me a great service, the greatest man can do his fellow-being: you have rescued me, by your noble hospitality, from death. This benefit conferred gives you an unlimited claim on my gratitude, and a claim, to a certain extent, on my confidence. I will tell you as much of the history of the wanderer you have harbored as I can tell without compromising my own peace of mind—my own security, moral and physical, and that of others.

"I am an orphan, the daughter of a clergyman. My parents died before I could know them. I was brought up a dependent; educated at a charitable institution. I will even tell you the name of the establishment, where I passed six years as a pupil, and two as a teacher, Lowood Orphan Asylum, —shire: you will have heard of it, Mr. Rivers? The Rev. Robert Brocklehurst is the treasurer."

"I have heard of Mr. Brocklehurst, and I have seen the school."

"I left Lowood nearly a year since to become a private governess. I obtained a good situation, and was happy. This place I was obliged to leave four days before I came here. The reason of my departure I can not and ought not to explain; it would be useless, dangerous, and would sound incredible. No blame attached to me; I am as free from culpability as any one of you three. Miserable I am and must be for a time, for the catastrophe which drove me from a house I had found a paradise was of a strange and direful nature. I observed but two points in planning my departure—speed, secrecy; to secure these, I had to leave behind me every thing I possessed, except a small parcel, which, in my hurry and trouble of mind, I forgot to take out of the coach that brought me to Whiteross. To this neighborhood, then, I came, quite destitute. I slept two nights in the open air, and wandered about two days without crossing a threshold; but twice in that space of time did I taste food, and it was when brought by hunger, exhaustion, and despair, almost to the last gasp, that you, Mr. Rivers, forbade me to perish with want at your door, and took me under the shelter of your roof. I know all your sisters have done for me since, for I have not been insensible during my seeming torpor, and I owe to their spontaneous, genuine, genial compassion as large a debt as to your evangelical charity."

"Don't make her talk any more now, St. John," said Diana, as I paused; "she is evidently not yet fit for excitement. Come to the sofa, and sit down now, Miss Elliott."

I gave an involuntary half-start at hearing the *alias*; I had forgotten my new name. Mr. Rivers, whom nothing seemed to escape, noticed it at once.

"You said your name was Jane Elliott?" he observed.

"I did say so, and it is the name by which I think it expedient to be called at present; but it is not my real name, and when I hear it it sounds strange to me."

"Your real name you will not give?"

"No; I fear discovery above all things, and whatever disclosure would lead to it I avoid."

"You are quite right, I am sure," said Diana. "Now, do, brother, let her be at peace a while."

But when St. John had mused a few moments, he recommenced, as imperturbably, and with as much acumen as ever.

"You would not like to be long dependent on our hospitality—you would wish, I see, to dispense as soon as may be with my sisters' compassion; and, above all, with my *charity* (I am quite sensible of the distinction drawn, nor do I resent it—it is just): you desire to be independent of us?"

"I do; I have already said so. Show me how to work, or how to seek work; that is all I now ask; then let me go, if it be but to the meanest cottage—but *till then*, allow me to stay here; I dread another essay of the horrors of homeless destitution."

"Indeed, you *shall* stay here," said Diana, putting her white hand on my head. "You *shall*," repeated Mary, in the tone of undemonstrative sincerity, which seemed natural to her.

"My sisters, you see, have a pleasure in keeping you," said Mr. St. John, "as they would have a pleasure in keeping and cherishing a half-frozen bird, some wintry wind might have driven through their casement. I feel more inclination to put you in the way of keeping yourself, and shall endeavor to do so; but observe, my sphere is narrow. I am but the incumbent of a poor country parish; my aid must be of the humblest sort. And if you are inclined to despise the day of small things, seek some more efficient succor than such as I can offer."

"She has already said that she is willing to do any thing honest she *can* do," answered Diana, for me; "and you know, St. John, she has no choice of helpers; she is forced to put up with such crusty people as you."

"I will be a dressmaker; I will be a plain-work-woman; I will be a servant, a nurse-girl, if I can be no better," I answered.

"Right," said Mr. St. John, quite coolly. "If such is your spirit, I promise to aid you—in my own time and way."

He now resumed the book with which he had been occupied before tea. I soon withdrew; for I had talked as much, and sat up as long, as my present strength would permit.

I had so far recovered my health that I *could* sit up all day, and walk out sometimes. I could join with Diana and Mary in all their occupations; converse with them as much as they wished, and aid them when and where they would allow me. There was a reviving pleasure in this intercourse, of a kind now tasted by me for the first time—the pleasure arising from perfect congeniality of tastes, sentiments, and principles.

I liked to read what they liked to read; what they enjoyed, delighted me; what they approved, I revered. They loved their sequestered home. I, too, in the gray, small, antique structure, with its low roof, its latticed casements, its mouldering walls, its avenue of aged firs—all grown aslant under the stress of mountain winds; its garden, dark with yew and holy—and where no flowers but of the hardiest species would bloom—found a charm, both potent and permanent. They clung to the purple moors behind and around their dwelling—to the hollow vale into which the pebbly bridle-path leading from their gate descended; and which wound between fern-banks first, and then among a few of the wildest little pasture-fields that ever bordered a wilderness of heath, or gave sustenance to a flock of gray moorland sheep, with their little mossy-faced lambs; they clung to this scene, I say, with a perfect enthusiasm of attachment. I could comprehend the feeling, and share both its strength and truth. I saw the fascination of the locality. I felt the consecration of its loneliness; my eye feasted on the outline of swell and sweep—on the wild coloring communicated to ridge and dell, by moss, by heath-bell, by flower-sprinkled turf, by brilliant bracken, and mellow granite crag. These details were just to me what they were to them—so many pure and sweet sources of pleasure. The strong blast and the soft breeze; the rough and the halcyon day; the hours of sunrise and sunset; the moonlight and the clouded night, developed for me, in these regions, the same attraction as for them—wound round my faculties the same spell that entranced theirs.

In doors we agreed equally well. They were both more accomplished and better read than I was; but with eagerness I followed in the path of knowledge they had trodden before me. I devoured the books they lent me; then it was full satisfaction to discuss with them in the evening what I had perused during the day. Thought fitted thought; opinion met opinion; we coincided, in short, perfectly.

"If in our trio there was a superior and a leader, it was Diana. Physically, she far excelled me; she was handsome; she was vigorous. In her animal spirits there was an affluence of life and certainty of flow, such as excited my wonder, while it baffled my comprehension. I could talk a while when the evening commenced; but the first gush of vivacity and fluency gone, I was fain to sit on a stool at Diana's feet, to rest my head on her knee, and listen alternately to her and Mary; while they sounded thoroughly the topic on which I had but touched. Diana offered to teach me German. I liked to learn of her; I saw the part of instructress pleased and suited her; that of scholar pleased and suited me no less. Our

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE more I knew of the inmates of Moor House, the better I liked them. In a few days

naures dovetailed, mutual affection of the strongest kind was the result. They discovered I could draw; their pencils and color-boxes were immediately at my service. My skill, greater in this one point than theirs, surprised and charmed them. Mary would sit and watch me by the hour together; then she would take lessons; and a docile, intelligent, assiduous pupil she made. Thus occupied, and mutually entertained, days passed like hours, and weeks like days.

As to Mr. St. John, the intimacy which had arisen so naturally and rapidly between me and his sisters did not extend to him. One reason of the distance yet observed between us was, that he was comparatively seldom at home; a large proportion of his time appeared devoted to visiting the sick and poor among the scattered population of his parish.

No weather seemed to hinder him in these pastoral excursions; rain or fair, he would, when his hours of morning study were over, take his hat, and, followed by his father's old pointer, Carlo, go out on his mission of love or duty—I scarcely know in which light he regarded it. Sometimes, when the day was very unfavorable, his sisters would expostulate. He would then say, with a peculiar smile, more solemn than cheerful—

"And if I let a gust of wind or a sprinkling of rain turn me aside from these easy tasks, what preparation would such sloth be for the future I propose to myself?"

Diana and Mary's general answer to this question was a sigh, and some minutes of apparently mournful meditation.

But besides his frequent absences, there was another barrier to friendship with him; he seemed of a reserved, an abstracted, and even a brooding nature. Zealous in his ministerial labors, blameless in his life and habits, he yet did not appear to enjoy that mental serenity, that inward content, which should be the reward of every sincere Christian and practical philanthropist. Often, of an evening, when he sat at the window, his desk and papers before him, he would cease reading or writing, rest his chin on his hand, and deliver himself up to I know not what course of thought; but that it was perturbed and exciting might be seen in the frequent flash and changeful dilation of his eye.

I think, moreover, that Nature was not to him that treasury of delight it was to his sisters. He expressed once, and but once in my hearing, a strong sense of the rugged charm of the hills, and an inborn affection for the dark roof and hoary walls he called his home; but there was more of gloom than pleasure in the tone and words in which the sentiment was manifested; and never did he seem to roam the moors for the sake of their soothing silence—never seek out or dwell upon the thousand peaceful delights they could yield.

Incommunicative as he was, some time elapsed before I had an opportunity of gauging his mind. I first got an idea of its caliber when I heard him preach in his own church at Morton. I wish I could describe that sermon; but it is past my power. I can not even render faithfully the effect it produced on me.

It began calm—and indeed, as far as delivery

and pitch of voice went, it was calm to the end; an earnestly felt, yet strictly restrained zeal breathed soon in the distinct accents, and prompted the nervous language. This grew to force—compressed, condensed, controlled. The heart was thrilled, the mind astonished, by the power of the preacher; neither were softened. Throughout there was a strange bitterness; an absence of consolatory gentleness; stern allusions to Calvinistic doctrines—election, predestination, reprobation—were frequent; and each reference to these points sounded like a sentence pronounced for doom. When he had done, instead of feeling better, calmer, more enlightened by his discourse, I experienced an inexpressible sadness; for it seemed to me—I know not whether equally so to others—that the eloquence to which I had been listening had sprung from a depth where lay turbid dregs of disappointment—where moved troubling impulses of insatiate yearnings and disquieting aspirations. I was sure St. John Rivers—pure-lived, conscientious, zealous as he was—had not yet found that peace of God which passeth all understanding; he had no more found it, I thought, than had I; with my concealed and racking regrets for my broken idol and lost elysium—regrets to which I have latterly avoided referring; but which possessed me and tyrannized over me ruthlessly.

Meantime, a month was gone. Diana and Mary were soon to leave Moor House, and return to the far different life and scene which awaited them, as governesses in a large, fashionable, south-of-England city; where each held a situation in families, by whose wealthy and haughty members they were regarded only as humble dependents, and who neither knew nor sought one of their innate excellences, and appreciated only their acquired accomplishments as they appreciated the skill of their cook, or the taste of their waiting-woman. Mr. St. John had said nothing to me yet about the employment he had promised to obtain for me; yet it became urgent that I should have a vocation of some kind. One morning, being left alone with him a few minutes in the parlor, I ventured to approach the window-recess—which his table, chair, and desk consecrated as a kind of study—and I was going to speak; though not very well knowing in what words to frame my inquiry—for it is at all times difficult to break the ice of reserve glassing over such natures as his—when he saved me the trouble, by being the first to commence a dialogue.

Looking up as I drew near—"You have a question to ask of me?" he said.

"Yes; I wish to know whether you have heard of any service I can offer myself to undertake?"

"I found or devised something for you three weeks ago; but as you seemed both useful and happy here—as my sisters had evidently become attached to you, and your society gave them unusual pleasure—I deemed it inexpedient to break in on your mutual comfort till their approaching departure from Marsh-End should render yours necessary."

"And they will go in three days now?" I said.

"Yes; and when they go, I shall return to the parsonage at Morton; Hannah will accompany me; and this old house will be shut up."

I waited a few moments expecting he would go on with the subject first broached; but he seemed to have entered another train of reflection; his look denoted abstraction from me and my business. I was obliged to recall him to a theme which was of necessity one of close and anxious interest to me.

"What is the employment you had in view, Mr. Rivers? I hope this delay will not have increased the difficulty of securing it."

"Oh, no; since it is an employment which depends only on me to give, and you to accept."

He again paused, there seemed a reluctance to continue. I grew impatient; a restless movement or two, and an eager and exacting glance fastened on his face, conveyed the feeling to him as effectually as words could have done, and with less trouble.

"You need be in no hurry to hear," he said; "let me frankly tell you, I have nothing eligible or profitable to suggest. Before I explain, recall, if you please, my notice, clearly given, that if I helped you, it must be as the blind man would help the lame. I am poor; for I find that, when I have paid my father's debts, all the patrimony remaining to me will be this crumbling grange, the row of scathed firs behind, and the patch of moorish soil, with the yew-trees and holly-bushes in front. I am obscure; Rivers is an old name; but of the three sole descendants of the race, two earn the dependent's crust among strangers, and the third considers himself an alien from his native country—not only for life, but in death. Yes, and deems, and is bound to deem himself honored by the lot; and aspires but after the day when the cross of separation from fleshly ties shall be laid on his shoulders, and when the Head of that church-militant of whose humblest members he is one, shall give the word, 'Rise, follow me!'"

St. John said these words as he pronounced his sermons, with a quiet, deep voice; with an unflushed cheek, and a coruscating radiance of glance. He resumed—

"And since I am myself poor and obscure, I can offer you but a service of poverty and obscurity. You may even think it degrading—for I see now your habits have been what the world calls refined; your tastes lean to the ideal; and your society has at least been among the educated—but I consider that no service degrades which can better our race. I hold that the more arid and unreclaimed the soil where the Christian laborer's task of tillage is appointed him—the scantier the meed his toil brings—the higher the honor. His, under such circumstances, is the destiny of the pioneer; and the first pioneer of the Gospel were the Apostles—their captain was Jesus, the Redeemer himself."

"Well!" I said, as he again paused—"proceed."

He looked at me before he proceeded; indeed, he seemed leisurely to read my face, as if its features and lines were characters on a page. The conclusions drawn from this scrutiny he partially expressed in his succeeding observations.

"I believe you will accept the post I offer you," said he, "and hold it for a while; no permanently though, any more than I could permanently keep the narrow and narrowing—the tranquil, hidden office of English country incumbent: for in your nature is an alloy as detrimental to repose as that in mine; though of a different kind."

"Do explain?" I urged, when he halted once more.

"I will; and you shall hear how poor the proposal is—how trivial—how cramping. I shall not stay long at Morton, now that my father is dead, and that I am my own master. I shall leave the place probably in the course of a twelvemonth; but while I do stay, I will exert myself to the utmost for its improvement. Morton, when I came to it two years ago, had no school; the children of the poor were excluded from every hope of progress. I established one for boys; I mean now to open a second school for girls. I have hired a building for the purpose, with a cottage of two rooms attached to it for the mistress's house. Her salary would be thirty pounds a year; her house is already furnished, very simply, but sufficiently, by the kindness of a lady, Miss Oliver, the only daughter of the sole rich man in my parish—Mr. Oliver, the proprietor of a needle-factory and iron-foundry in the valley. The same lady pays for the education and clothing of an orphan from the workhouse, on condition that she shall aid the mistress in such menial offices connected with her own house and the school, as her occupation of teaching will prevent her having time to discharge in person. Will you be this mistress?"

He put the question rather hurriedly; he seemed half to expect an indignant, or at least a disdainful rejection of the offer; not knowing all my thoughts and feelings, though guessing some, he could not tell in what light the lot would appear to me. In truth it was humble—but then it was sheltered, and I wanted a safe asylum; it was plodding—but then, compared with that of a governess in a rich house, it was independent; and the fear of servitude with strangers entered my soul like iron; it was not ignoble—not unworthy—not mentally degrading. I made my decision.

"I thank you for the proposal, Mr. Rivers, and I accept it with all my heart."

"But you comprehend me?" he said. "It is a village school; your scholars will be only poor girls—cottagers' children—at the best, farmers' daughters. Knitting, sewing, reading, writing, ciphering, will be all you will have to teach. What will you do with your accomplishments? What with the largest portion of your mind—sentiments—tastes?"

"Save them till they are wanted. They will keep."

"You know what you undertake, then?"

"I do."

He now smiled; and not a bitter or a sad smile; but one well pleased and deeply gratified.

"And when will you commence the exercise of your function?"

"I will go to my house to-morrow; and open the school, if you like, next week."

"Very well; so be it."

He rose and walked through the room. Standing still, he again looked at me. He shook his head.

"What do you disapprove of, Mr. Rivers?" I asked.

"You will not stay at Morton long; no, no!"

"Why?" What is your reason for saying so?"

"I read it in your eye; it is not of that description which promises the maintenance of an even tenor in life."

"I am not ambitious."

He started at the word "ambitious." He repeated, "No. What made you think of ambition? Who is ambitious? I know I am; but how did you find it out?"

"I was speaking of myself."

"Well, if you are not ambitious, you are —" He paused.

"What?"

"I was going to say, impassioned; but perhaps you would have misunderstood the word, and been displeased. I mean, that human affections and sympathies have a most powerful hold on you. I am sure you can not long be content to pass your leisure in solitude, and to devote your working hours to a monotonous labor wholly void of stimulus, any more than I can be content," he added, with emphasis, "to live here buried in morass, pent in with mountain—my nature, that God gave me, contravened; my faculties, Heaven-bestowed, paralyzed—made useless. You hear now how I contradict myself. I, who preached contentment with a humble lot, and justified the vocation even of hewers of wood, and drawers of water, in God's service—I, his ordained minister, almost rave in my restlessness. Well, propensities and principles must be reconciled by some means."

He left the room. In this brief hour I had learned more of him than in the whole previous month yet still he puzzled me.

Diana and Mary Rivers became more sad and silent as the day approached for leaving their brother and their home. They both tried to appear as usual; but the sorrow they had to struggle against was one that could not be entirely conquered or concealed. Diana intimated that this would be a different parting from any they had ever yet known. It would probably, as far as St. John was concerned, be a parting for years—it might be a parting for life.

"He will sacrifice all to his long-framed resolves," she said; "natural affection and feelings more potent still. St. John looks quiet, Jane, but he hides a fever in his vitals. You would think him gentle, yet in some things he is inexorable as death; and the worst of it is, my conscience will hardly permit me to dissuade him from his severe decision; certainly, I can not for a moment blame him for it. It is right, noble, Christian; yet it breaks my heart." And the tears gushed to her fine eyes. Mary bent her head low over her work.

"We are now without father; we shall soon be without home and brother," she murmured.

At that moment a little accident supervened, which seemed decreed by fate, purposely to prove the truth of the adage, that "misfortunes

never come singly;" and to add to their distresses the vexing one of the slip between the cup and the lip. St. John passed the window reading a letter. He entered.

"Our uncle John is dead," said he.

Both the sisters seemed struck: not shocked or appalled: the tidings appeared in their eyes rather momentous than affecting.

"Dead?" repeated Diana.

"Yes."

She riveted a searching gaze on her brother's face. "And what then?" she demanded, in a low voice.

"What then, Di!" he replied, maintaining a marble immobility of feature. "What, then? Why—nothing. Read."

He threw a letter into her lap. She glanced over it, and handed it to Mary. Mary perused it in silence, and returned it to her brother. All three looked at each other, and all three smiled—a dreary, pensive smile enough.

"Amen! We can yet live," said Diana, at last.

"At any rate, it makes us no worse off than we were before," remarked Mary.

"Only it forces rather strongly on the mind the picture of what *might have been*," said Mr. Rivers; "and contrasts it somewhat too vividly with what *is*."

He folded the letter, locked it in his desk, and then went out.

For some minutes no one spoke. Diana then turned to me.

"Jane, you will wonder at us and our mysteries," she said; "and think us hard-hearted beings not to be more moved at the death of so near a relation as an uncle; but we have never seen him or known him. He was my mother's brother. My father and he quarreled long ago. It was by his advice that my father risked most of his property in the speculation that ruined him. Mutual recriminations passed between them: they parted in anger, and were never reconciled. My uncle engaged afterward in more prosperous undertakings: it appears he realized a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. He was never married, and had no near kindred but ourselves, and one other person, not more closely related than we. My father always cherished the idea that he would atone for his error by leaving his possessions to us; that letter informs us that he has bequeathed every penny to the other relation, with the exception of thirty guineas, to be divided between St. John, Diana, and Mary Rivers, for the purchase of three mourning rings. He had a right, of course, to do as he pleased; and yet a momentary damp is cast on the spirits by the receipt of such news. Mary and I would have esteemed ourselves rich with a thousand pounds each; and to St. John such a sum would have been valuable, for the good it would have enabled him to do."

This explanation given, the subject was dropped, and no further reference made to it, by either Mr. Rivers or his sisters. The next day, I left Marsh-End for Morton. The day after, Diana and Mary quitted it for distant B—. In a week, Mr. Rivers and Hannah repaired to the parsonage; and so the old grange was abandoned.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

My home, then—when I at last find a home—is a cottage; a little room with white-washed walls and a sanded floor, containing four painted chairs and a table, a clock, a cupboard, with two or three plates and dishes, and a set of tea-things in delf. Above, a chamber of the same dimensions as the kitchen, with a deal bedstead and chest of drawers; small, yet too large to be filled with my scanty wardrobe; though the kindness of my gentle and generous friends has increased that, by a modest stock of such things as are necessary.

It is evening. I have dismissed, with the fee of an orange, the little orphan who serves me as a handmaid. I am sitting alone on the hearth. This morning the village school opened. I had twenty scholars. But three of the number can read; none write or cipher. Several knit, and a few sew a little. They speak with the broadest accent of the district. At present, they and I have a difficulty in understanding each other's language. Some of them are unmannered, rough, intractable, as well as ignorant; but others are docile, have a wish to learn, and evince a disposition that pleases me. I must not forget that these coarsely-clad little peasants are of flesh and blood as good as the scions of gentlest genealogy, and that the germs of native excellence, refinement, intelligence, kind feeling, are as likely to exist in their hearts as in those of the best-born. My duty will be to develop these germs; surely I shall find some happiness in discharging that office. Much enjoyment I do not expect in the life opening before me; yet it will, doubtless, if I regulate my mind, and exert my powers as I ought, yield me enough to live on from day to day.

Was I very gleeful, settled, content, during the hours I passed in yonder bare, humble school-room this morning and afternoon? Not to deceive myself, I must reply—No; I felt desolate to a degree. I felt—yes, idiot that I am—I felt degraded. I doubted I had taken a step which sunk instead of raising me in the scale of social existence. I was weakly dismayed at the ignorance, the poverty, the coarseness of all I heard and saw round me. But let me not hate and despise myself too much for these feelings; I know them to be wrong—that is a great step gained; I shall strive to overcome them. Tomorrow, I trust, I shall get the better of them partially; and in a few weeks, perhaps, they will be quite subdued. In a few months, it is possible, the happiness of seeing progress, and a change for the better in my scholars, may substitute gratification for disgust.

Meantime, let me ask myself one question—Which is better? To have surrendered to temptation; listened to passion; made no painful effort—no struggle; but to have sunk down in the silken snare; fallen on the flowers covering it; wakened in a southern clime, among the luxuries of a pleasure-villa; to have been now living in France, Mr. Rochester's mistress; delirious with his love half my time—for he would—oh, yes, he would have loved me well for a while. He *did* love me—no one will ever love me so again. I shall never more know the sweet homage given to beauty,

youth, and grace—for never to any else shall I seem to possess these charms. He was fond and proud of me—it is what no man besides will ever be. But where am I wandering, and what am I saying, and, above all, feeling? Whether it is better, I ask, to be a slave in a fool's paradise at Marseilles—fevered with delusive bliss one hour—suffocating with the bitterest tears of remorse and shame the next—or to be a village schoolmistress, free and honest, in a breezy mountain nook in the healthy heart of England?

Yes; I feel now that I was right when I adhered to principle and law, and scorned and crushed the insane promptings of a frenzied moment. God directed me to a correct choice: I thank His providence for the guidance!

Having brought my eventide musings to this point, I rose, went to my door, and looked at the sunset of the harvest-day, and at the quiet fields before my cottage; which, with the school, was distant half a mile from the village. The birds were singing their last strains—

“The air was mild; the dew was balm.”

While I looked, I thought myself happy, and was surprised to find myself ere long weeping—and why? For the doom which had reft me from adhesion to my master: for him I was no more to see; for the desperate grief and fatal fury—consequences of my departure—which might now, perhaps, be dragging him from the path of right, too far to leave hope of ultimate restoration thither. At this thought, I turned my face aside from the lovely sky of eve and lonely vale of Morton—I say *lonely*, for in that bend of it visible to me, there was no building apparent save the church and the parsonage, half-hid in trees; and, quite at the extremity, the roof of Vale Hall, where the rich Mr. Oliver and his daughter lived. I hid my eyes, and leaned my head against the stone frame of my door, but soon a slight noise near the wicket which shut in my tiny garden from the meadow beyond it, made me look up. A dog—old Carlo, Mr. Rivers's pointer, as I saw in a moment—was pushing the gate with his nose, and St. John himself leaned upon it with folded arms; his brow knit, his gaze, grave almost to displeasure, fixed on me. I asked him to come in.

“No, I can not stay; I have only brought you a little parcel my sisters left for you. I think it contains a color-box, pencils, and paper.”

I approached to take it; a welcome gift it was. He examined my face, I thought, with austerity, as I came near: the traces of tears were doubtless very visible upon it.

“Have you found your first day's work harder than you expected?” he asked.

“Oh, no! On the contrary, I think in time I shall get on with my scholars very well.”

“But perhaps your accommodations—your cottage—your furniture—have disappointed your expectations? They are, in truth, scanty enough; but”—I interrupted:

“My cottage is clean and weather-proof; my furniture sufficient and commodious. All I see has made me thankful, not despondent. I am not absolutely such a fool and sensualist as to regret the absence of a carpet, a sofa, and silver plate: besides, five weeks ago I had nothing—

I was an outcast, a beggar, a vagrant; now I have acquaintance, a home, a business. I wonder at the goodness of God; the generosity of my friends; the bounty of my lot. I do not repine."

"But you feel solitude an oppression? The little house there behind you is rather dark and empty?"

"I have hardly had time yet to enjoy a sense of tranquillity, much less to grow impatient under one of loneliness."

"Very well; I hope you feel the content you express; at any rate, your good sense will tell you that it is too soon yet to yield to the vacillating fears of Lot's wife. What you had left before I saw you, of course I do not know; but I counsel you to resist, firmly, every temptation which would incline you to look back; pursue your present career steadily, for some months at least."

"It is what I mean to do," I answered. St. John continued—

"It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they can not get—when our will strains after a path we may not follow—we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair: we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste—and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.

"A year ago, I was myself intensely miserable, because I thought I had made a mistake in entering the ministry; its uniform duties wearied me to death. I burned for the more active life of the world—for the more exciting toils of a literary career—for the destiny of an artist, author, orator; any thing rather than that of a priest; yes, the heart of a politician, of a soldier, of a votary of glory, a lover of renown, a luster after power, beat under my curate's surplice. I considered my life was so wretched, it must be changed or I must die. After a season of darkness and struggling, light broke and relief fell: my cramped existence all at once spread out to a plain without bounds—my powers heard a call from Heaven to rise, gather their full strength, spread their wings and mount beyond ken. God had an errand for me; to bear which afar, to deliver it well, skill and strength, courage and eloquence, the best qualifications of soldier, statesman, and orator were all needed; for these all center in the good missionary.

"A missionary I resolved to be. From that moment my state of mind changed: the fetters dissolved and dropped from every faculty, leaving nothing of bondage but its galling soreness—which time only can heal. My father, indeed, opposed the determination; but since his death, I have not a legitimate obstacle to contend with: some affairs settled, a successor for Morton provided, an entanglement or two of the feelings broken through or cut asunder—a last conflict with human weakness, in which I know I shall overcome, because I have vowed

that I *will* overcome—and I leave Europe for the East."

He said this in his peculiar, subdued yet emphatic voice; looking, when he had ceased speaking, not at me, but at the setting sun, at which I looked too. Both he and I had our backs toward the path leading up the field to the wicket. We had heard no step on that grass-grown track; the water running in the vale was the one lulling sound of the hour and scene; we might well then start, when a gay voice, sweet as a silver bell, exclaimed—

"Good evening, Mr. Rivers. And good evening, old Carlo. Your dog is quicker to recognize his friends than you are, sir; he pricked his ears and wagged his tail when I was at the bottom of the field, and you have your back toward me now."

It was true. Though Mr. Rivers had started at the first of those musical accents, as if a thunderbolt had split a cloud over his head, he stood yet, at the close of the sentence, in the same attitude in which the speaker had surprised him: his arm resting on the gate, his face directed toward the west. He turned at last, with measured deliberation. A vision, as it seemed to me, had risen at its side. There appeared, within three feet of him, a form clad in pure white—a youthful, graceful form: full, yet fine in contour; and when, after bending to caress Carlo, it lifted up its head, and threw back a long veil, there bloomed under his glance a face of perfect beauty. Perfect beauty is a strong expression; but I do not retrace or qualify it; as sweet features as ever the temperate clime of Albion molded; as pure hues of rose and lily as ever her humid gales and vapory skies generated and screened, justified, in this instance, the term. No charm was wanting, no defect was perceptible; the young girl had regular and delicate lineaments; eyes shaped and colored as we see them in lovely pictures, large, and dark, and full; the long and shadowy eyelash which encircles a fine eye with so soft a fascination; the penciled brow which gives such clearness; the white, smooth forehead, which adds such repose to the livelier beauties of tint and ray; the cheek, oval, fresh, and smooth; the lips fresh too, ruddy, healthy, sweetly formed; the even and gleaming teeth without flaw; the small, dimpled chin; the ornament of rich, plenteous tresses—all advantages, in short, which, combined, realize the ideal of beauty, were fully hers. I wondered, as I looked at this fair creature: I admired her with my whole heart. Nature had surely formed her in a partial mood; and forgetting her usual stinted step-mother dole of gifts, had endowed this, her darling, with a granddame's bounty.

What did St. John Rivers think of this earthly angel? I naturally asked myself that question as I saw him turn to her and look at her; and, as naturally, I sought the answer to the inquiry in his countenance. He had already withdrawn his eye from the Peri, and was looking at a humble tuft of daisies which grew by the wicket.

"A lovely evening, but late for you to be out alone," he said, as he crushed the snowy heads of the closed flowers with his foot.

"Oh, I only came home from S——" (she mentioned the name of a large town some twen-

ty miles distant) this afternoon. Papa told me you had opened your school, and that the new mistress was come; and so I put on my bonnet after tea, and ran up the valley to see her; this is she?" pointing to me.

"It is," said St. John.

"Do you think you shall like Morton?" she asked of me, with a direct and naive simplicity of tone and manner, pleasing, if childlike.

"I hope I shall. I have many inducements to do so."

"Did you find your scholars as attentive as you expected?"

"Quite."

"Do you like your house?"

"Very much."

"Have I furnished it nicely?"

"Very nicely, indeed."

"And made a good choice of an attendant for you in Alice Wood?"

"You have, indeed. She is teachable and handy." (This, then, I thought, is Miss Oliver, the heiress, favored, it seems, in the gifts of fortune, as well as in those of nature! What happy combination of the planets presided over her birth, I wonder?)

"I shall come up and help you to teach sometimes," she added. "It will be a change for me to visit you now and then; and I like a change. Mr. Rivers, I have been *so* gay during my stay at S—. Last night, or rather this morning, I was dancing till two o'clock. The —th regiment are stationed there, since the riots; and the officers are the most agreeable men in the world: they put all our young knife-grinders and scissor-merchants to shame."

It seemed to me that Mr. St. John's under lip protruded, and his upper lip curled a moment. His mouth certainly looked a good deal compressed, and the lower part of his face unusually stern and square, as the laughing girl gave him this information. He lifted his gaze, too, from the daisies, and turned it on her. An unsmiling, a searching, a meaning gaze it was. She answered it with a second laugh; and laughter well became her youth, her roses, her dimples, her bright eyes.

As he stood, mute and grave, she again fell to caressing Carlo. "Poor Carlo loves me," said she. "He is not stern and distant to his friends; and if he could speak, he would not be silent."

As she patted the dog's head, bending with native grace before his young and austere master, I saw a glow rise to that master's face. I saw his solemn eye melt with sudden fire, and flicker with resistless motion. Flushed and kindled thus, he looked nearly as beautiful for a man as she for a woman. His chest heaved once, as if his large heart, weary of despotic constriction, had expanded, despite the will, and made a vigorous bound for the attainment of liberty. But he curbed it, I think, as a resolute rider would a curb rearing steed. He responded neither by word nor movement to the gentle advances made him.

"Papa says you never come to see us now," continued Miss Oliver, looking up. "You are quite a stranger at Vale Hall. He is alone this evening, and not very well; will you return with me and visit him?"

"It is not a seasonable hour to intrude on Mr. Oliver," answered St. John.

"Not a seasonable hour! But I declare it is. It is just the hour when papa most wants company; when the works are closed, and he has no business to occupy him. Now, Mr. Rivers, *do* come. Why are you so very shy, and so very somber?" She filled up the hiatus his silence left by a reply of her own.

"I forgot," she exclaimed, shaking her beautiful curled head, as if shocked at herself. "I am so giddy and thoughtless! *Do* excuse me. It had slipped my memory that you have good reasons to be indisposed for joining in my chatter. Diana and Mary have left you, and Moor House is shut up, and you are so lonely. I am sure I pity you. *Do* come and see papa."

"Not to-night, Miss Rosamond, not to-night."

Mr. St. John spoke almost like an automaton; himself only knew the effort it cost him thus to refuse.

"Well, if you are so obstinate, I will leave you; for I dare not stay any longer; the dew begins to fall. Good-evening!"

She held out her hand. He just touched it. "Good-evening!" he repeated, in a voice low and hollow as an echo. She turned; but in a moment returned.

"Are you well?" she asked. Well might she put the question: his face was blanched as her gown.

"Quite well," he enunciated; and, with a bow, he left the gate. She went one way; he another. She turned twice to gaze after him, as she tripped fairylike down the field: he, as he strode firmly across, never turned at all.

This spectacle of another's suffering and sacrifices wrapped my thoughts from exclusive meditation on my own. Diana Rivers had designated her brother "inexorable as death." She had not exaggerated.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

I CONTINUED the labors of the village school as actively and faithfully as I could. It was truly hard work at first. Some time elapsed before, with all my efforts, I could comprehend my scholars and their nature. Wholly untaught, with faculties quite torpid, they seemed to be hopelessly dull; and, at first sight, all dull alike; but I soon found I was mistaken. There was a difference among them as among the educated; and when I got to know them, and they me, this difference rapidly developed itself. Their amazement at me, my language, my rules and ways, once subsided, I found some of these heavy-looking, gaping rustics, wake up into sharp-witted girls enough. Many showed themselves obliging, and amiable, too; and I discovered among them not a few examples of natural politeness and innate self-respect, as well as of excellent capacity, that won both my good will and my admiration. These soon took a pleasure in doing their work well—in keeping their persons neat—in learning their tasks regularly—in acquiring quiet and orderly manners. The rapidity of their progress, in some instances, was even surprising; and an honest and happy pride I took in it; besides, I began personally to like some of the best girls, and they liked me. I had among my scholars several farmers' daughters—young women

grown, almost. These could already read, write, and sew; and to them I taught the elements of grammar, geography, history, and the finer kinds of needlework. I found estimable characters among them—characters desirous of information, and disposed for improvement—with whom I passed many a pleasant evening hour in their own homes. Their parents then (the farmer and his wife) loaded me with attentions. There was an enjoyment in accepting their simple kindness, and in repaying it by a consideration—a scrupulous regard to their feelings—to which they were not, perhaps, at all times accustomed, and which both charmed and benefited them; because, while it elevated them in their own eyes, it made them emulous to merit the deferential treatment they received.

I felt I became a favorite in the neighborhood. Whenever I went out, I heard on all sides cordial salutations, and was welcomed with friendly smiles. To live amid general regard, though it be but the regard of working-people, is like “sitting in sunshine, calm and sweet;” serene inward feelings bud and bloom under the ray. At this period of my life, my heart far oftener swelled with thankfulness than sunk with dejection; and yet, reader, to tell you all, in the midst of this calm, this useful existence—after a day passed in honorable exertion among my scholars, an evening spent in drawing or reading contentedly alone—I used to rush into strange dreams at night—dreams many-colored, agitated, full of the ideal, the stirring, the stormy—dreams where, amid unusual scenes, charged with adventure, with agitating risk and romantic chance, I still again and again met Mr. Rochester, always at some exciting crisis; and then the sense of being in his arms, hearing his voice, meeting his eye, touching his hand and cheek, loving him, being loved by him—the hope of passing a lifetime at his side, would be renewed, with all its first force and fire. Then I awoke; then I recalled where I was, and how situated; then I rose up on my curtainless bed, trembling and quivering; and then the still, dark night witnessed the convulsion of despair, and heard the burst of passion. By nine o'clock the next morning, I was punctually opening the school—tranquil, settled, prepared for the steady duties of the day.

Rosamond Oliver kept her word in coming to visit me. Her call at the school was generally made in the course of her morning ride. She would canter up to the door on her pony, followed by a mounted livery servant. Any thing more exquisite than her appearance, in her purple habit, with her Amazon's cap of black velvet placed gracefully above the long curls that kissed her cheek and floated to her shoulders, can scarcely be imagined; and it was thus she would enter the rustic building, and glide through the dazzled ranks of the village children. She generally came at the hour when Mr. Rivers was engaged in giving his daily catechising lesson. Keenly, I fear, did the eye of the visitress pierce the young pastor's heart. A sort of instinct seemed to warn him of her entrance, even when he did not see it; and when he was looking quite away from the door, if she appeared at it, his cheek would glow, and

his marble-seeming features, though they refused to relax, changed indescribably; and in their very quiescence became expressive of a repressed fervor, stronger than working muscle or darting glance could indicate.

Of course, she knew her power; indeed, he did not, because he could not conceal it from her. In spite of his Christian stoicism, when she went up and addressed him, and smiled gayly, encouragingly, even fondly in his face, his hand would tremble, and his eye burn. He seemed to say, with his sad and resolute look, if he did not say it with his lips, “I love you, and I know you prefer me. It is not despair of success that keeps me dumb; if I offered my heart, I believe you would accept it. But that heart is already laid on a sacred altar—the fire is arranged round it; it will soon be no more than a sacrifice consumed.”

And then she would pout like a disappointed child; a pensive cloud would soften her radiant vivacity; she would withdraw her hand hastily from his, and turn in transient petulance from his aspect, at once so heroic and so martyr-like. St. John, no doubt, would have given the world to follow, recall, retain her, when she thus left him; but he would not give one chance of heaven, nor relinquish, for the elysium of her love, one hope of the true, eternal paradise. Besides, he could not bound all that he had in his nature—the rover, the aspirant, the poet, the priest—in the limits of a single passion. He could not—he would not—renounce his wild field of mission warfare for the parlors and the peace of Vale Hall. I learned so much from himself, in an inroad I once, despite his reserve, had the daring to make on his confidence.

Miss Oliver already honored me with frequent visits to my cottage. I had learned her whole character, which was without mystery or disguise; she was coquetish, but not heartless—exact, but not worthlessly selfish. She had been indulged from her birth, but was not absolutely spoiled. She was hasty, but good-humored; vain (she could not help it, when every glance in the glass showed her such a flush of loveliness), but not affected; liberal-handed; innocent of the pride of wealth; ingenuous; sufficiently intelligent; gay, lively, and unthinking; she was very charming, in short, even to a cool observer of her own sex like me; but she was not profoundly interesting or thoroughly impressive. A very different sort of mind was hers from that, for instance, of the sisters of St. John. Still, I liked her almost as I liked my pupil Adele; except that, for a child whom we have watched over and taught, a closer affection is engendered than we can give an equally attractive adult acquaintance.

She had taken an amiable caprice to me. She said I was like Mr. Rivers (only, certainly, she allowed, “not one tenth so handsome; though I was a nice, neat little soul enough; but he was an angel”). I was, however, good clever; composed, and firm, like him. I was a *lulus nature*, she affirmed, as a village school-mistress; she was sure my previous history, if known, would make a delightful romance.

One evening, while with her usual childlike activity, and thoughtless yet not offensive in

quisitiveness, she was rummaging the cupboard and the table-drawer of my little kitchen, she discovered first two French books, a volume of Schiller, a German grammar and dictionary; and then my drawing-materials and some sketches, including a pencil-head of a pretty little cherub-like girl, one of my scholars, and sundry views from nature, taken in the Vale of Morton and on the surrounding moors. She was first transfixed with surprise, and then electrified with delight.

"Had I done these pictures? Did I know French and German? What a love—what a miracle I was! I drew better than her master in the first school in S—. Would I sketch a portrait of her to show to papa?"

"With pleasure," I replied; and I felt a thrill of artist-delight at the idea of copying from so perfect and radiant a model. She had then on a dark-blue silk dress; her arms and her neck were bare; her only ornament was her chestnut tresses, which waved over her shoulders with all the wild grace of natural curls. I took a sheet of fine card-board, and drew a careful outline. I promised myself the pleasure of coloring it; and, as it was getting late then, I told her she must come and sit another day.

She made such a report of me to her father, that Mr. Oliver himself accompanied her next evening—a tall, massive-featured, middle-aged, and gray-headed man, at whose side his lovely daughter looked like a bright flower near a hoary turret. He appeared a taciturn, and perhaps a proud personage; but he was very kind to me. The sketch of Rosamond's portrait pleased him highly; he said I must make a finished picture of it. He insisted, too, on my coming the next day to spend the evening at Vale Hall.

I went. I found it a large, handsome residence, showing abundant evidences of wealth in the proprietor. Rosamond was full of glee and pleasure all the time I stayed. Her father was affable; and when he entered into conversation with me after tea, he expressed in strong terms his approbation of what I had done in Morton school; and said he only feared, from what he saw and heard, I was too good for the place, and would soon quit it for one more suitable.

"Indeed!" cried Rosamond, "she is clever enough to be a governess in a high family, papa!"

I thought—I would far rather be where I am than in any high family in the land. Mr. Oliver spoke of Mr. Rivers—of the Rivers family—with great respect. He said it was a very old name in that neighborhood; that the ancestors of the house were wealthy; that all Morton had once belonged to them; that even now he considered the representative of that house might, if he liked, make an alliance with the best. He accounted it a pity that so fine and talented a young man should have formed he design of going out as a missionary; it was quite throwing a valuable life away. It appeared, then, that her father would throw no obstacle in the way of Rosamond's union with St. John. Mr. Oliver evidently regarded the young clergyman's good birth, old name, and sacred profession, as sufficient compensation for the want of fortune.

It was the fifth of November, and a holyday. My little servant, after helping me to clean my

house, was gone, well satisfied with the fee of a penny for her aid. All about me was spotless and bright—scoured floor, polished grate, and well-rubbed chairs. I had also made myself neat, and had now the afternoon before me to spend as I would.

The translation of a few pages of German occupied an hour; then I got my pallet and pencils, and fell to the more soothing, because easier occupation, of completing Rosamond Oliver's miniature. The head was finished already; there was but the background to tint, and the drapery to shade off; a touch of carmine, too, to add to the ripe lips—a soft curl here and there to the tresses—a deeper tinge to the shadow of the lash under the azure eyelid. I was absorbed in the execution of these nice details, when, after one rapid tap, my door unclosed, admitting St. John Rivers.

"I am come to see how you are spending your holyday," he said. "Not, I hope, in thought? No, that is well; while you draw you will not feel lonely. You see, I mistrust you still; though you have borne up wonderfully so far. I have brought you a book for evening solace," and he laid on the table a new publication—a poem; one of those genuine productions so often vouchsafed to the fortunate public of those days—the golden age of modern literature. Alas! the readers of our era are less favored. But, courage! I will not pause either to accuse or repine. I know poetry is not dead, nor genius lost; nor has Mammon gained power over either, to bind or slay; they will both assert their existence, their presence, their liberty, and strength again one day. Powerful angels, safe in heaven! they smile when sordid souls triumph, and feeble ones weep over their destruction. Poetry destroyed? Genius banished? No! Mediocrity, no: do not let envy prompt you to the thought. No; they not only live, but reign, and redeem; and without their divine influence spread every where, you would be in hell—the hell of your own meanness.

While I was eagerly glancing at the bright pages of Marmion (for Marmion it was), St. John stooped to examine my drawing. His tall figure sprang erect again with a start; he said nothing. I looked up at him; he shunned my eye. I knew his thoughts well, and could read his heart plainly; at the moment I felt calmer and cooler than he; I had then temporarily the advantage of him; and I conceived an inclination to do him some good, if I could.

"With all his firmness and self-control," thought I, "he tasks himself too far; locks every feeling and pang within—expresses, confesses, imparts nothing. I am sure it would benefit him to talk a little about this sweet Rosamond, whom he thinks he ought not to marry; I will make him talk."

I said first, "Take a chair, Mr. Rivers." But he answered, as he always did, that he could not stay. "Very well," I responded, mentally, "stand, if you like; but you shall not go just yet, I am determined; solitude is at least as bad for you as it is for me. I'll try if I can not discover the secret spring of your confidence, and find an aperture in that marble breast through which I can shed one drop of the balsam of sympathy."

"Is this portrait like?" I asked, bluntly.

"Like! Like whom? I did not observe it closely."

"You did, Mr. Rivers."

He almost started at my sudden and strange abruptness; he looked at me astonished. "Oh, that is nothing yet," I muttered within. "I don't mean to be baffled by a little stiffness on your part; I'm prepared to go to considerable lengths." I continued, "You observed it closely and distinctly; but I have no objection to your looking at it again," and I rose and placed it in his hand.

"A well-executed picture," he said; "very soft, clear coloring; very graceful and correct drawing."

"Yes, yes; I know all that. But what of the resemblance? Who is it like?"

Mastering some hesitation, he answered, "Miss Oliver, I presume."

"Of course. And now, sir, to reward you for the accurate guess, I will promise to paint you a careful and faithful duplicate of this very picture, provided you admit that the gift would be acceptable to you. I don't wish to throw away my time and trouble on an offering you would deem worthless."

He continued to gaze at the picture; the longer he looked the firmer he held it, the more he seemed to covet it. "It is like!" he murmured; "the eye is well managed; the color, light, expression, are perfect. It smiles!"

"Would it comfort, or would it wound you to have a similar painting? Tell me that. When you are at Madagascar, or at the Cape, or in India, would it be a consolation to have that memento in your possession; or would the sight of it bring recollections calculated to enervate and distress?"

He now furtively raised his eyes; he glanced at me irresolute, disturbed; he again surveyed the picture.

"That I should like to have it is certain; whether it would be judicious or wise is another question."

Since I had ascertained that Rosamond really preferred him, and that her father was not likely to oppose the match, I—less exalted in my views than St. John—had been strongly disposed in my own heart to advocate their union. It seemed to me that, should he become the possessor of Mr. Oliver's large fortune, he might do as much good with it as if he went and laid his genius out to wither, and his strength to waste, under a tropical sun. With this persuasion, I now answered:

"As far as I can see, it would be wiser and more judicious if you were to take to yourself the original at once."

By this time he had sat down; he had laid the picture on the table before him, and, with his brow supported on both hands, hung fondly over it. I discerned he was now neither angry nor shocked at my audacity. I saw even that to be thus frankly addressed on a subject he had deemed unapproachable, to hear it thus freely handled, was beginning to be felt by him as a new pleasure, an un hoped-for relief. Reserved people often really need the frank discussion of their sentiments and griefs more than the expansive. The sternest-seeming stoic is human after all; and to "burst" with

boldness and good will into "the silent sea" of their souls, is often to confer on them the first of obligations.

"She likes you, I am sure," said I, as I stood behind his chair, "and her father respects you. Moreover, she is a sweet girl—rather thoughtless; but you would have sufficient thought for both yourself and her. You ought to marry her."

"Does she like me?" he asked.

"Certainly; better than she likes any one else. She talks of you continually; there is no subject she enjoys so much, or touches upon so often."

"It is very pleasant to hear this," he said, "very; go on for another quarter of an hour." And he actually took out his watch and laid it upon the table to measure the time.

"But where is the use of going on," I asked, "when you are probably preparing some iron blow of contradiction, or forging a fresh chain to fetter your heart?"

"Don't imagine such hard things. Fancy me yielding and melting, as I am doing; human love rising like a freshly opened fountain in my mind, and overflowing with sweet inundation all the field I have so carefully, and with such labor, prepared; so assiduously sown with the seeds of good intentions, of self-denying plans. And now it is deluged with a nectarious flood; the young germs swamped, delicious poison cankering them; now I see myself stretched on an ottoman in the drawing-room at Vale Hall, at my bride Rosamond Oliver's feet; she is talking to me with her sweet voice, gazing down on me with those eyes your skillful hand has copied so well, smiling at me with these coral lips. She is mine; I am hers; this present life and passing world suffice to me. Hush! say nothing, my heart is full of delight, my senses are entranced; let the time I marked pass in peace."

I humored him; the watch ticked on, he breathed fast and low, I stood silent. Amid this hush the quarter sped; he replaced the watch, laid the picture down, rose, and stood on the hearth.

"Now," said he, "that little space was given to delirium and delusion. I rested my temples on the breast of temptation, and put my neck voluntarily under her yoke of flowers; I tasted her cup. The pillow is burning, there is an asp in the garland; the wine has a bitter taste, her promises are hollow, her offers false; I see and know all this."

I gazed at him in wonder.

"It is strange," pursued he, "that while I love Rosamond Oliver so wildly, with all the intensity, indeed, of a first passion, the object of which is exquisitely beautiful, graceful, and fascinating, I experience, at the same time a calm, unwarped consciousness, that she would not make me a good wife; that she is not the partner suited to me; that I should discover this within a year after marriage; and that to twelve month's rapture would succeed a lifetime of regret. This I know."

"Strange, indeed!" I could not help ejaculating.

"While something in me," he went on, "is acutely sensible to her charms, something else is as deeply impressed with her defects: they

we such that she could sympathize in nothing I aspired to; co-operate in nothing I undertook. Rosamond a sufferer, a laborer, a female apostle! Rosamond a missionary's wife? No!"

"But you need not be a missionary. You might relinquish that scheme."

"Relinquish! What—my vocation? My great work? My foundation laid on earth for a mansion in heaven? My hopes of being numbered in the band who have merged all ambitions in the glorious one of bettering their race; of carrying knowledge into the realms of ignorance, of substituting peace for war, freedom for bondage, religion for superstition, the hope of heaven for the fear of hell? Must I relinquish that? It is dearer than the blood in my veins. It is what I have to look forward to, and to live for."

After a considerable pause, I said, "And Miss Oliver! Are her disappointment and sorrow of no interest to you?"

"Miss Oliver is ever surrounded by suitors and flatterers; in less than a month, my image will be effaced from her heart. She will forget me, and will marry, probably, some one who will make her far happier than I should do."

"You speak coolly enough, but you suffer in the conflict. You are wasting away."

"No. If I get a little thin, it is with anxiety about my prospects, yet unsettled; my departure, continually procrastinated. Only this morning I received intelligence that the successor, whose arrival I have been so long expecting, can not be ready to replace me for three months to come yet, and perhaps the three months may extend to six."

"You tremble and become flushed whenever Miss Oliver enters the school-room."

Again the surprised expression crossed his face. He had not imagined that a woman would dare to speak so to a man. For me, I felt at home in this sort of discourse. I could never rest in communication with strong, discreet, and refined minds, whether male or female, till I had passed the outworks of conventional reserve, and crossed the threshold of confidence, and won a place by their heart's very hearth-stone.

"You are original," said he, "and not timid. There is something brave in your spirit, as well as penetrating in your eye; but allow me to assure you that you partially misinterpret my emotions. You think them more profound and potent than they are. You give me a larger allowance of sympathy than I have a just claim to. When I color, and when I shake before Miss Oliver, I do not pity myself. I scorn the weakness. I know it is ignoble—a mere fever of the flesh: not, I declare, a convulsion of the soul. *That* is just as fixed as a rock, firm set in the depths of a restless sea. Know me to be what I am—a cold, hard man."

I smiled incredulously.

"You have taken my confidence by storm," he continued, "and now it is much at your service. I am simply, in my original state—stripped of that blood-bleached robe with which Christianity covers human deformity—a cold, hard, ambitious man. Natural affection only, of all the sentiments, has permanent power over me. Reason, and not Feeling, is my guide:

my ambition is unlimited—my desire to rise higher, to do more than others, insatiable. I honor endurance, perseverance, industry, talent, because these are the means by which men achieve great ends, and mount to lofty eminence. I watch your career with interest, because I consider you a specimen of a diligent, orderly, energetic woman: not because I deeply compassionate what you have gone through, or what you still suffer."

"You would describe yourself as a mere pagan philosopher," I said.

"No. There is this difference between me and deistic philosophers: I believe; and I believe the Gospel. You missed your epithet. I am not a pagan, but a Christian philosopher—a follower of the sect of Jesus. As his disciple, I adopt his pure, his merciful, his benignant doctrines. I advocate them—I am sworn to spread them. Won in youth to religion, she has cultivated my original qualities thus: From the minute germ, natural affection, she has developed the overshadowing tree, philanthropy. From the wild, stringy root of human uprightness she has reared a due sense of the Divine justice. Of the ambition to win power and renown for my wretched self, she has formed the ambition to spread my Master's kingdom—to achieve victories for the standard of the cross. So much has religion done for me turning the original materials to the best account—pruning and training nature. But she could not eradicate nature; nor will it be eradicated 'till this mortal shall put on immortality.'"

Having said this, he took his hat, which lay on the table beside my pallet. Once more he looked at the portrait.

"She is lovely," he murmured. "She is well named the Rose of the World, indeed!"

"And may I not paint one like it for you?"

"*Cui bono?* No."

He drew over the picture the sheet of thin paper on which I was accustomed to rest my hand in painting to prevent the card-board from being sullied. What he suddenly saw on this blank paper it was impossible for me to tell; but something had caught his eye. He took it up with a snatch; he looked at the edge, then shot a glance at me, inexpressibly peculiar, and quite incomprehensible—a glance that seemed to take and make note of every point in my shape, face, and dress, for it traversed all, quick, keen as lightning. His lips parted, as if to speak, but he checked the coming sentence whatever it was.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing in the world," was the reply; and, replacing the paper, I saw him dexterously tear a narrow slip from the margin. It disappeared in his glove; and, with one hasty nod and "good-afternoon," he vanished.

"Well!" I exclaimed, using an expression of the district; "that caps the globe, however!"

I, in my turn, scrutinized the paper; but saw nothing on it, save a few dingy stains of paint, where I had tried the tint in my pencil. I pondered the mystery a minute or two; but, finding it insolvable, and being certain it could not be of much moment, I dismissed and soon forgot it.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN Mr. St. John went, it was beginning to snow: the whirling storm continued all night. The next day a keen wind brought fresh and blinding falls; by twilight the valley was drifted up and almost impassable. I had closed my shutter, laid a mat to the door to prevent the snow from blowing in under it, trimmed my fire, and, after sitting nearly an hour on the hearth, listening to the muffled fury of the tempest, I lighted a candle, took down Marmion, and beginning—

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,  
And Cheviot mountains lone;  
The massive towers, the donjon keep,  
The flanking walls that round them sweep,  
In yellow luster shone."

I soon forgot storm in music.

I heard a noise: the wind, I thought, shook the door. No; it was St. John Rivers, who, lifting the latch, came in out of the frozen hurricane, the howling darkness, and stood before me, the cloak that covered his tall figure all white as a glacier. I was almost in consternation, so little had I expected any guest from the blocked-up vale that night.

"Any ill news?" I demanded. "Has anything happened?"

"No. How very easily alarmed you are!" he answered, removing his cloak and hanging it up against the door, toward which he again coolly pushed the mat which his entrance had deranged. He stamped the snow from his boots.

"I shall sully the purity of your floor," said he, "but you must excuse me for once." Then he approached the fire. "I have had hard work to get here, I assure you," he observed, as he warmed his hands over the flame. "One drift took me up to the waist; happily the snow is quite soft yet."

"But why are you come?" I could not forbear saying.

"Rather an inhospitable question to put to a visitor; but, since you ask it, I answer, simply, to have a little talk with you; I got tired of my mute books and empty rooms. Besides, since yesterday, I have experienced the excitement of a person to whom a tale has been half told, and who is impatient to hear the sequel."

He sat down. I recalled his singular conduct of yesterday, and really I began to fear his wits were touched. If he were insane, however, I was a very cool and collected insanity; I had never seen that handsome-featured face of his look more like chiseled marble than it did just now, as he put aside his snow-wet hair from his forehead and let the fire-light shine free on his pale brow and cheek as pale; where it grieved me to discover the hollow trace of care or sorrow now so plainly graved. I waited, expecting he would say something I could at least comprehend; but his hand was now at his chin, his finger on his lip; he was thinking. It struck me that his hand looked wasted like his face. A perhaps uncalled-for gush of pity came over my heart; I was moved to say—

"I wish Diana or Mary would come and live with you: it is too bad that you should be quite

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alone; and your are recklessly rash about your own health."

"Not at all," said he; "I care for myself when necessary; I am well now. What do you see amiss in me?"

This was said with a careless, abstracted indifference, which showed that my solicitude was, at least in his opinion, wholly superfluous. I was silenced.

He still slowly moved his finger over his upper lip, and still his eye dwelt dreamily on the glowing grate; thinking it urgent to say something, I asked him presently if he felt any cold draught from the door, which was behind him.

"No, no," he responded, shortly and somewhat testily.

"Well," I reflected; "if you won't talk, you may be still; I'll let you alone now and return to my book."

So I snuffed the candle, and resumed the perusal of Marmion. He soon stirred; my eye was instantly drawn to his movements; he only took out a morocco pocket-book, thence produced a letter which he read in silence, folded it, put it back, relapsed into meditation. It was vain to try to read with such an inscrutable fixture before me; nor could I, in my impatience, consent to be dumb; he might rebuff me if he liked, but I talk I would.

"Have you heard from Diana and Mary lately?"

"Not since the letter I showed you a week ago."

"There has not been any change made about your own arrangements? You will not be summoned to leave England sooner than you expected?"

"I fear not, indeed; such chance is too good to befall me." Baffled so far, I changed my ground—I bethought myself to talk about the school and my scholars.

"Mary Garrett's mother is better, and Mary came back to the school this morning, and I shall have four new girls next week from the Foundry Close—they would have come to-day but for the snow."

"Indeed?"

"Mr. Oliver pays for two."

"Does he?"

"He means to give the whole school a treat at Christmas."

"I know."

"Was it your suggestion?"

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"His daughter's, I think."

"It is like her; she is so good-natured."

"Yes."

Again came the blank of a pause; the clock struck eight strokes. It aroused him; he uncrossed his legs, sat erect, turned to me.

"Leave your book a moment, and come a little nearer the fire," he said.

Wondering, and of my wonder finding no end, I complied.

"Half an hour ago," he pursued, "I spoke of my impatience to hear the sequel of a tale; on reflection, I find the matter will be better managed by my assuming the narrator's part, and converting you into a listener. Before commencing, it is but fair to warn you that the



story will sound somewhat hackneyed in your ears; but stale details often regain a degree of freshness when they pass through new lips. For the rest, whether trite or novel, it is short.

"Twenty years ago, a poor curate—never mind his name at this moment—fell in love with a rich man's daughter; she fell in love with him, and married him, against the advice of all her friends, who consequently disowned her immediately after the wedding. Before two years passed, the rash pair were both dead, and laid quietly side by side under one slab. (I have seen their grave; it formed part of the pavement of a huge church-yard surrounding the grim, soot-black, old cathedral of an overgrown manufacturing town in —shire.) They left a daughter, which, at its very birth, Charity received in her lap—cold as that of the snow drift I almost stuck fast in to-night. Charity carried the friendless thing to the house of its rich, maternal relations; it was reared by an aunt-in-law, called (I come to names now) Mrs. Reed of Gateshead—you start—did you hear a noise? I dare say it is only a rat scrambling along the rafters of the adjoining school-room: it was a barn before I had it repaired and altered, and barns are generally haunted by rats. To proceed. Mrs. Reed kept the orphan ten years; whether it was happy or not with her, I can not say, never having been told; but at the end of that time she transferred it to a place you know—being no other than Lowood school, where you so long resided yourself. It seems her career here was very honorable; from a pupil, she became a teacher, like yourself—really it strikes me there are parallel points in her history and yours—she left it to be a governess; there, again, your fates were analogous; she undertook the education of the ward of a certain Mr. Rochester."

"Mr. Rivers!" I interrupted.

"I can guess your feelings," he said, "but restrain them for a while; I have nearly finished; hear me to the end. Of Mr. Rochester's character I know nothing, but the one fact that he professed to offer honorable marriage to this young girl, and that at the very altar she discovered he had a wife yet alive, though a lunatic. What his subsequent conduct and proposals were is a matter of pure conjecture; but when an event transpired which rendered inquiry after the governess necessary, it was discovered she was gone—no one could tell when, where, or how. She had left Thornfield Hall in the night; every research after her course had been vain: the country had been scoured far and wide; no vestige of information could be gathered respecting her. Yet that she should be found is become a matter of serious urgency; advertisements have been put in all the papers; I myself have received a letter from one Mr. Briggs, a solicitor, communicating the details I have just imparted. Is it not an odd tale?"

"Just tell me the facts," said I, "and since you know so much, you surely can tell me—what of Mr. Rochester? How and where is he? What is he doing? Is he well?"

"I am ignorant of all concerning Mr. Rochester; the letter never mentions him but to narrate the fraudulent and illegal attempt I have

adverted to. You should rather ask the name of the governess—the nature of the event which requires her appearance."

"Did no one go to Thornfield Hall, then? Did no one see Mr. Rochester?"

"I suppose not."

"But they wrote to him?"

"Of course."

"And what did he say? Who has his letters?"

"Mr. Briggs intimates that the answer to his application was not from Mr. Rochester, but from a lady; it is signed 'Alice Fairfax.'"

I felt cold and dismayed; my worst fears then, were probably true: he had in all probability left England and rushed in reckless desperation to some former haunt on the continent. And what opiate for his severe sufferings—what object for his strong passions—had he sought there? I dared not answer the question. Oh, my poor master—once almost my husband—whom I had often called "my dear Edward!"

"He must have been a bad man," observed Mr. Rivers.

"You don't know him—don't pronounce an opinion upon him," I said with warmth.

"Very well," he answered quietly; "and indeed my head is otherwise occupied than with him: I have my tale to finish. Since you won't ask the governess's name, I must tell it of my own accord—stay—I have it here—it is always more satisfactory to see important points written down fairly committed to black and white."

And the pocket-book was again deliberately produced, opened, sought through; from one of its compartments was extracted a shabby slip of paper, hastily torn off; I recognized its texture and its stains of ultra-marine, and lake, and vermillion, the ravished margin of the portrait-cover. He got up, held it close to my eyes; and I read, traced in Indian ink, in my own handwriting, the words "JANE EYRE"—the work doubtless on some moment of abstraction.

"Briggs wrote to me of a Jane Eyre," he said; "the advertisements demanded a Jane Eyre; I knew a Jane Elliot. I confess I had my suspicions; but it was only yesterday afternoon they were at once resolved into certainty. You own the name and renounce the *alias*?"

"Yes—yes—but where is Mr. Briggs? He perhaps, knows more of Mr. Rochester than you do."

"Briggs is in London; I should doubt his knowing any thing at all about Mr. Rochester; it is not in Mr. Rochester he is interested. Meantime you forget essential points in pursuing trifles; you do not inquire why Mr. Briggs sought after you—what he wanted with you."

"Well, what did he want?"

"Merely to tell you that your uncle, Mr. Eyre of Madeira, is dead; that he has left you all his property, and that you are now rich—merely that—nothing more."

"I rich?"

"Yes, you, rich—quite an *enness*."

Silence succeeded.

"You must prove your identity, of course," resumed St. John presently; "a step which will offer no difficulties; you can then enter on

immediate possession. Your fortune is vested in the English funds; Briggs has the will and the necessary documents."

Here was a new card turned up! It is a fine thing, reader, to be lifted in a moment from indigence to wealth—a very fine thing; but not a matter one can comprehend, or consequently enjoy, all at once. And then there are other chances in life far more thrilling and rapture-giving; *this* is solid, an affair of the actual world, nothing ideal about it; all its associations are solid and sober, and its manifestations are the same. One does not jump, and spring, and shout hurrah! at hearing one has got a fortune; one begins to consider responsibilities, and to ponder business; on a base of steady satisfaction rise certain grave cares—and we contain ourselves, and brood over our bliss with a solemn brow.

Besides, the words *Legacy*, *Bequest*, go side by side with the words *Death*, *Funeral*. My uncle, I had heard, was dead—my only relative; ever since being made aware of his existence, I had cherished the hope of one day seeing him; now, I never should. And then this money came only to me; not to me and a rejoicing family, but to my isolated self. It was a grand boon, doubtless; and independence would be glorious—yes, I felt that—that thought swelled my heart."

"You unbend your forehead at last," said Mr. Rivers; "I thought Medusa had looked at you, and that you were turning to stone—perhaps now you will ask how much you are worth?"

"How much am I worth?"

"Oh, a trifle! Nothing of course to speak of—twenty thousand pounds, I think they say—but what is that?"

"Twenty thousand pounds!"

Here was a new stunner—I had been calculating on four or five thousand. This news actually took my breath for a moment; Mr. St. John, whom I had never heard laugh before, laughed now.

"Well," said he, if you had committed a murder, and I had told you your crime was discovered, you could scarcely look more agast."

"It is a large sum—don't you think there is a mistake?"

"No mistake at all."

"Perhaps you have read the figures wrong—it may be 2000?"

"It is written in letters, not figures—twenty thousand."

I again felt rather like an individual of but average gastronomical powers sitting down to feast alone at a table spread with provisions for a hundred. Mr. Rivers rose now and put his cloak on.

"If it were not such a very wild night," he said, "I would send Hannah down to keep you company; you look too desperately miserable to be left alone. But Hannah, poor woman! could not stride the drifts so well as I; her legs are not quite so long; so I must leave you to your sorrows. Good-night."

He was lifting the latch; a sudden thought occurred to me.

"Stop one minute!" I cried.

"Well!"

"It puzzles me to know why Mr. Briggs wrote to you about me; or how he knew you, or could fancy that you, living in such an out-of-the-way place, had the power to aid in my discovery."

"Oh! I am a clergyman," he said; "and the clergy are often appealed to about odd matters." Again the latch rattled.

"No; that does not satisfy me!" I exclaimed; and, indeed, there was something in the hasty and unexplanatory reply, which, instead of allaying, piqued my curiosity more than ever.

"It is a very strange piece of business," I added; "I must know more about it."

"Another time."

"No; to-night! to-night!" and as he turned from the door, I placed myself between it and him. He looked rather embarrassed.

"You certainly shall not go till you have told me all!" I said.

"I would rather not, just now."

"You shall! you must!"

"I would rather Diana or Mary informed you."

Of course these objections wrought my eagerness to a climax; gratified it must be, and that without delay; and I told him so.

"But I apprised you that I was a hard man," said he, "difficult to persuade."

"And I am a hard woman—impossible to put off."

"And then," he pursued, "I am cold; no fervor infects me."

"Whereas I am hot; and fire dissolves ice. The blaze there has thawed all the snow from your cloak; by the same token, it has streamed on to my floor, and made it like a trampled street. As you hope ever to be forgiven, Mr. Rivers, the high crime and misdemeanor of spoiling a sanded kitchen, tell me what I wish to know."

"Well, then," he said, "I yield—if not to your earnestness, to your perseverance—as stone is worn by continual dropping. Besides, you must know some day—as well now as later. Your name is Jane Eyre?"

"Of course; that was all settled before."

"You are not, perhaps, aware that I am your namesake!—that I was christened St. John Eyre Rivers?"

"No, indeed! I remember now seeing the letter E comprised in your initials written in books you have at different times lent me; but I never asked for what name it stood. But what then? Surely—"

I stopped; I could not trust myself to entertain, much less to express, the thought that rushed upon me—that embodied itself—that, in a second, stood out a strong, solid probability. Circumstances knit themselves, fitted themselves, shot into order; the chain that had been lying hitherto a formless lump of links was drawn out straight—every ring was perfect, the connection complete. I knew, by instinct, how the matter stood, before St. John had said another word; but I can not expect the reader to have the same intuitive perception, so I must repeat his explanation.

"My mother's name was Eyre; she had two brothers; one a clergyman, who married Miss Jane Reed, of Gateshead; the other, John Eyre, esq., merchant, late of Fenchal, Madeira.

Mr. Briggs, being Mr. Eyre's solicitor, wrote to us last August to inform us of our uncle's death; and to say that he had left his property to his brother the clergyman's orphan daughter; overlooking us, in consequence of a quarrel, never forgiven, between him and my father. He wrote again a few weeks since, to intimate that the heiress was lost; and asking if we knew any thing of her. A name casually written on a slip of paper has enabled me to find her out. You know the rest." Again he was going, but I set my back against the door.

"Do let me speak," I said; "let me have one moment to draw breath and reflect." I paused—he stood before me, hat in hand, looking composed enough. I resumed—

"Your mother was my father's sister."

"Yes."

"My aunt, consequently?"

He bowed.

"My uncle John was your uncle John? You, Diana, and Mary, are his sister's children, as I am his brother's child?"

"Undeniably."

"You three, then, are my cousins; half our blood on each side flows from the same source?"

"We are cousins; yes."

I surveyed him. It seemed I had found a brother; one I could be proud of—one I could love; and two sisters, whose qualities were such, that when I knew them but as mere strangers, they had inspired me with genuine affection and admiration. The two girls, on whom, kneeling down on the wet ground, and looking through the low, latticed window of Moor House kitchen, I had gazed with so bitter a mixture of interest and despair, were my near kinswomen; and the young and stately gentleman who had found me almost dying at his threshold was my blood relation. Glorious discovery to a lonely wretch! This was wealth indeed!—wealth to the heart!—a mine of pure, genial affections. This was a blessing, bright, vivid, and exhilarating!—not like the ponderous gift of gold—rich and welcome enough in its way, but sobering from its weight. I now clapped my hands in sudden joy—my pulse bounded, my veins thrilled.

"Oh, I am glad!—I am glad!" I exclaimed.

St. John smiled. "Did I not say you neglected essential points to pursue trifles?" he asked. "You were serious when I told you you had got a fortune; and now, for a matter of no moment, you are excited."

"What *can* you mean? It may be of no moment to you; you have sisters, and don't care for a cousin; but I had nobody; and now three relations—or two, if you don't choose to be counted—are born into my world, full grown. I say again, I am glad!"

I walked fast through the room; I stopped, half suffocated with the thoughts that rose faster than I could receive, comprehend, settle them; thoughts of what might, could, would, and should be, and that ere long. I looked at the blank wall; it seemed a sky, thick with ascending stars—every one lighted me to a purpose or delight. Those who had saved my life, whom, till this hour, I had loved barrenly, I could now benefit. They were under a yoke; I could free them; they were scattered—I

could reunite them—the independence, the affluence which was mine, might be theirs too. Were we not four? Twenty thousand pounds shared equally, would be five thousand each—enough and to spare; justice would be done—mutual happiness secured. Now the wealth did not weigh on me; now it was not a mere bequest of coin—it was a legacy of life, hope, enjoyment.

How I looked while these ideas were taking my spirit by storm, I can not tell; but I perceived soon that Mr. Rivers had placed a chair behind me, and was gently attempting to make me sit down on it. He also advised me to be composed. I scorned the insinuation of helplessness and distraction, shook off his hand, and began to walk about again.

"Write to Diana and Mary to-morrow," I said, "and tell them to come home directly; Diana said they would both consider themselves rich with a thousand pounds, so with five thousand, they will do very well."

"Tell me where I can get you a glass of water," said St. John; "you must really make an effort to tranquilize your feelings."

"Nonsense! and what sort of an effect will the bequest have on you? Will it keep you in England, induce you to marry Miss Oliver, settle down like an ordinary mortal?"

"You wander; your head becomes confused. I have been too abrupt in communicating the news; it has excited you beyond your strength."

"Mr. Rivers! you quite put me out of patience; I am rational enough; it is you who misunderstand; or, rather, who affect to misunderstand."

"Perhaps if you explained yourself a little more fully, I should comprehend better."

"Explain! What is there to explain? You can not fail to see that twenty thousand pounds, the sum in question, divided equally between the nephew and three nieces of our uncle, will give five thousand to each! What I want is, that you should write to your sisters and tell them of the fortune that has accrued to them."

"To you, you mean."

"I have intimated my view of the case; I am incapable of taking any other. I am not brutally selfish, blindly unjust, or fiendishly ungrateful. Besides, I am resolved I will have a home and connections. I like Moor House, and I will live at Moor House; I like Diana and Mary, and I will attach myself for life to Diana and Mary. It would please and benefit me to have five thousand pounds; it would torment and oppress me to have twenty thousand; which, moreover, could never be mine in justice, though it might in law. I abandon to you, then, what is absolutely superfluous to me. Let there be no opposition, and no discussion about it; let us agree among each other, and decide the point at once."

"This is acting on first impulses; you must take days to consider such a matter, ere your word can be regarded as valid."

"Oh! if all you doubt is my sincerity, I am easy; you see the justice of the case."

"I *do* see a certain justice; but it is contrary to all custom. Besides, the entire fortune is your right; my uncle gained it by his own

efforts; he was free to leave it to whom he would: he left it to you. After all, justice permits you to keep it; you may, with a clear conscience, consider it absolutely your own."

"With me," said I, "it is fully as much a matter of feeling as of conscience: I must indulge my feelings, I so seldom have had an opportunity of doing so. Were you to argue, object, and annoy me for a year, I could not forego the delicious pleasure of which I have caught a glimpse—that of repaying, in part, a mighty obligation, and winning to myself life-long friends."

"You think so now," rejoined St. John, "because you do not know what it is to possess, nor consequently to enjoy wealth; you can not form a notion of the importance twenty thousand pounds would give you; of the place it would enable you to take in society; of the prospects it would open to you; you can not—"

"And you," I interrupted, "can not at all imagine the craving I have for fraternal and sisterly love. I never had a home, I never had brothers or sisters; I must and will have them now: you are not reluctant to admit me and own me, are you?"

"Jane, I will be your brother—my sisters will be your sisters—without stipulating for this sacrifice of your just rights."

"Brother? Yes, at the distance of a thousand leagues! Sisters? Yes, slaving among strangers! I, wealthy—gorged with gold I never earned and do not merit! You, penniless! Famous equality and fraternization! Close union! Intimate attachment!"

"But, Jane, your aspirations after family ties and domestic happiness may be realized otherwise than by the means you contemplate; you may marry."

"Nonsense again! Marry! I don't want to marry, and never shall marry."

"That is saying too much; such hazardous affirmations are a proof of the excitement under which you labor."

"It is not saying too much; I know what I feel, and how averse are my inclinations to the bare thought of marriage. No one would take me for love; and I will not be regarded in the light of a mere money-speculation. And I do not want a stranger—unsympathizing, alien, different from me; I want my kindred those with whom I have full fellow-feeling. Say again you will be my brother; when you uttered the words I was satisfied, happy; repeat them, if you can, repeat them sincerely."

"I think I can. I know I have always loved my own sisters, and I know on what my affection for them is grounded—respect for their worth and admiration of their talents. You, too, have principle and mind: your tastes and habits resemble Diana's and Mary's; your presence is always agreeable to me; in your conversation I have already for some time found a salutary solace. I feel I can easily and naturally make room in my heart for you as my third and youngest sister."

"Thank you; that contents me for to-night. Now you had better go; for if you stay longer, you will perhaps irritate me afresh by some mistrustful scruple."

"And the school, Miss Eyre? It must now be shut up, I suppose?"

"No. I will retain my post of mistress till you get a substitute."

He smiled approbation; we shook hands, and he took leave.

I need not narrate in detail the further struggles I had, and arguments I used, to get matters regarding the legacy settled as I wished. My task was a very hard one; but, as I was absolutely resolved—as my cousins saw at length that my mind was really and immutably fixed on making a just division of the property—as they must in their own hearts have felt the equity of the intention; and must, besides, have been innately conscious that in my place they would have done precisely what I wished to do—they yielded at length so far as to consent to put the affair to arbitration. The judges chosen were Mr. Oliver and an able lawyer; both coincided in my opinion; I carried my point. The instruments of transfer were drawn out; St. John, Diana, Mary, and I, each became possessed of a competency.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was near Christmas by the time all was settled; the season of general holiday approached. I now closed Morton school, taking care that the parting should not be barren on my side. Good fortune opens the hand as well as the heart wonderfully; and to give somewhat when we have largely received, is but to afford a vent to the unusual ebullition of the sensations. I had long felt with pleasure that many of my rustic scholars liked me, and when we parted, that consciousness was confirmed; they manifested their affection plainly and strongly. Deep was my gratification to find I had really a place in their unsophisticated hearts; I promised them that never a week should pass in future that I did not visit them, and give them an hour's teaching in their school.

Mr. Rivers came up, as—having seen the classes, now numbering sixty girls, file out before me, and locked the door—I stood with the key in my hand, exchanging a few words of special farewell with some half dozen of my best scholars, as decent, respectable, modest, and well-informed young women as could be found in the ranks of the British peasantry. And that is saying a great deal; for, after all, the British peasantry are the best taught, best mannered, most self-respecting of any in Europe; since those days I have seen paysannes and Bäuerinnen, and the best of them seemed to me ignorant, coarse, and besotted, compared with my Morton girls.

"Do you consider you have got your reward for a season of exertion?" asked Mr. Rivers when they were gone. "Does not the consciousness of having done some real good in your day and generation give pleasure?"

"Doubtless."

"And you have only toiled a few months. Would not a life devoted to the task of regenerating your race be well spent?"

"Yes," I said; "but I could not go on for ever so; I want to enjoy my own faculties as well as to cultivate those of other people."

must enjoy them now : don't recall either my mind or body to the school. I am out of it and disposed for full holiday."

He looked grave. "What now! What sudden eagerness is this you evince! What are you going to do?"

"To be active—as active as I can. And first I must beg you to set Hannah at liberty, and get somebody else to wait on you."

"Do you want her?"

"Yes, to go with me to Moor House. Diana and Mary will be at home in a week, and I want to have every thing in order against their arrival."

"I understand : I thought you were for flying off on some excursion. It is better so; Hannah shall go with you."

"Tell her to be ready by to-morrow, then; and here is the school-room key; I will give you the key of my cottage in the morning."

He took it. "You give it up very gleefully," said he; "I don't quite understand your light-heartedness, because I can not tell what employment you propose to yourself as a substitute for the one you are relinquishing. What aim, what purpose, what ambition in life have you now?"

"My first aim will be to *clean down* (do you comprehend the full force of the expression?) to *clean down* Moor House from chamber to cellar; my next to rub it up with bees-wax, oil, and an indefinite number of cloths, till it glitters again; my third, to arrange every chair, table, bed, carpet, with mathematical precision; afterward I shall go near to ruin you in coals and peat to keep up good fires in every room; and, lastly, the two days preceding that on which your sisters are expected will be devoted by Hannah and me to such a beating of eggs, sorting of currants, grating of spices, compounding of Christmas cakes, chopping up of materials for mince-pies, and solemnizing of other culinary rites, as words can convey but an inadequate notion of to the uninitiated like you. My purpose, in short, is to have all things in an absolutely perfect state of readiness for Diana and Mary, before next Thursday; and my ambition is to give them a beau ideal of a welcome when they come."

St. John smiled slightly; still he was dissatisfied.

"It is all very well for the present," said he; "but, seriously, I trust that when the first flush of vivacity is over, you will look a little higher than domestic endearments and household joys."

"The best things the world has!" I interrupted.

"No, Jane, no; this world is not the scene of fruition—do not attempt to make it so; nor of rest—do not turn slothful."

"I mean, on the contrary, to be busy."

"Jane, I excuse you for the present; two months' grace I allow you for the full enjoyment of your new position, and for pleasing yourself with this late-found charm of relationship; but *then* I hope you will begin to look beyond Moor House and Morton, and sisterly society, and the selfish calm and sensual comfort of civilized affluence. I hope your energies will then once more trouble you with their strength."

I looked at him with surprise. "St. John," I said, "I think you are almost wicked to talk so. I am disposed to be as content as a queen, and you try to stir me up to restlessness! To what end?"

"To the end of turning to profit the talents which God has committed to your keeping, and of which he will surely one day demand a strict account. Jane, I shall watch you closely and anxiously—I warn you of that. And try to restrain the disproportionate fervor with which you throw yourself into commonplace home pleasures. Don't cling so tenaciously to ties of the flesh; save your constancy and ardor for an adequate cause; forbear to waste them on trite, transient objects. Do you hear, Jane?"

"Yes; just as if you were speaking Greek. I feel I have adequate cause to be happy, and I will be happy. Good-bye!"

Happy at Moor House I was, and hard I worked, and so did Hannah; she was charmed to see how jovial I could be amid the bustle of a house turned topsy-turvy—how I could brush and dust, and clean, and cook. And really, after a day or two of confusion worse confounded, it was delightful, by degrees, to invoke order from the chaos ourselves had made. I had previously taken a journey to S—, to purchase some new furniture; my cousins having given me *carte-blanche* to effect what alterations I pleased, and a sum having been set aside for that purpose. The ordinary sitting-room and bed-rooms I left much as they were, for I knew Diana and Mary would derive more pleasure from seeing again the old homely tables, and chairs, and beds, than from the spectacle of the smartest innovations. Still some novelty was necessary, to give to their return the piquancy with which I wished it to be invested. Dark, handsome, new carpets and curtains, an arrangement of some carefully-selected antique ornaments in porcelain and bronze, new coverings, and mirrors, and dressing-cases for the toilet-tables, answered the end—they looked fresh without being glaring. A spare parlor and bed-room I refurnished entirely, with old mahogany and crimson upholstery; I laid canvas on the passage and carpets on the stairs. When all was finished, I thought Moor House as complete a model of bright, modest snugness within, as it was, at this season, a specimen of wintry waste and desert dreariness without.

The eventful Thursday at length came. They were expected about dark, and, ere dusk, fires were lighted up stairs and below; the kitchen was in perfect trim; Hannah and I were dressed, and all was in readiness.

St. John arrived first. I had entreated him to keep quite clear of the house till every thing was arranged; and, indeed, the bare idea of the commotion, at once sordid and trivial, going on within its walls sufficed to scare him to estrangement. He found me in the kitchen, watching the progress of certain cakes for tea, then baking. Approaching the hearth, he asked "If I was at last satisfied with housemaid's work?" I answered by inviting him to accompany me on a general inspection of the result of my labors. With some difficulty I got him to make the tour of the house. He just looked

at the doors I opened; and when he had wandered up stairs and down stairs, he said I must have gone through a great deal of fatigue and trouble to have effected such considerable changes in so short a time; but not a syllable did he utter indicating pleasure in the improved aspect of his abode.

This silence damped me. I thought perhaps the alterations had disturbed some old associations he valued. I inquired whether this was the case: no doubt in a somewhat crest-fallen tone.

"Not at all; he had, on the contrary, remarked that I had scrupulously respected every association: he feared, indeed, I must have bestowed more thought on the matter than it was worth. How many minutes, for instance, had I devoted to studying the arrangement of this very room? By the by, could I tell him where such a book was?"

I showed him the volume on the shelf: he took it down; and, withdrawing to his accustomed window recess, he began to read it.

Now, I did not like this, reader. St. John was a good man; but I began to feel he had spoken truth of himself when he said he was hard and cold. The humanities and amenities of life had no attraction for him—its peaceful enjoyments no charm. Literally, he lived only to aspire—after what was good and great, certainly! but still he would never rest, nor approve of others resting round him. As I looked at his lofty forehead, still and pale as a white stone—at his fine lineaments fixed in study—I comprehended, all at once, that he would hardly make a good husband; that it would be a trying thing to be his wife. I understood, as by inspiration, the nature of his love for Miss Oliver: I agreed with him that it was but a love of the senses. I comprehended how he should despise himself for the feverish influence it exercised over him; how he should wish to stifle and destroy it; how he should mistrust its ever conducting permanently to his happiness or hers. I saw he was of the material from which Nature hews her heroes—Christian and Pagan—her lawgivers, her statesmen, her conquerors: a steadfast bulwark for great interests to rest upon; but, at the fireside, too often a cold, cumbrous column, gloomy and out of place.

"This parlor is not his sphere," I reflected: "the Himalayan ridge, or Caffre bush—even the plague-cursed Guinea coast swamp—would suit him better. Well may he eschew the calm of domestic life; it is not his element: there his faculties stagnate—they can not develop or appear to advantage. It is in scenes of strife and danger—where courage is proved, and energy exercised, and fortitude taxed—that he will speak and move, the leader and superior. A merry child would have the advantage of him on this hearth. He is right to choose a missionary's career—I see it now."

"They are coming! they are coming!" cried Hannah, throwing open the parlor door. At the same moment old Carlo barked joyfully. Out I ran. It was now dark: but a rumbling of wheels was audible. Hannah soon had a lantern lighted. The vehicle had stopped at the wicket; the driver opened the door: first one well-known form, then another, stepped out. In a minute I had my face under their

bonnets, in contact first with Mary's cheek then with Diana's flowing curls. They laughed kissed me—then Hannah; patted Carlo, who was half wild with delight; asked eagerly if all was well; and, being assured in the affirmative, hastened into the house.

They were stiff with their long and jolting drive from Whitcross, and chilled with the frosty night air; but their pleasant countenances expanded to the cheering fire light. While the driver and Hannah brought in the boxes, they demanded St. John. At this moment he advanced from the parlor. They both threw their arms round his neck at once. He gave each one quiet kiss; said, in a low tone, a few words of welcome; stood awhile to be talked to; and then, intimating that he supposed they would soon rejoin him in the parlor, withdrew there as to a place of refuge.

I had lighted their candles to go up stairs, but Diana had first to give hospitable orders respecting the driver; this done, both followed me. They were delighted with the renovation and decoration of their rooms; with the new drapery, and fresh carpets, and rich-tinted china vases: they expressed their gratification ungrudgingly. I had the pleasure of feeling that my arrangements met their wishes exactly, and that what I had done added a vivid charm to their joyous return home.

Sweet was that evening. My cousins, full of exhilaration, were so eloquent in narrative and comment, that their fluency covered St. John's taciturnity: he was sincerely glad to see his sisters; but in their glow of fervor and flow of joy he could not sympathize. The event of the day—that is, the return of Diana and Mary—pleased him; but the accompaniments of that event, the glad tumult, the garrulous glee of reception, irked him: I saw he wished the calmer morrow was come. In the very meridian of the night's enjoyment, about an hour after tea, a rap was heard at the door. Hannah entered, with the intimation that "a poor lad was come, at that unlikely time, to fetch Mr. Rivers to see his mother, who was drawing away."

"Where does she live, Hannah?"

"Clear up at Whitcross Brow, almost four miles off; and moor and moss all the way."

"Tell him I will go."

"I'm sure, sir, you had better not. It's the worst road to travel after dark that can be: there's no track at all over the bog. And then it is such a bitter night—the keenest wind you ever felt. You had better send word, sir, that you will be there in the morning."

But he was already in the passage, putting on his cloak; and without one objection, one murmur, he departed. It was then nine o'clock; he did not return till midnight. Starved and tired enough he was, but he looked happier than when he set out. He had performed an act of duty; made an exertion; felt his own strength to do and deny, and was on better terms with himself.

I am afraid the whole of the ensuing week tried his patience. It was Christmas week; we took to no settled employment, but spent it in a sort of merry domestic dissipation. The air of the moors, the freedom of home, the dawn of prosperity, acted on Diana's and Mary's

spirits like some life-giving elixir; they were gay from morning till noon, and from noon till night. They could always talk; and their discourse, witty, pithy, original, had such charms for me, that I preferred listening to, and sharing in it, to doing any thing else. St. John did not rebuke our vivacity, but he escaped from it; he was seldom in the house; his parish was large, the population scattered, and he found daily business in visiting the sick and poor in its different districts.

One morning, at breakfast, Diana, after looking a little pensive for some minutes, asked him "If his plans were yet unchanged?"

"Unchanged and unchangeable," was the reply. And he proceeded to inform us that his departure from England was now definitively fixed for the ensuing year.

"And Rosamond Oliver?" suggested Mary: the words seeming to escape her lips involuntarily; for no sooner had she uttered them, than she made a gesture as if wishing to recall them. St. John had a book in his hand—it was his unsocial custom to read at meals—he closed it, and looked up.

"Rosamond Oliver," said he, "is about to be married to Mr. Granby, one of the best connected and most estimable residents in S—, grandson and heir to Sir Frederic Granby: I had the intelligence from her father yesterday."

His sisters looked at each other, and at me; we all three looked at him: he was serene as glass. "The match must have been got up hastily," said Diana; "they can not have known each other long."

"But two months: they met in October at the county ball at S—. But where there are no obstacles to a union, as in the present case, where the connection is in every point desirable, delays are unnecessary: they will be married as soon as S— Place, which Sir Frederic gives up to them, can be refitted for their reception."

The first time I found St. John alone after this communication, I felt tempted to inquire if the event distressed him; but he seemed so little to need sympathy, that, so far from venturing to offer him more, I experienced some shame at the recollection of what I had already hazarded. Besides, I was out of practice in talking to him: his reserve was again frozen over, and my frankness was congealed beneath it. He had not kept his promise of treating me like his sisters; he continually made little, chilling differences between us, which did not at all tend to the development of cordiality; in short, now that I was acknowledged his kinswoman, and lived under the same roof with him, I felt the distance between us to be far greater than when he had known me only as the village schoolmistress. When I remembered how far I had once been admitted to his confidence, I could hardly comprehend his present frigidity.

Such being the case, I felt not a little surprised when he raised his head suddenly from the desk over which he was stooping, and said—"You see, Jane, the battle is fought and the victory won."

Startled at being thus addressed, I did not immediately reply; after a moment's hesitation I answered—

"But are you sure you are not in the position of those conquerors whose triumphs have cost them too dear? Would not such another ruin you?"

"I think not—and if I were, it does not much signify: I shall never be called upon to contend for such another. The event of the conflict is decisive; my way is now clear; I thank God for it!" So saying, he returned to his paper and his silence.

As our mutual happiness (*i. e.*, Diana's, Mary's and mine) settled into a quieter character, and we resumed our usual habits and regular studies St. John stayed more at home; he sat with us in the same room, sometimes for hours together. While Mary drew Diana pursued course of Encyclopædia leading she had (to my awe and amazement) undertaken, and I fagged away at German, he pondered a mystic lore of his own—at of some Eastern tongue, the acquisition of which he thought necessary to his plans.

Thus engaged, he appeared, sitting in his own recess, quiet and absorbed enough; but that the eye of his had a habit of leaving the outlandish-looking grammar, and wandering over, and sometimes fixing upon us, his fellow-students, with a curious intensity of observation; if caught, it would be instantly withdrawn; yet even anon, it returned searchingly to our table. I wondered what it meant: I wondered, too, at the punctual satisfaction he never failed to exhibit on an occasion that seemed to me of small moment, namely, my weekly visit to Morton school; and still more was I puzzled when, if the day was unfavorable, if there was snow, or rain, or high wind, and his sisters urged me not to go, he would invariably make light of their solicitude, and encourage me to accomplish the task without regard to the elements.

"Jane is not such a weakling as you would make her," he would say; "she can bear a mountain blast, or a shower, or a few flakes of snow, as well as any of us. Her constitution is both sound and elastic; better calculated to endure variations of climate than many more robust."

And when I returned, sometimes a good deal tired, and not a little weather-beaten, I never dared complain, because I saw that to murmur would be to vex him; on all occasions fortitude pleased him; the reverse was a special annoyance.

One afternoon, however, I got leave to stay at home, because I really had a cold. His sisters were gone to Morton in my stead; I sat reading Schiller; he, deciphering his crabbed Oriental scrolls. As I exchanged a translation for an exercise, I happened to look his way, there I found myself under the influence of the ever-watchful blue eye. How long it had been searching me through and through, and over and over, I can not tell; so keen was it, and yet so cold, I felt for the moment superstitious—as if I were sitting in the room with something uncanny.

"Jane, what are you doing?"

"Learning German."

"I want you to give up German, and learn Hindostanee."

"You are not in earnest?"

"In such earnest that I must have it so, and I will tell you why."

He then went on to explain that Hindostanee was the language he was himself at present studying; that as he advanced, he was apt to forget the commencement; that it would assist him greatly to have a pupil with whom he might again and again go over the elements, and so fix them thoroughly in his mind; that his choice had hovered for some time between me and his sisters; but that he had fixed it on me, because he saw I could sit at a task the longest of the three. Would I do him this favor? I should not, perhaps, have to make the sacrifice long, as it wanted now barely three months to his departure.

St. John was not a man to be lightly refused; you felt that every impression made on him, either for pain or pleasure, was deep-graved and permanent. I consented. When Diana and Mary returned, the former found her scholar transferred from her to her brother: she laughed; and both she and Mary agreed that St. John should never have persuaded them to such a step. He answered, quietly—

"I knew it."

I found him a very patient, very forbearing, and yet an exacting master: he expected me to do a great deal, and when I fulfilled his expectations he, in his own way, fully testified his approbation. By degrees, he acquired a certain influence over me that took away my liberty of mind; his praise and notice were more restraining than his indifference. I could no longer talk or laugh freely when he was by, because a tiresomely importunate instinct reminded me that vivacity (at least in me) was distasteful to him. I was so fully aware that only serious moods and occupations were acceptable, that in his presence every effort to sustain or follow any other became vain; I fell under a freezing spell. When he said "go," I went; "come," I came; "do this," I did it. But I did not love my servitude: I wished, many a time, he had continued to neglect me.

One evening when, at bedtime, his sisters and I stood round him, bidding him good-night, he kissed each of them, as was his custom; and, as was equally his custom, he gave me his hand. Diana, who chanced to be in a frolicksome humor (she was not painfully controlled by his will; for hers, in another way, was as strong), exclaimed:

"St. John! you used to call Jane your third sister, but you don't treat her as such: you should kiss her too."

She pushed me toward him. I thought Diana very provoking, and felt uncomfortably confused; and while I was thus thinking and feeling, St. John bent his head, his Greek face was brought to a level with mine, his eyes questioned my eyes piercingly—he kissed me. There are no such things as marble kisses, or ice kisses, or I should say, my ecclesiastical cousin's salute belonged to one of these classes; but there may be experiment kisses, and his was an experiment kiss. When given, he viewed me to learn the result; it was not striking; I am sure I did not blush; perhaps I might have turned a little pale, for I felt as if this kiss were a seal affixed to my fetters. He never omitted the ceremony afterward, and

the gravity and quiescence with which I underwent it, seemed to invest it for him with a certain charm.

As for me, I daily wished more to please him; but to do so, I felt daily more and more that I must disown half my nature, stifle half my faculties, wrest my tastes from their original bent, force myself to the adoption of pursuits for which I had no natural vocation. He wanted to train me to an elevation I could never reach: it racked me hourly to aspire to the standard he uplifted. The thing was as impossible as to mold my irregular features to his correct and classic pattern, to give to my changeable green eyes the sea-blue tint and solemn luster of his own.

Not his ascendancy alone, however, held me in thrall at present. Of late it had been easy enough for me to look sad; a cankering evil sat at my heart and drained my happiness at its source—the evil of suspense.

Perhaps you think I had forgotten Mr. Rochester, reader, amid these changes of place and fortune. Not for a moment. His idea was still with me; because it was not a vapor—sunshine could disperse, nor a sand-traced effigy storms could wash away; it was a name graven on a tablet, fated to last as long as the marble it inscribed. The craving to know what had become of him followed me ever; where; when I was at Morton, I re-entered my cottage every evening to think of that; and now at Moor House, I sought my bedroom each night to brood over it.

In the course of my necessary correspondence with Mr. Briggs about the will, I had inquired if he knew any thing of Mr. Rochester's present residence and state of health; but, as St. John had conjectured, he was quite ignorant of all concerning him. I then wrote to Mrs. Fairfax, entreating information on the subject. I had calculated with certainty on this step answering my end: I felt sure it would elicit an early answer. I was astonished when a fortnight passed without reply; but when two months wore away, and day after day the post arrived and brought nothing for me, I fell a prey to the keenest anxiety.

I wrote again: there was a chance of my first letter having missed. Renewed hope followed renewed effort; it shone like the former for some weeks, then, like it, it faded, flickered; not a line, not a word reached me. When half a year wasted in vain expectancy, my hope died out; and then I felt dark indeed.

A fine spring shone round me, which I could not enjoy. Summer approached; Diana tried to cheer me; she said I looked ill, and wished to accompany me to the sea-side. This St. John opposed; he said I did not want dissipation, I wanted employment; my present life was too purposeless, I required an aim: and I suppose, by way of supplying deficiencies, he prolonged still further my lessons in Hindostanee, and grew more urgent in requiring their accomplishment; and I, like a fool, never thought of resisting him—I could not resist him.

One day I had come to my studies in lower spirits than usual: the ebb was occasioned by a poignantly felt disappointment; Hannah had told me in the morning there was a letter for



me, and when I went down to take it, almost certain that the long-looked-for tidings were vouchsafed me at last, I found only an unimportant note from Mr. Briggs on business. The bitter check had wrung from me some tears; and now, as I sat poring over the crabbed characters and flourishing tropes of an Indian scribe, my eyes filled again.

St. John called me to his side to read; in attempting to do this my voice failed me; words were lost in sobs. He and I were the only occupants of the parlor; Diana was practicing her music in the drawing-room, Mary was gardening—it was a very fine May-day, clear, sunny, and breezy. My companion expressed no surprise at this emotion, nor did he question me as to its cause; he only said:

"We will wait a few minutes, Jane, till you are more composed. And while I smothered the paroxysm with all haste, he sat calm and patient, leaning on his desk and looking like a physician watching with the eye of science an expected and fully understood crisis in a patient's malady. Having stifled my sobs, wiped my eyes, and muttered something about not being very well that morning, I resumed my task, and succeeded in completing it. St. John put away my books and his, locked his desk, and said:

"Now, Jane, you shall take a walk: and with me."

"I will call Diana and Mary."

"No. I want only one companion this morning, and that must be you: put on your things; go out by the kitchen door; take the road toward the head of Marsh-Glen; I will join you in a moment."

I know no medium; I never in my life have known any medium in my dealings with positive hard characters, antagonistic to my own, between absolute submission and determined revolt. I have always faithfully observed the one, up to the very moment of bursting, sometimes with volcanic vehemence, into the other; and as neither present circumstances warranted, nor my present mood inclined me to mutiny, I observed careful obedience to St. John's directions; and in ten minutes I was treading the wild track of the glen, side by side with him.

The breeze was from the west; it came over the hills, sweet with scents of heath and rush; the sky was of stainless blue; the stream descending the ravine, swelled with past spring rains, poured along plentiful and clear, catching golden gleams from the sun, and sapphire tints from the firmament. As we advanced and left the tract, we trod a soft turf, mossy, fine, and emerald green, minutely enameled with a tiny white flower, and spangled with a star-like yellow blossom; the hills, meantime, shut us quite in; for the glen, toward its head, wound to their very core.

"Let us rest here," said St. John, as we reached the first stragglers of a battalion of rocks, guarding a sort of pass, beyond which the beck rushed down, a waterfall, and where, still a little farther, the mountain shook off turf and flower, had only heath for raiment, and crag for gem—where it exaggerated the wild to the savage, and exchanged the fresh for the frowning—where it guarded the forlorn hope of solitude, and a last refuge for silence.

I took a seat—St. John stood near me, he looked up the pass and down the hollow; his glance wandered away with the stream, and returned to traverse the unclouded heaven which colored it; he removed his hat, let the breeze stir his hair and kiss his brow; he seemed in communion with the genius of the haunt; with his eye he bade farewell to something.

"And I shall see it again," he said aloud, "in dreams, when I sleep by the Ganges; and again, in a more remote hour—when another slumber overcomes me—on the shore of a darker stream."

Strange words of a strange love! An austere patriot's passion for his fatherland! He sat down; for half an hour we never spoke—either he to me nor I to him; that interval past, he recommenced:

"Jane, I go in six weeks; I have taken my berth in an East Indianman which sails on the twentieth of June."

"God will protect you, for you have undertaken his work," I answered.

"Yes," said he, "there is my glory and joy. I am the servant of an infallible master; I am not going out under human guidance, subject to the defective laws and erring control of my feeble fellow-worms; my king, my lawgiver, my captain, is the All-perfect: it seems strange to me that all round me do not burn to enlist under the same banner—to join in the same enterprise."

"All have not your powers, and it would be folly for the feeble to wish to march with the strong."

"I do not speak to the feeble, or think of them; I address only such as are worthy of the work, and competent to accomplish it."

"Those are few in number, and difficult to discover."

"You say truly; but when found, it is right to stir them up—to urge and exhort them to the effort—to show them what their gifts are, and why they were given—to speak Heaven's message in their ear—to offer them, direct from God, a place in the ranks of his chosen."

"If they are really qualified for the task, will not their own hearts be the first to inform them of it?"

I felt as if an awful charm was framing round and gathering over me; I trembled to hear some fatal word spoken which would at once declare and rivet the spell.

"And what does *your* heart say?" demanded St. John.

"My heart is mute—my heart is mute," I answered, struck and thrilled.

"Then I must speak for it," continued the deep, relentless voice; "Jane, come with me to India; come as my help-meet and fellow-laborer."

The glen and sky spun round; the hills heaved! It was as if I had heard a summons from Heaven—as if a visionary messenger, like him of Macedonia, had enounced "Come over and help us!" But I was no apostle, I could not behold the herald, I could not receive his call.

"Oh, St. John!" I then cried, "have some mercy!"

I appealed to one, who, in the discharge of

what he believed his duty, knew neither mercy nor remorse. He continued:

"God and nature intended you for a missionary's wife. It is not personal but mental endowments they have given you; you are formed for labor, not for love. A missionary's wife you must—shall be. You shall be mine; I claim you—not for my pleasure, but for my Sovereign's service."

"I am not fit for it; I have no vocation," I said.

He had calculated on these first objections; he was not irritated by them. Indeed, as he leaned back against the crag behind him, folded his arms on his chest, and fixed his countenance, I saw he was prepared for a long and trying opposition, and had taken in a stock of patience to last him to its close—resolved, however, that that close should be conquest for him.

"Humility, Jane," said he, "is the groundwork of Christian virtues; you say right that you are not fit for the work. Who is fit for it? Or who, that ever was truly called, believed himself worthy of the summons? I, for instance, am but dust and ashes. With St. Paul I acknowledge myself the chiefest of sinners; but I do not suffer this sense of my personal vileness to daunt me. I know my Leader; that He is just as well as mighty; and while He has chosen a feeble instrument to perform a great task, He will, from the boundless stores of His providence, supply the inadequacy of the means to the end. Think like me, Jane—trust like me. It is the Rock of Ages I ask you to lean on; do not doubt but it will bear the weight of your human weakness."

"I do not understand a missionary life; I have never studied missionary labors."

"There, I, humble as I am, can give you the aid you want; I can set you your task from hour to hour; stand by you always; help you from moment to moment. This I could do in the beginning; soon (for I know your powers) you would be as strong and apt as myself, and would not require my help."

"But my powers—where are they for this undertaking? I do not feel them. Nothing speaks or stirs in me while you talk. I am sensible of no light kindling—no life quickening—no voice counseling or cheering. Oh, I wish I could make you see how much my mind is at this moment like a rayless dungeon, with one shrinking fear fettered in its depths—the fear of being persuaded by you to attempt what I can not accomplish!"

"I have an answer for you—hear it. I have watched you ever since we first met; I have made you my study for ten months. I have proved you in that time by sundry tests; and what have I seen and elicited? In the village school I found you could perform well, punctually, uprightly, labor uncongenial to your habits and inclinations; I saw you could perform it with capacity and tact; you could win while you controlled. In the calm with which you learned you had become suddenly rich, I read a mind clear of the vice of Demas; **lucre** had no undue power over you. In the resolute readiness with which you cut your wealth into four shares, keeping but one to yourself, and relinquishing the three others to the claim of

abstract justice, I recognized a soul that revelled in the flame and excitement of sacrifice. In the tractability with which, at my wish, you forsook a study in which you were interested, and adopted another because it interested me—in the untiring assiduity with which you have since persevered in it—in the unflagging energy and unshaken temper with which you have met its difficulties—I acknowledge the complement of qualities I seek. Jane, you are docile, diligent, disinterested, faithful, constant, and courageous; very gentle, and very heroic; cease to mistrust yourself—I can trust you unreservedly. As a conductress of Indian schools, and a helper among Indian women, your assistance will be to me invaluable."

My iron shroud contracted round me; persuasion advanced with slow, sure step. Shut my eyes as I would, these last words of his succeeded in making the way, which had seemed blocked up, comparatively clear. My work, which had appeared so vague, so hopelessly diffuse, condensed itself as he proceeded, and assumed a definite form under his shaping hand. He waited for an answer. I demanded a quarter of an hour to think before I again hazarded a reply.

"Very willingly," he rejoined; and rising, he strode a little distance up the pass, threw himself down on a swell of heath, and there lay still.

"I *can* do what he wants me to do; I am forced to see and acknowledge that meditated—that is, if life be spared me. But I feel mine is not the existence to be long protracted under an Indian sun. What then? He does not care for that; when my time came to die he would resign me, in all serenity and sanctity, to the God who gave me to him. The case is very plain before me. In leaving England, I should leave a loved but empty land—Mr. Rochester is not there; and if he were, what is, what can that ever be to me? My business is to live without him now; nothing so absurd, so weak as to drag on from day to day, as if I were waiting some impossible change in circumstances, which might reunite me to him. Of course (as St. John once said) I must seek another interest in life to replace the one lost; is not the occupation he now offers me truly the most glorious man can adopt or God assign? Is it not, by its noble cares and sublime results, the one best calculated to fill the void left by upturned affections and demolished hopes? I believe I must say yes—and yet I shudder. Alas! If I join St. John, I abandon half myself; if I go to India, I go to premature death. And how will the interval between leaving England for India, and India for the grave, be filled? Oh, I know well! That, too, is very clear to my vision. By straining to satisfy St. John till my sinews ache, I *shall* satisfy him—to the finest central point and farthest outward circle of his expectations. If I *do* go with him—if I *do* make the sacrifice he urges, I will make it absolutely; I will throw all on the altar—heart, vitals, the entire victim. He will never love me; but he shall approve me; I will show him energies he has not yet seen, resources he has never suspected. Yes; I can work as hard as he can, and with as little grudging.

"Consent, then, to his demand is possible; but for one item—one dreadful item. It is—that he asks me to be his wife, and has no more of a husband's heart for me than that frowning giant of a rock, down which the stream is foaming in yonder gorge. He prizes me as a soldier would a good weapon; and that is all. Unmarried to him, this would never grieve me; but can I let him complete his calculations—coolly put into practice his plans—go through the wedding ceremony? Can I receive from him the bridal ring, endure all the forms of love (which I doubt not he would scrupulously observe), and know that the spirit was quite absent? Can I bear the consciousness that every endearment he bestows is a sacrifice made on principle? No, such a martyrdom would be monstrous. I will never undergo it; As his sister, I might accompany him—not as his wife; I will tell him so."

I looked toward the knoll; there he lay, still as a prostrate column; his face turned to me: his eye beaming watchful, and keen. He started to his feet and approached me.

"I am ready to go to India, if I may go free."

"Your answer requires a commentary," he said; "it is not clear."

"You have hitherto been my adopted brother; I, your adopted sister; let us continue as such; you and I had better not marry."

He shook his head. "Adopted fraternity will not do in this case. If you were my real sister it would be different; I should take you, and seek no wife. But, as it is, either our union must be consecrated and sealed by marriage, or it can not exist; practical obstacles oppose themselves to any other plan. Do you see it, Jane? Consider a moment—your strong sense will guide you."

I did consider, and still my sense, such as it was, directed me only to the fact that we did not love each other as man and wife should; and therefore it inferred we ought not to marry. I said so. "St. John," I returned, "I regard you as a brother—you, me as a sister; so let us continue."

"We can not—we can not," he answered with short, sharp determination; "it would not do. You have said you will go with me to India; remember—you have said that."

"Conditionally."

"Well, well. To the main point—the departure with me from England, the co-operation with me in my future labors—you do not object. You have already as good as put your hand to the plow; you are too consistent to withdraw it. You have but one end to keep in view—how the work you have undertaken can best be done. Simplify your complicated interests, feelings, thoughts, wishes, aims; merge all considerations in one purpose, that of fulfilling with effect, with power, the mission of your great Master. To do so, you must have a coadjutor—not a brother, that is a loose tie, but a husband. I, too, do not want a sister; a sister might any day be taken from me. I want a wife; the sole help-meet I can influence efficiently in life, and retain absolutely till death."

I shuddered as he spoke; I felt his influence in my marrow, his hold on my limbs.

"Seek one elsewhere than in me, St. John; seek one fitted to you."

"One fitted to my purpose, you mean, fitted to my vocation. Again I tell you it is not the insignificant private individual—the mere man, with the man's selfish senses—I wish to mate; it is the missionary."

"And I will give the missionary my energies—it is all he wants—but not myself; that would be only adding the husk and shell to the kernel. For them he has no use; I retain them."

"You can not—you ought not. Do you think God will be satisfied with half an oblation? Will He accept a mutilated sacrifice? It is the cause of God I advocate; it is under His standard I enlist you. I can not accept on His behalf a divided allegiance; it must be entire."

"Oh! I will give my heart to God," I said. "You do not want it."

I will not swear, reader, that there was not something of repressed sarcasm both in the tone in which I uttered this sentence, and in the feeling that accompanied it. I had silently feared St. John till now, because I had not understood him. He had held me in awe, because he had held me in doubt. How much of him was saint, how much mortal, I could not heretofore tell; but revelations were being made in this conference; the analysis of his nature was proceeding before my eyes. I saw his fallibilities; I comprehended them. I understood that, sitting there where I did, on the bank of heath, and with that handsome form before me, I sat at the feet of a man erring as I. The veil fell from his hardness and despotism. Having felt in him the presence of these qualities, I felt his imperfection, and took courage. I was with an equal, one with whom I might argue; one whom, if I saw good, I might resist.

He was silent after I had uttered the last sentence, and I presently risked an upward glance at his countenance. His eye, bent on me, expressed at once stern surprise and keen inquiry. "Is she sarcastic, and sarcastic to me?" it seemed to say. "What does this signify?"

"Do not let us forget that this is a solemn matter," he said, ere long; "one of which we may neither think nor talk lightly without sin. I trust, Jane, you are in earnest when you say you will give your heart to God; it is all I want. Once wrench your heart from man and fix it on your Maker, the advancement of that Maker's spiritual kingdom on earth will be your chief delight and endeavor; you will be ready to do at once whatever furthers that end. You will see what impetus would be given to your efforts and mine by our physical and mental union in marriage: the only union that gives a character of permanent conformity to the destinies and designs of human beings; and, passing over all minor caprices, all trivial difficulties and delicacies of feeling; all scruple about the degree, kind, strength, or tenderness of mere personal inclination, you will hasten to enter into that union at once."

"Shall I?" I said, briefly; and I looked at his features, beautiful in their harmony, but strangely formidable in their still severity; at his brow, commanding, but not open; at his eyes, bright, and deep, and searching, but never

soft, at his tall, imposing figure; and fancied myself, in idea, *his wife*. Oh! it would never do! As his curate, his comrade, all would be right: I would cross oceans with him in that capacity; toil under eastern suns, in Asian deserts with him in that office; admire and emulate his courage, and devotion, and vigor; accommodate quietly to his masterhood; smile undisturbed at his ineradicable ambition; discriminate the Christian from the man; profoundly esteem the one, and freely forgive the other. I should suffer often, no doubt, attached to him only in this capacity; my body would be under rather a stringent yoke, but my heart and mind would be free. I should still have my unblighted self to turn to; my natural unenslaved feelings with which to communicate in moments of loneliness. There would be recesses in my mind which would be only mine, to which he never came; and sentiments growing there fresh and sheltered, which his austerity could never blight, nor his measured warrior-march trample down; but as his wife, at his side always, and always restrained, and always checked, forced to keep the fire of my nature continually low, to compel it to burn inwardly and never utter a cry, though the imprisoned flame consumed vital after vital—*this* would be unendurable.

"St. John!" I exclaimed, when I had got so far in my meditation.

"Well?" he answered, icily.

"I repeat, I freely consent to go with you as your fellow-missionary, but not as your wife; I can not marry you and become a part of you."

"A part of me you must become," he answered, steadily; "otherwise the whole bargain is void. How can I, a man not yet thirty, take out with me to India a girl of nineteen, unless she is married to me? How can we be forever together—sometimes in solitudes, sometimes amid savage tribes—and unwed?"

"Very well," I said, shortly, "under the circumstances; quite as well as if I were either your real sister; or a man and a clergyman, like yourself."

"It is known that you are not my sister; I can not introduce you as such; to attempt it would be to fasten injurious suspicions on us both. And for the rest, though you have a man's vigorous brain, you have a woman's heart, and—it would not do."

"It would do," I affirmed, with some disdain, "perfectly well. I have a woman's heart, but not where you are concerned; for you I have only a comrade's constancy; a fellow-soldier's frankness, fidelity, fraternity, if you like; a neophyte's respect and submission to his hierophant; nothing more—don't fear."

"It is what I want," he said, speaking to himself; "it is just what I want. And there are obstacles in the way; they must be hewn down. Jane, you would not repent marrying me; be certain of that: we *must* be married. I repeat it, there is no other way; and undoubtedly enough of love would follow upon marriage to render the union right even in your eyes."

"I scorn your idea of love," I could not help saying, as I rose up and stood before him, leaning my back against the rock. "I scorn the counterfeit sentiment you offer; yes, St. John, and I scorn you when you offer it."

He looked at me fixedly, compressing his well-cut lips while he did so. Whether he was incensed or surprised, or what, it is not easy to tell; he could command his countenance thoroughly.

"I scarcely expected to hear that expression from you," he said; "I think I have done an uttered nothing to deserve scorn."

I was touched by his gentle tone, and overawed by his high, calm mien.

"Forgive me the words, St. John; but it is your own fault that I have been roused to speak so unguardedly. You have introduced a topic on which our natures are at variance—a topic we should never discuss; the very name of love is an apple of discord between us—if the reality were required, what should we do? How should we feel? My dear cousin, abandon your scheme of marriage—forget it."

"No," said he; "it is a long-cherished scheme, and the only one which can secure my great end; but I shall urge you no further at present. To-morrow I leave home for Cambridge; I have many friends there to whom I should wish to say farewell. I shall be absent a fortnight; take that space of time to consider my offer, and do not forget that if you reject it, it is not me you deny, but God. Through my means, He opens to you a noble career; as my wife only can you enter upon it. Refuse to be my wife, and you limit yourself forever to a track of selfish ease and barren obscurity. Tremble, lest in that case you should be numbered with those who have denied the faith and are worse than infidels!"

He had done. Turning from me, he once more

"Looked to river, looked to hill;"

but this time his feelings were all pent in his heart; I was not worthy to hear them uttered. As I walked by his side homeward, I read well in his iron silence all he felt toward me: the disappointment of an austere and despotic nature, which has met resistance where it expected submission; the disapprobation of a cool, inflexible judgment, which has detected in another feelings and views in which it has no power to sympathize; in short, as a man, he would have wished to coerce me into obedience; it was only as a sincere Christian he bore so patiently with my perversity, and allowed so long a space for reflection and repentance.

That night, after he had kissed his sisters, he thought proper to forget even to shake hands with me, but left the room in silence. I—who, though I had no love, had much friendship for him—was hurt by the marked omission; so much hurt that tears started to my eyes.

"I see you and St. John have been quarrelling, Jane," said Diana, "during your walk on the moor. But go after him; he is now lingering in the passage, expecting you—he will make it up."

I have not much pride under such circumstances; I would always rather be happy than dignified; and I ran after him—he stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Good-night, St. John," said I.

"Good-night, Jane," he replied, calmly.

"Then shake hands," I added.

What a cold, loose touch he impressed on

my fingers! He was deeply displeased by what had occurred that day; cordiality would not warm, nor tears move him. No happy reconciliation was to be had with him—no cheering smile or generous word; but still the Christian was patient and placid; and when I asked him if he forgave me, he answered that he was not in the habit of cherishing the remembrance of vexation; that he had nothing to forgive, not having been offended.

And with that answer, he left me. I would much rather he had knocked me down.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

He did not leave for Cambridge the next day, as he had said he would. He deferred his departure a whole week; and during that time he made me feel what severe punishment a good, yet stern—a conscientious, yet implacable man can inflict on one who has offended him. Without one overt act of hostility, one upbraiding word, he contrived to impress me momentarily with the conviction that I was put beyond the pale of his favor.

Not that St. John harbored a spirit of unchristian vindictiveness—not that he would have injured a hair of my head, if it had been fully in his power to do so. Both by nature and principle he was superior to the mean gratification of vengeance; he had forgiven me for saying I scorned him and his love, but he had not forgotten the words; and as long as he and I lived he never would forget them. I saw by his look, when he turned to me, that they were always written on the air between me and him; whenever I spoke, they sounded in my voice to his ear; and their echo toned every answer he gave me.

He did not abstain from conversing with me; he even called me as usual each morning to join him at his desk; and I fear the corrupt man within him had a pleasure unimpaired to, and unshared by, the pure Christian, in evincing with what skill he could, while acting and speaking apparently just as usual, extract from every deed and every phrase the spirit of interest and approval which had formerly communicated a certain austere charm to his language and manner. To me, he was in reality become no longer flesh, but marble; his eye was a cold, bright, blue gem; his tongue, a speaking instrument—nothing more.

All this was torture to me—refined, lingering torture. It kept up a slow fire of indignation, and a trembling trouble of grief, which harassed and crushed me altogether. I felt how—if I were his wife—this good man, pure as the deep sunless source, could soon kill me—without drawing from my veins a single drop of blood, or receiving on his own crystal conscience the faintest stain of crime. Especially I felt this, when I made any attempt to propitiate him. No ruth met my ruth. He experienced no suffering from estrangement—no yearning after reconciliation; and though, more than once, my fast-falling tears blistered the page over which we both bent, they produced no more effect on him than if his heart had been really a matter of stone or metal. To his sisters, meantime, he was somewhat kinder than usual; as if

afraid that mere coldness would not sufficiently convince me how completely I was banished and banned, he added the force of contrast; and this I am sure he did, not by malice, but on principle.

The night before he left home, happening to see him walking in the garden about sunset, and remembering, as I looked at him, that this man, alienated as he now was, had once saved my life, and that we were near relations, I was moved to make a last attempt to regain his friendship. I went out and approached him, as he stood leaning over the little gate; I spoke to the point at once.

"St. John, I am unhappy, because you are still angry with me. Let us be friends."

"I hope we are friends," was the unmoved reply; while he still watched the rising of the moon, which he had been contemplating as I approached.

"No, St. John, we are not friends as we were. You know that."

"Are we not? That is wrong. For my part, I wish you no ill and all good."

"I believe you, St. John; for I am sure you are incapable of wishing any one ill; but, as I am your kinswoman, I should desire somewhat more of affection than that sort of general philanthropy you extend to mere strangers."

"Of course," he said. "Your wish is reasonable; and I am far from regarding you as a stranger."

This, spoken in a cool, tranquil tone, was mortifying and baffling enough. Had I attended to the suggestions of pride and ire, I should immediately have left him; but something worked within me more strongly than those feelings could. I deeply venerated my cousin's talent and principle. His friendship was of value to me; to lose it tried me severely. I would not so soon relinquish the attempt to reconquer it.

"Must we part in this way, St. John? And when you go to India, will you leave me so, without a kinder word than you have yet spoken?"

He now turned quite from the moon, and faced me.

"When I go to India, Jane, will I leave you! What! do you not go to India?"

"You said I could not, unless I married you."

"And you will not marry me? You adhere to that resolution?"

Reader, do you know, as I do, what terror those cold people can put into the ice of their questions? How much of the fall of the avalanche is in their anger? of the breaking up of the frozen sea in their displeasure?

"No, St. John, I will not marry you. I adhere to my resolution."

The avalanche had shaken and slid a little forward, but it did not yet crash down.

"Once more, why this refusal?" he asked.

"Formerly," I answered, "because you did not love me; now, I reply, because you almost hate me. If I were to marry you, you would kill me. You are killing me now."

His lips and cheeks turned white—quite white.

"I should kill—I am killing you? Your words are such as ought not to be used: violent, un-

feminine, and untrue. They betray an unfortunate state of mind; they merit severe reproof: they would seem inexcusable, but that it is the duty of man to forgive his fellow, even until seventy-and-seven times."

I had finished the business now. While earnestly wishing to erase from his mind the trace of my former offense, I had stamped on that tenacious surface another and far deeper impression; I had burned it in.

"Now you will indeed hate me," I said. "It is useless to attempt to conciliate you; I see I have made an eternal enemy of you."

A fresh wrong did these words inflict; the worse, because they touched on the truth. That bloodless lip quivered to a temporary spasm. I knew the steely ire I had whetted. I was heart-wrung.

"You utterly misinterpret my words," I said, at once seizing his hand; "I have no intention to grieve or pain you—indeed I have not."

Most bitterly he smiled—most decidedly he withdrew his hand from mine. "And now you recall your promise, and will not go to India at all, I presume?" said he, after a considerable pause.

"Yes I will, as your assistant," I answered.

A very long silence succeeded. What struggle there was in him between Nature and Grace in this interval, I can not tell; only singular gleams scintillated in his eyes, and strange shadows passed over his face. He spoke at last.

"I before proved to you the absurdity of a single woman of your age proposing to accompany abroad a single man of mine. I proved it to you in such terms as I should have thought would have prevented your ever again alluding to the plan. That you have done so, I regret—for your sake."

I interrupted him. Any thing like a tangible reproach gave me courage at once. "Keep to common sense, St. John; you are verging on nonsense. You pretend to be shocked by what I have said. You are not really shocked; for, with your superior mind, you can not be either so dull or so conceited as to misunderstand my meaning. I say again, I will be your curate, if you like, but never your wife."

Again he turned lividly pale; but, as before, controlled his passion perfectly. He answered emphatically, but calmly—

"A female curate, who is not my wife, would never suit me. With me, then, it seems, you can not go; but if you are sincere in your offer, I will, while in town, speak to a married missionary, whose wife needs a coadjutor. Your own fortune will make you independent of the Society's aid; and thus you may still be spared the dishonor of breaking your promise, and deserting the band you engaged to join."

Now I never had, as the reader knows, either given any formal promise, or entered into any engagement; and this language was all much too hard, and much too despotic for the occasion. I replied—

"There is no dishonor, no breach of promise, no desertion in the case. I am not under the slightest obligation to go to India, especially with strangers. With you I would have ventured much, because I admire, confide in, and, sister, I love you; but I am convinced

that, go when and with whom I would, I should not live long in that climate."

"Ah! you are afraid of yourself," he said, curling his lip.

"I am. God did not give me my life to throw away; and to do as you wish me, would, I begin to think, be almost equivalent to committing suicide. Moreover, before I definitively resolve on quitting England, I will know for certain, whether I can not be of greater use by remaining in it than by leaving it."

"What do you mean?"

"It would be fruitless to attempt to explain; but there is a point on which I have long endured painful doubt; and I can go nowhere till by some means that doubt is removed."

"I know where your heart turns, and to what it clings. The interest you cherish is lawless and unconsecrated. Long since you ought to have crushed it; now you should blush to allude to it. You think of Mr. Rochester?"

It was true. I confessed it by silence.

"Are you going to seek Mr. Rochester?"

"I must find out what is become of him."

"It remains for me, then," he said, "to remember you in my prayers, and to entreat God for you, in all earnestness, that you may not indeed become a castaway. I had thought I recognized in you one of the chosen. But God sees not as man sees; *His* will be done."

He opened the gate, passed through it, and strayed away down the glen. He was soon out of sight.

On re-entering the parlor, I found Diana standing at the window, looking very thoughtful. Diana was a great deal taller than I; she put her hand on my shoulder, and, stooping, examined my face.

"Jane," she said, "you are always agitated and pale now. I am sure there is something the matter. Tell me what business St. John and you have on hand. I have watched you this half hour from the window; you must forgive my being such a spy, but for a long time I have fancied I hardly know what. St. John is a strange being—"

She paused—I did not speak; soon she resumed—

"That brother of mine cherishes peculiar views of some sort respecting you, I am sure—he has long distinguished you by a notice and interest he never showed any one else—to what end? I wish he loved you—does he, Jane?"

I put her cool hand to my hot forehead; "No, Die, not one whit."

"Then why does he follow you so with his eyes—and get you so frequently alone with him, and keep you so continually at his side? Mary and I had both concluded he wished you to marry him."

"He does—he has asked me to be his wife."

Diana clapped her hands. "That is just what we hoped and thought! And you will marry him, Jane, won't you? And then he will stay in England."

"Far from that, Diana; his sole idea in proposing to me is to procure a fitting fellow-laborer in his Indian toils."

"What! he wishes you to go to India?"

"Yes."

"Madness!" she exclaimed. You would

not live three months there, I am certain. You never shall go; you have not consented—have you, Jane?"

"I have refused to marry him—"

"And have, consequently, displeased him?" she suggested.

"Deeply: he will never forgive me, I fear; yet I offered to accompany him as his sister."

"It was frantic folly to do so, Jane. Think of the task you undertook—one of incessant fatigue—where fatigue kills even the strong; and you are weak. St. John—you know him—would urge you to impossibilities; with him there would be no permission to rest during the hot hours; and, unfortunately, I have noticed, whatever he exacts, you force yourself to perform. I am astonished you found courage to refuse his hand. You do not love him, then, Jane?"

"Not as a husband."

"Yet he is a handsome fellow."

"And I am so plain, you see, Di. We should never suit."

"Plain! You! Not at all. You are much too pretty, as well as too good, to be grilled alive in Calcutta." And again she earnestly conjured me to give up all thoughts of going out with her brother.

"I must, indeed," I said; "for when, just now, I repeated the offer of serving him for a deacon, he expressed himself shocked at my want of decency. He seemed to think I had committed an impropriety in proposing to accompany him unmarried, as if I had not from the first hoped to find in him a brother; and habitually regarded him as such."

"What makes you say he does not love you, Jane?"

"You should hear himself on the subject. He has again and again explained that it is not himself, but his office, he wishes to mate. He has told me I am formed for labor—not for love—which, is true, no doubt. But, in my opinion, if I am not formed for love, it follows that I am not formed for marriage. Would it not be strange, Di, to be chained for life to a man who regarded one but as a useful tool?"

"Insupportable—unnatural—out of the question!"

"And then," I continued, "though I have only sisterly affection for him now, yet, if forced to be his wife, I can imagine the possibility of conceiving an inevitable, strange, torturing kind of love for him, because he is so talented; and there is often a certain heroic grandeur in his look, manner, and conversation. In that case, my lot would become unspeakably wretched. He would not want me to love him; and if I showed the feeling, he would make me sensible that it was a superfluity, unrequired by him, unbecoming in me. I know he would."

"And yet St. John is a good man," said Diana.

"He is a good and a great man; but he forgets, pitilessly, the feelings and claims of little people, in pursuing his own large views. It is better, therefore, for the insignificant to keep out of his way, lest, in his progress, he should trample them down. Here he comes! I will

leave you, Diana." And I hastened up stairs, as I saw him entering the garden.

But I was forced to meet him again at supper. During that meal he appeared just as composed as usual. I had thought he would hardly speak to me, and I was certain he had given up the pursuit of his matrimonial scheme; the sequel showed I was mistaken on both points. He addressed me precisely in his ordinary manner, or what had, of late, been his ordinary manner—one scrupulously polite. No doubt he had invoked the help of the Holy Spirit to subdue the anger I had roused in him, and now believed he had forgiven me once more.

For the evening reading before prayers, he selected the twenty-first chapter of Revelations. It was at all times pleasant to listen, while from his lips fell the words of the Bible; never did his fine voice sound at once so sweet and full—never did his manner become so impressive in its noble simplicity, as when he delivered the oracles of God; and to-night that voice took a more solemn tone, that manner a more thrilling meaning, as he sat in the midst of his household circle (the May moon shining in through the uncurtained window, and rendering almost unnecessary the light of the candle on the table); as he sat there, bending over the great old Bible, and described from its page the vision of the new heaven and the new earth—told how God would come to dwell with men—how he would wipe away all tears from their eyes, and promised that there should be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain, because the former things were passed away.

The succeeding words thrilled me strangely as he spoke them; especially as I felt, by the slight, indescribable alteration in sound, that in uttering them his eye had turned on me.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But," was slowly, distinctly read, "the fearful, the unbelieving, &c., shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

Henceforward I knew what fate St. John feared for me.

A calm, subdued triumph, blent with a long-ling earnestness, marked his enunciation of the last glorious verses of that chapter. The reader believed his name was already written in the Lamb's book of life, and he yearned after the hour which should admit him to the city to which the kings of the earth bring their glory and honor—which has no need of sun or moon to shine in it, because the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

In the prayer following the chapter, all his energy gathered—all his stern zeal woke; he was in deep earnest, wrestling with God, and resolved on a conquest. He supplicated strength for the weak-hearted—guidance for wanderers from the fold—a return, even at the eleventh hour, for those whom the temptations of the world and the flesh were luring from the narrow path. He asked, he urged, he claimed the boon of a brand snatched from the burning. Earnestness is ever deeply solemn; first, as I listened to that prayer, I wondered at his; then, when it continued and rose, I was touched by

it, and at last awed. He felt the greatness and goodness of his purpose so sincerely; others who heard him plead for it could not but feel it too.

The prayer over, we took leave of him: he was to go at a very early hour in the morning. Diana and Mary, having kissed him, left the room, in compliance, I think, with a whispered hint from him; I tendered my hand, and wished him a pleasant journey.

"Thank you, Jane. As I said, I shall return from Cambridge in a fortnight: that space, then, is yet left you for reflection. If I listened to human pride, I should say no more to you of marriage with me; but I listen to my duty, and keep steadily in view my first aim—to do all things to the glory of God. My Master was long-suffering: so will I be. I can not give you up to perdition as a vessel of wrath; repent—resolve, while there is yet time. Remember, we are bid to work while it is day—warned that "the night cometh when no man shall work." Remember the fate of Dives, who had his good things in this life. God give you strength to choose that better part which shall not be taken from you!"

He laid his hand on my head as he uttered the last words. He had spoken earnestly, mildly; his look was not, indeed, that of a lover beholding his mistress; but it was that of a pastor recalling his wandering sheep—or better, of a guardian angel watching the soul for which he is responsible. All men of talent, whether they be men of feeling or not; whether they be zealots, or aspirants, or despots—provided only they be sincere—have their sublime moments; when they subdue and rule. I felt veneration for St. John—veneration so strong that its impetus thrust me at once to the point I had so long shunned. I was tempted to cease struggling with him—to rush down the torrent of his will into the gulf of his existence, and there lose my own. I was almost as hard beset by him now as I had been once before, in a different way, by another. I was a fool both times. To have yielded then would have been an error of principle; to have yielded now would have been an error of judgment. So I think at this hour, when I look back to the crisis through the quiet medium of time; I was unconscious of folly at the instant.

I stood motionless under my hierophant's touch. My refusals were forgotten—my fears overcome—my wrestlings paralyzed. The impossible—i. e., my marriage with St. John—was fast becoming the possible. All was changing utterly, with a sudden sweep. Religion called—Angels beckoned—God commanded—life rolled together like a scroll—death's gates opening, showed eternity beyond; it seemed, that for safety and bliss there, all here might be sacrificed in a second. The dim room was full of visions.

"Could you decide now?" asked the missionary. The inquiry was put in gentle tones; he drew me to him as gently. Oh, that gentleness! how far more potent is it than force! I could resist St. John's wrath; I grew pliant as a reed under his kindness. Yet I knew all the time, if I yielded now, I should not the less be made to repent, some day, of my former rebellion. His nature was not changed by one hour of solemn prayer: it was only elevated.

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"I could decide if I were but certain," I answered; "were I but convinced that it is God's will I should marry you, I could vow to marry you here and now—come afterward what would!"

"My prayers are heard!" ejaculated St. John. He pressed his hand firmer on my head, as if he claimed me: he surrounded me with his arm, almost as if he loved me (I say almost—I knew the difference—for I had felt what it was to be loved; but, like him, I had now put love out of the question, and thought only of duty): I contended with my inward dimness of vision, before which clouds yet rolled. I sincerely, deeply, fervently longed to do what was right; and only that. "Show me—show me the path!" I entreated of Heaven. I was excited more than I had ever been; and whether what followed was the effect of excitement, the reader shall judge.

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St. John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out; the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick; I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock; but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling; it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned, and forced to wake. They rose expectant; eye and ear waited, while the flesh quivered on my bones.

"What have you heard? What do you see?" asked St. John. I saw nothing; but I heard a voice somewhere cry,

"Jane! Jane! Jane!" nothing more.

"Oh, God! what is it?" I gasped.

I might have said, "Where is it?" for it did not seem in the room—nor in the house—nor in the garden; it did not come out of the air—nor from under the earth—nor from overhead. I had heard it—where or whence, forever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being—a known, loved, well-remembered voice—that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe—wildly, eerily, urgently.

"I am coming!" I cried. "Wait for me! Oh, I will come!" I flew to the door, and looked into the passage; it was dark. I ran out into the garden; it was void.

"Where are you?" I exclaimed.

The hills beyond Marsh-Glen sent the answer faintly back, "Where are you?" I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs; all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush.

"Down superstition!" I commented, as that specter rose up black by the black yew at the gate. "This is not thy deception, nor thy witchcraft; it is the work of nature. She was roused, and did—no miracle—but her best."

I broke from St. John, who had followed, and would have detained me. It was my turn to assume ascendancy. My powers were in play, and in force. I told him to forbear question or remark; I desired him to leave me; I must, and would be alone. He obeyed at once. Where there is energy to command well enough, obedience never fails. I mounted to my chamber; locked myself in; fell on my knees; and prayed in my way—a different way to St. John's



but effective in its own fashion. I seemed to penetrate very near a Mighty Spirit ; and my soul rushed out in gratitude at His feet. I rose from the thanksgiving—took a resolve—and lay down, unscared, enlightened—eager but for the daylight.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE daylight came. I rose at dawn. I busied myself for an hour or two with arranging my things in my chamber, drawers, and wardrobe in the order wherein I should wish to leave them during a brief absence. Meantime, I heard St. John quit his room. He stopped at my door ; I feared he would knock—no, but a slip of paper was passed under the door. I took it up. It bore these words :

"You left me too suddenly last night. Had you stayed but a little longer, you would have laid your hand on the Christian's cross and the angel's crown. I shall expect your clear decision when I return this day fortnight. Meantime, watch and pray that you enter not into temptation : the spirit, I trust, is willing, but the flesh, I see, is weak. I shall pray for you hourly. Yours, St. John."

"My spirit," I answered mentally, "is willing to do what is right ; and my flesh, I hope, is strong enough to accomplish the will of Heaven, when once that will is distinctly known to me. At any rate, it shall be strong enough to search—inquire—to grope an outlet from this cloud of doubt, and find the open day of certainty."

It was the first of June ; yet the morning was overcast and chilly : rain beat fast on my casement. I heard the front door open, and St. John pass out. Looking through the window, I saw him traverse the garden. He took the way over the misty moors in the direction of Whitcross—there he would meet the coach.

"In a few more hours I shall succeed you in that track, cousin," thought I ; "I too have a coach to meet at Whitcross. I too have some to see and ask after in England, before I depart forever."

It wanted yet two hours of breakfast time. I filled the interval in walking softly about my room, and pondering the visitation which had given my plans their present bent. I recalled that inward sensation I had experienced ; for I could recall it, with all its unpeakable strangeness. I recalled the voice I had heard ; again I questioned whence it came, as vainly as before ; it seemed in me—not in the external world. I asked, was it a mere nervous impression—a delusion ? I could not conceive or believe it ; it was more like an inspiration. The wondrous shock of feeling had come like the earthquake which shook the foundations of Paul and Silas's prison ; it had opened the doors of the soul's cell, and loosed its bands—it had wakened it out of its sleep, whence it sprang trembling, listening, aghast ; then vibrated thrice a cry on my startled ear, and in my quaking heart, and through my spirit ; which neither feared nor shook, but exulted as if in joy over the success of one effort it had been privileged to make, independent of the umbrous body

"Ere many days" I said, as I terminated my musings, "I will know something of him whose voice seemed last night to summon me. Letters have proved of no avail—personal inquiry shall replace them."

At breakfast, I announced to Diana and Mary that I was going a journey, and should be absent at least four days.

"Alone, Jane !" they asked.

"Yes ; it was to see, or hear news of, a friend about whom I had for some time been uneasy."

They might have said, as I have no doubt they thought, that they had believed me to be without any friends save them ; for, indeed, I had often said so ; but with their true natural delicacy, they abstained from comment ; except that Diana asked me if I was sure I was well enough to travel. I looked very pale, she observed. I replied that nothing ailed me save anxiety of mind, which I hoped soon to alleviate.

It was easy to make my further arrangements ; for I was troubled with no inquiries—no surmises. Having once explained to them that I could not now be explicit about my plans, they kindly and wisely acquiesced in the silence with which I pursued them ; according to me the privilege of free action I should, under similar circumstances, have accorded them.

I left Moor House at three o'clock, p.m., and, soon after four, I stood at the foot of the signpost at Whitcross, waiting the arrival of the coach which was to take me to distant Thornfield. Amid the silence of those solitary roads and desert hills, I heard it approach from a great distance. It was the same vehicle whence, a year ago, I had alighted one summer evening on this very spot—how desolate, and hopeless, and objectless ! It stopped as I beckoned. I entered—not now obliged to part with my whole fortune as the price of its accommodation. Once more on the road to Thornfield, I felt like the messenger-pigeon flying home.

It was a journey of six-and-thirty hours. I had set out from Whitcross on a Tuesday afternoon, and early on the succeeding Thursday morning the coach stopped to water the horses at a wayside inn, situated in the midst of scenery whose green hedges and large fields, and low, pastoral hills (how mild of feature and verdant of hue compared with the stern north-midland moors of Morton !) met my eye like the lineaments of a once familiar face. Yes, I knew the character of this landscape : I was sure we were near my bourn.

"How far is Thornfield Hall from here ?" I asked of the hostler.

"Just two miles, ma'am, across the fens."

"My journey is closed," I thought to myself. I got out of the coach, gave a box I had into the hostler's charge, to be kept till I called for it ; paid my fare ; satisfied the coachman, and was going : the brightening day gleamed on the sign of the inn, and I read in gilt letters "The Rochester Arms." My heart leaped up ; I was already on my master's very lands. It felt again ; the thought struck it :

"Your master himself may be beyond the British Channel, for aught you know ; and then, if he is at Thornfield Hall toward which you

nasten, who besides him is there? His lunatic wife; and you have nothing to do with him; you dare not speak to him or seek his presence. You have lost your labor—you had better go no farther," urged the monitor. "Ask information of the people at the inn: they can give you all you seek: they can solve your doubts at once. Go up to that man, and inquire if Mr. Rochester be at home."

The suggestion was sensible; and yet I could not force myself to act on it. I so dreaded a reply that would crush me with despair. To prolong doubt was to prolong hope. I might yet once more see the Hall under the ray of her star. There was the stile before me—the very fields through which I had hurried, blind, deaf, distracted, with a revengeful fury tracking and scourging me, on the morning I fled from Thornfield: ere I well knew what course I had resolved to take, I was in the midst of them. How fast I walked! How I ran sometimes! How I looked forward to catch the first view of the well-known woods! With what feelings I welcomed single trees I knew, and familiar glimpses of meadow and hill between them!

At last the woods rose; the rookery clustered dark; a loud cawing broke the morning stillness. Strange delight inspired me: on I hastened. Another field crossed—a lane threaded—and there were the court-yard walls—the back offices; the house itself, the rookery still hid.

"My first view of it shall be in front," I determined, "where its bold battlements will strike the eye nobly at once, and where I can single out my master's very window; perhaps he will be standing at it—he rises early: perhaps he is now walking in the orchard, or on the pavement in front. Could I but see him!—but a moment! Surely, in that case, I should not be so mad as to run to him! I can not tell—I am not certain. And if I did—what then! God bless him! What then? Who would be hurt by my once more tasting the life his glance can give me!—I rave; perhaps at this moment he is watching the sun rise over the Pyrenees, or on the tideless sea of the south."

I had coasted along the lower wall of the orchard—turned its angle; there was a gate just there, opening into the meadow, between two stone pillars, crowned by stone balls. From behind one pillar I could peep round quietly at the full front of the mansion. I advanced my head with precaution, desirous to ascertain if any bedroom window-blinds were yet drawn up: battlements, windows, long front—all from this sheltered station were at my command.

The crows sailing overhead perhaps watched me while I took this survey. I wonder what they thought; they must have considered I was very careful and timid at first, and that gradually I grew very bold and reckless. A peep, and then a long stare; and then a departure from my niche and a straying out into the meadow; and a sudden stop full in front of the great mansion, and a protracted, hardy gaze toward it. "What affectation of diffidence was this at first!" they might have demanded, "What stupid regardlessness now?"

Hear an illustration, reader.

A ? finds his mistress asleep on a mossy

bank; he wishes to catch a glimpse of her fair face without waking her. He steals softly over the grass, careful to make no sound; he pauses—fancying she has stirred: he withdraws; not for worlds would he be seen. All is still—he again advances—he bends above her; a light veil rests on her features; he lifts it, bends lower; now his eyes anticipate the vision of beauty—warm and blooming and lovely in rest. How hurried was their first glance! But how they fix! How he starts! How he suddenly and vehemently clasps in both arms the form he dare not, a moment since, touch with his finger! How he calls aloud a name, and drops his burden, and gazes on it wildly! He thus grasps and cries, and gazes, because he no longer fears to waken by any sound he can utter—by any movement he can make. He thought his love slept sweetly; he finds she is stone-dead.

I looked with timorous joy toward a stately house; I saw a blackened ruin.

No need to cower behind a gate-post, indeed! to peep up at chamber lattices, fearing life was astir behind them! No need to listen for doors opening—to fancy steps on the pavement or the gravel-walk! The lawn, the grounds were trodden and waste; the portal yawned void. The front was, as I had once seen it in a dream, but a shell-like wall, very high and very fragile-looking, perforated with paneless windows; no roof, no battlements, no chimneys—all had crashed in.

And there was the silence of death about it; the solitude of a lonesome wild. No wonder that letters addressed to people here had never received an answer; as well dispatch epistles to a vault in a church-aisle. The grim blackness of the stones told by what fate the Hall had fallen—by conflagration; but how kindled? What story belonged to this disaster? What loss, besides mortar, and marble, and woodwork, had followed upon it? Had life been wrecked, as well as property? If so, whose? Dreadful question; there was no one here to answer it—not even dumb sign, mute token.

In wandering round the shattered walls and through the devastated interior, I gathered evidence that the calamity was not of late occurrence. Winter snows, I thought, had drifted through that void arch, winter rains beaten in at those hollow casements; for, amid the drenched piles of rubbish, spring had cherished vegetation; grass and weed grew here and there between the stones and fallen rafters. And, oh! where, meantime, was the hapless owner of this wreck? In what land? Under what auspices! My eye involuntarily wandered to the gray church tower near the gates, and I asked, "Is he with Damer de Rochester, sharing the shelter of his narrow marble house?"

Some answer must be had to these questions. I could find it nowhere but at the inn; and thither, ere long, I returned. The host himself brought my breakfast into the parlor. I requested him to shut the door and sit down; I had some questions to ask him. But when he complied, I scarcely knew how to begin; such horror had I of the possible answers. And yet the spectacle of desolation I had just left prepared me in a measure for a tale of misery. The host was a respectable-looking middle-aged man

"You know Thornfield Hall, of course?" I managed to say at last.

"Yes, ma'am; I lived there once."

"Did you?" Not in my time, I thought: you are a stranger to me.

"I was the late Mr. Rochester's butler," he added.

The late! I seemed to have received with full force the blow I had been trying to evade.

"The late!" I gasped. "Is he dead?"

"I mean the father of Mr. Edward, the present gentleman," he explained. I breathed again; my blood resumed its flow. Fully assured by these words that Mr. Edward—*my* Mr. Rochester (God bless him, wherever he was!) was at least alive: was, in short, "the present gentleman" (gladdening words!), it seemed I could hear all that was to come—whatever the disclosures might be—with comparative tranquillity. Since he was not in the grave, I could bear, I thought, to learn that he was at the Antipodes.

"Is Mr. Rochester living at Thornfield Hall now?" I asked, knowing, of course, what the answer would be, but yet desirous of deferring the direct question as to where he really was.

"No, ma'am—oh, no! No one is living there. I suppose you are a stranger in these parts, or you would have heard what happened last autumn. Thornfield Hall is quite a ruin; it was burned down just about harvest time. A dreadful calamity! such an immense quantity of valuable property destroyed; hardly any of the furniture could be saved. The fire broke out at dead of night, and before the engines arrived from Millcote, the building was one mass of flame. It was a terrible spectacle; I witnessed it myself."

"At dead of night!" I muttered. Yes, that was ever the hour of fatality at Thornfield. "Was it known how it originated?" I demanded.

"They guessed, ma'am. They guessed. Indeed, I should say it was ascertained beyond a doubt. You are not perhaps aware," he continued, edging his chair a little nearer the table, and speaking low, "that there was lady—a lunatic, kept in the house?"

"I have heard something of it."

"She was kept in very close confinement, ma'am; people even for some years were not absolutely certain of her existence. No one saw her; they only knew by rumor that such a person was at the Hall; and who or what she was it was difficult to conjecture. They said Mr. Edward had brought her from abroad; and some believed she had been his mistress. But a queer thing happened a year since—a very queer thing."

I feared now to hear my own story. I endeavored to recall him to the main fact.

"And this lady?"

"This lady, ma'am," he answered, "turned out to be Mr. Rochester's wife! The discovery was brought about in the strangest way. There was a young lady, a governess at the Hall, that Mr. Rochester fell in—"

"But the fire?" I suggested.

"I'm coming to that, ma'am—that Mr. Edward fell in love with. The servants say they never saw any body so much in love as he was; he was after her continually. They used to watch him—servants will, you know, ma'am—and he set store on her past every thing; for

all, nobody but him thought her so very handsome. She was a little small thing, they say, almost like a child. I never saw her myself; but I've heard Leah, the housemaid, tell of her. Leah liked her well enough. Mr. Rochester was about forty, and this governess not twenty; and, you see, when gentlemen of his age fall in love with girls, they are often like as if they were bewitched: well, he would marry her."

"You shall tell me this part of the story another time," I said; but now I have a particular reason for wishing to hear all about the fire. Was it suspected that this lunatic, Mrs. Rochester, had any hand in it?"

"You've hit it, ma'am: it's quite certain that it was her, and nobody but her, that set it going. She had a woman to take care of her called Mrs. Poole—an able woman in her line, and very trustworthy; but for one fault—a fault common to a deal of them nurses and matrons—*she kept a private bottle of gin by her*, and now and then took a drop overmuch. It's excusable, for she had a hard life of it; but still it was dangerous; for, when Mrs. Poole was fast asleep, after the gin and water, the mad lady, who was as cunning as a witch, would take the keys out of her pocket, let herself out of her chamber, and go roaming about the house, doing any wild mischief that came into her head. They say she had nearly burned her husband in his bed once; but I don't know about that. However, on this night, she sat fire first to the hangings of the room next her own; and then she got down to a lower story, and made her way to the chamber that had been the governess's—(she was like as if she knew somehow how matters had gone on, and had a spite at her)—and she kindled the bed there; but there was nobody sleeping in it, fortunately. The governess had run away two months before; and for all Mr. Rochester sought her as if she had been the most precious thing he had in the world, he could never hear a word of her; and he grew quite savage—quite savage on his disappointment; he never was a wild man, but he got dangerous after he lost her. He would be alone, too. He sent Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, away to her friends at a distance; but he did it handsomely, for he settled an annuity on her for life; and she deserved it—she was a very good woman. Miss Adèle, a ward he had, was put to school. He broke off acquaintance with all the gentry, and shut himself up, like a hermit, at the Hall."

"What! did he not leave England?"

"Leave England! Bless you, no! He would not cross the door-stones of the house; except at night, when he walked just like a ghost about the grounds and in the orchard as if he had lost his senses—which it is my opinion he had; for a more spirited, bolder, keener gentleman than he was before that midge of a governess crossed him, you never saw, ma'am. He was not a man given to wine, or cards, or racing, as some are, and he was not so very handsome; but he had a courage and a will of his own, if ever man had. I knew him from a boy, you see; and for my part I have often wished that Miss Eyre had been sunk in the sea before she came to Thornfield Hall."

"Then Mr. Rochester was at home when the fire broke out?"

"Yes, indeed was he; and he went up to the attics when all was burning above and below, and got the servants out of their beds and helped them down himself—and went back to get his mad wife out of her cell. And then they called out to him that she was on the roof, where she was standing, waving her, arms, above the battlements, and shouting out till they could hear her a mile off; I heard her, and saw her with my own eyes. She was a big woman, and had long, black hair; we could see it streaming against the flames as she stood. I witnessed, and several more witnessed, Mr. Rochester ascend through the skylight on to the roof; we heard him call 'Bertha!' We saw him approach her; and then, ma'am, she yelled, and gave a spring, and the next minute she lay smashed on the pavement."

"Dead?"

"Dead! Ay, dead as the stones on which her brains and blood were scattered."

"Good God!"

"You may well say so, ma'am: it was frightful!"

He shuddered.

"And afterward?" I urged.

"Well, ma'am, afterward the house was burned to the ground; there are only some bits of wall standing now."

"Were any other lives lost?"

"No—perhaps it would have been better if there had."

"What do you mean?"

"Poor Mr. Edward!" he ejaculated, "I little thought ever to have seen it! Some say it was a just judgment on him for keeping his first marriage secret, and wanting to take another wife while he had one living; but I pity him, for my part."

"You said he was alive?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes—he is alive; but many think he had better be dead."

"Why? How?" My blood was again running cold.

"Where is he?" I demanded. "Is he in England?"

"Ay—ay—he is in England; he can't get out of England, I fancy—he's a fixture now."

What agony was this! And the man seemed resolved to protract it!

"He is stone-blind," he said at last. "Yes—he is stone-blind—is Mr. Edward."

I had dreaded worse. I had dreaded he was mad. I summoned strength to ask what had caused this calamity.

"It was all his own courage, and, a body may say, his kindness, in a way, ma'am; he wouldn't leave the house till every one else was out before him. As he came down the great stair-case at last, after Mrs. Rochester had flung herself from the battlements, there was a great crash—all fell. He was taken out from under the ruins, alive, but sadly hurt; a beam had fallen in such a way as to protect him partly; but one eye was knocked out, and one hand so crushed that Mr. Carter, the surgeon, had to amputate it directly. The other eye inflamed; he lost the sight of that also. He is now helpless, indeed—blind and a cripple."

"Where is he? Where does he now live?"

"At Ferndean, a manor-house on a farm he

has, about thirty miles off; quite a desolate spot."

"Who is with him?"

"Old John and his wife; he would have none else. He is quite broken down, they say."

"Have you any sort of conveyance?"

"We have a chaise, ma'am—a very handsome chaise."

"Let it be got ready instantly; and if your post-boy can drive me to Ferndean before dark this day, I'll pay both you and him twice the hire you usually demand."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE manor-house of Ferndean was a building of considerable antiquity, moderate size, and no architectural pretensions, deep buried in a wood. I had heard of it before. Mr. Rochester often spoke of it, and sometimes went there. His father had purchased the estate for the sake of the game covers. He would have let the house, but could find no tenant, in consequence of its ineligible and insalubrious site. Ferndean then remained uninhabited and unfurnished, with the exception of some two or three rooms fitted up for the accommodation of the squire when he went there in the season to shoot.

To this house I came, just ere dark, on an evening marked by the characteristics of sad sky, cold gale, and continued small, penetrating rain. The last mile I performed on foot, having dismissed the chaise and driver with the double remuneration I had promised. Even when within a very short distance of the manor-house, you could see nothing of it; so thick and dark grew the timber of the gloomy wood about it. Iron gates between granite pillars showed me where to enter, and passing through them, I found myself at once in the twilight of close-ranked trees. There was a grass-grown track descending the forest-aisle, between hoar and knotty shafts and under branched arches. I followed it, expecting soon to reach the dwelling; but it stretched on and on, it wound far and farther; no sign of habitation or grounds was visible.

I thought I had taken a wrong direction and lost my way. The darkness of natural as well as of sylvan dusk gathered over me; I looked round in search of another road. There was none; all was interwoven stem, columnar trunk, dense, summer foliage—no opening any where.

I proceeded; at last my way opened, the trees thinned a little; presently I beheld a railing, then the house—scarce, by this dim light, distinguishable from the trees; so dank and green were its decaying walls. Entering a portal, fastened only by a latch, I stood amid a space of inclosed ground, from which the wood swept away in a semicircle. There were no flowers, no garden-beds; only a broad gravel-walk girdling a grass-plot, and this set in the heavy frame of the forest. The house presented two pointed gables in its front; the windows were latticed and narrow; the front-door was narrow too, one step led up to it. The whole looked, as the host of the Roches-

ter Arms had said, "quite a desolate spot." It was as still as a church on a week-day—the pattering rain on the forest leaves was the only sound audible in its vicinage.

"Can there be life here?" I asked.

Yes: life of some kind there was, for I heard a movement—that narrow front-door was unclosing, and some shape was about to issue from the grange.

It opened slowly: a figure came out into the twilight and stood on the step; a man without a hat: he stretched forth his hand as if to feel whether it rained. Dusk as it was, I had recognized him: it was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester, and no other.

I stayed my step, almost my breath, and stood to watch him—to examine him, myself unseen, and, alas! to him invisible. It was a sudden meeting, and one in which rapture was kept well in check by pain. I had no difficulty in restraining my voice from exclamation, my step from hasty advance.

His form was of the same strong and stalwart contour as ever: his port was still erect, his hair was still raven black; nor were his features altered or sunk: not in one year's space, by any sorrow, could his athletic strength be quelled, or his vigorous prime blighted. But in his countenance I saw a change: that looked desperate and brooding—that reminded me of some wronged and fettered wild beast or bird, dangerous to approach in his sullen woe. The caged eagle, whose gold-ringed eyes cruelty has extinguished, might look as looked that sightless Samson.

And, reader, do you think I feared him in his blind ferocity? If you do, you little know me. A soft hope blended with my sorrow that soon I should dare to drop a kiss on that brow of rock, and on those lids so sternly sealed beneath it: but not yet. I would not accost him yet.

He descended the one step, and advanced slowly and gropingly toward the grass-plot. Where was his daring stride now? Then he paused, as if he knew not which way to turn. He lifted his hand and opened his eyelids; gazed blank, and with a straining effort, on the sky, and toward the amphitheater of trees, one saw that all to him was void darkness. He stretched his right hand (the left arm, the mutilated one he kept hidden in his bosom); he seemed to wish, by touch, to gain an idea of what lay round him: he met but vacancy still, for the trees were some yards off where he stood. He relinquished the endeavor, folded his arms, and stood quiet and mute in the rain, now falling fast on his uncovered head. At this moment John approached from some quarter.

"Will you take my arm, sir?" he said; "there is a heavy shower coming on; had you not better go in?"

"Let me alone," was the answer.

John withdrew, without having observed me. Mr. Rochester now tried to walk about, vainly—all was too uncertain. He groped his way back to the house, and, re-entering it, closed the door.

I now drew near and knocked; John's wife opened for me. "Mary," I said, "how are you?"

She started as if she had seen a ghost. I calmed her. To her hurried "Is it really you, miss, come at this late hour to this 'only place?" I answered by taking her hand, and then I followed her into the kitchen, where John now sat by a good fire. I explained to them, in few words, that I had heard all which had happened since I left Thornfield, and that I was come to see Mr. Rochester. I asked John to go down to the turnpike-house, where I had dismissed the chaise, and bring my trunk, which I had left there; and then, while I removed my bonnet and shawl, I questioned Mary as to whether I could be accommodated at the manor-house for the night, and finding that arrangements to that effect, though difficult, would not be impossible, I informed her I should stay. Just at this moment the parlor-bell rung.

"When you go in," said I, "tell your master that a person wishes to speak to him, but do not give my name."

"I don't think he will see you," she answered; "he refuses every body."

When she returned, I inquired what he had said.

"You are to send in your name and your business," she replied. She then proceeded to fill a glass with water, and place it on a tray, together with candles.

"Is that what he rung for?" I asked.

"Yes; he always has candles brought in at dark, though he is blind."

"Give the tray to me; I will carry it in."

I took it from her hand; she pointed me out the parlor door. The tray shook as I held it, the water spilled from the glass, my heart struck my ribs loud and fast. Mary opened the door for me, and shut it behind me.

This parlor looked gloomy; a neglected handful of fire burned low in the grate, and, leaning over it, with his head supported against the high, old-fashioned mantle-piece, appeared the blind tenant of the room. His old dog, Pilot, lay on one side, removed out of the way, and coiled up as if afraid of being inadvertently trodden on. Pilot pricked up his ears when I came in, then he jumped up with a yelp and a whine, and bounded toward me; he almost knocked the tray from my hands. I set it on the table, then patted him, and said softly, "Lie down!" Mr. Rochester turned mechanically to see what the commotion was; but as he saw nothing, he returned and sighed.

"Give me the water, Mary," he said.

I approached him with the now only half-filled glass; Pilot followed me, still excited.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Down, Pilot!" I again said. He checked the water on its way to his lips, and seemed to listen; he drank, and put the glass down. "This is you, Mary, is it not?"

"Mary is in the kitchen," I answered.

He put out his hand with a quick gesture, but not seeing where I stood, he did not touch me. "Who is this? Who is this?" he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to see with those sightless eyes—unavailing and distressing attempt! "Answer me—speak again!" he ordered, imperiously and aloud.

"Will you have a little more water, sir? spilled half of what was in the glass," I said

"Who is it? What is it? Who speaks?"  
 "Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here; I came only this evening," I answered.

"Great God!—what delusion has come over me? What sweet madness has seized me?"

"No delusion—no madness; your mind, sir, is too strong for delusion—your health too sound for frenzy."

"And where is this speaker? Is it only a voice! Oh! I *can* not see, but I must feel, or my heart will stop and my brain burst. Whatever—whoever you are—be perceptible to the touch or I can not live."

He groped: I arrested his wandering hand, and prisoned it in both mine.

"Her very fingers!" he cried; "her small slight fingers! If so, there must be more of her."

The muscular hand broke from my custody; my arm was seized, my shoulder—neck—waist—I was entwined and gathered to him.

"Is it Jane? What is it? This is her shape—this is her size—"

"And this is her voice," I added. "She is all here: her heart, too. God bless you, sir! I am glad to be so near you again."

"Jane Eyre! Jane Eyre!" was all he said.

"My dear master," I answered, "I am Jane Eyre; I have found you out—I am come back to you."

"In truth? in the flesh? My living Jane?"

"You touch me, sir—you hold me, and fast enough; I am not cold like a corpse, nor vacant like air, am I?"

"My living darling! These are certainly her limbs, and these her features: but I can not be so blessed after all my misery. It is a dream; such dreams as I have had at night when I have clasped her once more to my heart, as I do now; and kissed her, as thus—and felt that she loved me, and trusted she would not leave me."

"Which I never will, sir, from this day."

"Never will, says the vision! But I always woke and found it an empty mockery; and I was desolate and abandoned—my life, dark, lonely, hopeless—my soul athirst and forbidden to drink—my heart famished and never to be fed. Gentle, soft dream, nestling in my arms now, you will fly, too; as your sisters have all fled before you; but kiss me before you go—embrace me, Jane."

"There, sir—and there!"

I pressed my lips to his once brilliant and now rayless eyes—I swept his hair from his brow, and kissed that too. He suddenly seemed to rouse himself; the conviction of the reality of all this seized him.

"It is you—is it Jane? You are come back to me then?"

"I am."

"And you do not lie dead in some ditch, under some stream? And you are not a pining outcast among strangers?"

"No, sir; I am an independent woman now."

"Independent! What do you mean, Jane?"

"My uncle in Madeira is dead, and he left me five thousand pounds."

"Ah, this is practical—this is real!" he cried: "I should never dream that. Besides, there is that peculiar voice of hers, so anima-

ting and piquant, as well as soft; it cheers my withered heart; it puts life into it. What, Janet! Are you an independent woman? A rich woman?"

"Quite rich, sir. If you wont let me live with you, I can build a house of my own, close up to your door, and you may come and sit in my parlor when you want company of an evening."

"But as you are rich, Jane, you have now, no doubt, friends who will look after you, and not suffer you to devote yourself to a blind lameter like me?"

"I told you I am independent, sir, as well as rich; I am my own mistress."

"And you will stay with me?"

"Certainly—unless you object. I will be your neighbor, your nurse, your housekeeper. I find you lonely; I will be your companion—to read to you, to walk with you, to sit with you, to wait on you, to be eyes and hands to you. Cease to look so melancholy, my dear master; you shall not be left desolate, so long as I live."

He replied not; he seemed serious—abstracted: he sighed; he half-opened his lips as if to speak; he closed them again. I felt a little embarrassed. Perhaps I had been too officious in my offers of companionship and aid: perhaps I had too rashly overleaped conventionalities, and he, like St. John, saw impropriety in my inconsiderateness. I had indeed made my proposal from the idea that he wished and would ask me to be his wife: an expectation, not the less certain because unexpressed, had buoyed me up, that he would claim me at once as his own. But no hint to that effect escaping him, and his countenance becoming more overcast, I suddenly remembered that I might have been all wrong, and was perhaps playing the fool unwittingly; and I began gently to withdraw myself from his arms—but he eagerly snatched me closer.

"No—no—Jane; you must not go. No—I have touched you, heard you, felt the comfort of your presence—the sweetness of your consolation; I can not give up these joys. I have little left in myself—I must have you. The world may laugh—may call me absurd, selfish—but it does not signify. My very soul demands you; it will be satisfied; or it will take deadly vengeance on its frame."

"Well, sir, I will stay with you; I have said so."

"Yes—but you understand one thing by staying with me, and I understand another. You, perhaps, could make up your mind to be about my hand and chair—to wait on me as a kind little nurse (for you have an affectionate heart and a generous spirit, which prompt you to make sacrifices for those you pity), and that ought to suffice for me no doubt. I suppose I should now entertain none but fatherly feelings for you; do you think so? Come—tell me."

"I will think what you like, sir; I am content to be only your nurse, if you think it better."

"But you can not always be my nurse, Janet: you are young and must marry one day."

"I don't care about being married."

"You should care, Janet; if I were what I

once was, I would try to make you care—but—a sightless block!”

He relapsed again into gloom. I, on the contrary, became more cheerful and took fresh courage: these last words gave me an insight as to where the difficulty lay; and as it was no difficulty with me, I felt quite relieved from my previous embarrassment. I resumed a livelier vein of conversation.

“It is time some one undertook to rehumanize you,” said I, parting his thick and long-uncut locks; for I see you are being metamorphosed into a lion, or something of that sort. You have a ‘faux air’ of Nebuchadnezzar in the fields about you, that is certain; your hair reminds me of eagle’s feathers; whether your nails are grown like bird’s claws or not, I have not yet noticed.”

“On this arm, I have neither hand nor nails; he said, drawing the mutilated limb from his breast, and showing it to me. “It is a mere stump—a ghastly sight! Don’t you think so, Jane?”

“It is a pity to see it; and a pity to see your eyes—and the scar of fire on your forehead: and the worst of it is, one is in danger of loving you too well for all this, and making too much of you.”

“I thought you would be revolted, Jane, when you saw my arm and my cicatrized visage.”

“Did you? Don’t tell me so—lest I should say something disparaging to your judgment. Now, let me leave you an instant, to make a better fire and have the hearth swept up. Can you tell when there is a good fire?”

“Yes; with the right eye I see a glow, a ruddy haze.”

“And you see the candles?”

“Very dimly; each is a luminous cloud.”

“Can you see me?”

“No, my fairy; but I am only too thankful to hear and feel you.”

“When do you take supper?”

“I never take supper.”

“But you shall have some to-night. I am hungry: so are you, I dare say, only you forget.”

Summoning Mary, I soon had the room in more cheerful order; I prepared him likewise a comfortable repast. My spirits were excited, and with pleasure and ease I talked to him during supper, and for a long time after. There was no harassing restraint, no repressing of glee and vivacity with him; for with him I was at perfect ease, because I knew I suited him; all I said or did seemed either to console or revive him. Delightful consciousness! It brought to life and light my whole nature; in his presence I thoroughly lived, and he lived in mine. Blind as he was, smiles played over his face, joy dawned on his forehead; his lineaments softened and warmed.

After supper, he began to ask me many questions, of where I had been, what I had been doing, how I had found him out; but I gave him only very partial replies; it was too late to enter into particulars that night. Besides, I wished to touch no deep-thrilling chord, to open no fresh well of emotion in his heart; my sole present aim was to cheer him. Cheered, as I have said, he was, and yet but by fits. If

a moment’s silence broke the conversation he would turn restless, touch me, then say, “Jane.”

“You are altogether a human being, Jane! You are certain of that?”

“I conscientiously believe so, Mr. Rochester.”

“Yet how, on this dark and doleful evening, could you so suddenly rise on my lone hearth! I stretched my hand to take a glass of water from a hireling, and it was given me by you; I asked a question, expecting John’s wife to answer me, and your voice spoke at my ear.”

“Because I had come in, in Mary’s stead, with the tray.”

“And there is enchantment in the very hour I am now spending with you. Who can tell what a dark, dreary, hopeless life I have dragged on for months past! Doing nothing, expecting nothing; merging night in day; feeling but the sensation of cold when I let the fire go out, of hunger when I forgot to eat; and then a ceaseless sorrow, and, at times, a very delirium of desire to behold my Jane again. Yes, for her restoration I longed, far more than for that of my lost sight. How can it be, that Jane is with me and says she loves me? Will she not depart as suddenly as she came? Tomorrow, I fear, I shall find her no more.”

A common-place, practical reply, out of the train of his own disturbed ideas, was, I was sure, the best and most reassuring for him in this frame of mind. I passed my finger over his eyebrows, and remarked that they were scorched, and that I would apply something which should make them grow as broad and black as ever.

“Where is the use of doing me good in any way, beneficent spirit, when, at some fatal moment, you will again desert me, passing like a shadow, whither and how, to me unknown, and for me, remaining afterward undiscoverable?”

“Have you a pocket-comb about you, sir?”

“What for, Jane?”

“Just to comb out this shaggy black mane I find you rather alarming, when I examine you close at hand; you talk of my being a fairy; but, I am sure, you are more like a brownie.”

“Am I hideous, Jane?”

“Very, sir; you always were, you know.”

“Humph! The wickedness has not been taken out of you, wherever you have sojourned.”

“Yet I have been with good people; far better than you, a hundred times better; people possessed of ideas and views you never entertained in your life; quite more refined and exalted.”

“Who the deuce have you been with?”

“If you twist in that way, you will make me pull the hair out of your head; and then I think you will cease to entertain doubts of my substantiality.”

“Who have you been with, Jane?”

“You shall not get it out of me to-night, sir, you must wait till to-morrow; to leave my tale half told, will, you know, be a sort of security that I shall appear at your breakfast-table to finish it. By the by, I must mind not to rise on your hearth with only a glass of water

then ; I must bring an egg at the least, to say nothing of fried ham."

"You mocking changeling, fairy-born and numan-bred ! You make me feel as I have not felt these twelve months. If Saul could have had you for his David, the evil spirit would have been exorcised without the aid of the harp."

"There, sir, you are redd up and made decent. Now I'll leave you ; I have been traveling these last three days, and I believe I am tired. Good-night !"

"Just one word, Jane ; were there only ladies in the house where you have been ?"

I laughed and made my escape, still laughing as I ran up stairs. "A good idea !" I thought, with glee. "I see I have the means of fretting him out of his melancholy for some time to come."

Very early the next morning, I heard him up and astir, wandering from one room to another. As soon as Mary came down, I heard the question, "Is Miss Eyre here ?" Then, "Which room did you put her into ? Was it dry ? Is she up ? Go and ask if she wants any thing ; and when she will come down."

I came down as soon as I thought there was a prospect of breakfast. Entering the room very softly, I had a view of him before he discovered my presence. It was mournful, indeed, to witness the subjugation of that vigorous spirit to a corporeal infirmity. He sat in his chair, still, but not at rest ; expectant evidently ; the lines of now habitual sadness marking his strong features. His countenance reminded one of a lamp quenched, waiting to be relighted, and alas ! it was not himself that could now kindle the luster of animated expression ; he was dependent on another for that office ! I had meant to be gay and careless, but the powerlessness of the strong man touched my heart to the quick ; still I accosted him with what vivacity I could.

"It is a bright, sunny morning, sir," I said.

"The rain is over and gone, and there is a tender shining after it ; you shall have a walk soon."

I had awakened the glow ; his features beamed.

"Oh, you are indeed there, my sky-lark ! Come to me. You are not gone ; not vanished ? I heard one of your kind an hour ago, singing high over the wood ; but its song had no music for me, any more than the rising sun had rays. All the melody on earth is concentrated in my Jane's tongue to my ear (I am glad it is not naturally a silent one) ; all the sunshine I can feel is in her presence."

The water stood in my eyes to hear this avowal of his dependence : just as if a royal eagle, chained to a perch, should be forced to entreat a sparrow to become its purveyor. But I would not be lachrymose ; I dashed off the salt drops, and busied myself with preparing breakfast.

Most of the morning was spent in the open air. I led him out of the wet and wild wood, into some cheerful fields ; I described to him how brilliantly green they were ; how the flowers and hedges looked refreshed ; how sparklingly blue was the sky. I sought a seat for him in a hidden and lovely spot—a dry stump of a tree ; nor did I refuse to let him, when

seated, place me on his knee ; why should I, when both he and I were happier near than apart ? Pilot lay beside us : all was quiet. He broke out suddenly while clasping me in his arms—

"Cruel, cruel deserter ! Oh, Jane, what did I feel when I discovered you had fled from Thornfield, and when I could nowhere find you ; and, after examining your apartment, ascertained that you had taken no money, nor any thing which could serve as an equivalent ? A pearl necklace I had given you lay untouched in its little casket ; your trunks were left corded and locked as they had been prepared for the bridal tour. What could my darling do, I asked, left destitute and penniless ? And what did she do ? Let me hear now."

Thus urged, I began the narrative of my experience for the last year. I softened considerably what related to the three days of wandering and starvation, because to have told him all would have been to inflict unnecessary pain ; the little I did say lacerated his faithful heart deeper than I wished.

I should not have left him thus, he said, without any means of making my way ; I should have told him my intention. I should have confided in him ; he would never have forced me to be his mistress. Violent as he had seemed in his despair, he, in truth, loved me far too well and too tenderly to constitute himself my tyrant ; he would have given me half his fortune, without demanding so much as a kiss in return, rather than I should have flung myself friendless on the wide world. I had endured, he was certain, more than I had confessed to him.

"Well, whatever my sufferings had been they were very short," I answered ; and then I proceeded to tell him how I had been received at Moor House, how I had obtained the office of schoolmistress, &c. The accession of fortune, the discovery of my relations, followed in due order. Of course, St. John Rivers's name came in frequently in the progress of my tale. When I had done, that name was immediately taken up.

"This St. John, then, is your cousin ?"

"Yes."

"You have spoken of him often ; did you like him ?"

"He was a very good man, sir ; I could not help liking him."

"A good man ? Does that mean a respectable, well-conducted man of fifty ? Or what does it mean ?"

"St. John was only twenty-nine, sir."

"*Jeune encore*," as the French say. "Is he a person of low stature, phlegmatic, and plain ? A person whose goodness consists rather in his guiltlessness of vice, than in his prowess in virtue ?"

"He is untiringly active. Great and exalted deeds are what he lives to perform."

"But his brain ? That is probably rather soft ? He means well ; but you shrug your shoulders to hear him talk ?"

"He talks little, sir ; what he does say is ever to the point. His brain is first rate, I should think ; not impressible, but vigorous"

"Is he an able man, then ?"

"Truly able"



"A thoroughly educated man?"

"St. John is an accomplished and profound scholar."

"His manners, I think, you said are not to your taste? priggish and parsonic?"

"I never mentioned his manners; but, unless I had a very bad taste, they must suit it; they are polished, calm, and gentlemanlike."

"His appearance—I forget what description you gave of his appearance; a sort of raw curate, half strangled with his white neckcloth, and stilted up on his thick-soled high-lows, eh?"

"St. John dresses well. He is a handsome man: tall, fair, with blue eyes, and a Grecian profile."

(*Aside.*) "Damn him!" (*To me.*) "Did you like him, Jane?"

"Yes, Mr. Rochester, I liked him: but you asked me that before."

I perceived, of course, the drift of my interlocutor. Jealousy had got hold of him; she stung him; but the sting was salutary; it gave him respite from the gnawing fang of melancholy. I would not, therefore, immediately charm the snake.

"Perhaps you would rather not sit any longer on my knee, Miss Eyre?" was the next somewhat unexpected observation.

"Why not, Mr. Rochester?"

"The picture you have just drawn is suggestive of a rather too overwhelming contrast. Your words have delineated very prettily a graceful Apollo; he is present to your imagination—tall, fair, blue-eyed, and with a Grecian profile. Your eyes dwell on a Vulcan—a real blacksmith, brown, broad-shouldered; and blind and lame in the bargain."

"I never thought of it before; but you certainly are rather like Vulcan, sir."

"Well—you can leave me, ma'am; but before you go (and he retained me by a firmer grasp than ever), you will be pleased just to answer me a question or two." He paused.

"What questions, Mr. Rochester?"

Then followed this cross-examination:—

"St. John made you schoolmistress of Morton before he knew you were his cousin?"

"Yes."

"You would often see him? He would visit the school sometimes?"

"Daily."

"He would approve of your plans, Jane? I know they would be clever; for you are a talented creature?"

"He approved of them—yes."

"He would discover many things in you he could not have expected to find? Some of your accomplishments are not ordinary."

"I don't know about that."

"You had a little cottage near the school, you say; did he ever come there to see you?"

"Now and then."

"Of an evening?"

"Once or twice."

A pause.

"How long did you reside with him and his sisters after the cousinship was discovered?"

"Five months."

"Did Rivers spend much time with the ladies of his family?"

"Yes; the back parlor was both his study

and ours; he sat near the window, and we by the table."

"Did he study much?"

"A good deal."

"What?"

"Hindustanee."

"And what did you do meantime?"

"I learned German, at first."

"Did he teach you?"

"He did not understand German."

"Did he teach you nothing?"

"A little Hindustanee."

"Rivers taught you Hindustanee?"

"Yes, sir."

"And his sisters also?"

"No."

"Only you?"

"Only me."

"Did you ask to learn?"

"No."

"He wished to teach you?"

"Yes."

A second pause.

"Why did he wish it? Of what use could Hindustanee be to you?"

"He intended me to go with him to India."

"Ah! here I reach the root of the matter."

He wanted you to marry him?"

"He asked me to marry him."

"That is a fiction—an impudent invention to vex me."

"I beg your pardon, it is the literal truth; he asked me more than once, and was as stiff about urging his point as ever you could be."

"Miss Eyre, I repeat it, you can leave me. How often am I to say the same thing? Why do you remain pertinaciously perched on my knee, when I have given you notice to quit?"

"Because I am comfortable there."

"No, Jane, you are not comfortable there; because your heart is not with me; it is with this cousin—this St. John. Oh, till this moment, I thought my little Jane was all mine! I had a belief she loved me even when she left me; that was an atom of sweet in much bitter. Long as we have been parted, hot tears as I have wept over our separation, I never thought that while I was mourning her, she was loving another! But it is useless grieving. Jane, leave me; go and marry Rivers."

"Shake me off, then, sir—push me away, for I'll not leave you of my own accord."

"Jane, I ever like your tone of voice; it still renews hope, it sounds so truthful. When I hear it, it carries me back a year. I forgot that you have formed a new tie. But I am not a fool—go—"

"Where must I go, sir?"

"Your own way—with the husband you have chosen."

"Who is that?"

"You know—this St. John Rivers."

"He is not my husband, nor ever will be. He does not love me; I do not love him. He loves (as he *can* love, and that is not as you love) a beautiful young lady called Rosamond. He wanted to marry me only because he thought I should make a suitable missionary's wife, which she would not have done. He is good and great, but severe; and, for me, cold as an iceberg. He is not like you, sir; I am not happy at his side, nor near him, nor with him. He

has no indulgence for me—no fondness. He sees nothing attractive in me; not even youth—only a few useful mental points. Then, must I leave you, sir, to go to him?"

I shuddered involuntarily, and clung instinctively closer to my blind, but beloved master. He smiled.

"What, Jane! Is this true? Is such really the state of matters between you and Rivers?"

"Absolutely, sir. Oh, you need not be jealous! I wanted to tease you a little to make you less sad; I thought anger would be better than grief. But if you wish me to love you, could you but see how much I *do* love you, you would be proud and content. All my heart is yours, sir; it belongs to you; and with you it would remain, were fate to exile the rest of me from your presence forever."

Again, as he kissed me, painful thoughts darkened his aspect.

"My seared vision! My crippled strength!" he murmured regretfully.

I caressed in order to soothe him. I knew of what he was thinking, and wanted to speak for him, but dared not. As he turned aside his face a minute, I saw a tear slide from under the sealed eyelid, and trickle down the manly cheek. My heart swelled.

"I am no better than the old, lightning-struck chestnut-tree in Thornfield orchard," he remarked, ere long. "And what right would that ruin have to bid a budding woodbine cover its decay with freshness?"

"You are no ruin, sir—no lightning-struck tree; you are green and vigorous. Plants will grow about your roots, whether you ask them or not, because they take delight in your bountiful shadow; and as they grow they will lean toward you, and wind round you, because your strength offers them so safe a prop."

Again he smiled; I gave him comfort.

"You speak of friends, Jane?" he asked.

"Yes; of friends," I answered, rather hesitatingly; for I knew I meant more than friends, but could not tell what other word to employ. He helped me.

"Ah! Jane. But I want a wife."

"Do you, sir?"

"Yes; is it news to you?"

"Of course; you said nothing about it before."

"Is it unwelcome news?"

"That depends on circumstances, sir—on your choice."

"Which you shall make for me, Jane. I will abide by your decision."

"Choose then, sir—*her who loves you best.*"

"I will at least choose—*her I love best.* Jane, will you marry me?"

"Yes, sir."

"A poor blind man, whom you will have to lead about by the hand?"

"Yes, sir."

"A crippled man, twenty years older than you, whom you will have to wait on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Truly, Jane?"

"Most truly, sir."

"Oh! my darling! God bless you and reward you!"

"Mr. Rochester, if ever I did a good deed in my life—if ever I thought a good thought—if

ever I prayed a sincere and blameless prayer—if ever I wished a righteous wish, I am rewarded now. To be your wife is, for me, to be as happy as I can be on earth."

"Because you delight in sacrifice."

"Sacrifice! What do I sacrifice? Famine for food, expectation for content. To be privileged to put my arms round what I value—to press my lips to what I love—to repose on what I trust; is that to make a sacrifice? If so, then certainly I delight in sacrifice."

"And to bear with my infirmities, Jane; to overlook my deficiencies."

"Which are none sir, to me. I love you better now, when I can really be useful to you, than I did in your state of proud independence, when you disdained every part but that of the giver and protector."

"Hitherto I have hated to be helped—to be led; henceforth, I feel, I shall hate it no more. I did not like to put my hand into a hireling's, but it is pleasant to feel it circled by Jane's little fingers. I preferred utter loneliness to the constant attendance of servants; but Jane's soft ministry will be a perpetual joy. Jane suits me; do I suit her?"

"To the finest fiber of my nature, sir."

"The case being so, we have nothing in the world to wait for; we must be married instantly."

He looked and spoke with eagerness; his old impetuosity was rising.

"We must become one flesh without any delay, Jane; there is but the license to get—then we marry—"

"Mr. Rochester, I have just discovered the sun is far declined from its meridian, and Pilot is actually gone home to his dinner. Let me look at your watch."

"Fasten it into your girdle, Janet, and keep it henceforward; I have no use for it."

"It is nearly four o'clock in the afternoon sir. Don't you feel hungry?"

"The third day from this must be our wedding-day, Jane. Never mind find clothes and jewels, now; all that is not worth a filip."

"The sun has dried up all the rain-drops, sir. The breeze is still; it is quite hot."

"Do you know, Jane, I have your little pearl necklace at this moment fastened round my bronze scrag under my cravat? I have worn it since the day I lost my only treasure; as a memento of her."

"We will go home through the wood; that will be the shadiest way."

He pursued his own thoughts without heeding me.

"Jane! you think me, I dare say, an irreligious dog; but my heart swells with gratitude to the beneficent God of this earth just now. He sees not as man sees, but far clearer; judges not as man judges, but far more wisely. I did not wrong; I would have sullied my innocent flower—breathed guilt on its purity; the Omnipotent snatched it from me. I, in my stiff-necked rebellion, almost cursed the dispensation; instead of bending to the decree, I defied it. Divine justice pursued its course; disasters came thick upon me; I was forced to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. His chastisements are mighty; and one smote me which has humbled me forever. You

know I was proud of my strength; but what is it now, when I must give it over to foreign guidance, as a child does its weakness? Of late, Jane—only of late—I began to see and acknowledge the hand of God in my doom. I began to experience remorse, repentance; the wish for reconciliation to my Maker. I began sometimes to pray; very brief prayers they were, but very sincere.

"Some days since—nay, I can number them, four; it was last Monday night, a singular mood came over me; one in which grief replaced frenzy; sorrow, sullenness. I had long had the impression that since I could nowhere find you, you must be dead. Late that night, perhaps it might be between eleven and twelve o'clock, ere I retired to my dreary rest, I supplicated God, that, if it seemed good to Him, I might soon be taken from this life, and admitted to that world to come, where there was still hope of rejoining Jane.

"I was in my own room, and sitting by the window, which was open; it soothed me to feel the balmy night air, though I could see no stars, and only by a vague, luminous haze, knew the presence of a moon. I longed for thee, Janet! Oh, I longed for thee both with soul and flesh! I asked of God, at once in anguish and humility, if I had not been long enough desolate, afflicted, tormented, and might not soon taste bliss and peace once more. That I merited all I endured, I acknowledged; that I could scarcely endure more, I pleaded; and the alpha and omega of my heart's wishes broke involuntarily from my lips, in the words, "Jane! Jane! Jane!"

"Did you speak these words aloud?"

"I did, Jane. If any listener had heard me he would have thought me mad, I pronounced them with such frantic energy."

"And it was last Monday night; somewhere near midnight?"

"Yes; but the time is of no consequence; what followed is the strange point. You will think me superstitious—some superstition I have in my blood, and always had; nevertheless, this is true—true, at least, it is that I heard what I now relate

"As I exclaimed 'Jane! Jane! Jane!' a voice—I can not tell whence the voice came, but I know whose voice it was—replied, 'I am coming; wait for me!' and a moment after, went whispering on the wind, the words, 'Where are you?'

"I'll tell you, if I can, the idea, the picture these words opened to my mind: yet it is difficult to express what I want to express. Ferndean is buried, as you see, in a heavy wood, where sound falls dull, and lies unreverberating. 'Where are you?' seemed spoken among mountains, for I heard a hill-sent echo repeat the words. Cooler and fresher at the moment the gale seemed to visit my brow; I could have deemed that in some wild, lone scene, I and Jane were meeting. In spirit, I believe, we must have met. You, no doubt, were, at that hour, in unconscious sleep, Jane; perhaps your soul wandered from its cell to comfort mine; for those were your accents—as certain as I live—they were yours!"

Reader, it was on Monday night, near midnight, that I, too, had received the mysterious

summons; those were the very words by which I had replied to it. I listened to Mr. Rochester's narrative, but made no disclosure in return. The coincidence struck me as too awful and inexplicable to be communicated or discussed. If I told any thing, my tale would be such as must necessarily make a profound impression on the mind of my hearer; and that mind, yet from its sufferings too prone to gloom, needed not the deeper shade of the supernatural. I kept these things, then, and pondered them in my heart.

"You can not now wonder," continued my master, "that when you rose upon me so unexpectedly last night, I had difficulty in believing you any other than a mere voice and vision; something that would melt to silence and annihilation, as the midnight whisper and mountain echo had melted before. Now, I thank God! I know it to be otherwise. Yes, I thank God!"

He put me off his knee, rose, and reverently lifting his hat from his brow, and bending his sightless eyes to the earth, he stood in mute devotion. Only the last words of the worship were audible.

"I thank my Maker, that in the midst of judgment he has remembered mercy. I humbly entreat my Redeemer to give me strength to lead henceforth a purer life than I have done hitherto!"

Then he stretched his hand out to be led. I took that dear hand, held it a moment to my lips, then let it pass round my shoulder; being so much lower of stature than he, I served both for his prop and guide. We entered the wood, and wended homeward

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

READER, I married him. A quiet wedding we had; he and I, the parson and clerk, were alone present. When we got back from church, I went into the kitchen of the manor-house, where Mary was cooking the dinner, and John cleaning the knives, and I said:

"Mary, I have been married to Mr. Rochester this morning." The housekeeper and her husband were both of that decent phlegmatic order of people, to whom one may at any time safely communicate a remarkable piece of news without incurring the danger of having one's ears pierced by some shrill ejaculation, and subsequently stunned by a torrent of wordy wonderment. Mary did look up, and she did stare at me; the ladle with which she was basting a pair of chickens roasting at the fire, did for some three minutes hang suspended in air; and for the same space of time John's knives also had rest from the polishing process; but Mary, bending again over the roast, said only,

"Have you, miss! Well, for sure!"

A short time after she pursued: "I seed you go out with the master, but I didn't know you were gone to church to be wed;" and she basted away. John, when I turned to him, was grinning from ear to ear.

"I telled Mary how it would be," he sa

"I knew what Mr. Edward" (John was an old servant, and had known his master when he was the cadet of the house, therefore he often gave him his Christian name);—"I knew what Mr. Edward would do, and I was certain he would not wait long neither; and he's done right, for aught I know. I wish you joy, miss!" and he politely pulled his fore lock.

"Thank you, John. Mr. Rochester told me to give you and Mary this." I put into his hand a five-pound note. Without waiting to hear more, I left the kitchen. In passing the door of that sanctum some time after, I caught the words,

"She'll happen do better for him nor ony o' t' grand ladies." And again, "If she be n't one o' th' handsomest, she's noan faal and varry good-natured; and i' his een she's fair beautiful, ony body may see that."

I wrote to Moor House and to Cambridge immediately, to say what I had done; fully explaining also why I had thus acted. Diana and Mary approved the step unreservedly. Diana announced that she would just give me time to get over the honey-moon, and then she would come and see me.

"She had better not wait till then, Jane," said Mr. Rochester, when I read her letter to him; "if she does, she will be too late, for our honey-moon will shine our life-long; its beams will only fade over your grave or mine."

How St. John received the news I don't know; he never answered the letter in which I communicated it; yet six months after, he wrote to me, without, however, mentioning Mr. Rochester's name, or alluding to my marriage. His letter was then calm; and, though very serious, kind. He has maintained a regular, though not frequent correspondence ever since; he hopes I am happy, and trusts I am not of those who live without God in the world, and only mind earthly things.

You have not quite forgotten little Adèle, have you, reader? I had not; I soon asked and obtained leave of Mr. Rochester to go and see her at the school where he had placed her. Her frantic joy at beholding me again moved me much. She looked pale and thin; she said she was not happy. I found the rules of the establishment were too strict, its course of study too severe, for a child of her age; I took her home with me. I meant to become her governess once more; but I soon found this impracticable; my time and cares were now required by another—my husband needed them all. So I sought out a school conducted on a more indulgent system; and near enough to permit of my visiting her often, and bringing her home sometimes. I took care she should never want for any thing that could contribute to her comfort; she soon settled in her new abode, became very happy there, and made fair progress in her studies. As she grew up, a sound, English education corrected in a great measure her French defects; and when she left school, I found in her a pleasing and obliging companion: docile, good-tempered and well-principled. By her grateful attention to me and mine, she has long since well repaid any little kindness I ever had it in my power to offer her.

My tale draws to its close: one word re-

specting my experience of married life, and one brief glance at the fortunes of those whose names have most frequently recurred in this narrative, and I have done.

I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blessed—blessed beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am; ever more absolutely bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward's society; he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day long: to talk to each other is but a more animated and an audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him; all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character; perfect concord is the result.

Mr. Rochester continued blind the first two years of our union: perhaps it was that circumstance that drew us so very near—that knit us so very close; for I was then his vision, as I am still his right hand. Literally, I was (what he often called me) the apple of his eye. He saw nature—he saw books through me—and never did I weary of gazing for his behalf, and of putting into words the effect of field, tree, town, river, cloud, sunbeam—of the landscape before us; of the weather around us—and impressing by sound on his ear what light could no longer stamp on his eye. Never did I weary of reading to him; never did I weary conducting him where he wished to go; of doing for him what he wished to be done. And there was a pleasure in my services, most full, most exquisite, even though sad—because he claimed these services without painful shame or dampening humiliation. He loved me so truly, that he knew no reluctance in profiting by my attendance; he felt I loved him so fondly, that to yield that attendance was to indulge my sweetest wishes.

One morning at the end of the two years, as I was writing a letter to his dictation, he came and bent over me, and said, "Jane, have you a glittering ornament round your neck?"

I had a gold watch-chain: I answered, "Yes."

"And have you a pale blue dress on?"

I had. He informed me then, that for some time he had fancied the obscurity clouding one eye was becoming less dense; and that now he was sure of it.

He and I went up to London. He had the advice of an eminent oculist; and he eventually recovered the sight of that one eye. He can not see very distinctly; he can not read or write much: but he can find his way without being led by the hand; the sky is no longer a blank to him—the earth no longer a void. When his first-born was put into his arms, he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes, as they once were—large, brilliant, and black. On that occasion, he again, with a full heart, acknowledged that God had tempered judgment with mercy.

My Edward and I, then, are happy : and the more so, because those we most love are happy likewise. Diana and Mary Rivers are both married : alternately, once every year, they come to see us, and we go to see them. Diana's husband is a captain in the navy ; a gallant officer, and a good man. Mary's is a clergyman ; a college friend of her brother's ; and, from his attainments and principles, worthy of the connection. Both Captain Fitz-james and Mr. Wharton love their wives, and are loved by them.

As to St. John Rivers, he left England : he went to India. He entered on the path he had marked for himself ; he pursues it still. A more resolute, indefatigable pioneer never wrought amid rocks and dangers. Firm, faithful, and devoted ; full of energy and zeal, and truth, he labors for his race ; he clears their painful way to improvement ; he hews down like a giant the prejudices of creed and caste that encumber it. He may be stern ; he may be exacting ; he may be ambitious yet ; but his is the sternness of the warrior. Great-heart, who guards his pilgrim-convoy from the onslaught of Apollyon. His is the exaction of the apostle who speaks but for Christ, when he says—" Whosoever will come after me, let

him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." His is the ambition of the high master-spirit, which aims to fill a place in the first rank of those who are redeemed from the earth—who stand without fault before the throne of God ; who share the last mighty victories of the lamb ; who are called, and chosen, and faithful.

St. John is unmarried : he never will marry now. Himself has hitherto sufficed to the toil ; and the toil draws near its close ; his glorious sun hastens to its setting. The last letter I received from him drew from my eyes human tears, and yet filled my heart with divine joy ; he anticipated his sure reward, his incorruptible crown. I know that a stranger's hand will write to me next, to say that the good and faithful servant has been called at length into the joy of his Lord. And why weep for this ? No fear of death will darken St. John's last hour : his mind will be unclouded ; his heart will be undaunted ; his hope will be sure ; his faith steadfast. His own words are a pledge of this :

" My Master," he says, " has forewarned me. Daily he announces more distinctly—' Surely I come quickly : ' and hourly I more eagerly respond—' Amen ; even so come, Lord Jesus ! "

THE END

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## ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

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*In Two Parts.—Part One.*

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"Language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future, conquests."—COLERIDGE.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!"—SHAKESPEARE.

### INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

1. THERE are few who would not readily acknowledge that mainly in worthy books are preserved and hoarded the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which the world has accumulated ; and that chiefly by aid of these they are handed down from one generation to another. I shall urge on you in these lectures something different from this ; namely, that not in books only, which all acknowledge, nor yet in connected oral discourse, but often also in words contemplated singly, there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination, laid up—that from these, lessons of infinite worth may be derived, if only our attention is roused to their existence. I shall urge on you (though with teaching such as you enjoy, the subject will not be new), how well it will repay you to study the words which you are in the habit of using or of meeting, be they such as relate to highest spiritual things, or our common words of the shop and

the market, and of all the familiar intercourse of life. It will indeed repay you far better than you can easily believe. I am sure, at least, that for many a young man his first discovery of the fact that words are living powers, are the vesture, yea, even the body, which thoughts weave for themselves, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquiring of another sense, or the introduction into a new world ; he is never able to cease wondering at the moral marvels that surround him on every side, and ever reveal themselves more and more to his gaze.

2. We indeed hear it not seldom said that ignorance is the mother of admiration. No falser word was ever spoken, and hardly a more mischievous one ; implying, as it does, that this healthiest exercise of the mind rests, for the most part, on a deceit and a delusion, and that with better knowledge it would cease ; while, in truth, for once that ignorance leads us to admire that which with fuller insight we should perceive to be a common thing.



and one therefore demanding no such tribute from us, a hundred, nay, a thousand times, it prevents us from admiring that which is admirable indeed. And this is so, whether we are moving in the region of nature, which is the region of God's wonders, or in the region of art, which is the region of man's wonders; and nowhere truer than in this sphere and region of language, which is about to claim us now. Oftentimes here we walk up and down in the midst of intellectual and moral marvels with a vacant eye and a careless mind, even as some traveller passes unmoved over fields of fame, or through cities of ancient renown—unmoved, because utterly unconscious of the lofty deeds which there have been wrought, of the great hearts which spent themselves there. We, like him, wanting the knowledge and insight which would have served to kindle admiration in us, are oftentimes deprived of this pure and elevating excitement of the mind, and miss no less that manifold instruction which ever lies about our path, and nowhere more largely than in our daily words, if only we knew how to put forth our hands and make it our own. "What riches," one exclaims, "lie hidden in the vulgar tongue of our poorest and most ignorant. What flowers of paradise lie under our feet, with their beauties and their parts undistinguished and undiscerned, from having been daily trodden on."

3. And this subject upon which we are thus entering ought not to be a dull or uninteresting one in the handling, or one to which only by an effort you will yield the attention which I shall claim. If it shall prove so, this I fear must be through the fault of my manner of treating it; for certainly in itself there is no study which *may* be made at once more instructive and entertaining than the study of the use and abuse, the origin, and distinction of words, with an investigation, slight though it may be, of the treasures contained in them; which is exactly that which I now propose to myself and to you. I remember a very learned scholar, to whom we owe one of our best Greek

lexicons, a book which must have cost him years, speaking in the preface of his completed work with a just disdain of some, who complained of the irksome drudgery of such toils as those which had engaged him so long—toils irksome, forsooth, because they only had to do with words; disclaiming any part with those who thus asked pity for themselves, as though they were so many galley-slaves chained to the oar, or martyrs who had offered themselves for the good of the literary world. He declares that the task of classing, sorting, grouping, comparing, tracing the derivation and usage of words, had been to him no drudgery, but a delight and labor of love.

4. And if this may be true in regard of a foreign tongue, how much truer ought it to be in regard of our own, of our "mother tongue," as we affectionately call it. A great writer not very long departed from us has borne witness at once to the pleasantness and profit of this study. "In a language," he says, "like ours, where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for the etymology or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign."

5. Impressing the same truth, Emerson has somewhere characterized language as "fossil poetry." He evidently means that just as in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, the graceful fern or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would have otherwise been theirs—so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished, these, which would so easily have perished too, preserved and made safe forever. The

phrase is a striking one ; the only fault which one might be tempted to find with it is, that it is too narrow. Language may be, and indeed is, this "fossil poetry ;" but it may be affirmed of it with exactly the same truth that it is fossil ethics, or fossil history. Words quite as often and as effectually embody facts of history, or convictions of the moral common sense, as of the imagination or passion of men ; even as, so far as that moral sense may be perverted, they will bear witness and keep a record of that perversion. On all these points I shall enter at full in after lectures ; but I may give by anticipation a specimen or two of what I mean, to make from the first my purpose and plan more fully intelligible to all.

6. Language then is fossil poetry ; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions, and beliefs. Many a single word also is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual ; bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these. The image may have grown trite and ordinary now ; perhaps through the help of this very word may have become so entirely the heritage of all, as to seem little better than a commonplace ; yet not the less he who first discerned the relation, and devised the new word which should express it, or gave to an old, never before but literally used, this new and figurative sense, this man was in his degree a poet—a maker, that is, of things which were not before, which would not have existed but for him, or for some other gifted with equal powers. He who spake first of a "dilapidated" fortune, what an image must have risen up before his mind's eye of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin. Or he who to that Greek word which signifies "that which will endure to be held up to and judged by the sunlight," gave first its ethical signification of

"sincere," "truthful," or as we sometimes say, "transparent," can we deny to him the poet's feeling and eye ? Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain, before one called them "sierras" or "saws," the name by which now they are known, as *Sierra Morena*, *Sierra Nevada* ; but that man coined his imagination into a word which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named.

7. But it was said just now that words often contain a witness for great moral truths—God having pressed such a seal of truth upon language, that men are continually uttering deeper things than they know, asserting mighty principles, it may be asserting them against themselves, in words that to them may seem nothing more than the current coin of society. Thus to what grand moral purposes Bishop Butler turns the word "pastime ;" how solemn the testimony which he compels the world, out of its own use of this word, to render against itself—obliging it to own that its amusements and pleasures do not really satisfy the mind and fill it with the sense of an abiding and satisfying joy ;\* they are only "pastime ;" they serve only, as this word confesses, to *pass* away the *time*, to prevent it from hanging, an intolerable burden, on men's hands : all which they can do at the best is to prevent men from discovering and attending to their own internal poverty and

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\* Sermon xiv. "Upon the Love of God." Curiously enough, Montaigne has, in his "Essays," drawn the same testimony out of the word : "The ordinary phrase of Pass-time, and passing away the time, represents the custom of those wise sort of people, who think they cannot have a better account of their lives, than to let them run out and slide away, to pass them over and to baulk them, and as much as they can, to take no notice of them and to shun them, as a thing of troublesome and contemptible quality. But I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious even in its latest decay, wherein I now enjoy it, and nature has delivered it into our hands in such and so favorable circumstances that we commonly complain of ourselves, if it be troublesome to us or slide unprofitable away."

dissatisfaction and want. He might have added that there is the same acknowledgment in the word "diversion," which means no more than that which *diverts*, or turns us aside from ourselves, and in this way helps us to forget ourselves for a little. And thus it would appear that, even according to the world's own confession, all which it proposes is—not to make us happy, but a little to prevent us from remembering that we are unhappy, to *pass* away our *time*, to divert us from ourselves. While on the other hand we declare that the good which will really fill our souls and satisfy them to the uttermost, is not in us, but without us and above us, in the words which we use to set forth any transcending delight. Take three or four of these words—"transport," "rapture," "ravishment," "ecstasy,"—"transport," that which *carries* us, as "rapture," or "ravishment," that which *snatches* us out of and above ourselves; and "ecstasy" is very nearly the same, only drawn from the Greek.

8. And not less, where a perversion of the moral sense has found place, words preserve oftentimes a record of this perversion. We have a signal example of this, in the use, or rather misuse, of the word "religion," during all the ages of Papal domination in Europe. A "religious" person did not mean any one who felt and allowed the bonds that bound him to God and to his fellow-men, but one who had taken peculiar vows upon him, a member of one of the monkish orders; a "religious" house did not mean, nor does it now mean in the Church of Rome, a Christian household, ordered in the fear of God, but a house in which these persons were gathered together according to the rule of some man. A "religion" meant not a service of God, but a monastic Order; and taking the monastic vows was termed going into a "religion." What a light does this one word so used throw on the entire state of mind and habits of thought in those ages! That then was "religion," and nothing else was deserving of the name! And "relig-

ious" was a title which might not be given to parents and children, husbands and wives, men and women fulfilling faithfully and holily in the world the several duties of their stations, but only to those who had devised such a self-chosen service for themselves.\*

9. But language is fossil history as well. What a record of great social revolutions, revolutions in nations and in the feeling of nations, the one word "frank" contains, which is used, as we all know, to express aught that is generous, straightforward, and free. The Franks, I need not remind you, were a powerful German tribe, or association of tribes, who gave themselves† this proud name of the "franks" or the free; and who, at the breaking up of the Roman Empire, possessed themselves of Gaul, to which they gave their own name. They were the ruling conquering people, honorably distinguished from the Gauls and degenerate Romans among whom they established themselves by their independence, their love of freedom, their scorn of a lie; they had, in short, the virtues which belong to a conquering and dominant race in the midst of an inferior and conquered one. And thus it came to pass that by degrees the name "frank" indicated not merely a national, but involved a moral, distinction as well; and a "frank" man was synonymous not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but was an epithet applied to any man possessed of certain high moral qualities

\* A reviewer in *Fraser's Magazine*, Dec. 1851, doubts whether I have not here pushed my assertion too far. So far from this, it was not merely the "popular language" which this corruption had invaded, but a decree of the great Fourth Lateran Council (A.D. 1215), forbidding the further multiplication of monastic Orders, runs thus: *Ne nimia religionum diversitas gravem in Ecclesiâ Dei confusionem inducat, firmiter prohibemus, ne quis de cetero novam religionem inveniat, sed quicumque voluerit ad religionem converti, unam de approbatis assumat.*

† Pott ("Etym. Forsch." vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 869) does not consider this explanation of the name "Franks" as lifted above all doubt.

which for the most part appertained to, and were found only in, men of that stock; and thus in men's daily discourse, when they speak of a person as being "frank," or when they use the words "franchise," "enfranchisement," to express civil liberties and immunities, their language here is the outgrowth, the record, and the result of great historic changes, bears testimony to facts of history, whereof it may well happen that the speakers have never heard.\* The word "slave" has undergone a process entirely analogous, although in an opposite direction. "The martial superiority of the Teutonic races enabled them to keep their slave markets supplied with captives taken from the Slavonic tribes. Hence, in all the languages of Western Europe, the once glorious name of Slave has come to express the most degraded condition of man. What centuries of violence and warfare does the history of this word disclose."†

10. Having given by anticipation this handful of examples in illustration of what in these lectures I propose, I will, before proceeding further, make a few observations on a subject, which, if we would go at all to the root of the matter, we can scarcely leave altogether untouched—I mean the origin of language, in which, however, we will not entangle ourselves deeper than we need. There are, or rather there have been, two theories about this. One, and that which rather has been than now is, for few maintain it still, would put language on the same level with the various arts and inventions with which man has gradually adorned and enriched his life. It would make him by degrees to have invented it, just as he might have invented any of these, for himself; and from rude imperfect beginnings, the inarticulate cries by which he expressed his natural wants, the sounds

by which he sought to imitate the impression of natural objects upon him, little by little to have arrived at that wondrous organ of thought and feeling, which his language is often to him now.

11. It might, I think, be sufficient to object to this explanation, that language would then be an *accident* of human nature; and this being the case, that we certainly should somewhere encounter tribes sunken so low as not to possess it; even as there is almost no human art or invention so obvious, and as it seems to us so indispensable, but there are those who have fallen below its knowledge and its exercise. But with language it is not so. There have never yet been found human beings, not the most degraded horde of South African bushmen, or Papuan cannibals, who did not employ this means of intercourse with one another. But the more decisive objection to this view of the matter is, that it hangs together with, and is indeed an essential part of, that theory of society which is contradicted alike by every page of Genesis, and every notice of our actual experience—the "urang-utang theory," as it has been so happily termed—that, I mean, according to which the primitive condition of man was the savage one, and the savage himself the seed out of which in due time the civilized man was unfolded; whereas, in fact, so far from being this living seed, he might more justly be considered as a dead withered leaf, torn violently away from the great trunk of humanity, and with no more power to produce anything nobler than himself out of himself, than that dead withered leaf to unfold itself into the oak of the forest. So far from being the child with the latent capabilities of manhood, he is himself rather the man prematurely aged, and decrepit, and outworn.

12. But the truer answer to the inquiry how language arose is this: God gave man language, just as He gave him reason, and just because He gave him reason; for what is man's *word* but his *reason*, coming forth that it may behold itself? They are indeed so es-

\* "Frank," though thus originally a German word, only came back to Germany from France in the seventeenth century. With us it is found in the sixteenth; but scarcely earlier.

† Isaac Taylor, "Words and Places," p. 441; cf. Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," c. 55.

entially one and the same that the Greek language has one word for them both. He gave it to him, because he could not be man, that is, a social being, without it. Yet this must not be taken to affirm that man started at the first furnished with a full-formed vocabulary of words, and as it were with his first dictionary and first grammar ready-made to his hands. He did not thus begin the world *with names*, but *with the power of naming*; for man is not a mere speaking machine; God did not teach him words, as one of us teaches a parrot, from without; but gave him a capacity, and then evoked the capacity which He gave. Here, as in everything else that concerns the primitive constitution, the great original institutes, of humanity, our best and truest lights are to be gotten from the study of the first three chapters of Genesis; and you will observe that there it is not God who imposed the first names on the creatures, but Adam—Adam, however, at the direct suggestion of his Creator. *He* brought them all, we are told, to Adam, to “see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof” (Gen. 2: 19). Here we have the clearest intimation of the origin, at once divine and human, of speech; while yet neither is so brought forward as to exclude or obscure the other.

13. And so far we may concede a limited amount of right to those who have held a progressive acquisition, on man's part, of the power of embodying thought in words. I believe that we should conceive the actual case most truly, if we conceived this power of naming things and expressing their relations, as one laid up in the depths of man's being, one of the divine capabilities with which he was created: but one (and in this differing from those which have produced in various people various arts of life) which could not remain dormant in him, for man could be only man through its exercise; which therefore did rapidly bud and blossom out from within him at every solicitation from the world without, or

from his fellow-man; as each object to be named appeared before his eyes, each relation of things to one another arose before his mind. It was not merely the possible, but the necessary, emanation of the spirit with which he had been endowed. Man makes his own language, but he makes it as the bee makes its cells, as the bird its nest; he cannot do otherwise.\*

14. *How* this latent power evolved itself first, how this spontaneous generation of language came to pass, is a mystery, even as every act of creation is of necessity such; and as a mystery all the deepest inquirers into the subject are content to leave it. Yet we may perhaps a little help ourselves to the realizing of what the process was, and what it was not, if we liken it to the growth of a tree springing out of, and unfolding itself from, a root, and according to a necessary law—that root being the divine capacity of language with which man was created, that law being the law of highest reason with which he was endowed: if we liken

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\* Renan has much of interest on this matter, both in his work “*De l'Origine du Langage*,” and in his “*Hist. des Langues Sémitiques*.” I quote from the latter, p. 445: “Sans doute les langues, comme tout ce qui est organisé, sont sujettes à la loi du développement graduel. En soutenant que le langage primitif possédait les éléments nécessaires à son intégrité, nous sommes loin de dire que les mécanismes d'un âge plus avancé y fussent arrivés à leur pleine existence. Tout y était, mais confusément et sans distinction. Le temps seul et les progrès de l'esprit humain pouvaient opérer un discernement dans cette obscure synthèse, et assigner à chaque élément son rôle spécial. La vie, en un mot, n'était ici, comme partout, qu'à la condition de l'évolution du germe primitif, de la distribution des rôles et de la séparation des organes. Mais ces organes eux-mêmes furent déterminés dès le premier jour, et depuis l'acte générateur qui le fit être, le langage ne s'est enrichi d'aucune fonction vraiment nouvelle. Un germe est posé, renfermant en puissance tout ce que l'être sera un jour; le germe se développe, les formes se constituent dans leurs proportions régulières, ce qui était en puissance devient en acte; mais rien ne se crée, rien ne s'ajoute: telle est la loi commune des êtres soumis aux conditions de la vie. Telle fut aussi la loi du langage.”

it to this rather than to the rearing of a house, which a man should slowly and painfully fashion for himself with dead timbers combined after his own fancy and caprice ; and which little by little improved in shape, material, and size, being first but a log house, answering his barest needs, and only after centuries of toil and pain growing for his sons' sons into a stately palace for pleasure and delight.

15. Were it otherwise, were the savage the primitive man, we should then find savage tribes furnished, scantily enough, it might be, with the elements of speech, yet at the same time with its fruitful beginnings, its vigorous and healthful germs. But what does their language on close inspection prove ? In every case what they are themselves, the remnant and ruin of a better and a nobler past. Fearful indeed is the impress of degradation which is stamped on the language of the savage, more fearful perhaps even than that which is stamped upon his form. When wholly letting go the truth, when long and greatly sinning against light and conscience, a people has thus gone the downward way, has been scattered off by some violent catastrophe from those regions of the world which are the seats of advance and progress, and driven to its remote isles and farther corners, then as one nobler thought, one spiritual idea after another has perished from it, the words also that expressed these have perished too. As one habit of civilization has been let go after another the words which those habits demanded have dropped as well, first out of use, and then out of memory, and thus after a while have been wholly lost.

16. Moffat, in his "Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa," gives us a very remarkable example of the disappearing of one of the most significant words from the language of a tribe sinking ever deeper in savagery ; and with the disappearing of the word, of course, the disappearing as well of the great spiritual fact and truth whereof that word was at once the vehicle and the guardian. The Bechuanas, a

Caffre tribe, employed formerly the word "Morimo" to designate "Him that is above," or "Him that is in heaven," and attached to the word the notion of a supreme Divine Being. This word, with the spiritual idea corresponding to it, Moffat found to have vanished from the language of the present generation, although here and there he could meet with an old man, scarcely one or two in a thousand, who remembered in his youth to have heard speak of "Morimo ;" and this word, once so deeply significant, only survived now in the spells and charms of the so-called rain-makers and sorcerers, who misused it to designate a fabulous ghost, of whom they told the absurdest and most contradictory things.

17. And as there is no such witness to the degradation of the savage as the brutal poverty of his language, so is there nothing that so effectually tends to keep him in the depths to which he has fallen. You cannot impart to any man more than the words which he understands either now contain, or can be made, intelligibly to him, to contain. Language is as truly on one side the limit and restraint of thought, as on the other side that which feeds and unfolds thought. Thus it is the ever-repeated complaint of the missionary that the very terms are well nigh or wholly wanting in the dialect of the savage whereby to impart to him heavenly truths ; and not these only ; but that there are equally wanting those which should express the nobler emotions of the human heart. Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, in his curious "History of the Abipones," tells us that neither these nor the Guarinies, two of the principal native tribes of Brazil, possessed any word in the least corresponding to our "thanks." But what wonder, if the feeling of gratitude was entirely absent from their hearts, that they should not have possessed the corresponding word in their vocabularies ? Nay, how should they have had it there ? And that in this absence lies the true explanation is plain from a fact which the same writer records, that, although inveterate askers, they never showed the slightest

sense of obligation or of gratitude when they obtained what they sought ; never saying more than, " This will be useful to me," or, " This is what I wanted." Dr. Krapf, after laborious researches in some widely extended dialects of East Africa, has remarked in them the same absence of any words expressing the idea of gratitude.

18. Nor is it only in what they have forfeited and lost, but also in what they have retained or invented, that these languages proclaim their degradation and debasement, and how deeply they and those that speak them have fallen. For indeed the strange wealth and the strange poverty, I know not which the strangest and the saddest, of the languages of savage tribes, rich in words which proclaim their shame, poor in those which should attest the workings of any nobler life among them, not seldom absolutely destitute of these last, are a mournful and ever-recurring surprise, even to those who were more or less prepared to expect nothing else. Thus I have read of a tribe in New Holland, which has no word to signify God, but has one to designate a process by which an unborn child may be destroyed in the bosom of its mother.\*

And I have been informed, on the

\* A Wesleyan missionary, communicating with me from Fiji, assures me I have here understated the case. He says : " I could write down several words, which express as many different ways of killing an unborn child." He has at the same time done me the favor to send me dreadful confirmation of all which I have here asserted. It is a list of some Fiji words, with the hideous meanings which they bear, or facts which they imply. He has naturally confined himself to those in one domain of human wickedness—that, namely, of cruelty : leaving another domain, which borders close on this, and which, he assures me, would yield proofs quite as terrible, altogether untouched. It is impossible to imagine a record more hideous of what the works of the arch-murderer are, or one more fitted to stir up missionary zeal in behalf of those dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty. A very few specimens must suffice. The language of Fiji has a word for a club which has killed a man ; for a dead body which is to be eaten ; for the first of such bodies brought in at the beginning of a war ; for the flesh

authority of one excellently capable of knowing, an English scholar long resident in Van Diemen's Land, that in the native language of that island there are four words to express the taking of human life—one to express a father's killing of a son, another a son's killing of a father, with other varieties of murder ; and that in no one of these lies the slightest moral reprobation, or sense of the deep-lying distinction between to " kill " and to " murder ;" while at the same time, of that language so richly and so fearfully provided with expressions for this extreme utterance of hate, he also reports that a word for " love " is wanting in it altogether. Yet with all this, ever and anon in the midst of this wreck and ruin, there is that in the language of the savage, some subtle distinction, some curious allusion to a perished civilization, now utterly unintelligible to the speaker ; or some other note, which proclaims his language to be the remains of a dissipated inheritance, the rags and remnants of a robe which was a royal one once. The fragments of a broken sceptre are in his hand, a sceptre wherewith once he held dominion (he, that is, in his progenitors) over large kingdoms of thought, which now have escaped wholly from his sway.\*

on each side of the backbone. It has a name of honor given to those who have taken life ; it need not have been the life of an enemy ; if only they have shed blood—it may have been the life of a woman or a child—the title has been earned. It has an hideous word to express the torturing and insulting of an enemy, as by cutting off any part of his body—his nose or tongue, for instance—roasting and eating it before his face, and taunting him the while ; the *ἀκρατηρία* of the Greeks, with the cannibalism added. But of this enough.

\* See on this matter Tylor, " Early History of Mankind," pp. 150–190 ; and, still better, the Duke of Argyll, " On Primeval Man." Among some of the Papuans the faintest rudiments of the family survive ; of the tribe no trace whatever ; while yet of these one has lately written : " Sie haben religiöse Gebräuche und Uebungen, welche, mit einigen anderen Erscheinungen in ihrem Leben, mit ihrem jetzigen Culturzustande ganz unvereinbar erscheinen, wenn man darin nicht die Spuren einer früher höhern Bildung erkennen will."

19. But while it is thus with him, while this is the downward course of all those that have chosen the downward path, while with every impoverishing and debasing of personal and national life there goes hand in hand a corresponding impoverishment and debasement of language ; so on the contrary, where there is advance and progress, where a divine idea is in any measure realizing itself in a people, where they are learning more accurately to define and distinguish, more truly to know, where they are ruling, as men ought to rule, over nature, and compelling her to give up her secrets to them, where new thoughts are rising up over the horizon of a nation's mind, new feelings are stirring at a nation's heart, new facts coming within the sphere of its knowledge, there will language be growing and advancing too. It cannot lag behind ; for man feels that nothing is properly his own, that he has not secured any new thought, or entered upon any new spiritual inheritance, till he has fixed it in language, till he can contemplate it, not as himself, but as his word ; he is conscious that he must express the truth, if he is to preserve it, and still more if he would propagate it among others. "Names," as it has been excellently said, "are impressions of sense, and as such take the strongest hold upon the mind, and of all other impressions can be most easily recalled and retained in view. They therefore serve to give a point of attachment to all the more volatile objects of thought and feeling. Impressions that when past might be dissipated for ever, are by their connection with language always within reach. Thoughts, of themselves, are perpetually slipping out of the field of immediate mental vision ; but the name abides with us, and the utterance of it restores them in a moment."

20. Men sometimes complain of the number of new theological terms which the great controversies in which the Church from time to time has been engaged, have left behind them. But this could not have been otherwise, unless the gains through those controver-

sies made, were presently to be lost again ; for as has lately been well said : "The success and enduring influence of any systematic construction of truth, be it secular or sacred, depends as much upon an exact terminology, as upon close and deep thinking itself. Indeed, unless the results to which the human mind arrives are plainly stated, and firmly fixed in an exact phraseology, its thinking is to very little purpose in the end. "Terms," says Whewell, "record discoveries." That which was seen, it may be with crystal clearness, and in bold outline, in the consciousness of an individual thinker, may fail to become the property and possession of mankind at large, because it is not transferred from the individual to the general mind, by means of a precise phraseology and a rigorous terminology. Nothing is in its own nature more fugacious and shifting than thought ; and particularly thoughts upon the mysteries of Christianity. A conception that is plain and accurate in the understanding of the first man becomes obscure and false in that of the second, because it was not grasped and firmly held in the form and proportions with which it first came up, and then handed over to other minds, a fixed and scientific quantity."\* And on the necessity of names at once for the preservation and the propagation of truth it has been justly observed : "Hardly any original thoughts on mental or social subjects ever make their way among mankind, or assume their proper importance in the minds even of their inventors, until aptly selected words or phrases have as it were nailed them down and held them fast."† And this holds good alike of the false and of the true. I think we may observe very often the way in which controversies, after long eddying backward and forward hither and thither, concentrate themselves at last in some single word

\* Shedd, "History of Christian Doctrine," vol. i. p. 362 ; compare "Guesses at Truth," 1866, p. 217 ; and Gerber, "Sprache als Kunst," vol. i. p. 145.

† Mill, "System of Logic," vol. ii. p. 291.



which is felt to contain all that the one party would affirm and the other would deny. After a desultory raging of the battle in many directions, "the high places of the field," the critical position, on the maintaining of which every thing turns, is discovered at last. Thus the whole controversy of the Catholic Church with the Arians finally gathers itself up in a single word, "homousion;" that with the Nestorians in another, "theotokos." One might be bold to affirm that the entire secret of Buddhism is in the "Nirvāṇa;" for take away the word, and it is not too much to say that the keystone to the whole arch is gone. So too when the mediæval Church allowed and then adopted the word "transubstantiation" (and we know the exact date of this), it committed itself to a doctrine from which henceforward it was impossible to recede. The floating error had become a fixed one, and exercised a far mightier influence on the minds of all who received it, than except for this it would have ever done. It is sometimes not a word, but a phrase, which proves thus mighty in operation. "Reformation in the head and in the members" was the watch-word, for more than a century before an actual Reformation came, of all who were conscious of the deeper needs of the Church. What intelligent acquaintance with Darwin's speculations would the world in general have made, except for two or three happy and comprehensive terms, as "the struggle for existence," "the survival of the fittest," "the process of natural selection"? Multitudes who else would have known nothing about Comte's system, know something about it when they know that he called it "the positive philosophy."

21. We have been tempted to depart a little, though a very little, from the subject immediately before us. What was just now said of the manner in which language enriches itself does not contradict a prior assertion, that man starts with language as God's perfect gift, which he only impairs and forfeits by sloth and sin, according to the same law which holds good in respect of each

other of the gifts of heaven. For it was not meant, as indeed was then observed, that men would possess words to set forth feelings which were not yet stirring in them, combinations which they had not yet made, objects which they had not yet seen, relations of which they were not yet conscious; but that up to his needs (those needs including not merely his animal wants, but all his higher spiritual cravings), he would find utterance freely. The great logical, or grammatical, framework of language (for grammar is the logic of speech, even as logic is the grammar of reason), he would possess, he knew not how; and certainly not as the final result of gradual acquisitions, and of reflection setting these in order, and drawing general rules from them; but as that rather which alone had made those acquisitions possible; as that according to which he unconsciously worked, filled in this framework by degrees with these later acquisitions of thought, feeling, and experience, as one by one they arrayed themselves in the garment and vesture of words.

22. Here then is the explanation of the fact that language should be thus instructive for us, that it should yield us so much, when we come to analyze and probe it; and yield us the more, the more deeply and accurately we do so. It is full of instruction, because it is the embodiment, the incarnation, if I may so speak, of the feelings and thoughts and experiences of a nation, yea, often of many nations, and of all which through long centuries they have attained to and won. It stands like the Pillars of Hercules, to mark how far the moral and intellectual conquests of mankind have advanced, only not like those pillars, fixed and immovable, but ever itself advancing with the progress of these. The mighty moral instincts which have been working in the popular mind have found therein their unconscious voice; and the single kinglier spirits that have looked deeper into the heart of things have oftentimes gathered up all they have seen into some one word, which they have launched upon the world, and with which they have

enriched it forever—making in that new word a new region of thought to be henceforward in some sort the common heritage of all. Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing, as the lightning. “Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion.” And for all these reasons far more and mightier in every way is a language than any one of the works which may have been composed in it. For that work, great as it may be, at best embodies what was in the heart and mind of a single man, but this of a nation. The “*Iliad*” is great, yet not so great in strength or power or beauty as the Greek language.\* “*Paradise Lost*” is a noble possession for a people to have inherited, but the English tongue is a nobler heritage yet.†

23. And imperfectly as we may apprehend all this, there is an obscure sense, or instinct I might call it, in every one of us, of this truth. We all, whether we have given a distinct account of the matter to ourselves or not, believe that words which we use are not arbitrary and capricious signs, affixed at random to the things which they designate, for which any other might have been substituted as well, but that

they stand in a real relation to these. And this sense of the significance of names, that they are, or ought to be—that in a world of absolute truth they ever would be—the expression of the innermost character and qualities of the things or persons that bear them, speaks out in various ways. It is reported of Boiardo, author of a poem without which we should probably have never seen the “*Orlando Furioso*” of Ariosto, that he was out hunting, when the name Rodomonte presented itself to him as exactly fitting a foremost person of the epic he was composing; and that instantly returning home, he caused all the joy-bells of the village to be rung, to celebrate the happy invention. This story may remind us of another which is told of the greatest French novelist of modern times. A friend of Balzac’s, who has written some “*Recollections*” of him, tells us that he would sometimes wander for days through the streets of Paris, studying the names over the shops, as being sure that there was a name more appropriate than any other to some character which he had conceived, and hoping to light on it there.

24. You must all have remarked the amusement and interest which children find in any notable agreement between a name and the person who owns that name—or, which naturally takes a still stronger hold upon them, in any manifest contradiction between the name and the name-bearer; as, for instance, if Mr. Strongitharm is a weakling, or Mr. Black an albino: the former striking from a sense of fitness, the latter from one of incongruity. Nor is this a mere childish entertainment. It continues with us through life; and that its roots lie deep is attested by the earnest use which is often made, and that at the most earnest moments of men’s lives, of such agreements or disagreements as these. Such use is not unfrequent in Scripture, though it is seldom possible to reproduce it in English, as for instance in the comment of Abigail on her husband Nabal’s name: “As his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with

\* On the Greek language and its merits, as compared with the other Indo-Germanic languages, see Curtius, “*History of Greece*,” English translation, vol. i. pp. 18-28.

† Gerber (“*Sprache als Kunst*,” vol. i. p. 274): Es ist ein bedeutender Fortschritt in der Erkenntniss des Menschen dass man jetzt Sprachen lernt nicht bloss, um sich den Gedankeninhalt, den sie offenbaren, anzueignen, sondern zugleich um sie selbst als herrliche, architektonische Geisteswerke kennen zu lernen, und sich an ihrer Kunstschönheit zu erfreuen.

him." And again, "call me not Naomi," exclaims the desolate widow—"call me not Naomi [or *pleasantness*]; call me Marah [or *bitterness*], for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me." She cannot bear that the name she bears should so strangely contradict the thing she is. Shakespeare, in like manner, reveals his own profound knowledge of the human heart, when he makes old John of Gaunt, worn with long sickness, and now ready to depart, play with his name, and dwell upon the consent between it and his condition; so that when his royal nephew asks him, "How is it with aged Gaunt?" he answers,

"Oh, how that name befits my composition,

Old *Gaunt* indeed, and *gaunt* in being old—

*Gaunt* am I for the grave, *gaunt* as the grave.—" \*

with much more in the same fashion; while it is into the mouth of the slight and frivolous king that Shakespeare puts the exclamation of wonder,

"Can sick men play so nicely with their names?"

25. Thus too, if one be engaged in a controversy or quarrel, and his name import something good, an adversary will lay hold of his name, will seek to bring out a real contradiction between it and its bearer, so that he shall appear as one presenting himself under false colors, affecting a merit which he does not really possess. Examples of this are innumerable. For instance, there was one Vigilantius in the early Church;—his name might be interpreted "The Watchful." He was engaged in a controversy with St. Jerome, about certain vigils; which he thought perilous to Christian morality, but of which Jerome was a very eager promoter; who in-

stantly gave a turn to his name, and proclaimed that he, the enemy of these watches, the friend of slumber and sloth, should have been not Vigilantius, or The Watcher, but "Dormitanti-*us*," or The Sleeper, rather. Dante declares Assisi, the birthplace of S. Francis, to have been ill-named, for it was not the kindled—he spells the name Ascesi, to help out his play on words—but the kindler.\* Felix, Bishop of Urgel, a chief champion of the Adoptionist heresy, is constantly "Infelix" in the writings of Alcuin. The Spanish peasantry during the Peninsular War would not hear of Bonaparte, but constantly changed the name to "Malaparte," as designating better the perfidious kidnapper of their king and enemy of their independence. It will be seen then that the Greek poet is most true to nature, when in his "Prometheus Bound" he makes Strength tauntingly to remind Prometheus, or The Prudent, how ill his name and the lot which he has made for himself agree; bound as he is with adamantine chains to his rock, and bound, as it might seem, forever. When Napoleon said of Count Lobau, whose proper name was Mouton, "Mon mouton c'est un lion," it was the same instinct at work, though working from an opposite point. It made itself felt no less in the bitter irony which gave to the second of the Ptolemies, the brother-murdering king, the title of Philadelphus.

26. But this hostile use of names, this attempt to place them and their owners in the most intimate connection, to make, so to speak, the man answerable for his name, we trace still more frequently where the name does not thus need to be reversed; but may be made as it now is, or with very slightest change, to contain a confession of the ignorance, worthlessness, or futility of the bearer. If it implies, or can be made to imply, anything bad, it is instantly laid hold of as expressing the very truth about him. You know the story of Helen of Greece, whom in two of his "mighty lines" Marlowe's

\* Ajax, or *Atas*, in the play of Sophocles, which bears his name, does the same with the *ai ai* which lies in that name (422, 423); just as in the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, not Pentheus himself, but others for him, indicate the prophecy of a mighty *πένθος* or grief, which is shut up in his name. A tragic writer, less known than Euripides, does the same *Πενθεύς, ἐσομένης συμφορᾶς ἐπώνυμος*.

\* "Paradiso," xi. 53.

“Faust” so magnificently apostrophizes :

“Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,

And burned the topless towers of Ilium?”

It is no rigid conceit of the Greek poet, when one passionately denouncing the ruin which she wrought, finds that ruin couched and fore-announced in her name ;\* as in English it might be, and has been, reproduced—

“Hell in her name, and heaven in her looks.”

Pope Hildebrand in one of our “Homilies” is styled “Brand of Hell,” as setting the world in a blaze ; “Höllebrand” constantly in German ; Sanders, the foul-mouthed libeler of Queen Elizabeth, is with more of justice by old Fuller styled “Slanders rather.” Tott and Teuffel were two officers of high rank in the army which Gustavus Adolphus brought into Germany. You can easily imagine how soon by those of the other side it was said that he brought “death” and “hell,” in his train. There were two not inconsiderable persons in our Civil Wars, Vane (not the “young Vane” of Milton’s and Wordsworth’s sonnets), and Sterry ; and one of these, Sterry, was chaplain to the other. Baxter, having occasion to mention them in his profoundly instructive “Narrative of his Life and Times,” and liking neither, cannot forbear to observe, that “*vanity and sterility* were never more suitably joined together ;” and speaks in another place of “the vanity of Vane, and the sterility of Sterry.” This last, let me observe, is an eminently unjust charge, as Baxter himself in a later volume has very handsomely acknowledged.†

\* Ἑλένας [= ελέναος], ἑλάνδρος, ἐλέπτολις, Æschylus, “Agamemnon,” 636.

† A few more examples, in a note, of this contumely of names. Antiochus Epiphanes, or “the Illustrious,” is for the Jews, whom he so madly attempted to hellenize, Antiochus Epimanes, or “the Insane.” Cicero, denouncing Verres, the infamous prætor of Sicily, is too skilful a master of the passions to allow the name of the arch-criminal to escape him. He

27. Where on the other hand, it is desired to do a man honor, how gladly, in like manner, is his name seized on,

was indeed Verres, for he *swept* the province ; he was a *sweep-net* for it (everriculum in provinciâ) ; and then presently, giving altogether another turn to his name, Others, he says, might be partial to ‘jus verrium’ (which might mean either Verrine law or boar-source), but not he. Tiberius Claudius Nero, charged with being a drunkard, becomes in the popular language “Biberius Caldus Mero.” The controversies of the Church with heretics yield only too abundant a supply, and that upon both sides, of examples in this kind. The “royal-hearted” Athanasius is “Satanasius” for the Arians ; and some of S. Cyprian’s adversaries did not shrink from so foul a perversion of his name as to call him Κορριανός, or “the Dungy.” But then, on the other hand, how often is Pelagius declared by the Church Fathers to be a pelagus, a very ocean of wickedness. It was in vain that the Manichæans changed their master’s name from Manes to Manichæus, that so it might not so nearly resemble the word signifying madness in the Greek (devitantes nomen insanîæ, Augustine, “De Hær.” 46) ; it did not thereby escape. The Waldenses, it was declared by the advocates of the Church of Rome, were justly so called as dwelling “in valle densâ,” in the thick valley of darkness and ignorance. Cardinal Clesel was active in setting forward the Roman Catholic reaction in Bohemia with which the Thirty Years’ War began. It was a far fetched and not very happy piece of revenge, when they of the other side took pleasure in spelling his name “CLESel,” as much as to say, He is of the 150 ass-power. Berengar calls a Pope who takes sides against him not pontifex, but “pompifex.” Metrophanes, Patriarch of Constantinople, being counted to have betrayed the interests of the Greek Church, his spiritual mother, at the Council of Florence, saw his name changed into “Metrophonos,” or “the Matricide.” Mahomet is “Bafomet,” from bafa, a lie, in Provençal. Shechem, a chief city of the heretical Samaritans, becomes “Sychar,” or city of lies (see John iv. 5), on the lips of the hostile Jews ; while Toulouse, a very seedplot of heretics, Albigenian and other, in the middle ages, is found by Roman Catholic writers to have prophesied as much by its name, Tolosa=tota dolosa. In the same way an adversary of Wiclif traced in his name an abridgement of “wicked-belief.” It would be curious to know how often the Sorbonne has been likened to a “Serbonian” bog ; some “privilegium” declared to be not such indeed, but a “pravilegium” rather.

if it any way bears an honorable significance, or is capable of an honorable interpretation—men finding in that name a presage and prophecy of that which was actually in its bearer. A multitude of examples, many of them very beautiful, might be brought together in this kind. How often, for instance, and with what effect, the name of Stephen the proto-martyr, that name signifying in Greek “the Crown,” was taken as a prophetic intimation of the martyr-crown, which it should be given to him, the first in that noble army, to wear.\* Irenæus means in Greek “the Peaceable;” and early Church writers love to remark how fitly the great bishop of Lyons bore this name, setting forward as he so eminently did the peace of the Church, resolved as he was, so far as in him lay, to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.† The Dominicans were well pleased when their name was resolved into “Domini canes”—the Lord’s watch-dogs; who, as such, allowed no heresy to appear without at once giving the alarm, and seeking to

chase it away. When Ben Jonson praises Shakespeare’s well-filed lines—

“In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,  
As brandished in the eyes of ignorance”—

he is manifestly playing with his name. Fuller, too, our own Church historian, who played so often upon the names of others, has a play made upon his own in some commendatory verses affixed to one of his books:

“Thy style is clear and white; thy very name  
Speaks pureness, and adds lustre to the frame.”

He plays himself upon it in an epigram which takes the form of a prayer:

“My soul is stained with a dusky color:  
Let thy Son be the soap; I’ll be the fuller.”

John Careless, whose letters are among the most beautiful in Foxe’s “Book of Martyrs,” writing to Philpot, exclaims, “Oh good master Philpot, which art a principal pot indeed, filled with much precious liquor—oh pot most happy! of the High Potter ordained to honor.”

28. Herein, in this faith that men’s names were true and would come true, in this, and not in any altogether unreasoning superstition, lay the root of the carefulness of the Romans that in the enlisting of soldiers, names of good omen, such as Valerius, Salvius, Secundus, should be the first called. There is a tale in Roman history of an expedition which was to go forward led by an Atrius UMBER, and of the soldiers absolutely refusing to proceed under a commander of so ill-omened a name. So strong is the conviction of men that names are powers. Nay, it must have been sometimes thought that the good name might so react on the evil nature that it should not remain evil altogether, but might be induced, in part at least, to conform itself to the designation which it bore. Here we have an explanation of the title Eumenides, or the Well-minded, given to the Furies; of Euxine, or the good to strangers, to the inhospitable Black Sea, “step-mother of ships,” as the Greek poet

\* Thus in a sublime Latin hymn by Adam of S. Victor:

Nomen habes *Coronati*;  
Te tormenta decet pati  
Pro *coronâ* gloriæ.

Elsewhere the same illustrious hymnologist plays in like manner on the name of S. Vincentius:

Qui *vincentis* habet nomen  
Ex re probat dignum omen  
Sui fore nominis;  
*Vincens* terrâ, *vincens* mari  
Quidquid potest irrogari  
Pœnæ vel formidinis.

In the bull for the canonization of Sta. Clara, the Pope does not disdain a similar play upon her name: Clara clavis præclara meritis, magnæ in cælo claritate gloriæ, ac in terrâ miraculorum sublimium, clare claret. On these “prophetic” names in the heathen world see Pott, “Wurzel-Wörterbuch,” vol. ii. part 2, p. 522.

† We cannot adduce S. Columba as another example in the same kind, seeing that this name was not his birthright, but one given to him by his scholars for the dove-like gentleness of his character. So indeed we are told; though it must be owned that some of the traits recorded of him are not *columbine* at all.

called it ; the explanation too of other transformations, of the Greek *Egesta* transformed by the Romans into "*Segesta*," that it might not suggest "*egestas*" or penury ; of *Epidamnus*, which, seeming too suggestive of "*damnum*," was changed into "*Dyrrachium* ;" of *Maleventum* into "*Beneventum* ;" of Cape *Tormentoso*, or Stormy Cape, changed into "*Cape of Good Hope* ;" of the dead spoken of in Greek as in Latin simply as "*the greater number* ;" of the slain in battle designated in German as "*those who remain* ;" of *εὐλογία*, or "*the blessing*," a name given in modern Greek to the small-pox !

29. Let me observe, before leaving this subject, that not in one passage only, but in passages innumerable, Scripture sets its seal to this significance of names, to the fact that the seeking and the finding of this significance is not a mere play upon the surface of things ; it everywhere recognizes the inner band, which ought to connect, and in a world of truth would connect, together the name and the person or thing bearing the name. Scripture sets its seal to this by the weight and solemnity which it everywhere attaches to the imposing of names ; this in many instances not being left to hazard, but assumed by God as his own peculiar care. "*Thou shalt call his name Jesus*" (Matt. 1 : 21 ; Luke 1 : 31) is of course the most illustrious instance of all ; but there are a multitude of other cases in point ; names given by God, as that of John to the Baptist ; or changed by Him, as Abram's to Abraham, Sarai's to Sarah, Hoshea's to Joshua ; or new names added by Him to the old, when by some mighty act of faith the man had been lifted out of his old life into a new ; as Israel added to Jacob, and Peter to Simon, and Boanerges or sons of thunder to the two sons of Zebedee.

30. But we must draw to a close. Enough has been said to attest and to justify the wide-spread faith of men that names are significant, and that things and persons correspond, or ought to correspond, to them. You will not, then, find it a laborious task to persuade

your pupils to admit as much. They are prepared to accept, they will be prompt to believe it. And great indeed will be our gains, their gains and ours—for teacher and taught will for the most part enrich themselves together—if, having these treasures of wisdom and knowledge lying round about us, so far more precious than mines of Californian gold, we determine that we will make what portion of them we can our own, that we will ask the words which we use to give an account of themselves, to say whence they are, and whither they tend. Then shall we often rub off the dust and rust from what seemed to us but a common-token, which as such we had taken and given a thousand times ; but which now we shall perceive to be a precious coin, bearing the "*image and superscription*" of the great King : then shall we often stand in surprise and in something of shame, while we behold the great spiritual realities which underlie our common speech, the marvelous truths which we have been witnessing *for* in our words, but, it may be, witnessing *against* in our lives. And as you will not find, for so I venture to promise, that this study of words will be a dull one when you undertake it yourselves, as little need you fear that it will prove dull and unattractive, when you seek to make your own gains herein the gains also of those who may be hereafter committed to your charge. Only try your pupils, and mark the kindling of the eye, the lighting up of the countenance, the revival of the flagging attention, with which the humblest lecture upon words, and on the words especially which they are daily using, which are familiar to them at their play or at their church, will be welcomed by them. There is a sense of reality about children which makes them rejoice to discover that there is also a reality about words, that they are not merely arbitrary signs, but living powers ; that, to reverse the words of one of England's "*false prophets*," they may be the fool's counters, but are the wise man's money ; not, like the sands of the sea, innumerable disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots,

clustering in families, connecting and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling from the beginning of the world till now.

31. And it is of course our English tongue, out of which mainly we should seek to draw some of the hid treasures which it contains, from which we should endeavor to remove the veil which custom and familiarity have thrown over it. We cannot employ ourselves better. There is nothing that will more help than will this to form an English heart in ourselves and in others. We could scarcely have a single lesson on the growth of our English tongue, we could scarcely follow up one of its significant words, without having unawares a lesson in English history as well, without not merely falling on some curious fact illustrative of our national life, but learning also how the great heart which is beating at the centre of that life was gradually shaped and moulded. We should thus grow too in our feeling of connection with the past, of gratitude and reverence to it; we should estimate more truly, and therefore more highly, what it has done for us, all that it has bequeathed us, all that it has made ready to our hands. It was something for the children of Israel, when they came into Canaan, to enter upon wells which they digged not, and vineyards which they had not planted, and houses which they had not built; but how much vaster a boon, how much more glorious a prerogative, for any one generation to enter upon the inheritance of a language which other generations by their truth and toil have made already a receptacle of choicest treasures, a storehouse of so much unconscious wisdom, a fit organ for expressing the subtlest distinctions, the tenderest sentiments, the largest thoughts, and the loftiest imaginations, which the heart of man should at any time conceive. And that those who have preceded us have gone far to accomplish this for us, I shall rejoice if I am able in any degree to make you feel in the lectures which will follow the present.

## LECTURE II.

### ON THE POETRY IN WORDS.

32. I SAID in my last lecture, or rather I quoted another who had said, that language is fossil poetry. It is true that for us very often this poetry which is bound up in words has in great part or altogether disappeared. We fail to recognize it, partly from long familiarity with it, partly from insufficient knowledge, partly, it may be, from never having had our attention called to it. None have pointed it out to us; we may not ourselves have possessed the means of detecting it; and thus it has come to pass that we have been in close vicinity to this wealth, which yet has not been ours. Margaret has not been for us "the Pearl," nor Esther "the Star," nor Susanna "the Lily,"\* nor Stephen "the Crown," nor Albert or Albrecht "the All-bright." "In our ordinary language," as Montaigne has said, "there are several excellent phrases and metaphors to be met with, of which the beauty is withered by age, and the color is sullied by too common handling; but that takes nothing from the relish to an understanding man, neither does it derogate from the glory of those ancient authors, who, 'tis likely, first brought those words into that lustre." We read in one of Molière's most famous comedies of one who was surprised to discover that he had been talking prose all his life without being aware of it. If we knew all, we might be much more surprised to find that we had been talking poetry, without ever having so much as suspected this. For indeed poetry and passion seek to insinuate, and do insinuate themselves everywhere in language; they preside continually at the giving of names; they enshrine and incarnate themselves in these. I shall devote my present lecture to a few examples and illustrations, by which I

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\* See Jacob Grimm, "Ueber Frauennamen aus Blumen," in his "Kleinere Schriften," vol. ii. pp. 366-401; and on the subject of this paragraph more generally, Schleicher, "Die Deutsche Sprache," p. 115 sqq.

would make the truth of this which I have just affirmed appear.

33. "Iliads without a Homer," some has called, with a little exaggeration, the beautiful but anonymous ballad poetry of Spain. One may be permitted, perhaps, to push the exaggeration a little farther in the same direction, and to apply the same language not merely to a ballad but to a word. For poetry, which is passion and imagination embodying themselves in words, does not necessarily demand a *combination* of words for this. Of this passion and imagination a single word may be the vehicle. As the sun can image itself alike in a tiny dewdrop or in the mighty ocean, and can do it, though on a different scale, as perfectly in the one as in the other, so the spirit of poetry can dwell in and glorify alike a word and an Iliad. Nothing in language is too small, as nothing is too great, for it to fill with its presence. Everywhere it can find, or, not finding, can make, a shrine for itself, which afterwards it can render translucent and transparent with its own indwelling glory. On every side we are beset with poetry. Popular language is full of it, of words used in an imaginative sense, of things called—and not merely in transient moments of high passion, and in the transfer which at such moments finds place of the image to the thing imaged, but permanently—by names having immediate reference not to what they are, but to what they are like. All language is in some sort, as one has said, a collection of faded metaphors.\*

\* Jean Paul : Ist jede Sprache in Rücksicht geistiger Beziehungen eine Wörterbuch erblassten Metaphorn. We regret this, while yet it is not wholly matter of regret. Gerber ("Sprache als Kunst," vol. i. p. 367) urges that language would be quite unmanageable, that the words which we use would be continually clashing with and contradicting one another, if every one of them retained a lively impress of the image on which it originally rested, and recalled this to our mind. His words, somewhat too strongly put, are these : Für den Usus der Sprache, für ihren Verstand und ihre Verständlichkeit ist allerdings das Erblasen ihrer Lautbilder, so dass sie allmählich als blosse Zeichen für Begriffe

34. Sometimes indeed they have not faded at all. Thus at Naples it is the ordinary language to call the lesser storm-waves "pecore," or sheep ; the larger "cavalloni," or big horses. Who that has watched the foaming crests, the white manes, as it were, of the larger billows as they advance in measured order, and rank on rank, into the bay, but will own not merely the fitness, but the grandeur, of this last image ? Let me illustrate my meaning more at length by the word "tribulation." We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish ; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question "tribulation" a little closer. It is derived from the Latin "tribulum," which was the threshing instrument or harrow, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks ; and "tribulatio" in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth ; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat,\* he therefore called these sorrows and trials "tribulations," threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now in proof of my assertion that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of pure gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold-leaf, I will quote, in reference to this very word "tribulation,"

fungiren, nothwendig. Die Ueberzahl der Bilder würde, wenn sie alle als solche wirkten, nur verwirren und jede klarere Auffassung, wie sie die praktischen Zwecke der Gegenwart fordern, unmöglich machen. Die Bilder würden ausserdem einander zum Theil zerstören, indem sie die Farben verschiedener Sphären zusammenfliessen lassen, und damit für den Verstand nur Unsinn bedeuten.

\* Triticum itself may be connected with *tero*, *tritrus*.



a graceful composition by George Wither, a prolific versifier, and occasionally a poet, of the seventeenth century. You will at once perceive that it is all wrapped up in this word, being from first to last only the explicit unfolding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given ; it is as follows :—

“ Till from the straw the flail the corn doth  
beat,  
Until the chaff be purged from the  
wheat,  
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces  
tear,  
The richness of the flour will scarce ap-  
pear.  
So, till men’s persons great afflictions  
touch,  
If worth be found, their worth is not so  
much,  
Because, like wheat in straw, they have  
not yet  
That value which in threshing they may  
get.  
For till the bruising flails of God’s cor-  
rections  
Have threshed out of us our vain affec-  
tions ;  
Till those corruptions which do misbe-  
come us  
Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnowed from  
us ;  
Until from us the straw of worldly treas-  
ures,  
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleas-  
ures,  
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,  
To thresh the husk of this our flesh  
away ;  
And leave the soul uncovered ; nay, yet  
more,  
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,  
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire ;  
But then we shall ; and that is my de-  
sire.”

35. This deeper religious use of the word “ tribulation ” was unknown to classical antiquity, belonging exclusively to the Christian writers ; and the fact that the same deepening and elevating of the use of words recurs in a multitude of other, and many of them far more signal, instances, is one well deserving to be followed up. Nothing, I am persuaded, would more mightily convince us of the new power which Christianity proved in the world than to compare the meaning which so many words possessed before its rise, and the deeper meaning which they obtained,

so soon as they were assumed as the vehicles of its life, the new thought and feeling enlarging, purifying, and ennobling the very words which they employed. This is a subject which I shall have occasion to touch on more than once in these lectures, but is itself well worthy of, as it would afford ample material for, a volume.

36. On the suggestion of this word “ tribulation,” I will quote two or three words from Coleridge, bearing on the matter in hand. He has said, “ In order to get the full sense of a word, we should first present to our minds the visual image that forms its primary meaning.” What admirable counsel is here ! If we would but accustom ourselves to the doing of this, what a vast increase of precision and force would all the language which we speak, and which others speak to us, obtain ; how often would that which is now obscure at once become clear ; how distinct the limits and boundaries of that which is often now confused and confounded ! It is difficult to measure the amount of food for the imagination, as well as gains for the intellect, which the observing of this single rule would afford us. Let me illustrate this by one or two examples. We say of such a man that he is “ desultory.” Do we attach any very distinct meaning to the word ? Perhaps not. But get at the image on which “ desultory ” rests ; take the word to pieces ; learn that it is from *de* and *salto*, “ to leap from one thing to another,” as a man who in the ring, technically called a “ desultor,” riding two or three horses at once, leaps from one to the other, being never on the back of any one of them long ; take, I say, the word thus to pieces, and put it together again, and what a firm and vigorous grasp will you have now of its meaning ! A “ desultory ” man is one who jumps from one study to another, and never continues for any length of time in one. Again, you speak of a person as “ capricious ” or as full of “ caprices.” But what exactly are caprices ? “ Caprice ” is from *capra*, a goat. If ever you have watched a goat, you will have observed how sudden ;

how unexpected, how unaccountable, are the leaps and springs, now forward, now sideward, now upward, in which it indulges. A "caprice" then is a movement of the mind as unaccountable, as little to be calculated on beforehand, as the springs and bounds of a goat. Is not the word so understood a far more picturesque one than it was before? and is there not some real gain in the vigor and vividness of impression which is in this way obtained? "Pavaner" is the French equivalent for our verb "to strut," "fourmiller" for our verb "to swarm." But is it not a real gain to know further that the one is to strut *as the peacock does*, the other to swarm *as do ants*? There are at the same time, as must be freely owned, investigations moral no less than material, in which the nearer the words employed approach to an algebraic notation, and the less disturbed or colored they are by any reminiscences of the ultimate grounds on which they rest, the better they are likely to fulfil the duties assigned to them; but these are exceptions.

37. The poetry which has been embodied in the names of places, in those names which designate the leading features of outward nature, promontories, mountains, capes, and the like, is very worthy of being elicited and evoked anew, latent as it now has oftentimes become. Nowhere do we so easily forget that names had once a peculiar fitness, which was the occasion of their giving. Color has often suggested the name, as in the well-known instance of our own "Albion"—"the silver-coasted isle," as Tennyson so beautifully has called it—which had this name from the white line of cliffs which it presents to those approaching it by the narrow seas. "Himalaya" is "the abode of snow." Often, too, it is shape and configuration which is incorporated in the name, as in "Trinaeria," or "the three-promontoried land," which was the Greek name of Sicily; in "Drepanum," or "the sickle," the name which a town on the north-west promontory of the island bore, from the

sickle-shaped tongue of land on which it was built. But more striking, as the embodiment of a poetical feeling, is the modern name of the great southern peninsula of Greece. We are all aware that it is called the "Morea;" but we may not be so well aware from whence that name is derived. It had long been the fashion among ancient geographers to compare the shape of this region to a platane leaf;\* and a glance at the map will show that the general outline of that leaf, with its sharply-incised edges, justified the comparison. This, however, had remained merely as comparison; but at the shifting and changing of names, which went with the breaking up of the old Greek and Roman civilization, the resemblance of this region to a leaf, not now any longer a platane, but a mulberry leaf, appeared so strong, that it exchanged its classic name of Peloponnesus for "Morea," which embodied men's sense of this resemblance, *morus* being a mulberry tree in Latin, and *μωρέα* in Greek. This etymology of "Morea" has been called in question;† but, as it seems to me, on no sufficient grounds. Deducing, as one objector does, "Morea" from a Slavonic word, "*more*," the sea, he finds in this derivation a support for his favorite notion that the modern population of Greece is not descended from the ancient, but consists in far the larger proportion of intrusive Slavonic races.

38. In other ways also the names of places will oftentimes embody some poetical aspect under which now or at some former period men learned to regard them. Oftentimes when discoverers come upon a new land they will seize with a firm grasp of the imagination the most striking feature which it presents to their eyes, and permanently

\* Strabo, viii. 2; Pliny, H. N. iv. 5; Agathemerus, l. i. p. 15; *εχειν δὲ ὁμοιον σχῆμα φύλλῳ πλατάνου*.

† By Fallmerayer, "Gesch. der Halbinsel Morea," p. 240, sqq.; and by Isaac Taylor, "Words and Places," p. 398. The island of Ceylon, known to the Greeks as Taprobane, is in like manner said to owe its name to a resemblance, real or fancied, which in outline it bore to the leaf of the betel tree.

embody this in a word. Thus the island of Madeira is now, I believe, nearly bare of wood ; but its sides were covered with forests at the time when it was first discovered, and hence the name "madeira" in Portuguese having this meaning of wood. Some have said that the first Spanish discoverers of Florida gave it this name from the rich carpeting of flowers which, at the time when first their eyes beheld it, everywhere covered the soil.\* Surely Florida, as the name passes under our eye, or from our lips, is something more than it was before, when we may thus think of it as the land of flowers.†

\* But see on this point Isaac Taylor, "Words and Places," p. 13.

† An Italian poet, Fazio degli Uberti, tells us that Florence has its appellation from the same cause :

Poichè era posta in un prato di fiori,  
Le denno il nome bello, onde s' ingloria.

It would be instructive to draw together a collection of etymologies which have been woven into verse. These are so little felt to be alien to the spirit of poetry, that they exist in large numbers, and often lend to the poem in which they find a place a charm and interest of their own. In five lines of "Paradise Lost," Milton introduces four such etymologies, namely, those of the four fabled rivers of hell, though this will sometimes escape the notice of the English reader :

"Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate,  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep,  
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce  
Phlegethon,  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with  
rage."

"That great master of the proprieties, Virgil, as Bishop Pearson has so happily called him, does not shun, but rather loves to introduce them, as witness his etymology of Byrsa, "Æn." i. 367, 368 ; v. 59, 63 ; of Silvius, "Æn." vi. 763, 765 ; of "Latium," with reference to Saturn having remained latent there ("Æn." viii. 322 ; cf. Ovid, "Fasti," i. 238) :

Latiumque vocari  
Maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutus in oris :  
and again of "Avernus" (=ἀορνος, "Æn." vi. 243) ; being indeed in this anticipated by Lucretius (vi. 741) :

quia sunt avibus contraria cunctis.

Ovid's taste is far from faultless, and his example cannot go for much ; but he is always a graceful versifier, and his "Fasti" swarm with etymologies, correct and in-

We have heard something of Port Natal lately, we may in coming years hear more. The name also embodies a fact which must be of interest to its inhabitants, namely, that this port was first discovered on Christmas Day, the *dies natalis* of our Lord.

39. Then again what poetry is there, as indeed there ought to be, in the names of flowers ! I do not speak of those, the exquisite grace and beauty of whose names is forced on us so that we cannot miss it, such as "meadow-sweet," "eye-bright," "blue-bell," "maiden-hair," "sun-dew," "forget-me-not," "lady's smock," "our Lady's slipper," "Venus' looking-glass," "queen-of-the-meadows," "love-in-idleness," "reine-marguerite," "rosemary," "gilt-cup" (a local name for the buttercup, drawn from the golden gloss of its petals), "cuckoo-flower," blossoming as this orchis does when the cuckoo is first heard, "herb of grace," and the like ; but take "daisy ;" surely this charming little English flower, which has stirred the peculiar affection of English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, and received the tribute of their song, becomes more charming yet when we know, as Chaucer long ago has told us, that "daisy" is day's eye, the eye of day ; these are his words :

"That well by reason it men callen may  
The daisie, or else the eye of day."

For only consider how much is implied here. To the sun in the heavens this name, eye of day, was naturally first

correct ; as of "Agonalis" (i. 322), of "Aprilis" (iv. 89), of "Augustus" (i. 609-614), of "Februius" (ii. 19-22), of "hostia" (i. 336), of "Janus" (i. 120-127), of "Junius" (vi. 22), of "Lemures" (v. 479-484), of "Lucina" (ii. 449), of "majestas" (v. 26), of "Orion" (v. 535), of "pecunia" (v. 280, 281), of "senatus" (v. 64), of "Sulmo" (iv. 79 ; cf. Silius Italicus ix. 70) ; of "Vesta" (vi. 299), of "victima" (i. 335). He has them also elsewhere, as of "Tomi" ("Trist." iii. 9, 33). Lucilius, in like manner, gives us the etymology of "iners" :

Ut perhibetur iners, ars in quo non erit  
ulla ;

and Propertius (iv. 2, 3) of "Vertumnus."

given, and those who transferred the title to our little field flower meant no doubt to liken its inner yellow disk or shield to the great golden orb of the sun, and the white florets which encircle this disk to the rays which the sun spreads on all sides around him. What imagination was here, to suggest a comparison such as this, binding together as this does the smallest and the greatest! what a traveling of the poet's eye, with the power which is the privilege of that eye, from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth, and of linking both together! Call up before your mind's eye the "lavish gold" of the drooping laburnum when in flower, and you will recognize the poetry of the title, "the golden rain," which in German it bears. "Celandine" does not so clearly tell its own tale; and it is only when you have investigated the *χελιδόνιον*, of which "celandine" is the English representative, that the word will yield up the poetry which is concealed in it.

40. And then again, what poetry is there often in the names of birds and beasts and fishes, and indeed of all the animated world around us; how skillfully are these names adapted to bring out the most striking and characteristic features of the objects to which they are given! Thus when the Romans became acquainted with the stately giraffe, long concealed from them in the interior deserts of Africa (which we learn from Pliny, they first did in the shows exhibited by Julius Cæsar), it was happily imagined to designate a creature combining, though with infinitely more grace, yet something of the height and even the proportions of the *camel* with the spotted skin of the *pard*, by a name which should incorporate both these its most prominent features,\* calling it the "camelopard." Nor can we, I think, hesitate to accept that account as the true one, which describes the word as

no artificial creation of the scientific naturalist, but as bursting extempore from the lips of the populace, who after all are the truest namers, at the first moment when the novel creature was presented to their gaze. "Cerf-volant," a name which the French have so happily given to the horned scarabeus, the same which we somewhat less poetically call the "stag-beetle," is another example of what may be effected with the old materials, by merely bringing them into new and happy combinations.

41. The butterfly is in Spanish "mariposa." The derivation is curious, if it may be trusted, and one who has good right to be heard in the matter adduces it with confidence.\* Nothing in the butterfly is so striking as the alternations of restless movement while it is on the wing, and then of perfect quiet when it has lighted. He divides the word thus, "mar-i-posa," or "sea and rest;" first the restless agitation as of the sea, and this presently exchanged for perfect repose, and finds here a key to the explanation of a word which has hitherto perplexed all etymologists.

42. You know the appearance of the lizard, and the *star*-like shape of the spots which are sown over its back. Well, in Latin it is called "stellio," from *stella*, a star; just as the basilisk had in Greek the name of "little king" because of the shape as of a *kingly* crown which the spots on its head might be made by the fancy to assume. Follow up the etymology of "squirrel," and you will find that the graceful creature which bears this name has obtained it as being wont to sit under the shadow of its own tail. Need I remind you of our "goldfinch," evidently so called from that bright patch of yellow on its wing; our "kingfisher," having its name from the royal beauty, the kingly splendor of the plumage with which it is adorned? The lady-bird or lady-cow is prettily named, as indeed the whole legend about it is full of grace and fancy; but

\* Varro: Quod erat figurâ ut camelus, maculis ut panthera; and Horace ("Ep." ii. 1, 196):

Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo.

\* Mahn, "Etymol. Forschungen," p. 9.

a common name which in many of our country parts it bears, the "golden knop," is prettier still. And indeed in our country dialects there is a wide poetical nomenclature which is well worthy of recognition; thus the shooting lights of the Aurora Borealis are in Lancashire "the Merry Dancers;" clouds piled up in a particular fashion are in many parts styled "Noah's Ark;" the puff-ball is "the Devil's snuff-box;" the dragon-fly "the Devil's darning-needle;" a large black beetle "the Devil's coach-horse." Any one who has watched the kestrel hanging poised in the air, before it swoops upon its prey, will acknowledge the felicity of the name "windhover," or sometimes "windfanner," which it bears.

43. The amount is very large of curious legendary lore which is everywhere bound up in words, and which they, if duly solicited, will give back to us again. For example, the Greek "halcyon," which we have adopted without change, has reference, and wraps up in itself an allusion, to one of the most beautiful and significant legends of heathen antiquity; according to which the sea preserved a perfect calmness for all the period, the fourteen "halcyon days," during which this bird was brooding over her nest. The poetry of the name survives, whether the name suggested the legend or the legend the name. Take again the names of some of our precious stones, as of the topaz, so called, as some said, because men were only able to conjecture (τοπαρίζειν) the position of the cloud-concealed island from which it was brought.\* But more graceful than all these is the legend which clings to the "gossamer," or God's summer, and which speaks out most distinctly in the name "Marienfäden," which in German it bears—namely, that this gossamer is the remnant of Our Lady's winding-sheet, which fell away in these lightest fragments, as she was assumed into heaven.

44. Very curious is the determina-

tion which some words, indeed many, seem to manifest, that their poetry shall not die; or, if it dies in one form, that it shall revive in another. Thus if there is danger that, transferred from one language to another, they shall no longer speak to the imagination of men as they did of old, they will make to themselves a new life, they will acquire a new soul in the room of that which has ceased to quicken and inform them any more. Let me make clear what I mean, by two or three examples. The Germans, knowing nothing of carbuncles, had naturally no word of their own for them; and when they first found it necessary to name them, as naturally borrowed the Latin "carbunculus," which originally had meant "a little live coal," to designate these precious stones of a fiery red. But "carbunculus," a real word full of poetry and life, for a Latin, would have been only an arbitrary sign for as many as were ignorant of that language. What then did they, or what, rather, did the working genius of the language, do? It adopted, but, in adopting, modified slightly yet effectually the word, changing it into "Karfunkel," thus retaining the framework of the original, yet at the same time, inasmuch as "funkeln" signifies "to sparkle," reproducing now in an entirely novel manner the image of the bright sparkling of the stone, for every knower of the German tongue. "Margarita" belongs to the earliest group of Latin words adopted into the English language. The word, however, told nothing about itself to those who adopted it. But the pearl might be poetically contemplated as the sea-stone; and so our fathers presently transformed "margarita" into "meregreet," which means nothing less.

45. Take another illustration of this from another quarter. The French "rossignol," a nightingale, is undoubtedly the Latin "lusciniola," the diminutive of "luscinia," with the alteration so frequent in the Romance languages, of the commencing "l" into "r." Whatever may be the etymology of "luscinia," whether it be "in

\* Pliny, "H.N." xxxvii. 32.

lucis cano," the singer in the groves, or "lucens cano," the mourning singer, or "in lucem cano," the singer until dawn, or "luscus cano," the weak-eyed and therefore twilight singer, with which our "nightingale" would most nearly correspond, or whether all these are alike astray, it is plain that for Frenchmen in general the word would no longer suggest any meaning at all, hardly even for French scholars, after the serious transformations which it had undergone; while yet, at the same time, in the exquisitely musical "ros-signal," and still more perhaps in the Italian "usignuolo," there is an evident intention and endeavor to express something of the music of the bird's song in the liquid melody of the imitative name which it bears; and thus to put a new soul into the word, in lieu of that other which had escaped. Or again—whatever may be the meaning of Senlac, the name of that field where the ever-memorable battle, now better known as the Battle of Hastings, was fought, it certainly was not "Sanglac," or Lake of Blood; the word only shaping itself into this significant form subsequently to the battle, and in consequence of it.

46. I must add one example more of the perishing of the old life in a word, and the birth of a new in its stead. Every one who has visited Lucerne must remember the rugged mountain called "Mont de Pilate" or "Pilate's mountain," which stands opposite to him, and if he has been among the few who have cared to climb it, will have been shown by his guide the lake at its summit in which Pontius Pilate in his despair drowned himself, with an assurance that from this the mountain obtained its name. Nothing of the kind. "Mont de Pilate" was originally "Mons *Pileatus*," "the *hatted* hill;" the clouds, as one so often sees, gathering round its summit, and forming the shape and appearance of a turban or hat. When in the middle ages this true derivation was forgotten or misunderstood, the other was invented and imposed. An instructive example this, let me observe by the way, of that

which has happened continually in far older legends; I mean that the name has suggested the legend, and not the legend the name. We have an apt illustration of this in the old notion that the crocodile (*κροκόδειλος*) could not endure saffron.

47. I have said that poetry and imagination seek to penetrate everywhere; and this is literally true; for even the hardest, austerest studies cannot escape their influence; they will put something of their own life into the dry bones of a nomenclature which seems the remotest from them, the most opposed to them. He who in prosody called a metrical foot consisting of one long syllable followed by two short (- ∪ ∪) a "dactyle" or a finger, with allusion to the long first joint of the finger, and the two shorter which follow, whoever he may have been, and some one was the first to do it, must be allowed to have brought a certain amount of imagination into a study so alien to it as prosody very well might appear.

48. He did the same in another not very poetical region who invented the Latin law-term, "stellionatus." The word includes all such legally punishable acts of swindling or injurious fraud committed on the property of another as are not specified in any more precise enactment; being drawn and derived from a practice attributed, I suppose without any foundation, to the lizard or "stellio" we spoke of just now. Having cast its winter skin, it is reported to swallow it at once, and this out of a malignant grudge lest any should profit by that which, if not now, was of old accounted a sure specific in certain diseases. The term was then transferred to any malicious wrong whatever done by one person to another.

49. In other regions it was only to be expected that we should find poetry. Thus it is nothing strange that architecture, which has been called frozen music, and which is poetry embodied in material forms, should have a language of its own, not dry nor hard, not of the mere intellect alone, but one in

the forming of which it is evident that the imaginative faculties were at work. To take only one example—this, however, from Gothic art, which naturally yields the most remarkable—what exquisite poetry in the name of “the rose window,” or better still, “the rose,” given to the rich circular aperture of stained glass, with its leaf-like compartments, in the transepts of a Gothic cathedral! Here indeed we may note an exception from that which usually finds place; for usually art borrows beauty from nature, and very faintly, if at all, reflects back beauty upon her. In this present instance, however, art is so beautiful, has reached so glorious and perfect a development, that if the associations which the rose supplies lend to that window some hues of beauty and a glory which otherwise it would not have, the latter abundantly repays the obligation; and even the rose itself may become lovelier still, associated with those shapes of grace, those rich gorgeous tints, and all the religious symbolism of that in art which has borrowed and bears its name. After this it were little to note the imagination, although that was most real, which dictated the term “flamboyant” to express the wavy flame-like outline, which, at a particular period of art, the tracery in the Gothic window assumed.

50. “Godsacre,” or “Godsfield,” is the German name for a burial-ground, and once was our own, though we unfortunately have nearly, if not quite, let it go. What a hope full of immortality does this little word proclaim! how rich is it in all the highest elements of poetry, and of poetry in its noblest alliance, that is, in its alliance with faith—able as it is to cause all loathsome images of decay and dissolution to disappear, not denying them, but suspending, losing, absorbing them in the sublimer thought of the victory over death, of that harvest of life which God shall one day so gloriously reap even there where now seems the very triumphing place of death.

51. Lastly let me note the pathos of poetry which lies often in the mere tracing of the succession of changes in

meaning which certain words have undergone. Thus “elend” in German, a beautiful word, now signifies wretchedness, but at first it signified exile or banishment.\* The sense of this separation from the native land and from all home delights as being the woe of all woes, the crown of all sorrows, little by little so penetrated the word, that what at first expressed only one form of misery, has ended by signifying all. It is not a little notable, as showing the same feeling elsewhere at work, that “*essil*” (= *exilium*) in old French signified, not as one might have expected, banishment, but ruin.

52. Let us then acknowledge man a born poet. If not every man always himself a “maker,” yet evermore able to rejoice in what others have made, adopting it freely, moving gladly in it as his own most congenial element and sphere. For indeed, as man does not live by bread alone, as little does he seek in language merely the instrument which shall put him in such relations with his fellowmen as shall enable him to buy and sell and get gain, or otherwise make provision for the lower necessities of his animal life; but something rather which shall also stand in a real relation and correspondence to the higher faculties of his being, shall feed, nourish, and sustain these, shall stir him with images of beauty and suggestions of greatness. Neither here nor anywhere else could he become the mere utilitarian even if he would. Despite his utmost efforts, were he mad enough to employ them, he could not succeed in exhausting his language of the poetical element which is inherent in it; he could not succeed in stripping it of blossom, flower, and fruit, and leaving it nothing but a bare and naked stem. He may fancy for a moment that he has succeeded in doing this; but it will only need for him to

\* “*Ellinge*,” a very exquisite word, common in the south of England, and signifying at once lonely and sad, is this, and not connected, as is so often assumed, with the French “*éloigner*.” On “*elend*” there is an interesting discussion in Delitzsch “On the Psalms,” vol. ii. p. 192.

become a little better philologist, to go a little deeper into the study of the words which he is using, and he will discover that he is as remote from this miserable consummation as ever.

53. For ourselves, let us desire nothing of the kind. Our life is not in other ways so full of imagination and poetry that we need give any diligence to empty it of that which it possesses of these. It will always have for us all enough of dull and prosaic and commonplace. What profit can there be in seeking to extend the region of these? Profit there would be none, but on the contrary infinite loss. It is *stagnant* waters which corrupt themselves; not those in agitation and on which the winds of heaven are freely blowing. The words of passion and imagination are, as one so grandly called them of old, “winds of the soul” (*ψυχῆς ἀνεμοί*), to keep it in healthful motion and agitation, to lift it upward and to drive it onward, to preserve it from that unwholesome stagnation which constitutes the fatal preparedness for so many other and worse evils.

### LECTURE III.

#### ON THE MORALITY IN WORDS.

54. Is man of a divine birth and stock? coming from God, and, when he fulfils the law of his being, and the intention of his creation, returning to Him again? We need no more than the words he speaks to prove it; so much is there in them which could never have existed on any other supposition. How else could all those words which testify of his relation to God, and of his consciousness of this relation, and which ground themselves thereon, have found their way into this, the veritable transcript of his innermost life, the genuine utterance of the faith and hope which is in him? In what other way can we explain that vast and preponderating weight thrown into the scale of goodness and truth, which, despite of all in the other scale, we must thankfully acknowledge that language never is without? How else

shall we account for that sympathy with the right, that testimony against the wrong, which, despite of all aberrations and perversions, is yet the prevailing ground-tone of all?

55. But has man fallen, and deeply fallen, from the heights of his original creation? We need no more than his language to prove it. Like everything else about him, it bears at once the stamp of his greatness and of his degradation, of his glory and of his shame. What dark and sombre threads he must have woven into the tissue of his life, before we could trace those threads of darkness which run through the tissue of his language! What facts of wickedness and woe must have existed in the one, ere such works could exist to designate these as are found in the other! There have never wanted those who would make light of the hurts which man has inflicted on himself, of the sickness with which he is sick; who would persuade themselves and others that moralists and divines, if they have not quite invented, have yet enormously exaggerated, these. But are statements of the depth of his fall, the malignity of the disease with which he is sick, found only in Scripture and in sermons? Are those who bring forward these libellers of human nature? Or are not mournful corroborations of the truth of these imprinted deeply upon every province of man's natural and spiritual life, and on none more deeply than on his language? It needs but to open a dictionary, and to cast our eye thoughtfully down a few columns, and we shall find abundant confirmation of this sadder and sterner estimate of man's moral and spiritual condition. How else shall we explain this long catalogue of words, having all to do with sin or with sorrow, or with both? How came they there? We may be quite sure that they were not invented without being needed, and they have each a correlative in the world of realities. I open the first letter of the alphabet; what means this “Ah,” this “Alas,” these deep and long-drawn sighs of humanity, which at once encounter me there? And then present-



ly there meet me such words as these, "Affliction," "Agony," "Anguish," "Assassin," "Atheist," "Avarice," and a hundred more—words, you will observe, not laid up in the recesses of the language, to be drawn forth on rare occasions, but many of them such as must be continually on the lips of men. And indeed, in the matter of abundance, it is sad to note how much richer our vocabularies are in words that set forth sins, than in those that set forth graces. When St. Paul (Gal. v. 19—23) would put these against those, "the works of the flesh" against "the fruit of the Spirit," those are seventeen, these only nine; and where do we find in Scripture such lists of graces, as we do at 2 Tim. iii. 2, Rom. i. 29—31, of their contraries?\*

56. Nor can I help noting, in the oversight and muster from this point of view of the words which constitute a language, the manner in which its utmost resources have been taxed to express the infinite varieties, now of human suffering, now of human sin. Thus, what a fearful thing is it that any language should possess a word to express the pleasure which men feel at the calamities of others; for the existence of the word bears testimony to the existence of the thing. And yet such in more languages than one may be found.† Nor are there wanting, I suppose, in any language, words which are the mournful record of the strange wickednesses which the genius of man, so fertile in evil, has invented. What whole processes of cruelty are sometimes wrapped up in a single word!

\* Of these last the most exhaustive collection which I know is in Philo, "De Merced. Meret." § 4. There are here one hundred and forty-six epithets brought together, each of them indicating a sinful moral habit of mind. It was not without reason that Aristotle wrote: "It is possible to err in many ways, for evil belongs to the infinite; but to do right is possible only in one way" ("Ethic. Nic." ii. 6. 14).

† In the Greek, *ἐπιχαιρεκακία*, in the German, "Schaden-freude." Cicero so strongly feels the want of such a word, that he gives to "malevolentia" the significance "voluptas ex malo alterius," which lies not of necessity in it.

Thus I have not gone down the first column of an Italian dictionary before I light upon the verb "abbacinare," meaning to deprive of sight by holding a red-hot metal basin close to the eye-balls. Travelling a little further in a Greek lexicon, I should reach *ἀκρωτηριάζειν*, to mutilate by cutting off all the extremities, as hands, feet, nose, ears; or take our English "to ganch." And our dictionaries, while they tell us much, cannot tell us all. How shamefully rich is everywhere the language of the vulgar in words and phrases which, seldom allowed to find their way into books, yet live as a sinful oral tradition on the lips of men, for the setting forth of things unholy and impure. And of these words, as no less of those dealing with the kindred sins of reveling and excess, how many set the evil forth with an evident sympathy and approbation of it, and as taking part with the sin against Him who has forbidden it under pain of his highest displeasure. How much ability, how much wit, yes, and how much imagination must have stood in the service of sin, before it could possess a nomenclature so rich, so varied, and often so heaven-defying, as that which actually it owns.

57. Then further note, I beseech you, the many words which men have dragged downward with themselves, and made more or less partakers of their own fall. Having once an honorable significance, they have yet with the deterioration and degeneration of those that used them, or of those about whom they were used, deteriorated and degenerated too. How many, harmless once, have assumed a harmful as their secondary meaning; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy. Thus "knave" meant once no more than lad (nor does it now in German mean more); "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was a farmer, a "varlet" a serving-man, which meaning still survives in "valet," the other form of this word;\* a "menial" was one of

\* Yet this itself was an immense fall for the word (see Ampère, "La Langue Fran-

the "many" or household, a "paramour" a lover, an honorable one, it might be; a "minion" a favorite (man in Sylvester is "God's dearest minion"); a "pedant" was in the Italian from which we borrowed the word, and for a while too with ourselves, simply a tutor; a "swindler," in German, one who entered into perilous mercantile speculations, without implying that this was done with any intention to defraud others. Christ, according to Bishop Hall, was the "ringleader" of our salvation. "Time-server" two hundred years ago quite as often designated one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense "serving the time."\* "Conceits" had once nothing concealed in them. "To carp" was in Chaucer's time no more than to converse. An "officious" man was one prompt in offices of kindness, and not, as now, an uninvited meddler in things that concern him not. Something indeed of the old meaning still survives in the diplomatic use of the word. "Demure" conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" no crooked wisdom was implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is skilled. "Artful" was skilful, and not tricky as now. Could the Magdalen have ever given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential sorrow had been held in due honor by the world? "Tinsel," the French "*étincelle*," meant once anything that sparkled or glistened; thus, "cloth of *tinsel*" would be cloth inwrought with silver and gold; but the sad experience that "all is not gold that glitters," that much which shows fair to the eye is worthless in reality, has caused that by "tinsel," literal or figurative, we ever mean now that which has no realities

gaise," p. 219, and Littré, "Dict. de la Langue Française," preface, p. xxv.).

\* See in proof Fuller, "Holy State," b. iii. c. 19.

of sterling worth underlying the specious shows which it make. "Specious" itself, let me note, meant beautiful at one time, and not, as now, presenting a deceitful appearance of beauty. "Tawdry," which was an epithet applied once to lace or other finery bought at the fair of St. Awdrey or St. Etheldreda, has run through the same course: it at one time conveyed no suggestion of *mean* finery, or *shabby* splendor, as now it does. "Volatile" was an epithet which had nothing of slight in it, meaning what "fluent" means now; "plausible" was worthy of applause; "lewd" no more than unlearned, as the lay or common people might be supposed to be.\*

58. A like deterioration through use may be traced in the verb "to resent." Barrow could speak of the good man as a faithful "resenter" and requiter of benefits, of the duty of testifying an affectionate "resentment" of our obligations to God. But the memory of benefits fades from us so much more quickly than that of injuries; we remember and revolve in our minds so much more predominantly the wrongs, real or imaginary, men have done us, than the favors we owe them, that "resentment" has come in our modern English to be confined exclusively to that deep reflective displeasure which men entertain against those that have done, or whom they believe to have done, them a wrong. And this explains how it comes to pass that we do not speak of the "retaliation" of benefits at all so often as the "retaliation" of injuries. "To retaliate" signifies no more than to render again as much as we have received; but this is

\* Having in mind what "dirne," connected with "dienen," "dienst," commonly means now in German, one almost shrinks from observing that it was once a name of honor which could be and was used of the Blessed Virgin Mary (see Grimm, "Wörterbuch," s. v.). "Schalk" in like manner had no evil subaudition in it at first; nor had it ever such during the time that it survived in English; thus in "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," the peerless Gawayne is himself on more than one occasion a "schalk" (424, 1776).

so much seldomer practised in regard of benefits than of wrongs, that "retaliation," though not altogether unused in this worthier sense, has yet, when so employed, an unusual sound in our ears. "To retaliate" kindnesses is a language which would not now be intelligible to all. "Animosity," as originally employed in that later Latin which gave it birth, was spiritedness; men would speak of the "animosity" or fiery courage of a horse. In our early English it meant nothing more; a divine of the seventeenth century speaks of "due Christian animosity." Activity and vigor are still implied in the word; but now only as displayed in enmity and hate. There is a Spanish proverb which says, "One foe is too many; a hundred friends are too few." The proverb and the course which this word "animosity" has travelled may be made mutually to illustrate one another.\*

59. How mournful a witness for the hard and unrighteous judgments we habitually form of one another lies in the word "prejudice." It is itself absolutely neutral, meaning no more than a judgment formed beforehand; which judgment may be favorable, or may be unfavorable. Yet so predominantly do we form harsh unfavorable judgments of others before knowledge and experience, that a "prejudice," or judgment before knowledge and not grounded on evidence, is almost always taken in an ill sense; "prejudicial" having actually acquired mischievous or injurious for its secondary meaning.

60. As these words bear testimony to the *sin* of man, so others to his *infirmity*, to the limitation of human faculties and human knowledge, to the truth of the proverb, "Humanum est errare." Thus "to retract" means properly no more than to handle again, to reconsider. And yet, so certain are we to find in a subject which

we reconsider, or handle a second time, that which was at first rashly, imperfectly, inaccurately, stated, which needs therefore to be amended, modified, withdrawn, that "to retract" could not tarry long in its primary meaning of reconsidering; but has come to signify to withdraw. Thus the greatest Father of the Latin Church, wishing at the close of his life to amend whatever he might then perceive in his various published works incautiously or incorrectly stated, gave to the book in which he carried out this intention (for authors had then no such opportunities as later editions afford now) this very name of "Retractations," being literally "rehandlings," but in fact, as will be plain to any one turning to the work, withdrawals of various statements by which he was no longer prepared to abide.

61. But urging, as I just now did, the degeneration of words, I should seriously err, if I failed to remind you that a parallel process of purifying and ennobling has also been going forward, most of all through the influences of a Divine faith working in the world. This, as it has turned *men* from evil to good, or has lifted them from a lower earthly goodness to a higher heavenly, so has it in like manner elevated, purified, and ennobled a multitude of the words which they employ, until these, which once expressed only an earthly good, express now a heavenly. The Gospel of Christ, as it is the redemption of man, so it is in a multitude of instances the redemption of his word, freeing it from the bondage of corruption, that it should no longer be subject to vanity, nor stand any more in the service of sin or of the world, but in the service of God and of his truth. Thus the Greek had a word for "humility;" but for him this humility meant—that is, with rare exceptions—meanness of spirit. He who brought in the Christian grace of humility, did in so doing rescue the term which expressed it for nobler uses and a far higher dignity than hitherto it had attained. There were "angels" before heaven had been opened, but these only

\* For quotations from our earlier authors in proof of many of the assertions made in the few last pages, see my "Select Glossary of English Words used formerly in senses different from their present," 4th edit. 1873.

earthly messengers ; “ martyrs ” also, or witnesses, but these not unto blood, nor yet for God’s highest truth ; “ apostles,” but sent of men ; “ evangelists,” but these good tidings of this world, and not of the kingdom of heaven ; “ advocates,” but not “ with the Father.” “ Paradise ” was a word common in slightly different forms to almost all the nations of the East ; but it was for them only some royal park or garden of delights ; till for the Jew it was exalted to signify the wondrous abode of our first parents ; and higher honors awaited it still, when on the lips of the Lord, it signified the blissful waiting-place of faithful and departed souls (Luke xxiii. 43) ; yea, the heavenly blessedness itself (Rev. ii. 7). A “ regeneration,” or palingenesis, was not unknown to the Greeks ; they could speak of the earth’s “ regeneration ” in spring-time, of recollection as the “ regeneration ” of knowledge ; the Jewish historian could describe the return of his countrymen from the Babylonian Captivity, and their re-establishment in their own land, as the “ regeneration ” of the Jewish State. But still the word, whether as employed by Jew or Greek, was a long way off from that honor reserved for it in the Christian dispensation — namely, that it should be the vehicle of one of the most blessed mysteries of the faith.\* And many other words in like manner there are, “ fetched from the very dregs of paganism,” as Sanderson has it (he instances the Latin “ sacrament,” the Greek “ mystery”), which the Holy Spirit has not refused to employ for the setting forth of the glorious facts of our redemption ; and, reversing the impious deed of Belshazzar, who profaned the sacred vessels of God’s house to sinful and idolatrous uses (Dan. v. 2), has consecrated the very idol-vessels of Babylon to the service of the sanctuary.

62. Let us now proceed to contemplate some of the attestations to God’s truth, and then some of the playings

into the hands of the devil’s falsehood, which lurks in words. And first, the attestations to God’s truth, the fallings-in of our words with His unchangeable Word ; for these, as the true uses of the word, while the other are only its abuses, have a prior claim to be considered.

63. Thus, some modern “ false prophets,” willing to explain away all such phenomena of the world around us as declare man to be a sinful being, and lying under the consequences of sin, would fain have us to believe that pain is only a subordinate kind of pleasure, or, at worst, a sort of needful hedge and guardian of pleasure. But a deeper feeling in the universal heart of man bears witness to quite another explanation of the existence of pain in the present economy of the world — namely, that it is the correlative of sin, that it is *punishment* ; and to this the word “ pain,” so closely connected with “ *pœna*,” bears witness. Pain is punishment ; for so the word, and so the conscience of every one that is suffering it, declares. There are those who will not hear of great pestilences being scourges of the sins of men ; who, if only they can find out the immediate, imagine that they have found out the ultimate, causes of these ; while yet these gainsayers have only to speak of a “ plague ” and they implicitly avouch the very truth which they have set themselves to deny ; for a “ plague,” what is it but a stroke ; so called, because that universal conscience of men which is never at fault, has felt and thus confessed it to be such ? For here, as in so many cases, that proverb stands fast, “ *Vox populi, vox Dei* ; ” and may be admitted to the full ; that is, if only we keep in mind that this “ people ” is not the populace either in high place or in low ; and this “ voice of the people ” no momentary outcry, but the consenting testimony of the good and wise, of those neither brutalized by ignorance, nor corrupted by a false cultivation, in many places and in many times.

64. To one who admits the truth of this proverb it will be nothing strange that men should have agreed to call him

\* See my “ Synonyms of the N. T. ” § 18.

a "miser" or miserable, who eagerly scrapes together and painfully hoards the mammon of this world. Here too, the moral instinct lying deep in all hearts has borne testimony to the tormenting nature of this vice, to the gnawing pains with which even in this present time it punishes its votaries, to the enmity which there is between it and all joy; and the man who enslaves himself to his money is proclaimed in our own very language to be a "miser," or miserable man.\*

65. Other words bear testimony to great moral truths. St. James has, I doubt not, been often charged with the exaggeration for saying, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (ii. 10). The charge is an unjust one. The Romans said as much, as often as they used "integritas;" we say the same who have adopted "integrity," as a part of our ethical language. For what is "integrity" but entireness; the "integrity" of the body being, as Cicero explains it, the full possession and the perfect soundness of *all* its members; and moral "integrity," though it cannot be predicated so absolutely of any sinful child of Adam, is this same entireness or completeness transferred to things higher. "Integrity" was exactly that which Harold had *not* attained, when at the Baptist's bidding he "did many things gladly" (Mark vi. 20), but did *not* put away his brother's wife; whose partial obedience therefore profited nothing; he had dropped one link in the golden chain of obedience, and as a consequence the whole chain fell to the ground.

66. It is very noticeable, and many have noticed, that the Greek word signifying wickedness (*πονηρία*) comes of

another signifying labor (*πόνος*). How well does this agree with those passages in Scripture which describes sinners as "*wearying themselves* to commit iniquity," as "*laboring* in the very fire;" "the martyrs of the devil," as South calls them, being at more pains to go to hell than the martyrs of God to go to heaven. "St. Chrysostom's eloquence," as Bishop Sanderson has observed, "enlarges itself and triumphs in this argument more frequently than in almost any other; and he clears it often and beyond all exception, both by Scripture and reason, that the life of a wicked or worldly man is a very drudgery infinitely more toilsome, vexatious, and unpleasant than a godly life is."\*

67. Take another witness of words to a central truth of our faith. A deep-lying connection, acknowledged by all, between sin and expiation, a profound conviction that sin requires expiation, cannot be forgiven till an atonement has been made, this, twining itself among the very roots of men's minds, has uttered itself in the words which they employ. Nowhere has been traced more clearly than in the relation between "*sünde*" and "*sühnen*," the German words for "sin" and "to atone." Some, indeed, have affirmed this relation to be merely fanciful, one, therefore, on which no conclusion could be grounded. But the scholar with best right to speak on the matter, does, after a full discussion, stand fast to this, that the connection between "*sünde*" and "*sühnen*," though not quite so close as sometimes assumed, is yet most real; that there thus lies in "sin" the notion of something needing expiation.† As the great lines in which the human mind travels are still the same, we may recognize as confirming this conclusion the fact that "*piaculum*" is the Latin for an enormous sin, or one which, *as such*, demands expiation.

68. How deep an insight into the fail-

\* "Misery" and "miserable" do not any longer signify avarice and avaricious; but these meanings they also once possessed (see my "Select Glossary," s. vv.). In them we once said, and in "miser" we still say, in one word what Seneca when he wrote,—"*Nulla avaritia sine pœnâ est, quamvis satis sit ipsa pœnarum*,"—took a sentence to say.

\* "Sermons," London, 1671, vol. ii. p. 244.

† J. Grimm, "Theol. Stud. u. Krit." 1839, p. 747, sqq.

ings of the human heart lies at the root of many words ; and, if only we would attend to them, what valuable warnings many contain against subtle temptations and sins ! Thus, all of us have felt the temptation of seeking to please others by an unmanly *assenting* to their opinion, even when our own independent convictions did not agree with theirs. The existence of such a temptation, and the fact that too many yield to it, are both declared in the Latin for a flatterer — “ assentator ” — that is, “ an assenter ; ” one who has not courage to say *No* when a *Yes* is expected from him : and quite independently of the Latin, the German, in its contemptuous and precisely equivalent use of “ *Jaherr*,” a “ *yea-Lord*,” warns us in like manner against all such unmanly compliances. Let me note that we also once possessed “ assentation ” in the sense of unworthy flattering lip-assent ; the last example of it in our dictionaries is from Bishop Hall : “ It is a fearful presage of ruin when the prophets conspire in *assentation* ; ” but it lived on to a far later day, being found and exactly in the same sense in Lord Chesterfield’s *Letters* to his Son ; he there speaks of “ abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation.”\* The word is well worthy to be revived.

69. Again, how well it is to have that spirit of depreciation, that eagerness to find spots and stains in the characters of the noblest and the best, who would otherwise oppress and rebuke us with a goodness and a greatness so immensely superior to ours—met and checked by a word at once so expressive, and so little pleasant to take home to ourselves, as the French “ *dénigreur*,” a “ blackener.” This also has fallen out of use ; which is a pity, seeing that the race which it designates is so far from being extinct. Full too of instruction and warning is our present employment of “ *libertine*.” A “ *libertine*,” in earlier use, was a speculative free-

thinker in matter of religion and in the theory of morals. But as by a sure process free-*thinking* does and will end in free-*acting*, he who has cast off one yoke also casting off the other, so a “ *libertine*” came in two or three generations to signify a profligate, especially in relation to women, a licentious and debauched person.

70. Look a little closely at the word “ *passion*.” We sometimes regard a “ *passionate*” man as a man of strong will, and of real though ungoverned energy. But “ *passion* ” teaches us quite another lesson ; for it, as a very solemn use of it declares, means properly “ *suffering* ; ” and a “ *passionate* ” man is not one doing something, but one suffering something to be done to him. When then a man or child is “ *in a passion*,” this is no outcoming in him of a strong will, of a real energy, but the proof rather that, for the time at least, he is altogether wanting in these ; he is *suffering*, not doing ; suffering his anger, or whatever evil temper it may be, to lord over him without control. Let no one then think of “ *passion* ” as a sign of strength. One might with as much justice conclude a man strong because he was often well beaten ; this would prove that a strong man was putting forth his strength on him, but certainly not that he was himself strong. The same sense of “ *passion* ” and feebleness going together, of the first as born of the second, lies, I may remark by the way, in the twofold use of “ *impotens* ” in the Latin, which, meaning first weak, means then violent and then weak and violent together. For a long time “ *impotent* ” and “ *impotence* ” in English embodied the same twofold meaning.

71. Or meditate on the use of “ *humanitas*,” and the use (in Scotland at least) of the “ *humanities*,” to designate those studies which are esteemed the fittest for training the true humanity in every man. We have happily overlived in England the time when it was still in debate among us whether education were a good thing for every living soul or not ; the only question which now seriously divides Englishmen being, in

\* August 10, 1749. The derivation of “ *simagrée* ” (si, m’agrée), a derivation to which French scholars give some sort of allowance, until a better is brought forward, makes the word to run in a curiously parallel line.

what manner that mental and moral training, which is society's debt to each one of its members, may be most effectually imparted to him. Were it not so, did any affirm still that it was good for any man to be left with powers not called out and faculties untrained, we might appeal to this word "*humanitas*," and the use to which the Roman put it in proof that he at least was not of this mind, even as now we may not slight the striking witness to the truth herein contained. By "*humanitas*" he intended the fullest and most harmonious culture of all the human faculties and powers. Then, and then only, man was truly man, when he received this ; in so far as he did not receive this, his "*humanity*" was maimed and imperfect ; he fell short of his ideal, of that which he was created to be.

72. In our use of "*talents*," as when we say "*a man of talents*" (not "*of talent*," for that, as we shall see presently, is nonsense, though "*of a talent*" would be allowable), there is a clear recognition of the responsibilities which go along with the possession of intellectual gifts and endowments, whatsoever these may be. We owe our later use of "*talent*" to the parable (Matt. xxv. 14) in which talents, more and fewer, are committed to the several servants, that they may trade with them in their master's absence, and give account of their employment at his return. Men may choose to forget the ends for which their "*talents*" were given them ; they may count them merely something which they have gotten ;\* they may turn them to selfish ends ; they may glorify themselves in them, instead of glorifying the Giver ; they may practically deny that they were given at all ; yet in this word, till they can rid their vocabulary of it, abides a continual memento that they were so given, or rather lent, and that each man shall have to render an account of their use.

73. Again, in "*oblige*" and "*obligation*," as when we speak of "*being*

obliged," or of having "*received an obligation*," a moral truth is asserted—this namely, that having received a benefit or a favor at the hands of another, we are thereby morally *bound* to show ourselves grateful for the same. We cannot be ungrateful without denying not merely a moral truth, but one incorporated in the very language which we employ. Thus South, in a sermon, "*Of the odious Sin of Ingratitude*," has well asked, "*If the conferring of a kindness did not bind the person upon whom it was conferred to the returns of gratitude, why, in the universal dialect of the world, are kindnesses called obligations ?*"\*

74. Once more—the habit of calling a woman's chastity her "*virtue*" is significant. I will not deny that it may spring in part from a tendency which often meets us in language, to narrow the whole circle of virtues to some one upon which peculiar stress is laid ;† but still, in selecting this peculiar one as the "*virtue*" of woman, there speaks out a true sense that this is indeed for her the citadel of the whole moral being, the overthrow of which is for her the overthrow of all ; that it is the keystone of the arch, which being withdrawn, the whole collapses and falls.

75. Or consider all which is witnessed for us in "*kind*." We speak of a "*kind*" person, and we speak of man—"*kind*," and perhaps, if we think about the matter at all, fancy that we are using quite different words, or the same words in senses quite unconnected. But they are connected, and by closest bonds ; a "*kind*" person is a "*kindred*" person, one of kin ; one who acknowledges his kinship with other men, and acts upon it ; confesses that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love. And so man—*kind* is *mankinned*.‡ Beautiful before,

\* "*Sermons*," London, 1737, vol. i. p. 407.

† Thus in Jewish Greek, *ἐλεημοσύνη* stands often for *δικαιοσύνη* (Deut. vi. 25 ; Ps. 102, 6, LXX.), or almsgiving for righteousness.

‡ Thus Hamlet does much more than merely play on words when he calls his

\* An *ἐξέτις*, as the heathen did, not a *δῶρημα*, as the Christian does : see a remarkable passage in Bishop Andrewes' "*Sermons*," vol. iii. p. 384.

how much more beautiful do "kind" and "kindness" appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow; and the truth which they embody; that they are the acknowledgment in loving deeds of our kinship with our brethren; of the relationship which exists between all the members of the human family, and of the obligations growing out of this.

76. But I observed just now that there are also words bearing on them the slime of the serpent's trail; uses, too, of words which imply moral perversity—not upon their parts who employ them now in their acquired senses, but on theirs from whom little by little they received their deflection, and were warped from their original rectitude. A "prude" is now a woman with an overdone affectation of a modesty which she does not really feel, and betraying the absence of the substance by this over-preciseness and niceness about the shadow. Goodness must have gone strangely out of fashion, the corruption of manners must have been profound, before matters could have come to this point. "Prude," a French word, and the feminine of "preux," means properly virtuous or prudent. But where morals are greatly and generally relaxed, virtue is treated as hypocrisy; and thus, in a dissolute age, and one incredulous of any inward purity, by the "prude" or virtuous woman is intended a sort of female Tartuffe, affecting a virtue which it was taken for granted none could really possess; and the word abides, a proof of the world's disbelief in the realities of goodness, of its resolution to treat them as hypocrisies and shows.

77. Again, why should "simple" be used slightly, and "simpleton" more slightly still? The "simple" is one properly of a single fold;\* a

Nathanael, whom as such Christ honored to the highest (John i. 47); and, indeed, what honor can be higher than to have nothing *double* about us, to be without *duplicities* or folds? Even the world, which despises "simplicity," does not profess to admire "duplicity," or double-foldedness. But inasmuch as it is felt that a man without these folds will in a world like ours make himself a prey, and as most men, if obliged to choose between deceiving and being deceived, would choose the former, it has come to pass that "simple," which in a kingdom of righteousness would be a word of highest honor, carries with in this world of ours something of contempt.\* Nor can we help noting another involuntary testimony borne by human language to human sin, I mean this—that an idiot, or one otherwise deficient in intellect, is called an "innocent," or one who does no hurt; this use of "innocent" assuming that to do hurt and harm is the chief employment to which men turn their intellectual powers, that where they are wise, they are oftenest wise to do evil.

78. Nor are these isolated examples of the contemptuous employment of words expressive of goodness. Such meet us on every side. Our "silly" is the Old-English "sælig," or blessed. We see it in a transition state in our early poets, with whom "silly" is an affectionate epithet which sheep obtain for their harmlessness. One among our earliest calls the new-born Lord of Glory Himself, "this harmless *silly* babe." But "silly" has gone through the same process as "simple," "innocent," and so many other words. The same moral phenomenon repeats itself continually. Thus at the first promulgation of the Christian faith, while the name of its Divine Founder was still strange to the

father's brother, who had married his mother, "A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind*."

\* I have allowed this to stand (1876), and certainly it is better to find "semel plico" in "simplex" than "sine plicâ" (see Donaldson, "Varronianus," p. 390); but perhaps this is all that can be said.

\* "Schlecht," which in modern German means bad, good for nothing, once meant good—good that is, in the sense of right or straight, but has passed through the same stages to the meaning which it now possesses; "albern" in like manner (Max Müller, "Science of Language," 2d series, p. 274).



ears of the heathen, they were wont, some in ignorance, but more of intention, slightly to mispronounce this name, turning "Christus" into "Chrestus"—that is, the benevolent or benign. That they who intentionally did this meant no honor thereby to the Lord of Life, but the contrary, is certain; and indeed this word, like "silly," "innocent," "simple," had already contracted a slight tinge of contempt, or else there would have been no inducement to fasten it on the Saviour. The French have their "bonhomie" with the same undertone of contempt, the Greeks their *εὐθθεια*. Lady Shiel tells us of the Persians of our own day, "They have odd names for describing the moral qualities; 'Sedākat' means sincerity, honesty, candor; but when a man is said to be possessed of 'sedākat' the meaning is that he is a credulous, contemptible simpleton."\* It is to the honor of the Latin tongue, and very characteristic of the best aspects of Roman life, that "simplex" and "simplicitas" never acquired this abusive signification.

79. Again, how prone are we all to ascribe to chance or fortune those gifts and blessings which indeed come directly from God—to build altars to Fortune rather than to Him who is the author of every good thing which we enjoy. And this faith of men, that their blessings, even their highest, come to them by a blind chance, they have incorporated in a word; for "happy" and "happiness" are connected with "hap," which is chance;—how unworthy, then, to express any true felicity, whose very essence is that it excludes hap or chance, that the world neither gave nor can take it away.† Against a similar misuse of "fortunate," "unfortunate," Wordsworth very nobly protests, when, of one who, having lost everything else, had yet kept the truth, he exclaims:

"Call not the royal Swede *unfortunate*,  
Who never did to *Fortune* bend the knee."

\* "Life and Manners in Persia," p. 247.

† The heathen with their *εὐδαιμονία*, inadequate as this word must be allowed to be, put us to shame.

80. There are words which reveal a wrong or insufficient aspect which men take of their duties, or which at all events others have taken before them; for it is possible that the mischief may have been done long ago, and those who now use the words may only have inherited it from others, not helped to bring it about themselves. An employer of labor advertises that he wants so many "hands;" but this language never could have become current, a man could never have thus shrunk into a "hand" in the eyes of his fellow-man, unless this latter had in good part forgotten that, annexed to those hands which he would purchase to toil for him, were also heads and hearts\*—a fact, by the way, of which, if he persists in forgetting it, he may be reminded in very unwelcome ways at the last. In Scripture there is another not unfrequent putting of a part for the whole, as when it is said, "The same day there were added unto them about three thousand *souls*" (Acts ii. 41). "Hands" here, "souls" there—the contrast may suggest some profitable reflections.

81. There is another way in which the immorality of words mainly displays itself, and in which they work their worst mischief; that is, when honorable names are given to dishonorable things, when sin is made plausible; arrayed, it may be, in the very colors of goodness, or, if not so, yet in such as go far to conceal its own native deformity. "The tongue," as St. James has said, "is a *world of iniquity*" (iii. 7); or, as some would render his words, and they are then still more to our purpose, "*the ornament of iniquity*," that which sets it out in fair and attractive colors. I cannot think these last-named expositors are right, though it is possible to find such a meaning in the words; at the same time the connection of the Greek for "tongue" with our "gloze,"

\* A similar use of *σώματα* for slaves in Greek rested originally on the same forgetfulness of the moral worth of every man. It has found its way into the Septuagint (Gen. xxxvi. 6; 2 Macc. viii. 11; Tob. x. 10); and occurs once in the New Testament (Rev. xviii. 13).

"glossy," with the German "gleissen," to smooth over or polish, and with an obsolete Greek word signifying the same, is not accidental, but real; even as it points to uses whereunto we may turn this "*best*," but, as it would then prove, this *worst* "member that we have."

82. How much wholesomer on all accounts is it that there should be an ugly word for an ugly thing, one involving moral condemnation and disgust, even at the expense of a little coarseness, rather than one which plays fast and loose with the eternal principles of morality, makes sin plausible, and shifts the divinely reared land-marks of right and wrong, thus bringing the user under the woe of them "that call evil good, and good evil, that put darkness for light, and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter" (Isai. v. 20). On this text, and with reference to this very matter, South has written four of his greatest sermons, bearing this striking title, "Of the Fatal Imposture and Force of Words,"\* How awful, yea how fearful, is this "imposture and force" of theirs, leading men captive at will. There is an atmosphere about them which they are evermore diffusing, a savor of life or of death, which we insensibly inhale at each moral breath we draw.† "Winds of the soul," as we have already heard them called, they fill

\* "Sermons," 1737, vol. ii. pp. 313-351; vol. vi. pp. 3-120. Thus on those who pleaded that their "honor" was engaged, and that therefore they could not go back from this or that sinful act:—"Honor is indeed a noble thing, and therefore the word which signifies it must needs be very plausible. But as a rich and glistening garment may be cast over a rotten body, so an illustrious commanding word may be put upon a vile and an ugly thing—for words are but the garments, the loose garments of things, and so may easily be put off and on according to the humor of him who bestows them. But the body changes not, though the garments do."

† Bacon's words have been often quoted, but they will bear being quoted once more: *Credunt enim homines rationem suam verbis imperare. Sed fit etiam ut verba vim suam super intellectum retorquant et reflectant.*

its sails, and are continually impelling it upon its course to heaven or to hell.

83. Thus how different the light in which we shall have learned to regard a sin, according as we have been wont to designate it, and to hear it designated, by a word which brings out its loathsomeness and deformity; or by one which palliates this and conceals; men, as one said of old, being wont for the most part to be ashamed not of base deeds but of base names. In Sussex it is never heard say of a man that he is drunk. He may be "tight," or "primed," or "crank," or "concerned in liquor," nay, it may even be admitted that he had taken as much liquor as was good for him; but that he was drunk, oh never.\* Fair words for foul things are everywhere only too frequent; as when in Italy, during the period when poisoning was rifest, nobody was said to be poisoned; it was only that the deaths of some had been "assisted" (*aiutata*). Worse still are the words which seek to turn the edge of the divine threatenings against some sin by a jest; as when in France a subtle poison, by which impatient heirs delivered themselves from those who stood between them and the inheritance which they coveted, was called "*poudre de succession*." We might suppose beforehand that such cloaks for sin would be only found among people in an advanced state of artificial cultivation. But it is not so. Captain Erskine, who visited the Fiji Islands when they were not so well known as they are now, and who gives some extraordinary details of the extent to which cannibalism then prevailed among their inhabitants, pork and human flesh being their two staple articles of food, relates in his deeply interesting record of his voyage that natural pig they called "*short pig*," and man dressed and prepared for food "*long pig*." There was doubtless an attempt here to carry off with a jest the revolting character of the practice

\* "*Pransus*" and "*potus*," as every Latin scholar knows, mean much more than they say.

in which they indulged. For that they were themselves aware of this, that their consciences did bear witness against it, was attested by their uniform desire to conceal, if possible, all traces of the practice from European eyes.

84. But worst, perhaps, of all are names which throw a flimsy veil of sentiment over some sin. What a source, for example, of mischief without end in our country parishes is the one practice of calling a child born out of wedlock a "love-child," instead of a bastard. It would be hard to estimate how much it has lowered the tone and standard of morality among us; or, for how many young women it may have helped to make the downward way more sloping still. How vigorously ought we to oppose ourselves to all such immoralities of language. This opposition, it is true, will never be easy or pleasant; for many who will endure to commit a sin will profoundly resent having that sin called by its right name. Pirates, as Aristotle tell us, in his time called themselves "purveyors."\* The thieves in Shakespeare are only true to human nature when they name themselves "St. Nicholas' clerks," "michers," "nuthooks," anything in short but thieves; when they claim for their stealing that it shall not be so called, but only conveying ("convey the wise it call"); the same dislike to look an ugly fact in the face reappearing among the voters in some of our corrupter boroughs, who receive, not bribes—they are most indignant if this is imputed to them—but "head-money" for their votes. Shakespeare indeed has said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; but there are some things which are not roses, and which are thought to smell a great deal sweeter by any other name than by their own. Thus, to deal again with bribes, call one of these "palm oil," or a "pot de vin," and how much of its ugliness is gone.

85. Coarse as, according to our present usages of language, may be es-

teemed the words by which our plain-speaking Anglo-Saxon fathers were wont to designate the unhappy women who make a trade of selling their body to the lusts of men, yet how much better the truth which is in them than the falsehood of many other titles by which they have been known—names which may themselves be called "whited sepulchres," fair without, yet hiding so much foul within; as, for instance, that in the French language which ascribes *joy* to a life which more surely than any other dries up all the sources of gladness in the heart, brings anguish, astonishment, blackest melancholy on all who have addicted themselves to it. In the same way how much more moral words are the English "sharper" and "blackleg" than the French "chevalier d'industrie:"\* and the same holds good of the English equivalent, coarse as it is, for the Latin "conciliatrix." In this last word we have a notable example of the putting of sweet for bitter, of the attempt to present a disgraceful occupation on an amiable, almost a sentimental side, rather than in its own proper deformity and ugliness.†

86. Use and custom soon dim our eyes in such matters as these; else we should be deeply struck by a familiar instance of this falsehood in names, one which perhaps has never struck us at all—I mean the profane appropriation

\* For the rise of this phrase, see Le-montey, "Louis XIV.," p. 43.

† This tendency of men to throw the mantle of an honorable word over a dishonorable thing, or, vice versa, to degrade an honorable thing, when they do not love it, by a dishonorable appellation, has in Greek a word to describe it, *ὑποκριζέσθαι*, itself a word with an interesting history; while the great ethical teachers of Greece frequently occupy themselves in detecting and denouncing this most mischievous among all the impostures of words. Thus, when Thucydides (iii. 82) would paint the fearful moral ruin which her great Civil War had wrought, he adduces this alteration of the received value of words, this fitting of false names to everything—names of honor to the base, and of baseness to the honorable—as one of the most remarkable tokens of this, even as it again set forward the evil, of which it had been first the result.

\* "Rhet." iii. 2; *οἱ λεγόμενοι αὐτοὺς ποριστὰς καλοῦσι νῦν*.

of "eau de vie" (water of life), a name borrowed from some of the Saviour's most precious promises (John iv. 14 ; Rev. xxii. 17), to a drink which the untutored savage with a truer instinct has named "fire-water;" which, sad to say, is known in Tahiti as "British water;" and which has proved for thousands and tens of thousands, in every clime, not "water of life," but the fruitful source of disease, crime, and madness, bringing forth first these, and when these are finished, bringing forth death. There is a blasphemous irony in this appropriation of the language of heaven to that which, not indeed in its use, but too frequent abuse, is the instrument of hell, that is almost without a parallel.\*

87. If I wanted any further evidence of this, the moral atmosphere which words diffuse, I would ask you to observe how the first thing men do, when engaged in controversy with others, be it in the conflict of the tongue or the pen, or of weapons more wounding yet, if such there be, is ever to assume some honorable name to themselves, such as, if possible, shall beg the whole matter in dispute, and at the same time to affix on their adversaries a name which shall place them in a ridiculous or contemptible, an

\* Milton in a profoundly instructive letter, addressed by him to one of his friends whom he made during his Italian tour, encourages him in those philological studies to which he had devoted his life by such words as these: *Neque enim qui sermo, purusne an corruptus, quæve loquendi proprietates quotidiana populo sit, parvi interesse arbitrandum est, quæ res Athenis non semel saluti fuit; immo vero, quod Platonis sententia est, immutato vestiendi more habitusque graves in Republicâ motus mutationesque portendi, equidem potius colabente in vitium atque errorem loquendi usu occasum ejus urbis remque humilem et obscuram subsequi crediderim: verba enim partim insecuta et putida, partim mendosa et perperam prolata, quid si ignavos et oscitantes et ad servile quidvis jam olim paratos incolarum animos haud levi indicio declarant? Contra nullum unquam auditivum imperium, nullam civitatem non mediocriter saltem floruisse, quamdiu linguæ suæ gratia, suusque cultus constitit. Compare an interesting Epistle (the 114th) of Seneca.*

invidious or odious light.\* There is a deep instinct in men, deeper perhaps than they give any account of to themselves, which tells them how far this will go; that multitudes, utterly unable to weigh the arguments of the case, will yet be receptive of the influences which these words are evermore, however imperceptibly, diffusing. By arguments they might hope to gain over the reason of a few, but by help of these nicknames they enlist what at first are so much more potent, the prejudices and passions of the many, on their side. Thus when at the breaking out of our Civil War the Parliamentary party styled *themselves* "The Godly," while to the Royalists they gave the title of "Malignants," it is certain that, wherever they could procure entrance and allowance for these terms, the question upon whose side the right lay was already decided. The Royalists, it is true, made exactly the same employment of question-begging words, of words steeped quite as deeply in the passions which animated *them*. So, too, the Franciscans, when they nicknamed the Dominicans "Maculists," as denying, or at all events refusing to affirm, that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without stain (since *maculâ*), perfectly knew that this title would do much to put their rivals in an odious light. The copperhead in America is a peculiarly venomous snake. Something effectual has been done when this name has been fastened, as it has lately been, by one party in America on its political opponents.

88. Seeing, then, that the language contains so faithful a record of the good and of the evil which in time past have been working in the minds and hearts of men, we shall not err, if we regard it as a moral barometer indicating and permanently marking the rise and fall of a nation's life. To study a people's language will be to study *them*, and to study them at best advantage; there, where they present themselves to us under fewest disguises, most nearly as they are. Too many have had a hand

\* See p. 12.

in language, and, in bringing it to the shape in which we find it, it is too entirely the collective work of the whole nation, the result of the united contributions of all, it obeys too immutable laws, to allow any successful tampering with it, any making of it to witness other than the actual facts of the case.\*

89. Thus the frivolity of an age or nation, its mockery of itself, its inability to comprehend the true dignity and meaning of life, the feebleness of its moral indignation against evil, all this will find an utterance in the employment of solemn and earnest words in senses comparatively trivial or even ridiculous. "Gehenna," that word of such terrible significance on the lips of our Lord, has in French issued in "gêne," and in this shape expresses no more than a slight and petty annoyance. "Ennui" meant once something very different from what it now means. Littré gives as its original signification, "anguish of soul, caused by the death of persons beloved, by their absence, by the shipwreck of hopes, by any misfortunes whatever." "Honêteté," which should mean that virtue of all virtues, honesty, and which did mean it once, standing as it does now for external civility and for nothing more, marks a willingness to accept the slighter observances and pleasant courtesies of society in the room of deeper

moral qualities. "Vérité" is at this day so worn out, has been used so often where another and very different word would have been far more appropriate, that a Frenchman at this present who would fain convince us of the truth of his communication counts that he can only do so by assuring us that it is "la vraie vérité." Neither is it well that words, which ought to have been reserved for the highest mysteries of the spiritual life, should be squandered on slight and secular objects—"spirituel" itself is an example in point—or that words implying once the deepest moral guilt, as in the case with "perfidie," "malice," "malin," in French, should be employed now almost in honor, or at all events in jest and in play.

90. Often a people's use of some single word will afford us a deeper insight into their real condition, their habits of thought and feeling, than whole volumes written expressly with the intention of imparting this insight. Thus "idiot," a Greek word, is abundantly characteristic of Greek life. The "idiot," or *ἰδιώτης*, was originally the *private* man, as contradistinguished from one clothed with office, and taking his share in the management of public affairs. In this its primary sense it was often used in the English of the seventeenth century; as when Jeremy Taylor says, "Humility is a duty in great ones, as well as in *idiots*." It came then to signify a rude, ignorant, and unskilled, intellectually unexercised person, a boor; this derived or secondary sense bearing witness to a conviction woven deep into the Greek mind that contact with public life was indispensable even to the right development of the intellect,\* a conviction which could scarcely have uttered itself with greater clearness than it does in this secondary use of "idiot." Our tertiary, in which the "idiot" is one deficient in intellect, not merely with its powers unexercised, is but this secondary pushed a little farther. Once more how wonderfully characteristic of the Greek mind it is that the language

\* Terrien Poncelet ("Du Langage," p. 231): Les langues sont faites à l'usage des peuples qui les parlent; elles sont animées chacune d'un esprit différent, et suivent un mode particulier d'action, conforme à leur principe. "L'esprit d'une nation et le caractère de sa langue," a écrit G. de Humboldt, "sont si intimement liés ensemble, que si l'un était donné, l'autre devrait pouvoir s'en déduire exactement." La langue n'est autre chose que la manifestation extérieure de l'esprit des peuples; leur langue est leur esprit, et leur esprit est leur langue, de telle sorte qu'en développant et perfectionnant l'un, ils développent et perfectionnent nécessairement l'autre. And a recent German writer has well said, Die Sprache, das selbstgewebte Kleid der Vorstellung, in welchem jeder Faden wieder ein Vorstellungsvermögen ist, kann uns, richtig betrachtet, offenbaren, welche Vorstellungen die Grundfäden bildeten (Gerber, "Die Sprache als Kunst").

\* Hare, "Mission of the Comforter," p. 552.

should have one and the same word (*καλός*), to express the beautiful and the good—goodness being thus contemplated as the highest beauty ; while over against this stands another word (*αἰσχροός*), used now for the ugly, and now for the morally bad. Again, the innermost differences between the Greek and the Hebrew reveal themselves in the several salutations of each, in the “ Rejoice ” of the first, as contrasted with the “ Peace ” of the second. The clear, cheerful, world-enjoying temper of the Greek embodies itself in the first ; he could desire nothing better or higher for himself, nor wish it for his friend, than to have *joy* in his life. But the Hebrew had a deeper longing within him, and one which finds utterance in his “ Peace.” It is not hard to perceive why this latter people should have been chosen as the first bearers of that truth which indeed enables truly to *rejoice*, but only through first bringing *peace* ; nor why from them the word of life should first go forth. It may be urged, indeed, that these were only forms, and such they may have at length become ; as in our “ good-by ” or “ adieu ” we can hardly be said now to commit our friend to the Divine protection ; yet still they were not such at the first, nor would they have held their ground, if ever they had become such altogether.

91. How much, again, will be sometimes involved in the gradual disuse of one name, and the coming up of another in its room. Thus, little as the fact, and the moral significance of the fact, may have been noticed at the time, what an epoch was it in the history of the Papacy, and with what distinctness marking a more thorough secularizing of its whole tone and spirit, when “ *Ecclesia Romana*,” the official title by which it was wont at an earlier day to designate itself, gave place to the latter title, “ *Curia Romana*,” the Roman Church to the Roman Court.\*

92. The modifications of meaning which a word has undergone as it has

been transplanted from one soil to another, so that one nation borrowing it from another has brought into it some force foreign to it before, has deepened, or extenuated, or otherwise altered its meaning—this may reveal to us, as perhaps nothing else would, fundamental diversities of character existing between them. The word in Greek exactly corresponding to our “ self-sufficient ” is one of honor, and was applied to men in their praise. And indeed it was the glory of the heathen philosophy to teach man to find his resources in his own bosom, to be thus sufficient for himself ; and seeing that a true centre without him and above him, a centre in God, had not been revealed to him, it was no shame for him to seek it there ; far better this than to have no centre at all. But the Gospel has taught us another lesson, to find our sufficiency in God : and thus “ self-sufficient,” to the Greek suggesting no lack of modesty, of humility, or of any good thing, at once suggests such to us. “ Self-sufficiency ” no man desires now to be attributed to him. The word carries for us its own condemnation ; and its different uses, for honor once, for reproach now, do in fact ground themselves on the innermost differences between the religious condition of the world before Christ and after.

93. It was not well with Italy, she might fill the world with exquisite specimens of her skill in the arts, with pictures and statues of rarest loveliness, but all higher national life was wanting to her during those centuries in which she degraded “ *virtuoso*,” or the virtuous man, to signify one skilled in the appreciation of painting, music, and sculpture ; for these, the ornamental fringe of a nation’s life, can never, without loss of all manliness of character, be its main texture and woof—not to say that excellence in them has been too often dissociated from all true virtue and moral worth. The opposite exaggeration of the Romans, for whom “ *virtus* ” meant predominantly warlike courage, the truest “ manliness ” of men, was more tolerable than this ; for there is a sense in which a man’s

\* See on this matter “ The Pope and the Council,” by Janus, p. 215.

"valor" is his value, is the measure of his worth ; seeing that no virtue can exist unless men have learned, in Milton's glorious phrase, "to hate the cowardice of doing wrong."\* It could not but be morally ill with a people among whom "morbidezza" was used as a word of praise, expressive of a beauty which claimed for this its "sickly softness" to be admired. There was too sure a witness here for the decay of moral strength and health, when these could not merely be disconnected from beauty, but implicitly put in opposition to it. Nor less must it have fared ill with them, there was little joy and little pride which they could have felt in their country at a time when "pellegrino," meaning properly the strange or the foreign, came to be of itself a word of praise, and equivalent to beautiful. Far better the pride and assumption of that ancient people who called all things and persons beyond their own pale barbarous and barbarians ; far better our own "outlandish," used with something of the same contempt. There may be a certain intolerance in these ; yet this how much healthier than so far to have fallen out of conceit with one's own country, so far to affect things foreign, that these last, merely on the strength of being foreign, commend themselves as beautiful in our sight. How little, again, the Italians, until quite later years, can have lived in the spirit of their ancient worthies, or revered the most illustrious among these, we may argue from the fact that they should have been content so far as to degrade the name of one among their noblest, that every glib and loquacious hireling who shows strangers about their picture galleries, palaces, and ruins, is called "cicerone," or a Cicero ! It is unfortunate that terms like these, having once grown up, are not again, or are not easily again, got rid of. They remain, testifying to an ignoble past, and in some sort helping

to maintain it, long after the temper that produced them has passed away.\*

94. Happily it is impossible for us in England to understand the mingled scorn, hatred, fear, suspicion, contempt, which in time past were associated with the word "sbirri" in Italian. These "sbirri" were the humble, but with all this the acknowledged, ministers of justice ; while yet everything which is mean and false and oppressive, which can make the name of justice hateful, was implied in this title of theirs, was associated with their name. There is no surer sign of a bad oppressive rule than when the titles of the administrators of law, titles which should be in themselves so honorable, thus acquire a hateful undertone. What a world of oppressions, chicane, and fraud must have found place before tax-gatherer, or exciseman, "publican," as in our English Bible, could be a word steeped in uttermost scorn, as alike for Greek and Jew it was ; while on the other hand, however unwelcome the visits of the one or the interference of the other may be to us, yet the sense of the entire fairness and justice with which their exactions are made acquits these names for us of the slightest sense of dishonor. "Policeman" has no evil subaudition with us ; though in the last century, when our police was otherwise administered than now, "catch-pole," in Wielik's time quite an honorable word, had acquired such. So, too, if at this day any accidental profits fall or "escheat" to the Crown, they are levied with so much fairness and more than fairness to the subject, that, were not the thing already accomplished, "escheat" would never yield "cheat," nor "escheator" "cheater," as, through the extortions and injustices for which these dues were formerly a pretext, they actually have done.

95. It is worse, as marking that a still holier sanctuary than that of civil government has become profane in men's sight, when the words which express

\* It did not escape Plutarch, poor Latin scholar as he was, that "virtus" had far more the sense of ἀνδρεία than of ἀρετή ("Coriol." 1).

\* See on this matter Marsh, "On the English Language," New York, 1860, p. 224.

sacred functions and offices become redolent of scorn. How thankful we may be that in England we have no equivalent to the German "Pfaffe," which is identical with "papa" and "pope," and meaning at first but a priest, now carries with it the insinuation of almost every unworthiness in the forms of meanness, servility, and avarice which can render the priest's office and person base and contemptible.

96. Much may be learned by noting the words which nations have been obliged to borrow from other nations, as not having them of home-growth—this in most cases, if not in all, testifying that the thing itself was not native, was only an exotic, transplanted, like the word which indicated it, from a foreign soil. Thus it is singularly characteristic of the social and political life of England, as distinguished from that of the other European nations, that to it alone the word "club" belongs; France and Germany, having been alike unable to grow a word of their own, have borrowed ours. That England should have been the birthplace of "club" is nothing wonderful; for these voluntary associations of men for the furthering of such social or political ends as are near to the hearts of the associates could have only had their rise under such favorable circumstances as ours. In no country where there was not extreme personal freedom could they have sprung up; and as little in any where men did not know how to use this freedom with moderation and self-restraint, could they long have been endured. It was comparatively easy to adopt the word; but the ill success of the "club" itself everywhere, save here where it is native, has shown that it was not so easy to transplant or, having transplanted, to acclimatize the thing. While we have lent this and other words, political and industrial for the most part, to the French and Germans, it would not be less instructive, if time allowed, to trace our corresponding obligations to them.

97. And scarcely less significant and instructive than the presence of a word in a language will be occasionally its ab-

sence. How curious, for instance, are the conclusions which Cicero in his high Roman fashion draws from the absence of any word in the Greek corresponding to the Latin "ineptus;" not from this concluding, as we might have anticipated, that the character designated by the word was wanting, but rather that the fault was so common, so universal with the Greeks, that they failed to recognize it as a fault.\*

98. The petty spite which unhappily so often reigns between nations dwelling side by side with one another, as it embodies itself in many shapes, so it finds vent in the words which they borrow from one another, and the use to which they put them. Thus the French, borrowing "hablador" from the Spanish, in which it means simply a speaker, give it in "hableur" the sense of a braggart; the Spaniards paying them off exactly in their own coin, for of "parleur," which is but a speaker in French, they make "parlador," which is pretty nearly the braggart again.

99. But it is time to bring this lecture to an end. These illustrations, to which it would be easy to add more, justify all that has been asserted of a moral element existing in words; so that they do not hold themselves neutral in that great conflict between good and evil, light and darkness, which is dividing the world; that they are not satisfied to be the passive vehicles, now of the truth, and now of falsehood. We see, on the contrary, that they continually take their side, are some of them children of light, others children of this world, or even of darkness;

\* "De Orat." ii. 4, 7: Quem enim nos *ineptum* vocamus, is mihi videtur ab hoc nomen habere ductum, quod non sit aptus. Idque in sermonis nostri consuetudine perlate patet. Nam qui aut tempus quid postulet, non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est vel dignitatis vel commodi rationem non habet, aut denique in aliquo genere aut inconcinuus aut multus est, is ineptus esse dicitur. Hoc vitio cumulta est eruditissima illa Græcorum natio. Itaque quod vim hujus mali Græci non vident, ne nomen quidem ei vitio imposuerunt. Ut enim quæras omnia, quomodo Græci *ineptum* appellent, non invenies.



they beat with the pulses of our life ; they stir with our passions ; we clothe them with light ; we steep them in scorn ; they receive from us impressions of our good and of our evil, which again they are most active further to propagate and diffuse. Must we not own then that there is a wondrous and mysterious world, of which we may hitherto have taken too little account, around us and about us ? Is there not something very solemn and very awful in wielding such an instrument as this of language is, so mighty to wound or to heal, to kill or to make alive ? and may not a deeper meaning than hitherto we have attached to it lie in that saying, " By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned " ?

#### LECTURE IV.

##### ON THE HISTORY IN WORDS.

100. LANGUAGE, which is ever in flux and flow, which is among nations that have not invented or adopted letters, exists only for the ear and as a sound, we might beforehand have assumed would prove the frailest, the most untrustworthy, of all vehicles of the knowledge of the past ; that one which would most certainly betray its charge. So far, however, from this being the fact, it is the main, oftentimes the only, connecting link between that past and our present ; it is oftentimes an ark riding above the water-floods that have swept away or submerged every other landmark and memorial of bygone ages and vanished generations of men. Far beyond all written records in a language, the language itself stretches back, and offers itself for our investigation—" the pedigree of nations," as Johnson calls it\*—itself a far older and

\* This statement of his must be taken with a certain amount of qualification. It is not always that races are true to the end to their language ; external forces are sometimes too strong. Thus Keltic disappeared before Latin in Gaul and Spain, Slavonic became extinct in Prussia two centuries ago, German taking its room ; the negroes of Hayti speak French, and various Ameri-

at the same time a far more instructive monument and document than any book, inscription, or other writing which employs it. The written records may have been falsified by carelessness, by vanity, by fraud, by a multitude of causes ; but language never deceives us, if only we know how to question it aright.

101. What a voice and testimony it has on a question perhaps the most deeply interesting of all. Some, as you are aware, on one ground or another, deny the accuracy of the Scripture statement that the whole earth was peopled from a single pair ; urge, on the contrary, that there must have been many beginnings, many original centres of human population. Dr. Pritchard and others have shown that Science, quite independent of Revelation, though unable to prove, yet decisively points to, a *physical* unity of the human race. But this is not all. There is much to lead us to anticipate that a stronger evidence and a *moral* argument for the unity of mankind more convincing yet will some day be forthcoming. We have seen in our own time the consanguinity plainly traced, and by all admitted, of families of languages which not many years ago were esteemed to have absolutely no connection with one another ; and while very much remains still to be done, yet assuredly the tendency of all later investigations into languages and their relations is more and more to refer them to a common stock and single fountain-head.

102. Such investigations as these, it is true, lie plainly out of your sphere. Not so, however, those humbler yet not less interesting inquiries, which by the aid of any tolerable dictionary you may carry on into the past history of your own land, as attested by the present language of its people. You know how the geologist is able from the different strata and deposits, primary, secondary, or tertiary, succeeding one

can tribes have exchanged their own idioms for Spanish and Portuguese. See upon this matter Sayce's " Principles of Comparative Philology," pp. 175-181.

another, which he meets, to arrive at a knowledge of the successive physical changes through which a region has passed ; is in a condition to preside at those changes, to measure the forces which were at work to produce them, and almost to indicate their date. Now, with such a language as the English before us, bearing as it does the marks and footprints of great revolutions profoundly impressed upon it, we may carry on moral and historical researches precisely analogous to his. Here too are strata and deposits, not of gravel and chalk, sandstone and limestone, but of Celtic, Latin, Low German, Danish, Norman words, and then once more Latin and French, with slighter intrusions from other quarters : and any one with skill to analyze the language might re-create for himself the history of the people speaking that language, might with tolerable accuracy appreciate the divers elements out of which that people was composed, in what proportion these were mingled, and in what succession they followed, one upon the other.

103. He would trace, for example, the relation in which the English and Norman occupants of this land stood to one another. An account of this, in the main as accurate as it would be certainly instructive, might be drawn from an intelligent study of the contributions which they have severally made to the English language, as bequeathed to us jointly by them both. Supposing all other records to have perished, we might still work out and almost reconstruct the history by these aids ; even as now, when so many documents, so many institutions survive, this must still be accounted the most important, and that of which the study will introduce us, as no other can, into the innermost heart and life of large periods of our history.

104. Nor, indeed, is it hard to see why the language must contain such instruction as this, when we little realize to ourselves the stages by which it has come down to us in its present shape. There was a time when the languages which the English and the Norman severally spoke, existed each by

the side of, but unmingled with, the other ; one, that of the small dominant class, the other that of the great body of the people. By degrees, however, with the reconciliation and partial fusion of the two races, the two languages effected a transaction ; one indeed prevailed over the other, but at the same time received a multitude of the words of that other into its own bosom. At once there would exist duplicates for many things. But as in popular speech two words will not long exist side by side to designate the same thing, it became a question how the relative claims of the English and French word should adjust themselves, which should remain, which should be dropped ; or, if not dropped, should be transferred to some other object, or express some other relation. It is not of course meant that this was ever formally proposed, or as something to be settled by agreement ; but practically one was to be taken and one left. Which was it that should maintain its ground ? evidently, where a word was often on the lips of one race, its equivalent seldom on those of the other, where it intimately cohered with the manner of life of one, was only remotely in contact with that of the other, where it laid strong hold on one, and only slight on the other, the issue could not be doubtful. In several cases the matter was simpler still : it was not that one word expelled the other, or that rival claims had to be adjusted ; but that there never had existed more than one word, the thing which that word noted having been quite strange to the other section of the nation.

105. Here is the explanation of the assertion made just now—namely, that we might almost reconstruct our history, so far as it turns upon the Norman Conquest, by an analysis of our present language, a mustering of its words in groups, and a close observation of the nature and character of those which the two races have severally contributed to it. Thus we should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state,

honor, and pre-eminence, with one remarkable exception (to be adduced presently), descend to us from them—"sovereign," "sceptre," "throne," "realm," "royalty," "homage," "prince," "duke," "count" ("earl" indeed is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his "countess" from the Norman), "chancellor," "treasurer," "palace," "castle," "hall," "dome," and a multitude more. At the same time the one remarkable exception of "king" would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual facts, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession; that the true continuity of the nation had not, in fact any more than in word, been entirely broken, but survived, in due time to assert itself anew.

106. And yet, while the statelier superstructure of the language, almost all articles of luxury, all having to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment, are Norman throughout; with the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life, it is otherwise. The great features of nature, sun, moon, and stars; earth, water, and fire; the divisions of time; three out of four seasons, spring, summer, and winter; the features of natural scenery, the words used in earliest childhood; the simpler emotions of the mind; all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister—these are of native growth and unborrowed. "Palace" and "castle" may have reached us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names, the "house," the "roof," the "home," the "hearth." His "board," too, and often probably it was no more, has a more hospitable sound than the "table" of his lord. His sturdy arms turn the soil; he is the "boor," the "hind," the "churl;" or, if his Norman master has a name for him, it is one which on his lips becomes more and more a title of opprobrium and contempt, the "villain." The instru-

ments used in cultivating the earth, the "flail," the "plough," the "share," the "rake," the "scythe," the "harrow," the "wain," the "sickle," the "spade," are expressed in his language; so too the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, grass, flax, hay, straw, weeds; and no less the names of domestic animals. You will remember no doubt how in the matter of these, Wamba, the Saxon jester in "Ivanhoe," plays the philologist,\* having noted that the names of almost all animals, so long as they are alive, are Saxon, but when dressed and prepared for food become Norman—a fact, he would intimate, not very wonderful; for the Saxon hind had the charge and labor of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord. Thus "ox," "steer," "cow," are Saxon, but "beef" Norman; "calf" is Saxon, but "veal" Norman; "sheep" is Saxon, but "mutton" Norman: so it is severally with "swine" and "pork," "deer" and "venison," "fowl" and "pullet," "Bacon," the only flesh which perhaps ever came within his reach, is the single exception. Putting all this together, with much more of the same kind, which has only been indicated here, we should certainly gather that, while there are manifest tokens preserved in our language of the Saxon having been for a season an inferior and even an oppressed race, the stable elements of English life, however overlaid for a while, had still made good their claim to be the solid groundwork of the after nation as of the after language; and to the justice of this conclusion all other historic records, and the present social condition of England, consent in bearing witness.†

107. Then, again, who could doubt, even if the facts were not historically attested, that the Arabs were the arithmeticians, the astronomers, the chemists, the merchants of the middle ages,

\* Wallis, in his "Grammar," p. 20, had done so before.

† Compare Donaldson, "New Cratylus," 3d edition, p. 17; and Morris, "English Accidence," pp. 35-38.

when he had once noted that from them we have gotten these, and so many other words like them—"cypher," "algebra," "zero," "almanac," "zenith," "nadir," "azimuth," "alkali," "alcohol," "alchemy," "alembic," "elixir," "magazine," "tariff"?—for if one or two of these were originally Greek, they reached through the Arabic, and with the tokens of their transit cleaving to them. In like manner, even though history were silent on the matter, we might conclude, and we know that we should rightly conclude, that the origins of the monastic system are to be sought in the Greek and not in the Latin branch of the Church, seeing that with hardly an exception the words expressing the constituent elements of the system, as "monk," "monastery," "cenobite," "anchorite," "ascetic," "hermit," "archimandrite," are Greek and not Latin.

108. But the study of words will throw rays of light upon a past infinitely more remote than any which I have suggested here, will reveal to us secrets of the past, which else must have been lost to us forever. Thus it must be a question of profound interest for as many as count the study of man to be far above every other study, to ascertain what point of culture that Indo-European race of which we come, the *stirps generosa et historica* of the world, as Coleridge has called it well, had attained, while it was dwelling still as one family in that which was its common home in the East. No voices of history, the very faintest voices of tradition, reach us from ages so far removed from our own. But in the silence of all other voices there is one voice which makes itself heard, and which can tell us much. Where Indian, and Greek, and Latin, and Teutonic designate some object by the same word, and where it can be clearly shown that they did not, at a later day, borrow that word one from the other, the object, we may confidently conclude, must have been familiar to the Indo-European race, while yet these several groups of it dwelt in the Asiatic highlands as one undivided fam-

ily together. Now they have such common words for the chief domestic animals—for ox, for sheep, for horse, for dog, for goose, and for many more. From this we have a right to gather that before the migrations began, they had outlived and outgrown the fishing and hunting stages of existence, and entered on the pastoral. They have not all the same words for the main products of the earth, as for corn, wheat, barley, wine; it is tolerably evident therefore that they had not entered on the agricultural stage. So too, from the absence of names in common for the principal metals, we have a right to argue that they had not arrived at a knowledge of the working of these. On the other hand, identical names for dress, for house, for door, for garden, for numbers as far as a hundred, for the primary relations of the family, as father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter, for the Godhead, testify that the common stock, intellectual and moral, was not small with which they severally went their way, each to set up for itself and work out its own destinies in its own appointed region of the earth.\* This common stock may, indeed, have been much larger than these investigations declare; for a word, once common to all these languages, may have survived only in one; or possibly may have perished in all. Larger it may very well, but poorer it cannot, have been.†

109. This is one way in which words by their presence or their absence may

\* See Mommsen, "Römische Geschichte," vol. i. c. 2; Max Müller, "On the Science of Language," part ii. p. 223.

† Ozanam ("Les Germains avant le Cristianisme," p. 155): Dans le vocabulaire d'une langue on a tout le spectacle d'une civilisation. On y voit ce qu'un peuple sait des choses invisibles, si les notions de Dieu, de l'âme, du devoir, sont assez pures chez lui pour ne souffrir que des termes exacts. On mesure la puissance de ses institutions par le nombre et la propriété des termes qu'elles veulent, pour leur service; la liturgie a ses paroles sacramentelles, la procédure a ses formules. Enfin, si ce peuple a étudié la nature, il faut voir à quel point il en a pénétré les secrets, par quelle variété d'expressions, par quels sons flatteurs ou énergiques, il

teach us history which else we could never know. I pass to other ways.

110. There are vast harvests of historic lore garnered often in single words ; important facts which they at once proclaim and preserve ; these too such as sometimes have survived nowhere else but in them. How much history lies in the word "church." I see no sufficient reason to dissent from those who derive it from the Greek *κυριακή*, "that which pertains to the Lord," or "the house which is the Lord's." A difficulty indeed meets us here. How explain the presence of a Greek word in the vocabulary of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers ? for that *we* do not derive it immediately from the Greek is certain. What contact, direct or indirect, between the languages will account for this ? The explanation is curious. While Angles, Saxons, and other tribes of the Teutonic stock were almost universally converted through the contact with the Latin Church in the western provinces of the Roman Empire, or by its missionaries, some Goths on the Lower Danube had been brought at an earlier date to the knowledge of Christ by Greek missionaries from Constantinople ; and this *κυριακή*, or "church," did, with certain other words, pass over from the Greek to the Gothic tongue ; these Goths, the first converted and the first therefore with a Christian vocabulary, lending the word in their turn to the other German tribes, to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers among the rest ; and by this circuit it has come round from Constantinople to us.\*

a cherché à décrire les divers aspects du ciel et de la terre, à faire, pour ainsi dire, l'inventaire des richesses temporelles dont il dispose.

\* The passage most illustrative of the parentage of the word is from Walafrid Strabo (about A.D. 840): *Ab ipsis autem Græcis Kyriach à Kyrios, et alia multa accepimus. Sicut domus Dei Basilica, i.e. Regia à Rege, sic etiam Kyrica, i.e. Dominica, à Domino, nuncupatur. Si autem quaeritur, quâ occasione ad nos vestigia hæc græcitatibus advenierint, dicendum præcipuè à Gothis, qui et Getæ, cum eo tempore, quo ad fidem Christi perducti sunt, in Græcorum provinciis commorantes, nostrum, i.e. theoticum sermonem habuerint.* Cf. Rudolf von

111. Or, again, interrogate "pagan" and "paganism," and you will find important history in them. You are aware that "pagani," derived from "pagus," a village, had at first no religious significance, but designated the dwellers in hamlets and villages, as distinguished from the inhabitants of towns and cities. It was, indeed, often applied to *all* civilians, as contradistinguished from the military caste ; and this fact may have had a certain influence, when the idea of the faithful as soldiers of Christ was strongly realized in the minds of men. But it was mainly in the following way that it became a name for those alien from the faith of Christ. The Church fixed itself first in the seats and centres of intelligence, in the towns and cities of the Roman Empire ; in them its earliest triumphs were won ; while, long after these had accepted the truth, heathen superstitions and idolatries lingered on in the obscure hamlets and villages ; so that "pagans," or villagers, came to be applied to *all* the remaining votaries of the old and decayed superstitions, although not all, but only most of them, were such. In an edict of the Emperor Valentinian, of date A.D. 368, "pagan" first assumes this secondary meaning. "Heathen" has run a course curiously similar. When the Christian faith was first introduced into Germany, it was the wild dwellers on the *heaths* who were the last to accept it, the last probably whom it reached. One hardly expects an etymology in "Piers Ploughman ;" but this is there (10541, 2) :

"Heethen is to mene after heeth,  
And untiled erthe."

Here, then, are two instructive notices — one, the historic fact that the Church of Christ planted itself in the haunts of learning and intelligence ; another, morally more important, that it did not shun discussion, feared not to encounter the wit and wisdom of this world, or to expose its claims to the searching examination of educated men ; but, on

Raumer, "Einwirkung des Christenthums auf die Althochdeutsche Sprache," p. 288 ; Niedner, "Kirsch. Geschichte," p. 2.

the contrary, had its claims first recognized by them, and in the great cities of the world won first a complete triumph over all opposing powers.\*

112. I quoted in my first lecture the words of one who, magnifying the advantage to be derived from such studies as ours, observed that oftentimes more might be learned from the history of a word than from the history of a campaign. Take some Latin word, "imperator," for example; follow this, as Dean Merivale has followed it in his "History of the Romans,"† and I think you will own as much. But words of our own out of number, such as "sophist,"‡ "barbarous," "clerk," "romance," "benefice," "sacrament," suggest themselves to me, any one of which would prove the truth of the assertion. Let us take "sacrament;" its history, while it carries us far, will yet carry us by ways full of instruction; and this, while we confine ourselves strictly to this history, not needlessly meddling with discussions about the thing, its place and importance in the Christian scheme. We shall find ourselves first among the forms of Roman law. The "sacramentum" appears there as the deposit or pledge, which in certain suits plaintiff and defendant were alike bound to make, and whereby they engaged themselves to one another; the loser of the suit forfeiting his pledge to sacred temple uses, from which fact the name "sacramentum," or thing consecrated, was first derived. The word, as next employed, plants us amid the military affairs of Rome, designating the military oath by which the Roman soldiers mutually engaged themselves at the first enlisting never to desert their standards, or turn their backs upon the

enemy, or abandon their *Imperator*—this employment teaching us the sacredness which the Romans attached to their military engagements, and going far to account for their victories. The word was then transferred from this military oath to any solemn oath whatsoever. These three stages "sacramentum" had already passed through, before the Church claimed it for her own, or indeed herself existed at all. Her early writers, out of a sense of the sacredness and solemnity of the oath, transferred this name to almost any act of special solemnity or sanctity, above all to such mysteries as intended more than met eye or ear. For them the Incarnation was a "sacrament," the lifting up of the brazen serpent was a "sacrament," the giving of the manna, and many things more. It is well to be acquainted with this phase of the world's history, depriving as it does of all convincing power those passages quoted by Roman Catholic controversialists from early church-writers in proof of their seven sacraments. It is quite true that these may have called Marriage a "sacrament," and Confirmation a "sacrament," and we may reach the Roman seven without difficulty; but then they called many things more, which even the theologians of Rome do not include in the "sacraments," properly so called, by the same name; and this evidence, proving too much, in fact proves nothing at all. One other stage in the word's history remains; its limitation, namely, to the two "sacraments," properly so called, of the Christian Church. A reminiscence of the employment of "sacrament," an employment which still survived, to signify the plighted troth of the Roman soldier to his captain and commander, was that which had most to do with the transfer of the word to Baptism; wherein we, with more than one allusion to this oath of theirs, pledge ourselves to fight manfully under Christ's banner, and to continue his faithful soldiers and servants to our life's end; while the *mysterious* character of the Holy Eucharist was mainly that which earned for it this name.

\* There is a good note on "pagan" in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," c. 21, at the end; and in Grimm's "Deutsche Mythol." p. 1198; and the history of the changes in the word's use is well traced in another interest by Mill, "Logic," vol. ii. p. 271.

† Vol. iii. pp. 441-452.

‡ For a history of "sophist" see Sir Alexander Grant's "Ethics of Aristotle," 2d ed. vol. i. p. 106, sqq.

113. We have already found history embedded in the word "frank;" but I must bring forward the Franks again, to account for the fact with which we are all familiar, that in the East not Frenchmen alone, but *all* Europeans, are so called. Why, it may be asked, should this be? This wide use of "Frank" dates from the Crusades; Michaud, the chief French historian of these, finding evidence here that his countrymen took a decided lead, as their gallantry well fitted them to do, in these romantic enterprises of the middle ages, impressed themselves so strongly on the imagination of the East as the crusading nation of Europe, that their name was extended to all the warriors of Christendom. He is not here snatching for them more than their just right. A very large proportion of the noblest Crusaders, from Godfrey of Bouillon to St. Louis, as of others who did most to bring these enterprises about, as Peter the Hermit, Pope Urban the Second, St. Bernard, were French, and thus gave, in a way sufficiently easy to explain, an appellation to all.\*

114. To the Crusades also, and to the intense hatred which they aroused throughout Christendom against the Mahometan infidels, we owe "miscreant," as designating one to whom the vilest principles and practice are ascribed. A "miscreant," at the first, meant simply a misbeliever. The name would have been applied as freely, and with as little sense of injustice, to the royal-hearted Saladin as to the vilest wretch that fought in his armies. By degrees, however, those who employed it tinged it more and more with their feeling and passion, more and more lost sight of its primary use, until they used it of any whom they regarded with feelings of abhorrence, such as those which they entertained for an infidel; just as "Samaritan" was employed by the Jews simply as a term of reproach, and with no thought whether he on whom it was fastened was in fact one of that deserted race or not; where indeed they

were quite sure that he was not (John viii. 48). "Assassin," also, an Arabic word whose story you will find no difficulty in obtaining—you may read it in Gibbon\*—connects itself with a romantic chapter in the history of the Crusades.

115. Various explanations of "cardinal" have been proposed, which should account for the appropriation of this name to the parochial clergy of the city of Rome with the subordinate bishops of that diocese. This appropriation is an outgrowth, and a standing testimony, of the measureless assumptions of the Roman See. One of the favorite comparisons by which that See was wont to set out its relation of superiority to all other Churches of Christendom was this; it was the hinge, or "*cardo*," on which all the rest of the Church, as the door, at once depended and turned. It followed presently upon this that the clergy of Rome were "*cardinales*," as nearest to, and most closely connected with, him who was thus the hinge, or "*cardo*," of all.†

116. "Legend" is a word with an instructive history. We all know what a "legend" means now. It is a tale which is *not* true, which, however historic in form, is not so in fact, claims no serious belief for itself. It was quite otherwise once. By this name of "legends" the annual commemorations of the faith and patience of God's saints in persecution and death were originally called; these legends in this title which they bore proclaiming that they were worthy to be read, and from this worthiness deriving their name. At a later day, as corruptions spread through the Church, these "legends" grew, in

\* "Decline and Fall," c. 64.

† Thus a letter professing to be of Pope Anacletus the First in the first century, but really belonging to the ninth: *Apostolica Sedes cardo et caput omnium Ecclesiarum à Domino est constituta; et sicut cardine ostium regitur, sic hujus S. Sedis auctoritate omnes Ecclesie reguntur*. And we have "cardinal" put in relation with this "*cardo*" in a genuine letter of Pope Leo the Ninth: *Clerici summæ Sedis Cardinales dicuntur, cardini utique illi quo cetera moventur, vicinius adhærentes*.

\* See Fuller, "Holy War," b. i. c. 13.

Hooker's words, "to be nothing else but heaps of frivolous and scandalous vanities," having been "even with disdain thrown out, the very nests which bred them abhorring them." How steeped in falsehood, and to what an extent, according to Luther's indignant turn of the word, the "legends" (legende) must have become "lyings" (lügende), we can best guess, when we measure the moral forces which must have been at work before that which was accepted at the first as "worthy to be read," should have been felt by this very name to announce itself as most unworthy, as belonging at best to the region of fable, if not to that of actual untruth.

117. An inquiry into the pedigree of "dunce" lays open to us an important page in the intellectual history of Europe. Certain theologians in the middle ages were termed Schoolmen; having been formed and trained in the cloister and cathedral schools which Charlemagne and his immediate successors had founded. These were men not to be lightly spoken of as they often are by those who never read a line of their works, and have not a thousandth part of their wit; who moreover little guess how many of the most familiar words which they employ, or misemploy, have descended to them from these. "Real," "virtual," "entity," "nonentity," "equivocation," all these, with many more unknown to classical Latin, but now almost necessities to us, were first coined by the Schoolmen; and, passing over from them into the speech of those more or less interested in their speculations, have gradually filtered through the successive strata of society, till now they have reached, some of them, to quite the lowest. At the revival of learning, however, their works fell out of favor: they were not written in classical Latin: the forms into which their speculations were thrown were often unattractive; it was mainly in their authority that the Roman Church found support for its perilled dogmas. On all these accounts it was esteemed a mark of intellectual progress to have

broken with them, and thrown off their yoke. Some, however, still clung to these Schoolmen, and to one in particular, *Duns* Scotus, the greatest teacher of the Franciscan Order; and many times an adherent of the old learning would seek to strengthen his position by an appeal to its famous doctor, familiarly called *Duns*; while those of the new learning would contemptuously rejoin, "Oh, you are a *Dunsman*," or, more briefly, "you are a *Duns*!"—or, "This is a piece of *dunser*;" and inasmuch as the new learning was ever enlisting more and more of the genius and scholarship of the age on its side, the title became more and more a term of scorn: "Remember ye not," says Tyndal, "how within this thirty years, and far less, the old barking curs, *Dunce's* disciples, and like draff called Scotists, the children of darkness, raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin, and Hebrew?" And thus from that conflict, long ago extinct between the old and the new learning, that strife between the mediæval and the modern theology, we inherit "dunce" and "duncery." The lot of *Duns*, it must be confessed, has been a hard one, who, whatever his merits, as a teacher of Christian truth, was assuredly one of the keenest and most subtle-witted of men. He, the "subtle Doctor" by pre-eminence, for so his admirers called him, "the wittiest of the school divines," as Hooker does not scruple to style him, could scarcely have anticipated, and did not at all deserve, that his name should be turned into a by-word for invincible stupidity.

118. This is but one example of the singular fortune waiting upon words. We have another of a parallel injustice, in the use which "mammetry," a contraction of "Mahometry," obtained in our early English. Mahometanism being the most prominent form of false religion with which our ancestors came in contact, "mammetry" was used, up to and beyond the Reformation, to designate first any false religion, and then the worship of idols; idolatry being proper to, and a leading feature of, most of the false religions of the world.



Men did not pause to remember that Mahometanism is the great exception, being as it is a protest against all idol-worship whatsoever ; so that it was a signal injustice to call an idol "a mammet" or a Mahomet, and idolatry "mammetry." To pursue the fortunes of the word a little further, at the next step not religious images only, but dolls, were called "mammetts ;" and when in *Romeo and Juliet* old Capulet contemptuously styles his daughter "a whining mammet," the process is strange, yet its every step easy to be traced, whereby the name, of the Arabian false prophet is fastened on the fair maiden of Verona.

119. A misnomer such as this may remind us of the immense importance of possessing such names for things as shall not involve or suggest an error.

We have already seen this in the province of the moral life ; but in other regions also it nearly concerns us. Resuming, as words do, the past, moulding the future, how important it is that significant facts or tendencies in the world's history should receive their right names. It is a corrupting of the very springs and sources of knowledge, when we bind up not a truth, but an error, in the very nomenclature which we use. It is the putting of an obstacle in the way, which, however imperceptibly, is yet ever at work, hindering any right apprehension of the thing which has been thus erroneously noted.

120. Out of a sense of this, an eminent German scholar of the last century, writing "On the Influence of Opinions on Language," did not stop here, nor make this the entire title of his book, but added another and further clause—"and on the Influence of Language on Opinions ;"\* the matter which fulfils the promise of this latter clause constituting by far the most interesting and original portion of his work : for while the influence of opinions on words is so little called in question that the assertion of it sounds almost like a truism,

this, on the contrary, of words on the opinions, would doubtless present itself as a novelty to many. And yet it is an influence which has been powerfully felt in every region of human knowledge, in science, in art, in morals, in theology. The reactive energy of words, not merely on the passions of men (for that of course), but on their opinions calmly and deliberately formed, would furnish a very curious chapter in the history of human knowledge and human ignorance.

121. Sometimes words with no fault of theirs, for they did not originally bind up an error, will yet draw some error in their train, of which error they will afterward prove the most effectual bulwark and shield. Let me instance—the author just referred to supplies the example—the word "crystal." The strange notion concerning the origin of the thing, current among the natural philosophers of antiquity, and which only two centuries ago Sir Thomas Browne thought it worth while to place first and foremost among the "Vulgar Errors" which he undertook to refute, was plainly traceable to a confusion occasioned by the name. Crystal, as they had supposed, was ice or snow which had undergone such a process of induration as wholly and forever to have lost its fluidity :\* and Pliny, backing up one error by another, affirmed that it was only found in regions of extreme cold. The fact is, that the Greek word for crystal originally signified ice ; but was early transferred to that diaphanous quartz which has so much the look of ice, and which alone we call by this name ; and then in a little while it was taken for granted that the two, having the same name, were in fact the same substance ; and this mistake it took ages to correct.

122. Natural history abounds in legends. In the word "leopard" one of these has been permanently bound

\* "Von dem Einfluss der Meinungen in die Sprache, und der Sprache in die Meinungen," von J. D. Michaëlis, Berlin, 1760.

\* Augustine : Quid est crystallum ? Nix est glacie durata per multos annos ita ut a sole vel igne facile dissolvi non possit. So too in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, a chaste matron is said to be "cold as crystal never to be thawed again."

up; the error, having first given birth to the name, being afterward itself maintained and propagated by it. The leopard, as is well known, was not for the Greek and Latin zoologists a species by itself, but a mongrel birth of the male panther or pard and the lioness; and in "leopard" or "lion-pard," this fabled double descent is expressed.\* "Cockatrice" embodies a somewhat similar fable; the fable however in this case being invented to account for the name.†

123. It was Eichhorn who first suggested the calling of a certain group of languages, which stand in a marked contradistinction to the Indo-European or Aryan family, by the common name of "Semitic." A word which should include all these was wanting, and this one was handy and has made its fortune; at the same time implying, as "Semitic" does, that these are all languages spoken by races which are descended from Shem, it is eminently calculated to mislead. There are non-Semitic races, the Phœnicians, for example, who have spoken a Semitic language; there are Semitic races who have not spoken one. Against "Indo-European" the same objection may be urged; seeing that several languages are European, that is, spoken within the limits of Europe, as the Maltese, the Finnish, the Hungarian, the Basque, the Turkish, which lie altogether outside of this group.

124. "Gothic" is plainly a misnomer, and has often proved a misleader as well, when applied to a style of architecture which belongs not to one, but to all Germanic tribes; which, moreover, did not come into existence till many centuries after any people called Goths had ceased from the earth. Those, indeed, who first called this mediæval architecture "Gothic" had no intention of ascribing to the Goths the first invention of it, however this

language may seem now to bind up in itself an assertion of the kind. "Gothic" was at first a mere random name of contempt. The Goths, with the Vandals, being the standing representatives of the rude in manners and barbarous in taste, the critics who would fain throw scorn on this architecture as compared with that classical Italian which alone seemed worthy of their admiration\* called it "Gothic," meaning rude and barbarous thereby. We who recognize in this Gothic architecture the most wondrous and consummate birth of genius in one region of art find it hard to believe that this was once a mere title of depreciation and scorn, and sometimes wrongly assume a reference in the word to the people among whom first it arose.

125. "Classical" and "romantic," names given to opposing schools of literature and art, contain an absurd antithesis; and either say nothing at all, or say something erroneous. "Revival of learning" is a phrase only partially true when applied to that mighty intellectual movement in Western Europe which marked the close of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth. A revival there might be, and indeed there was, of *Greek* learning at that time; but there could not be properly affirmed a revival of Latin, inasmuch as it had never been dead; or, if any will insist on this, had revived nearly two centuries before. "Renaissance," applied in France to the new direction which art took about the age of Francis the First, is another question-begging word. Very many would entirely deny that the bringing back of an antique pagan spirit, and pagan forms as the utterance of this, into Christian art was a "renaissance" or new birth of it at all.

\* This error lasted into modern times; thus Fuller ("A Pisgah Sight of Palestine," vol. i. p. 195): "Leopards and mules are properly no creatures."

† See Wright, "The Bible Word Book," s. v.

\* The name, as the designation of a style of architecture, came to us from Italy. Thus Fuller in his "Worthies": "Let the Italians deride our English and condemn them for *Gothish* buildings." See too a very curious expression of men's sentiments about Gothic architecture as simply equivalent to barbarous, in Phillips's "New World of Words," 1706, s. v. "Gothick."

126. But inaccuracy of naming may draw after it more serious mischief in regions more important. Nowhere is accuracy more vital than in words having to do with the chief facts and objects of our faith ; for such words, as Coleridge has observed, are never inert, but constantly exercise an immense reactive influence on those who employ them, even as they spread around them an atmosphere, which those who often use, or often hear them used, unconsciously inhale. The so-called "Unitarians," claiming by this name of theirs to be asserters of the unity of the God-head, claim that which belongs to us by far better right than to them ; which, indeed, belonging of fullest right to us, does not properly belong to them at all. I should, therefore, without any intention of offence, refuse the name to them ; just as I should decline, by calling those of the Roman obedience "Catholics," to give up the whole question at issue between them and us. So, also, were I one of them, I should never, however convenient it might sometimes prove, consent to call the great religious movement of Europe in the sixteenth century the "Reformation." Such in *our* esteem it was, and in the deepest, truest sense of the word ; a shaping anew of things that were amiss in the Church. But how any who esteem it a disastrous, and, on their parts who brought it about, a most guilty schism, can consent to call it by this name, is surprising.

127. Let me urge on you here the importance of seeking in every case to acquaint yourselves with the circumstances under which any body of men who have played an important part in history, above all in the history of your land, obtained the name by which they were afterward willing to be known, or which was used for their designation by others. This you may do as a matter of historical inquiry, and keeping entirely aloof in spirit from the scorn, the bitterness, the falsehood, the calumny, out of which very frequently these names were first imposed. Whatever of these may have been at work in them who coined or gave currency to the name, the name itself

can never without serious loss be neglected by any who would truly understand the moral significance of the thing ; always something, often much, may be learned from it. Learn, then, about each one of these names which you meet in your studies, whether it was one which men gave to themselves ; or one imposed on them by others, and which they never recognized ; or one which, being first imposed by others, was yet in course of time admitted and allowed by themselves. We have examples in all these kinds. Thus the "Gnostics" called *themselves* such ; the name was of their own devising, and declared that whereof they made their boast ; it was the same with the "Cavaliers" of our Civil War. "Quaker," "Puritan," "Round-head," were all, on the contrary, names devised by others, and never accepted by those to whom they were attached ; while "Whig" and "Tory" were nicknames originally of bitterest scorn and party hate, given by two political bodies in England to one another,\* the Whig being properly a sour Scottish Covenanter, the Tory an Irish bog-trotting freebooter ; while yet these nicknames in tract of time so lost and let go what was offensive in them, that in the end they were adopted by the very parties themselves. The German "Lutherans" were originally so called by their antagonists.† In the same way "Methodists" was a title not first taken by the followers of Wesley, but fastened on them by others, while yet they have been subsequently willing, though I suppose with a certain reserve, to accept and to be known by it. "Momiers" or "Mummers," a name in itself of far greater offence, has obtained in Switzerland something of the same recognition. Exactly in the same way "Capuchin" was at first a jesting nickname, given by the boys in the streets to that branch of the Franciscans which

\* In North's "Examen." p. 321, is a very lively, though not a very impartial, account of the rise of these names.

† Dr. Eck, one of the earliest who wrote against the Reformation, first called the Reformed "Lutherani."

afterward accepted it as their proper designation. It was provoked by the peaked and pointed hood (capuccio) which they wore. The story of the "Gueux" of Holland is so familiar that I need no more than allude to it.

128. A "Premier" or "Prime Minister," though unknown to the law of England, is at present one of the institutions of the country. The acknowledged leadership of one member in the Government is a fact of only gradual growth in our constitutional history, but one in which the nation has entirely acquiesced—nor is there anything invidious now in the name. But in what spirit the Parliamentary Opposition, having coined the term, applied it first to Sir Robert Walpole, is plain from some words of his spoken in the House of Commons, Feb. 11, 1742: "Having invested me with a kind of mock dignity, and styled me a *Prime Minister*, they [the Opposition] impute to me an unpardonable abuse of the chimerical authority which they only created and conferred."

129. Now, of these titles, some undoubtedly, like "capuchin," which I instanced just now, stand in no living connection with those that bear them; and such names, though seldom without their instruction, yet plainly are not so instructive as others, in which the innermost heart of the thing named so utters itself, that, having mastered the name, we have placed ourselves at the central point from which best to master everything besides. It is thus with "Gnostic" and "Gnosticism:" in the prominence given to *gnosis* or knowledge, as opposed to faith, lies the key to the whole system. The Greek Church has loved ever to style itself the Holy "Orthodox" Church; the Latin, the Holy "Catholic" Church. Follow up the thoughts which these words suggest. What a world of teaching they contain; above all, when brought into direct comparison and opposition one with the other. How does all which is innermost in the Greek and Roman mind unconsciously reveal itself here; the Greek Church regarding as its chief blazon that its speculation is right;

the Latin that its empire is universal. Nor indeed is it merely the Greek and Latin Churches which utter themselves here, but Greece and Rome in their deepest distinctions, as these existed from the beginning. The key to the whole history, Pagan as well as Christian, of each is in these words. We can understand how the one established a dominion in the region of the mind which shall never be overthrown, the other founded an empire in the world whose visible effects shall never be done away. This is an illustrious example; but I am bold to affirm that, in their degree, all parties, religious and political, are known by names that will repay study; by names, to understand of their strength and their weakness, their truth and their error, the idea and intention according to which they wrought. Thus take those which have risen up in England. "Puritans," "Fifth-Monarchy Men," "Seekers," "Levellers," "Independents," "Friends," "Rationalists," "Latitudinarians," "Freethinkers," these titles, with many more, have each its significance; and, would you understand what any of these schools and parties intended, you must first understand what they were called. From this you must start; even as you must bring back to this whatever further knowledge you may acquire; putting your later gains, if possible, in subordination to the name; at all events in connection and relation with it.

130. You will often be able to glean knowledge from the names of things, if not as important as all this, yet interesting in its way. What a record of inventions, how much of the history of commerce, is preserved in names. Thus the "magnet" has its name from Magnesia, a district of Thessaly; this same, or else another in Asia Minor of the same name, yielding the medicinal earth so called. The "baldachin" or "baudekin" is from Baldacco, the Italian form of the mediæval name of Babylon, from which city the costly silk which furnished this canopy originally came. The "bayonet" suggests, though it is possibly here in error,

that it was first made at Bayonne—the “bilbo,” a finely tempered Spanish blade, at Bilbao—the “carronade” at the Carron Iron-works in Scotland—“worsted” that it was spun at a village so called (in the neighborhood of Norwich)—“sarsnet” that it is a Sarcen manufacture—“cambric” that it reached us from Cambray—“crape” from Cyprus (the earlier form of the word is “cypres”)—“copper” that it too drew its name from the same island, so richly furnished with mines of this metal—“diaper” that it came from Ypres—“fustian” from Fostat, a suburb of Cairo—“frieze” from Friesland—“silk” or “sericus” from the land of the Seres or Chinese—“damask” from Damascus (the “damson” also is the “damascene” or Damascus plum)—“arras” from Arras—“shalloon” from Châlons—“jane” from Genoa—“dimity” from Damietta—“gauze” from Gaza. The fashion of the “cravat” was borrowed from the Croats, or Crabats, as this wild irregular soldiery of the Thirty Years’ War used to be called. The “biggen,” a plain cap often mentioned by our early writers, was first worn by the Beguines, communities of pietist women in the middle ages. The “dalmatic” was a garment whose fashion was borrowed, or supposed to be borrowed, from Dalmatia. England now sends her calicoes and muslins to India and the East; yet these words give standing witness that we once imported them from thence; for “calico” is from Calicut, that is, Calcutta, and “muslin” from Moussul, a city in Asiatic Turkey. “Cordwain” or “cordovan” is from Cordova—“delf” from Delft—“indigo” (indicum) from India—“gamboge” from Gambodia—“agate” from a Sicilian river, Achates—the “turquoise” from Turkey—the “chalcedony” or onyx from Chalcedon—“jet” from the river Gages in Lycia, where this black stone is found.\*

\* In Holland’s “Pliny,” the Greek form “gagates” is still retained, though he calls it more commonly “jeat” or “geat.”

“Rhubarb” is a corruption of Rha barbarum, the root from the savage banks of the Rha or Volga—“jalap” is from Jalapa, a town in Mexico—“tobacco” from the island Tobago—“macassar” oil from a small Malay kingdom so named in the Eastern Archipelago—“parchment” from Pergamum—“majolica” from Majorca—“faïence” from the town of the same name, the Italian Faenza. The “bezant,” so often named in our early literature, is a coin of Byzantium; the “guinea” was originally coined (in 1663) of gold brought from the African coast so-called; the pound or penny “sterling” was a certain weight of bullion according to the standard of the Easterlings, or Eastern merchants from the Hanse Towns on the Baltic.

“Ermine” is, or is taken to be, the spoil of the Armenian rat; the “spaniel” is from Spain, or perhaps from Hispaniola; the “barb” is a steed from Barbary; the “tarantula” a poisonous spider, common in the neighborhood of Tarentum. “Sherry,” or “sherrie,” as Shakespeare wrote it, is sent from Xeres; and “port” from Oporto.

The “pheasant” reached us from the banks of the Phasis; the “bantam” from a Dutch settlement in Java so called; the “cherry” was brought by Lucullus from Cerasus, a city in Pontus; the “peach” (persica) declares itself a Persian fruit; “currants” are mostly shipped at Corinth; the “quince” has undergone so many changes in its progress through Italian and French to us, that it hardly retains any trace of Cydon (malum Cydonium), a town of Crete, from which it derives its name. “Solecisms,” though they hardly have a right to a place here, are from Solœ, an Athenian colony in Cilicia, whose members soon forgot the Attic refinement of speech, and became notorious for the ungrammatical Greek which they talked.

131. And as things thus keep record in the names which they bear of the quarters from which they reached us, so also will they often do of the persons who, as authors, inventors, or discoverers, or in some other way, stood

in near connection with them. A collection in any language of all the names of persons which have since become names of things—from nomina *appellativa* have become nomina *realia*—would be very curious and interesting. I will enumerate a few. Where the matter is not familiar to you, it will not be unprofitable to work back from the word or thing to the person, and to learn more accurately the connection between them.

132. To begin with mythical antiquity—Chimæra has given us “chimerical,” Hermes “hermetic,” Pan “panic,” Pæan, being a name of Apollo, the “peony,” Tantalus “to tantalize,” Hercules “herculean,” Proteus “protean,” Vulcan “volcano” and “volcanic,” and Dædalus “dedal,” if this word, on the authority of Spenser and Shelley, may find allowance with us. The demi-god Atlas figures with a world upon his shoulders in the title page, so at least I am told, of the first edition of Mercator’s great work on geography; and has in this way lent to our map-books their name. Gordius, the Phrygian king who tied that famous “gordian” knot which Alexander cut, will supply a natural transition from mythical to historical. Mausolus, a king of Caria, has left us “mausoleum,” Academus “academy,” Epicurus “epicure,” Philip of Macedon a “philippic,” being such a discourse as Demosthenes once launched against the enemy of Greece, and Cicero “cicerone.” Mithridates, who had made himself poison-proof, gave us the now forgotten word “mithridate” (Dryden) for antidote; as from Hipocrates we derived “hipocras,” or “ypocras,” often occurring in our early poets, being a wine supposed to be mingled after the great physician’s receipt. Gentius, a king of Illyria, gave his name to the plant “gentian,” having been, it is said, the first to discover its virtues.\* A grammar used to be called a “donat” or “donet” (Chaucer), from Donatus, a Roman grammarian of the fourth century,

whose grammar held its place in the schools during a large part of the middle ages: just as in Switzerland and Germany now every guide-book is called a “Bädeker.” The beggar Lazarus, perhaps an historical person, has given us “lazar” and “lazaretto;” Veronica and the legend connected with her name, a “vernicle,” being a napkin with the Saviour’s face impressed upon it. Our “pantaloons” are from St. Pantaleone; he was the patron saint of the Venetians, who therefore very commonly received Pantaleon as their Christian name; it was from them transferred to a garment which they much affected. Simon Magus gave us “simony;” which, however, is not a precise reproduction of his sin as recorded in Scripture; “dunce,” as we have seen, is derived from Duns Scotus; while there is a legend that the “knot” or sandpiper is named from Canute or Knute, with whom this bird was a special favorite. To come to more modern times, and not pausing at Ben Jonson’s “chaucerisms,” Bishop Hall’s “scoganisms,” from Scogan, Edward the Fourth’s jester, or his “aretinisms,” from Aretin; these being probably not intended even by their authors to endure; a Roman cobbler named Pasquin has given us the “pasquil” or “pasquinade;” “patch,” a name of contempt, not unfrequent in Shakespeare, is said to have been the proper name of a favorite fool of Cardinal Wolsey’s; and Colonel Negus in Queen Anne’s time to have first mixed the beverage which goes by his name. Lord Orrery was the first for whom an “orrery” was constructed; and Lord Spencer first wrote, or first brought into fashion, a “spencer.” Dahl, a Swede, introduced the cultivation of the “dahlia;” the “fuchsia” is named after Fuchs, a German botanist of the sixteenth century; the “magnolia” after Magnol, a distinguished French botanist of the beginning of the eighteenth; the “camelia” was introduced into Europe from Japan in 1731 by Camel, a member of the Society of Jesu. “Quassia” derives its name from a negro sorcerer of Surinam, who

\* Pliny, “H. N.” xxv. 34.

in 1730 discovered its properties, and after whom it was called. A French Protestant refugee, Tabinet by name, first made "tabinet" in Dublin; another Frenchman, the ebenist Boule, in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, gave his name to "buhl" work; while yet another, Goulard, a physician of Montpellier, gave his to the soothing lotion, not unknown in our nurseries. In "*tram-road*," the second syllable of *Outram*," the name of the inventor, survives. The "tontine" was conceived by Tonti, an Italian; another Italian, Galvani, first noted the phenomena of animal electricity or "galvanism;" while a third, Volta, gave a name to the "voltaic" battery. It was a Corsican engineer named Martello who suggested to Pitt the "martello" towers which stud some parts of our coast. "Nicotine," the poison recently drawn from tobacco, goes back for its title to Nicot, a physician, who first introduced the tobacco-plant to the general notice of Europe. Dolomieu, a French geologist, first called attention to a peculiar formation of rocks in Eastern Tyrol, called "dolomites" after him. "Martinet," "macintosh," "doily," "brougham," "to mesmerize," "to macadamize," "to burke," are all names of persons or formed from persons, and then transferred to things, on the ground of some sort of connection between the one and the other.\* I may add "guillotine,"

\* Several other such words we have in common with the French. Of their own they have "sardanapalisme," any piece of profuse luxury, from Sardanapalus; for "lambiner," to dally or loiter over a task, they are indebted to Denis Lambin, a worthy Greek scholar of the sixteenth century, but accused of sluggish movement and wearisome diffuseness in style. Every reader of Pascal's "Provincial Letters" will remember Escobar, the great casuist of the Jesuits, whose convenient subterfuges for the relaxation of the moral law have there been made famous. To the notoriety which he thus acquired, he owes his introduction into the French language; where "escobarder" is used in the sense of to equivocate, and "escobarderie" of subterfuge or equivocation. A pale green color is in French called "céladon" from a personage of this name, of a feeble and *fade* tenderness, who figures in "Astrée," a famous

though Dr. Guillotin did not invent this instrument of death, even as it is a baseless legend that he died by it. Some improvements in it he made, and it thus happened that it was called after him.

133. Nor less shall we find history, at all events literary history, in the noting of the popular characters in books, from whose names words which have passed into common speech have been derived. Thus from Homer we have "mentor" for a monitor; "stentorian" for loud-voiced; and inasmuch as, with all of Hector's nobleness, there is a certain amount of big talk about him, he has given us "to hector;"\* while the mediæval romances about the siege of Troy ascribe to Pandarus that shameful ministry out of which his name has passed into the words "to pander" and "pandarism." "Rhodomontade" is from Rhodomonte, a hero of Boiardo; who yet does not bluster and boast, as the word founded on his name would seem to imply; adopted by Ariosto, it was by him changed into Rodamonte; "thrasonical" is from Thraso, the braggart of the Roman Comedy. Cervantes has given us "quixotic;" Swift "lilliputian;" to Molière the French language owes "tartuffe" and "tartufferie." "Reynard" with us is a duplicate for fox, while in French "renard" has quite excluded the old "volpils," being originally no more than the proper name of the fox hero,

romance of the seventeenth century. An unpopular minister of finance, M. de Silhouette, unpopular because he sought to cut down unnecessary expenses in the State, lent his name to the slight and thus cheap black outline portrait called a "silhouette" (Sismondi, "Hist. des Français," vol. xix. pp. 94, 95). In the "mansarde" roof we are reminded of Mansart, the architect who introduced it. In "marivaudage" the name of Marivaux is bound up, who was noted for the affected euphuism which goes by this name; very much as the sophist Gorgias gave γοργιάζειν to the Greek. The point of contact between the "fiacre" and St. Fiacre is well known. Hackney carriages, when first established in Paris, waited for their hiring in the court of an hotel which was adorned with an image of the Scottish saint.

\* See Col. Mure, "Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," vol. i. p. 350.

the vulpine Ulysses, in that famous beast-epic of the middle ages, "Reineke Fuchs;" the immense popularity of which we gather from many evidences—from none more clearly than from this. "Chanticleer" is the name of the cock, and "Bruin" of the bear in the same poem.\* These have not made fortune to the same extent of actually putting out of use names which before existed, but still have become quite familiar to us all.

134. Occasionally a name will embody and give permanence to an error; as when in "America" the discovery of the New World, which belonged to Columbus, is ascribed to another eminent discoverer, but one who had no title to this honor, even as he was entirely guiltless of any attempt to usurp it for himself.† Our "turkeys" are not from Turkey, as their name seems to say, and as was assumed by those who imposed that name, but from the New World, where alone they are native. This error the French in another shape repeat, calling it "dinde," originally "poulet d'Inde," or Indian fowl. There lies in "gypsy," or Egyptian, the assumption that Egypt was the original home of this strange people; as was widely believed when they made their first appearance in Europe early in the fifteenth century. That this, however, was a mistake, their language leaves no doubt; proclaiming as it does that they are wanderers from a more distant East, an outcast tribe from Hindostan. "Bohemians," as they are called by the French, testifies to an error of a like character, to the fact that at their first apparition they were supposed by the common people in France to be the expelled Hussites of Bohemia.

135. Where words have not embodied an error, it will yet sometimes hap-

pen that the sound or spelling of a word will *to us* suggest a wrong explanation, against which in these studies we will need to be on our guard. Most of us have been tempted to put "domus" and "dominus" into a connection which they do not really possess. There has been a stage in most boys' geographical knowledge, when they have taken for granted that "Jutland" was so called, not because it was the land of the Jutes, but on account of its *jutting* out into the sea in so remarkable a manner. At a much later period of their education, "Aborigines," being the proper name of an Italian tribe, might very easily lead them astray.\* The Gulf of Lyons we most of us put in connection with the city of the same name. We are certainly somewhat surprised that a name should have been drawn from a city so remote and so far inland; but accept this as a fact notwithstanding. There is indeed no connection whatever between the two. In old texts it is generally called *Sinus Gallicus*; but in the fourteenth century a few writers began to call it *Sinus Leonis*, the Gulf of the Lion, possibly from the fierceness of its winds and waves, but at any rate by a name having nothing to do with Lugdunum on the Rhône. The oak, in Greek *δρῦς*, plays no inconsiderable part in the ritual of the Druids; it is not therefore wonderful if most students at one time of their lives have put the two in etymological connection. The Greeks, who with so characteristic a vanity assumed that the key to the meaning of words in all languages was to be found in their own, did so of course. So, too, there have not been wanting those who have traced in the name "Jove" a heathen reminiscence of the awful name of Jehovah; while yet, however specious this may seem, on closer scrutiny the words declare that they have no connection with one another, any more than have "Iapetus" and "Japheth," or, I may add, "God" and "good," which yet by a praiseworthy moral instinct men can hardly refrain

\* See Génin, "Des Variations de Langage Français," p. 12.

† Humboldt has abundantly shown this ("Kosmos," vol. ii. note 457). He ascribes its general reception to its introduction into a popular work on geography published in 1507. The subject has also been very carefully treated by Major, "Life of Prince Henry the Navigator," 1868, pp. 382-388.

\* See Pauly, "Encyclop." s. v. Latium.



from putting into an etymological relation with each other.

136. Sometimes a falsely-assumed derivation has reacted upon and modified the spelling. Thus the name of the Celtic tribe whom we call the "Picts" would not have come down to us exactly in this form but for the notion which early got abroad that they were so called from their custom of tattooing or painting their bodies, that in fact "Pict" meant "the painted." This in itself is most unlikely. We can quite conceive the Romans giving this name to the *first* barbarous people they encountered, who were in the habit of thus painting themselves. For a custom like this, forcing itself on the eye, and impressing itself on the imagination, exactly supplies the motive which gives birth to a name. But *after* they had been long familiar with the tribes in southern Britain, among whom this painting or tattooing was equally in use, it is inconceivable that they should have applied it to a northern tribe, with which they first came in contact at a far later day. The name is more probably the original Celtic one, "peichta," or "the fighters," slightly modified to give it a Latin shape and sound in the mouths of the Romans. It may have been the same with "hurricane." In the tearing up and *hurrying* away of the *canes* in the sugar plantations by this West Indian tornado, many have seen an explanation of the name; just in the same way as the Latin "calamitas" has been derived from "calamus," the stalk of the corn. In both cases the etymology is faulty; "hurricane," probably a Carib word at the first, is only a transplanting into our tongue of the Spanish "huracan" or the French "ouragan."

137. It is a signal evidence of the conservative powers of language, that we may continually trace in speech the record of customs and states of society which have now passed so entirely away as to survive in these words alone. For example, a "stipulation" or agreement is so called, as many affirm, from "stipula," a straw; and tells of a Roman custom, that when two persons

would make a mutual engagement with one another,\* they would break a straw between them. We all know what fact of English history is laid up in "curfew," or "couvre-feu." The "limner," or "lumineur" (luminaire), throws us back on a time when the *illumination* of manuscripts was a leading occupation of the painter. "Thrall" and "thralldom" descend to us from a period when it was the custom to *thrill* or drill the ear of a slave in token of servitude; a custom in use among the Jews (Deut. xv. 17), and retained by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, who were wont thus to pierce at the church door the ears of their bond-servants. By "lumber," we are, or might be, taught that Lombards were the first pawnbrokers, even as they were the first bankers in England; a "lumber"-room being a "lombard" room, or a room where the pawnbroker stored his pledges.† Nor need I do more than remind you that in our common phrase of "*signing* our name" we preserve a record of a time when such first rudiments of education as the power of writing were the portion of so few, that it was not as now an exception, but the custom, of most persons to make their mark or "sign;" great barons and kings themselves not being ashamed to set this *sign* or cross to the weightiest documents. To "subscribe" the name would more accurately express what now we do. As often as we term arithmetic the science of "calculation," we allude to that rudimental stage in the science of numbers when pebbles (calculi) were used, as now among savage tribes they often are, to help the practice of counting; the Greeks did the same in a word of theirs (ψηφίζειν); while in another (πεμπάζειν) they kept record of a period when the *five* fingers were so employed. "Expend," "expense," tell that money was once

\* See on this disputed point, and on the relation between the Latin "stipulatio" and the old German custom not altogether dissimilar, J. Grimm, "Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer," pp 121, sqq.

† See my "Select Glossary," s. v. Lumber.

weighed out (Gen. xxxiii. 16), not counted out as now; "estimate" and "estimation" that the first money which the Romans knew was of brass (*æs*, *æstimation*); "*pecunia*," "*peculatus*," "*fee*" (*vieh*) keep record all of a time when cattle were the main circulating medium; "*rupee*" in another quarter of the world does the same. In "*library*" we preserve the fact that books were written on the bark (*liber*) of trees; in "*volume*" that they were rolls; in "*book*" itself that they were often beechen tablets; in "*paper*," that the Egyptian papyrus, "*the paper reeds by the brooks*," furnished at one time the chief material on which they were written.

138. Names thus so often surviving things, we have no right to turn an etymology into an argument. There was a notable attempt to do this in the controversy so earnestly carried on between the Greek and Latin Churches concerning the bread, whether it should be leavened or unleavened, that was used at the Table of the Lord. Those of the Eastern Church constantly urged that the Greek word for bread (and in Greek was the authoritative record of the first institution of this sacrament), implied, according to its root, that which was raised or lifted up; not, therefore, to use a modern term, "*sad*" or set, or, in other words, unleavened bread, but such rather as had undergone the process of fermentation. But even the etymology on which they relied (*ἄσπρος* from *ἀλφω*, to raise) had been as certain as it is questionable, they could draw no argument of the slightest worth from so remote an etymology, and one which had so long fallen out of the consciousness of those who employed the word.

139. Theories, too, which long since were utterly renounced, have yet left their traces behind them. Thus "*good humor*," "*bad humor*," "*humors*," and, strangest contradiction of all, "*dry humor*," rest altogether on a now exploded, but a very old and largely accepted, theory of medicine; according to which there were four principal moistures or "*humors*" in the natural body,

on the due proportion and combination of which the disposition alike of body and mind depended.\* Our present use of "*temper*" has its origin in the same theory; the due admixture, or right tempering, of these humors gave what was called the happy temper, or mixture, which, thus existing inwardly, manifested itself outwardly; while "*distemper*," which we still employ in the sense of sickness, was that evil frame either of a man's body or his mind (for it was used of both) which had its rise in an unsuitable mingling of these humors. In these instances, as in many more, the great streams of thought and feeling have changed their course, flowing now in quite other channels from those which once they filled, but have left these words as abiding memorials of the channels in which once they ran.

140. Other singular examples we have of the way in which the record of old errors, themselves dismissed long ago, may yet survive in language—being bound up in words which grew into use when those errors found credit, and which maintain their currency still. The mythology which Saxon or Dane brought with them from their German or Scandinavian homes is as much extinct for us as the Lares, Larvæ, and Lemures of heathen Rome; yet the deposit it has permanently left behind it in the English language is not inconsiderable. "*Lubber*," "*dwarf*," "*oaf*," "*droll*," "*wight*," "*puck*," "*urchin*," "*hag*," "*night-mare*," "*grammar*," "*Old Nick*," "*changeling*" (*wechselkind*), suggest themselves, as all bequeathed to us by that old Teutonic demonology. No one now puts any faith in astrology, counts that the planet under which a man is born will affect his temperament, make him for life of a disposition grave or gay, lively or severe. Yet our language affirms as much; for we speak of men as " *jovial*," or "*saturnine*," or "*mercurial*"—" *jovial*," as being born under the planet Jupiter or Jove, which

\* See the *Prologue* to Ben Jonson's "*Every Man out of His Humor*."

was the joyfullest star, and of happiest augury of all :\* a gloomy, severe person is said to be "saturnine," born, that is, under the planet Saturn, who makes those that own his influence, being born when he was in the ascendant, grave and stern as himself : another we call "mercurial," or light-hearted, as those born under the planet Mercury were accounted to be. The same faith in the influence of the stars survives in "disastrous," "ill-starred," "ascendancy," "lord of the ascendant," and, indeed, in "influence" itself. What a record of old speculations, old certainly as Aristotle, and not yet exploded in the time of Milton,† does the word "quintessence" contain. Again, what curious legends belong to the "sardonic,"‡ or "Sardinian," laugh ; a laugh caused, as was supposed, by a plant growing in Sardinia, of which they who ate died laughing ; to the "barnacle" goose,§ to the "amethyst," esteemed, as the word implies, a preventive or antidote of drunkenness ; and to other words, not a few, which are employed by us still.

141. A question presents itself here, one which is not merely speculative ; for it has before now become a veritable case of conscience with some whether they ought to use words which originally rested on, and so seem still to affirm, some superstition or untruth. This question has practically settled itself ; the words will keep their ground ; but further, they have a right to do this ; for no word need be considered so to root itself in its etymology, and to draw its sap and strength from thence, that it cannot detach itself from this, and acquire the rights of an independent existence. And thus our *weekly* newspapers commit no absurdity in calling them-

selves "*jour-nals*," or "*diurnals* ;" nor we when we name that a "*journey*" which occupied not one, but several, days. We involve ourselves in no real contradiction, speaking of a "*quarantine*" of five, ten, or any number of days more or fewer than *forty* ; or of a population "*decimated*" by a plague, though a tenth of it has not perished. A stone coffin may still be a "*sarcophagus*," without thereby implying that it has any special property of consuming the flesh of bodies which are laid within it. In like manner the wax of our "*candles*" ("*candela*," from "*candeo*") is not necessarily *white* ; our "*rubrics*" are such still, though seldom printed in *red* ink ; neither need our "*miniatures*" quit their name, though they are no longer painted with *minium* or carmine ; our "*surplice*" is not usually worn over an undergarment of skins ; nor are "*haversacks*" sacks for the carrying of oats ; there are "*palaces*" which are not built on the Palatine Hill ; and "*nausea*" which is not *sea-sickness*. I remember once asking a class of school-children, whether an announcement which during one very hard winter appeared in the papers, of a "*white blackbird*" having been shot, was correct, or self-contradictory and absurd. The less thoughtful members of the class instantly pronounced against it ; while after a little consideration, two or three made answer that it was perfectly correct, that, while no doubt the bird had originally obtained this name from its blackness, yet "*blackbird*" was now the name of a species, and a name so cleaving to it, as not to be forfeited, even when the blackness had quite disappeared. We do not question the right of the "*New Forest*" to retain this title, though it has now stood for eight hundred years ; nor of "*Naples*" to be *New City* (Neapolis) still, after an existence three or four times as long.

142. It must, then, be esteemed a piece of ethical prudery, and an ignorance of the laws which languages obey, when the early Quakers refused to employ the names commonly given to the days of the week, and substituted for these,

\* "*Jovial*" in Shakespeare's time (see *Cymbeline*, Act 5, Sc. 4) had not forgotten its connection with Jove.

† See "*Paradise Lost*," iii. 714-719.

‡ See an excellent history of this word in Rost and Palm's "*Greek Lexicon*," s. v. *σαρδόνιος*.

§ For a full and most interesting study on this very curious legend, see Max Müller's "*Lectures on 'Language'*," vol. ii. pp. 533-551.

"first day," "second day," and so on. This they did, as is well known, on the ground that it became not Christian men to give that sanction to idolatry which was involved in the ordinary style—as though every time they spoke of Wednesday they were rendering homage to Woden, of Thursday to Thor, of Friday to Freya, and thus with the rest ;\* or at all events recognizing their existence. Now, it is quite intelligible that the early Christians, living in the midst of a still rampant heathenism, should have objected, as we know they did, to "dies *Solis*," or Sunday, to express the first day of the week, their Lord's-Day. But when the Quakers raised *their* protest, the case was altogether different. The false gods whose names were bound up in these words had ceased to be worshipped in England for about a thousand years; the words had wholly disengaged themselves from their etymologies, which probably not one in a thousand was so much as aware of. Moreover, had these precisians in speech been consistent, they could have stopped where they did. Every new acquaintance with the etymology or primary use of words would have entangled them in some new embarrassment, would have required them still further to purge their vocabulary. "To charm," "to bewitch," "to fascinate," "to enchant," would have been no longer lawful words for those who had outlived the belief in magic, and in the power of the evil eye; nor "lunacy," nor "lunatic," for such as did not consider that the moon had anything to do with mental unsoundness; nor "panic" fear, for those who believed that the

great god Pan was indeed dead; nor "auguries," nor "auspices," for those to whom divination was nothing; while to speak of "initiating" a person into the "mysteries" of an art, would have been utterly heathenish language. Nay, they must have found fault with the language of Holy Scripture itself; for a word of honorable use in the New Testament expressing the function of an interpreter, and reappearing in our "hermeneutics," is directly derived from and embodies the name of Hermes, a heathen deity, and one who did not, like Woden, Thor, and Freya, pertain to a long extinct mythology, but to one existing at the very time when he wrote in its strength. And how was it, as might have been fairly asked, that St. Paul did not protest against a Christian woman retaining the name of Phoebe (Rom. xvi. 1), a goddess of the same mythology?

\* It is curious to find Fuller prophesying, a very few years before, that at some future day such a protest as theirs might actually be raised ("Church History," b. ii. cent. 6): "Thus we see the whole week besattered with Saxon idols, whose pagan gods were the godfathers of the days, and gave them their names. This some zealot may behold as the object of a necessary reformation, desiring to have the days of the week new dipt, and called after other names. Though, indeed, this supposed scandal will not offend the wise, as beneath their notice; and cannot offend the ignorant, as above their knowledge."

143. The rise and fall of words, the honor which in tract of time they exchanged for dishonor, and the dishonor for honor—all which in my last lecture I contemplated mainly from an ethical point of view—is in a merely historic aspect scarcely less remarkable. Very curious is it to watch the varying fortunes of words—the extent to which it has fared with them, as with persons and families; some having improved their position in the world, and attained to far greater dignity than seemed destined for them at the beginning, while others in a manner quite as notable have lost caste, have descended from their high estate to common and even ignoble uses. Titles of dignity and honor have naturally a peculiar liability to be some lifted up, and some cast down. Of words which have risen in the world, the French "*maréchal*" affords us an excellent example. "*Maréchal*," as Howell has said, "at first was the name of a smith-farrier, or one that dressed horses"—which indeed it is still—"but it climbed by degrees to that height that the chiefest commanders of the gen-darmery are come to be called marshals. But if this has risen, our "*alderman*" has fallen. Whatever the civic dignity of an alderman may now be, still it

must be owned that the word has lost much since the time that the alderman was only second in rank and position to the king. Sometimes a word will keep or even improve its place in one language, while at the same time it declines from it in another. Thus "demoiselle" (dominicella) cannot be said to have lost ground in French, however "donzelle" may; while "damhele," being the same word, designates in Walloon the farm-girl who minds the cows. "Pope" is the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the Latin Church; every parish priest is a "pope" in the Greek. "Queen" (= γυνή) has had a double fortune. In this way spelled it has more than kept the dignity with which it started, being the title given to the lady of the kingdom; while spelled as "quean" it is a designation not untinted with contempt. "Squatter" remains for us in England very much where it was; in Australia it is now the name by which the landed aristocracy are willing to be known.\*

144. After all which has thus been adduced, you will scarcely deny that we have a right to speak of a his-

tory in words. Now suppose that the pieces of money which in the intercourse and traffic of daily life are passing through our hands, had each one something of its own which made it more or less worthy of note; if on one was stamped some striking maxim, on another some important fact, on the third a memorable date; if others were works of finest art, graven with rare and beautiful devices, or bearing the head of some ancient sage or heroic king; while others, again, were the sole surviving monuments of mighty nations that once filled the world with their fame; what a careless indifference to our own improvement—to all which men hitherto had felt or wrought—would it argue in us, if we were content that these should come and go, should stay by us or pass from us, without our vouchsafing to them so much as one serious regard. Such a currency there is, a currency intellectual and spiritual of no meaner worth, and one with which we have to transact so much of the higher business of our lives. Let us see that we come not in this matter under the condemnation of any such incurious dulness as that which I have imagined.

\* Dilke, "Greater Britain," vol. ii. p. 40.

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## ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.,  
ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

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*In Two Parts.—Part Two.*

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"Language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future, conquests."—COLERIDGE.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!"—SHAKESPEARE.

### LECTURE V.

#### ON THE RISE OF NEW WORDS.

145. You will find it not less interesting than instructive to take note of the times when great and significant words, when some too which can hardly claim to be so considered, have made their first appearance in the world, with the circumstances attending their birth; and scarcely less interesting to note the new uses to which old words are put. A volume might be written, such as few would rival in interest, which should do no more than indicate the first occasion upon which new words, or old words employed in a new sense—being such as the world subsequently heard much of—had appeared; with quotation, where advisable, of the passages in proof. A young English poet, too early lost, has very grandly described the emotion of

"some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Not very different from his will be our feeling, as we watch, at the moment of

its rising above the horizon, some word destined, it may be, to take a place for ever among the luminaries in the moral and intellectual firmament above us.

146. But a caution is necessary here. We must not take for certain in every case, or indeed in most cases, that the first rise of a word will have been identical in time with its first appearance within the range of our vision. Such identity will sometimes exist; and we may watch the actual birth of some word, and affirm with confidence that at such a time and on such an occasion it first saw the light—in this book, or from the lips of that man. Of another we can only say, About this time and near about this spot it first came into being, for we first meet it in such an author and under such and such conditions. So mere a fragment of ancient literature has come down to us, that, while the earliest appearance there of a word is still most instructive to note, it cannot in all or in nearly all cases be affirmed to mark the exact moment of its nativity. And even in the

modern world we must in most instances be content to fix a period, we may perhaps add a local habitation, within the limits of which the term must have been born, either in legitimate scientific travail, or the child of some flash of genius, or the produce of some *generatio æquivoca*, the necessary result of exciting predisposing causes; at the same time seeking by further research ever to narrow more and more the limits within which this must have happened.

147. To speak first of words religious and ecclesiastical. Very noteworthy, and in some sort epoch-making must be regarded the first appearance of the following:—“Christian;”\* “Trinity;”† “Catholic,” as applied to the Church;‡ “canonical,” as a distinctive title of the received Scriptures;§ “New Testament,” as describing the complex of the sacred books of the New Covenant;|| “Gospels,” as applied to the four inspired records of the ministry of our Lord.¶ We notice, too, with interest, the first coming up of “monk” and “nun,”\*\* marking as they do the beginnings of the monastic system;—of “transubstantiation,”†† of “limbo”‡‡ in its theological sense; witnessing as these do to the *consolidation* of errors which had long been floating in the Church.

148. Not of so profound an interest, but still very instructive to note, is the earliest apparition of names historical and geographical, above all of such as have

since been often on the lips of men; as the first mention in books of “Asia”;\* of “India”;† of “Europe”;‡ of “Macedonia”;§ of “Greeks”;|| of “Germans” and “Germany”;¶ of “Alemanni”;\*\* of “Franks”;†† of “Prussia” and “Prussians”;‡‡ of “Normans”;§§ the earliest notice by any Greek author of Rome;||| the first use of “Italy” as comprehending the entire Hesperian peninsula, ¶¶ of “Asia Minor” to designate Asia on this side Taurus.\*\*\* Neither can we regard with indifference the first giving to the newly-discovered continent in the West the name of “America”; and still less should we Englishmen fail to take note of the date when this island exchanged its earlier name of Britain for “England”; or, again, when it resumed “Great Britain” as its official designation. So also, to confirm our assertion by examples from another quarter, it cannot be unprofitable to mark the exact moment at which “tyrant” and “tyranny,” forming so distinct an epoch as this did in the political history of Greece, first appeared;††† or again, when, and from

\* Æschylus, *Prometheus Vinculus*, 412.

† Id. *Suppl.*, 282.

‡ Herodotus, iv. 16.

§ Id. v. 17.

|| Aristotle, *Meteor.* i. 14. But his *Γραικοί* are only an insignificant tribe, near Dodona. How it came to pass that *Græci* or *Grai*, was the Latin name by which all the Hellenes were known, must always remain a mystery.

¶ Probably first in the *Commentaries* of Cæsar; see Grimm, *Gesch. d. Deutschen Sprache*, p. 773.

\*\* Spartian, *Caracalla*, c. 9.

†† Vopiscus, *Aurel.* 7; about A.D. 240.

‡‡ “Pruzia” and “Pruzzi” first appear in the *Life of S. Adalbert* written by his fellow-labourer Gaudentius, between 997–1006.

§§ The *Geographer of Ravenna*.

|| Probably in Hellenicus, a contemporary of Herodotus.

¶¶ In the time of Augustus Cæsar; see Niebuhr, *History of Rome*, Engl. Translation vol. i. p. 12.

\*\*\* Orosius, l. 2.; in the fifth century of our era.

††† In the writings of Archilochus, about 700 B.C. A “tyrant” was not for Greeks a bad king, who abused a rightful position to purposes of lust or cruelty or other wrong. It was of the essence of a tyrant that he

\* Acts 11 : 26,

† Tertullian, *Adv. Prax.* 3.

‡ Ignatius, *Ad Smyr.* 8.

§ Origen, *Opp.* vol. iii. p. 36 (ed. De la Rue).

|| Tertullian, *Adv. Marc.* iv. 1; *Adv. Prax.* xv. 20.

¶ Justin Martyr, *Apol.* l. 66.

\*\* “Nun” (nonna) first appears in Jerome (*Ad Eustoch. Ep.* 22); “monk” (monachus) a little earlier: Rutilius, a Latin versifier of the fifth century, who still clung to the old Paganism, gives the derivation:

*Ipsi se monachos Graio cognomine dicunt,  
Quod soli nullo vivere teste volunt.*

†† Hildebert, Bishop of Tours († 1134), is the first to use it (*Serm.* 93).

‡‡ Thomas Aquinas first uses “limbus” in this sense.

whom, the fabric of the external universe first received the title of "cosmos," or beautiful order ;\* a name not new in itself, but new in this application of it ; with much more of the same kind.

149. Let us go back to one of the words just named, and inquire what may be learned from acquaintance with the time and place of its first appearance. It is one the coming up of which has found special record in the Book of life : "The disciples," as S. Luke expressly tells us, "were called Christians first in Antioch" (Acts 11 : 26). That we have here a notice which we should not willingly have missed all would acknowledge, even as nothing can be otherwise than curious which relates to the infancy of the Church. But this perhaps is all which some would perceive in it ; and yet, if we question this notice a little closer, how much it will be found to contain, how much it is waiting to yield up to us. What light it throws on the whole story of the apostolic Church to know where and when this name of "Christians" was first imposed on the faithful ; for imposed by adversaries it certainly was, not devised by themselves, however

had attained supreme dominion through a violation of the laws and liberties of the state ; having done which, whatever the moderation of his after-rule, he would not escape the name. Thus the mild and bounteous Pisistratus was "tyrant" of Athens, while a Christian the Second of Denmark, "the Nero of the North," would not in Greek eyes have been one. It was to their honor that they did not allow the course of the word to be arrested or turned aside by occasional or partial exceptions in the manner of the exercise of this ill-gotten dominion ; but in the hateful secondary sense which "tyrant" with them acquired, and which we have adopted, the moral conviction, justified by all experience, spake out, that the ill-gotten would be ill-kept ; that the "tyrant" in the earlier sense of the word, dogged by suspicion, fear, and an evil conscience, must, by an almost inevitable law, become a "tyrant" in our later sense of the word.

\* Pythagoras, born B.C. 570, is said to have been the first who made this application of the word. For much of interest on its history see Humboldt, *Kosmos*, 1846 English edit., vol. i. 371.

afterwards they may have learned to glory in it as the name of highest dignity and honor. They did not call themselves, but, as is expressly recorded, they "were called," Christians first at Antioch ; in agreement with which statement, the name occurs nowhere in Scripture, except on the lips of those alien from, or opposed to, the faith (Acts 26 : 28 ; 1 Pet. 4 : 16). And as it was a name imposed by adversaries, so among those adversaries it was plainly the heathen, and not the Jews, who were its authors ; for Jews would never have called the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, "Christians," or those of Christ, the very point of their opposition to Him being, that He was *not* the Christ, but a false pretender to the name.\*

150. Starting then from this point, that "Christians" was a title given to the disciples by the heathen, what may we deduce from it further ? At Antioch they first obtained this name—at the city, that is, which was the headquarters of the Church's missions to the heathen, in the same sense as Jerusalem had been the headquarters of those to the seed of Abraham. It was there, and among the faithful there, that a conviction of the world-wide destination of the Gospel arose ; there it was first plainly seen as intended for all kindreds of the earth. Hitherto the faithful in Christ had been called by their adversaries, and indeed often were still called, "Galileans," or "Nazarenes,"—both names which indicated the Jewish cradle in which the Church had been nursed, and that the world saw in the new Society no more than a Jewish sect. But it was plain that the Church had now, even in the world's eyes, chipped its Jewish shell. The name "Christians," or those of Christ, while it told that Christ and the confession of Him was felt even by the

\* Compare Tacitus (*Annal.* xv. 24) : Quos vulgus . . . Christianos appellabat. It is curious too that, although a Greek word and coined in a Greek city, the termination is Latin. Χριστιανός is formed on the model of Romanus, Albanus, Pompeianus, and the like.



heathen to be the sum and centre of this new faith, showed also that they comprehended now, not all which the Church would be, but something of this; saw this much, namely, that it was no mere sect and variety of Judaism, but a Society with a mission and a destiny of its own. Nor will the thoughtful reader fail to observe that the coming up of this name is by closest juxtaposition connected in the sacred narrative, and still more closely in the Greek than in the English, with the arrival at Antioch, and with the preaching there, of that Apostle, who was God's appointed instrument for bringing the Church to a full sense that the message which it had, was not for some men only, but for all. As so often happens with the rise of new names, the rise of this one marked a new epoch in the Church's life, and that it was entering upon a new stage of its development.\* It is a small matter, yet not without its own significance, that the invention of this name is laid by S. Luke—for so, I think, we may confidently say—to the credit of the Antiochenes. Now the idle, frivolous, and witty inhabitants of Antioch were noted in all antiquity for the invention of nicknames; it was a manufacture for which their city was famous. And thus it was exactly the place where beforehand we might have expected that such a title, being a nick-

name or little better in their mouths who devised it, should first come into being.

151. This one example is sufficient to show that new words will often repay any attention which we may bestow upon them, and upon the conditions under which they were born. I proceed to consider the causes which suggest or necessitate their birth, the periods when a language is most fruitful in them, the sources from which they usually proceed, with some other interesting phenomena about them.

152. And first of the causes which give them birth. Now of all these causes the noblest is this—namely, that in the appointments of highest Wisdom there are epochs in the world's history, in which, more than at other times, new moral and spiritual forces are at work, stirring to their central depths the hearts of men. When it thus fares with a people, they make claims on their language which were never made on it before. It is required to utter truths, to express ideas, which were remote from it hitherto; for which therefore the adequate expression will naturally not be forthcoming at once, these new thoughts and feelings being larger and deeper than any with which hitherto the speakers of that tongue had been familiar. It fares with a language then, as it would fare with a river-bed, suddenly required to deliver a far larger volume of waters than had hitherto been its wont. It would in such a case be nothing strange, if the waters surmounted their banks, broke forth on the right hand and on the left, forced new channels with a certain violence for themselves. This indeed they must do. Now it was exactly thus that it fared—for there could be no more illustrious examples—with the languages of Greece and Rome, when it was demanded of them that they should be vehicles of the truths of revelation.

153. These languages, as they already existed, might have sufficed, and did suffice, for heathenism, sensuous and finite; but they did not suffice for the spiritual and infinite, for the truths

\* Renan (*Les Apôtres*, pp. 233-236) has much instruction on this matter. I quote a few words, though even in them the spirit in which the whole book is conceived does not fail to make itself felt: *L'heure où une création nouvelle reçoit son nom est solennelle; car le nom est le signe définitif de l'existence. C'est par le nom qu'un être individuel ou collectif devient lui-même, et sort d'un autre. La formation du mot "chrétien" marque ainsi la date précise où l'Eglise de Jésus se sépara du judaïsme. . . . Le christianisme est complètement détaché du sein des aînés; la vraie pensée de Jésus a triomphé de l'indécision de ses premiers disciples; l'Eglise de Jérusalem est dépassée; l'Araméen, la langue de Jésus, est inconnue à une partie de son école; le christianisme parle Grec; il est lancé définitivement dans le grand tourbillon du monde grec et romain; d'où il ne sortira plus.*

at once so new and so mighty which claimed now to find utterance in the language of men. And thus it continually befel, that the new thought must weave a new garment for itself, those which it found ready made being narrower than that it could wrap itself in them ; that the new wine must fashion new vessels for itself, if both should be preserved, the old being neither strong enough, nor expansive enough, to hold it.\* Thus, not to speak of mere technical matters, which would claim an utterance, how could the Greek language possess a word for "idolatry," so long as the sense of the awful contrast between the worship of the living God and of dead things had not risen up in their minds that spoke it ? But when Greek began to be the native language of men, to whom this distinction between the Creator and the creature was the most earnest and deepest conviction of their lives, words such as "idolatry," "idolater," of necessity appeared. The heathen did not claim for their deities to be "searchers of hearts," did not disclaim for them the being "accepters of persons"; such attributes of power and righteousness entered not into their minds as pertaining to the objects of their worship. The Greek language, therefore, so long as they only employed it, had not the words corresponding.† It, indeed, could not have had them, as the Jewish Hellenistic Greek could not be without them. How useful a word is "theocracy"; what good service it has rendered in presenting a certain idea clearly and distinctly to the mind ; yet where, except in the bosom of the same Jewish Greek, could it have been born ? ‡

154. These difficulties, which were felt the most strongly when the thought and feeling that had been at home in

the Hebrew, the original language of inspiration, needed to be transferred into Greek, reappeared, though not in quite so aggravated a form, when that which had gradually woven for itself in the Greek an adequate clothing, again demanded to find a suitable garment in the Latin. An example of the difficulty, and of the way in which the difficulty was ultimately overcome, will illustrate this far better than long disquisitions. The classical language of Greece had a word for "saviour," which, though often degraded to unworthy uses, bestowed as a title of honor not merely on the false gods of heathendom, but sometimes on men, such as better deserved to be styled "destroyers" than "saviours" of their fellows, was yet in itself not unequal to the setting forth the central office and dignity of Him who came into the world to save it. The word might be likened to some profaned temple, which needed a new consecration, but not to be abolished, and another built in its room. With the Latin it was otherwise. The language seemed to lack a word, which on one account or another Christians needed to have continually on their lips : indeed Cicero, than whom none could know better the resources of his own tongue, remarkably enough had noted its want of any single equivalent to the Greek "saviour."\*\* "Salvator" would have been the natural word ; but the literary Latin of the best times, though it had "salus" and "salvus," had neither this, nor the verb "salvare"; some, indeed, have thought that "salvare" had always existed in the common speech. "Servator" was instinctively felt to be insufficient, even as "Preserver" would for us fall very short of uttering all which "Saviour" does now. The seeking of the strayed, the recovery of the lost, the healing of the sick, would all be but feebly and faintly suggested by it, if suggested at all. God "*preserveth* man and beast," but he is the "Saviour" of his own in a more inward and

\* Renan, speaking on this matter, says of the early Christians : *La langue leur faisait défaut. Le grec et le Sémitique les trahissaient également. De là cette énorme violence que le Christianisme naissant fit au langage (Les Apôtres, p. 71).*

† Προσωπολήπτης, καρδιογνώστης.

‡ We preside at its birth in a passage of Josephus, *Con. Apion.* ii. 16.

\* Hoc [σωτήρ] quantum est ? ita magnum ut Latine uno verbo exprimi non possit.

far higher sense. It was long before the Latin Christian writers extricated themselves from this embarrassment, for the "Salutificator" of Tertullian, "the Sospitator" of another, assuredly did not satisfy the need. The strong good sense of Augustine finally disposed of the difficulty. He made no scruple about using "Salvator"; observing, with a true insight into the conditions under which new words should be admitted, that however "Salvator" might not have been good Latin before the Saviour came, He by his coming had made it such; for, as shadows wait upon substances, so words wait upon things.\* Take another example. It seemed so natural a thing, in the old heathen world, to expose infants, if it was not found convenient to rear them, the crime excited so little remark, was so little regarded as a crime at all, that it was not worth while to find a name for it; and thus it is nothing wonderful to learn that the word "infanticidium" was first born in the bosom of the Christian Church. Tertullian is the first in whose writings it appears.

155. Yet it is not only when new truth, moral or spiritual, has thus to fit itself to the lips of men, that such enlargements of speech become neces-

\* *Serm.* 299. 6 : Christus Jesus, id est Christus Salvator : hoc est enim Latine Jesus. Nec querant grammatici quam sit Latinum, sed Christiani, quam verum. Salus enim Latinum nomen est ; salvare et salvator non fuerunt hæc Latina, antequam veniret Saluator : quando ad Latinos venit, et hæc Latina fecit. Cf. *De Trin.* 13. 10 : Quod verbum [salvator] Latina lingua antea non habebat, sed habere poterat ; sicut potuit quando voluit. Other words which we owe to Christian Latin, probably to the Vulgate or to the earlier Latin translations, are these—"carnalis," "compassio," "deitas" (Augustine, *Civ. Dei*, 7. 1), "glorifico," "incarnatio," "justifico," "justificatio," "longanimitas," "passio," "prædestinatio," "refrigerium," "regeneratio," "resipiscencia," "revelatio," "sanctificatio," "soliloquium," "sufficiencia," "supererogatio," "tribulatio." Many of these may seem barbarous to the Latin scholar, but there is hardly one of them which does not imply a new thought, or a new feeling, or the sense of a new relation of man to God or to his fellow-man.

sary : but in each further unfolding of those seminal truths implanted in man at the first, in each new enlargement of his sphere of knowledge, outward or inward, the same necessities make themselves felt. The beginnings and progressive advances of moral philosophy in Greece,\* the transplantation of the same to Rome, the rise of the scholastic, and then of the mystic, theology in the middle ages, the discoveries of modern science and natural philosophy, these each and all have been accompanied with corresponding extensions in the domain of language. Of the words to which each of these has in turn given birth many, it is true, have never travelled beyond their own peculiar sphere, having remained purely technical, or scientific, or theological to the last ; but many, too, have passed over from the laboratory and the school, from the cloister and the pulpit, into daily use, and have, with the ideas which they incorporate, become the common heritage of all. For however hard and repulsive a front any study or science may present to the great body of those who are as laymen in regard of it, there is yet inevitably such a detraction as this continually going forward, and one which it would be well worth while to trace in detail.

156. Where the movement is a popular one, stirring the heart and mind of a people to its depths, there these new words will be for the most part born out of their bosom, a free spontaneous birth, seldom or never capable of being referred to one man more than another, because they belong to all. Where, on the contrary, the movement is more strictly theological, or has for its sphere those regions of science and philosophy, where, as first pioneers and discoverers, only a few can bear their parts, there the additions to the language and extensions of it will lack something of the freedom, the unconscious boldness, which mark the others. Their character will be more artificial, less spontaneous, although here also the creative genius of the sin-

\* See Lobeck, *Phrynichus*, p. 350.

gle man, as there of the nation, will oftentimes set its mark ; and many a single word will come forth, which will be the result of profound meditation, or of intuitive genius, or of both in happiest combination—many a word, which shall as a torch illuminate vast regions comparatively obscure before, and, it may be, cast its rays far into the yet unexplored darkness beyond ; or which, summing up into itself all the acquisitions in a particular direction of the past, shall be as a mighty vantage ground from which to advance to new conquests in those realms of mind or of nature, not as yet subdued to the intellect of man.

157. "Cosmopolite" has often now a shallow or even a mischievous use, and he who calls himself a "cosmopolite" may only mean that he is *not* a patriot, that his native country does *not* possess his love. Yet, as all must admit, he could have been no common man who, before the preaching of the Gospel, launched this word upon the world, and claimed this name for himself. Nor was he ; for Diogenes the Cynic, whose sayings are among the most notable in antiquity, was its author. Being demanded of what city or country he was, Diogenes answered that he was a "cosmopolite" ; in this word widening the range of men's thoughts, bringing in not merely a word new to Greek ears, but a thought which, however commonplace and familiar to us now, must have been most novel and startling to those whom he addressed. I am far from asserting that contempt for his citizenship in its narrower sense may not have mingled with this his challenge for himself of a citizenship wide as the world ; but there was not the less a very remarkable reaching out here after truths which were not fully born into the world until He came, in whom and in whose Church all national differences and distinctions were done away.

158. As occupying somewhat of a middle place between those more deliberate word-makers and the multitude whose words rather grow than are made, we must not omit him who is a

maker by the very right of his name—I mean, the poet. That creative energy with which he is endowed, "the high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet," will not fail to manifest itself in this region as in others. Extending the domain of thought and feeling, he will scarcely fail to extend that also of language, which does not willingly lag behind. And the loftier his moods, the more of this maker he will be. The passion of such times, the all-fusing imagination, will at once suggest and justify audacities in speech, upon which in calmer moods he would not have ventured, or, venturing, would have failed to carry others with him ; for only the metal which is fluent runs easily into novel shapes and moulds. It is not merely that the old and the familiar will often become new in his hands ; that he will give the stamp of allowance, as to him will be free to do, to words, should he count them worthy, which hitherto have lived only on the lips of the people or been confined to some single dialect and province ; but he will enrich his native tongue with words unknown and non-existent before—non-existent, that is, save in their elements ; for in the historic period of a language it is not permitted to any man to do more than work on pre-existent materials ; to evolve what is latent therein, to combine what is apart, to recall what has fallen out of sight.

159. But to return to the more deliberate coining of words. New necessities have within the last few years called out several of these deliberate creations in our own language. The almost simultaneous discovery of such large abundance of gold in so many quarters of the world led some nations so much to dread an enormous depreciation of this metal, that they ceased to make it the standard of value—Holland for instance did so for awhile, though she has since changed her mind ; and it has been found convenient to invent a word, "to demonetize," to express this process of turning a precious metal from being the legal standard into a mere article of commerce. So, too,

diplomacy has recently added more than one new word to our vocabulary. I suppose nobody ever heard of "extradition" till within the last few years; nor of "neutralization" till in the treaty of peace which followed the Crimean War the "neutralization" of the Black Sea was made one of the stipulations. "Secularization," in like manner, owes its birth to the long negotiations which preceded the Treaty of Westphalia. Whenever it was found difficult to find anywhere else compensation for some powerful claimant, there was always some abbey or bishopric which with its revenues might be seized, stripped of its ecclesiastical character, and turned into a secular possession. Our manifold points of contact with the East, the necessity which has thus arisen of representing oriental words to the western world by means of an alphabet which is not theirs, with the manifold discussions on the fittest equivalents, all this has brought with it the need of a word which should describe the process, and "transliteration" is the result.

160. We have long had "assimilation" in our dictionaries; "dissimilation" has as yet scarcely found its way into them, but it speedily will. It will appear first, if it has not already appeared, in our books on language.\* I express myself with this confidence, because advances in philology have rendered it a matter of necessity that we should possess a word to designate a certain process which words unconsciously undergo, and no other would designate it at all so well. There is a process of "assimilation" going on very extensively in language; the organs of speech finding themselves helped by changing one letter for another which has just occurred, or will just occur in a word; thus we say not "adfiance" but "affiance," not "renown," as our ancestors did when "renommée" was first naturalized, but "renown"; we say too, though we do not write it, "cupboard" and not

"cupboard," "suttle" and not "subtle." But side by side with this there is another opposite process, where some letter would recur too often for euphony or ease in speaking, were the strict form of the word too closely held fast; and where consequently this letter is exchanged for some other, generally for some nearly allied; thus "cæruleus" was once cæluleus, from cælum; "meridies" is for "medidies," or medius dies. In the same way the Italians prefer "veleno" to "veneno"; the Germans "kartoffel" to "tartüffel," the original name of the potato; and we "cinnamon" to "cinnamom" (the earlier form). So too in "turtle," "marble," "purple" we have shrunk from the double "r" of "turtur," "marmor," "purpura"; and this process of *making unlike*, requiring a term to express it, will create, has indeed already created, the word "dissimilation," which will presently establish itself in far wider than its primary use.\*

161. New necessities, new evolutions of society into more complex conditions, evoke new words; which come forth, because they are required now; but did not formerly exist, because in an anterior period they were not required. For example, in Greece so long as the poet sang his own verses, "singer" (*αἰδοῦς*) sufficiently expressed the double function; such a "singer" was Homer, and such Homer describes Demodocus, the bard of the Phæacians; that double function, in fact, not being in his time contemplated as double, but each of its parts so naturally completing the other, that no second word was required. When, however, in the division of labor one made the verses which another chanted, then "poet" or "maker," a word unknown to the Homeric age, arose. In like manner, when "physicians" were the only natural philosophers, the word covered this meaning as well as that other which it still retains; but when

\* Pott (*Etym. Forsch.* vol. ii. p. 65) has introduced it into German.

\* See Dwight, *Modern Philology*, 2nd Series, p. 100; and Heyse, *System der Sprachwissenschaft*, § 139-141.

the investigation of nature and natural causes detached itself from the art of healing, became an independent study, the name "physician" remained to that which was as the stock and stem of the art, while the new offshoot sought out a new name for itself.

162. But it is not merely new things which will require new names. It will often be discovered that old things have not got a name at all, or, having one, are compelled to share it with something else, to the great detriment of both. The manner in which men become aware of such deficiencies, is commonly this. Comparing their own language with another, and in some aspects a richer, compelled it may be to such comparison through having undertaken to transfer treasures of that language into their own, they become conscious of much which it is worth while to utter in human speech, which is plainly utterable therein, since another language has found utterance for it, but which hitherto has found no voice in their own. Hereupon with more or less success they proceed to supply the deficiency. Hardly in any other way would the wants which are thus revealed make themselves felt even by the most thoughtful; for language is to so large an extent the condition and limit of thought, men are so little accustomed, indeed so little able, to meditate on things, except through the intervention, and by the machinery, of words, that the absence of words from a language almost necessarily brings with it the absence of any sense of that absence. Here is one advantage of acquaintance with other languages besides our own, and of the institution which will follow, if we have learned those other to any purpose, of these comparisons, namely, that we thus become aware that names are not, and least of all the names in any one language, co-extensive with things (and by "things" I mean subjects as well as objects of thought, whatever one can *think* about), that innumerable things and aspects of things exist, which, though capable of being resumed and connoted in a word, are yet without one, un-

named and unregistered; and thus, vast as is the world of names, that the world of realities is even vaster still. Such discoveries the Romans made, when they sought to transplant the moral philosophy of Greece to an Italian soil. They found that many of its terms had no equivalents with them; which equivalents therefore they proceeded to devise for themselves, appealing for this to the latent capabilities of their own tongue. For example, the Greek schools had a word, and one playing no unimportant part in some of their philosophical systems, to express "apathy," or the absence of all passion and pain. As it was absolutely necessary to possess a corresponding word, Cicero invented "*indolentia*," as that "if I may so speak" with which he paves the way to his first introduction of it, manifestly declares.\*

163. Sometimes, indeed, such a skilful mint-master of words, such a subtle watcher and weigher of their force† as was Cicero, will have noted even apart from this comparison with other languages, an omission in his own, which thereupon he will endeavor to supply. Thus the Latin had two adjectives which, though not kept apart as strictly as they might have been, possessed each its peculiar meaning, "*invidus*," one who is envious, "*invidiosus*," one who excites envy in others;‡ at the same time there was only one substantive, "*invidia*," the correlative of them both; with the disadvantage, therefore, of being employed now in an active, now in a passive sense, now for the envy which men feel, and now for the envy which they excite. The word he saw was made to do double duty, saw that under a seeming unity there lurked a real dualism, from which manifold confusions might follow. He therefore devised "*invidentia*," to express the active envy, or

\* *Fin.* ii. 4; and for "*qualitas*" see *Acad.* i. 6.

† *Ille verborum vigilantissimus appensor ac mensor* as Augustine happily terms him.

‡ Thus the monkish line:

*Invidiosus ego, non invidus esse laboro.*

the envying, no doubt desiring that "invidia" should be restrained to the passive, the being envied. "Invidentia" to all appearance supplied a real want; yet he did not succeed in giving it currency; does not seem himself to have much cared to employ it again.\*

164. We see by this example that not every word, which even a master of languages proposes, finds acceptance; † for, as Dryden has said, "It is one thing to draw a bill, and another to have it accepted." Provided some live, he must be content that others should fall to the ground and die. Nor is this the only unsuccessful candidate for admission into the language which Cicero put forward. His "indolentia," which I mentioned just now, hardly passed beyond himself; ‡ his "vitiositas," § "indigentia," || and "mulierositas," ¶ not at all. "Beatitas" too and "beatitudo," \*\* both of his coining, yet, as he owns himself, with something strange and uncouth about them, found almost no acceptance at all in the classical literature of Rome; "beatitudo," indeed, obtained a home, as it deserved to do, in the Christian Church, but "beatitas" made no way whatsoever. Coleridge's "esemplastic," by which he was fain to express the all-atoning or unifying power of the imagination, has not pleased others at all in the measure in which it pleased himself; while the words of Jeremy Taylor, of such Latin-

ists as Sir Thomas Browne and Henry More, words born only to die, are multitudinous as the leaves of autumn.\* Still even the word which fails is often an honorable testimony to the scholarship, or the exactness of thought, or the imagination of its author; and Ben Jonson is overhard on "neologists," if I may bring this term back to its earlier meaning, when he says: "A man coins not a new word without some peril, and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured." †

165. I spoke just now of comprehensive words, which should singly say what hitherto it had taken many words to say, in which a higher term has been reached than before had been attained. The value of these is immense. By the cutting short of lengthy explanations and tedious circuits of language, they facilitate mental processes, which would often be nearly or quite impossible without them; and those who have invented or put these into circulation, are benefactors of a high order to knowledge. In the ordinary traffic of life, unless our dealings are on the smallest scale, we willingly have about us our money in the shape rather of silver than of copper; and if our transactions are at all extensive, rather in gold than in silver; while, if we were setting forth upon a long and costly journey, we should be best pleased to turn even our gold coin itself into bills of exchange or circular notes; in fact, into the highest denomination of money which it was capable of assuming. How many words with which we are now perfectly familiar are for us what the bill of exchange or circular note is for the traveller and the merchant. As in one of these innumerable pence, a multitude of shillings, not a few pounds are gathered up and represented, so have we in some single word the quintessence and final result of an infinite number of anterior mental processes, ascending one

\* *Tusc.* iii. 9; iv. 8; cf. Döderlein, *Synon.* vol. iii. p. 68.

† Quintilian's advice, based on this fact, is good (i. 6, 42): *Etiam si potest nihil peccare, qui utitur iis verbis quæ summi auctores tradiderunt, multum tamen refert non solum quid dixerint, sed etiam quid persuaserint.* He himself, as he informs us, invented "vocalitas" to correspond with the Greek *εὑφωνία* (*Instit.* i. 5, 24), but I am not aware that he found any imitators.

‡ Thus Seneca a little later is unaware, or has forgotten, that Cicero made any such suggestion. Taking no notice of it, he proposes "impatientia" as an adequate rendering of *ἀπάθεια*. There clung this inconvenience to the word, as he himself allowed, that it was already used in exactly the opposite sense (*Ep.* 9). Elsewhere he claims to be the inventor of "essentia" (*Ep.* 38).

§ *Tusc.* iv. 15.

|| *Ibid.* iv. 9. 21.

¶ *Ibid.* iv. 11.

\*\* *Nat. Deor.* i. 34.

\* See my *English Past and Present*, 9th edit. p. 108.

† Therefore the maxim:

*Moribus antiquis, præsentibus utere verbis.*

above the other, until all have been at length summed up for us in that single word. This last may be compared to nothing so fitly as to some mighty river, which does not bring its flood of waters to the sea, till many rills have been swallowed up in brooks, and brooks in streams, and streams in tributary rivers, each of these affluents having lost its separate name and existence in that which at last represents and is continent of them all.

166. Science is an immense gainer by words which thus say singly, what whole sentences would otherwise have scarcely said. Thus "isothermal" is quite a modern invention; but how much is summed up by the word; what a long story is saved, as often as we speak of "isothermal" lines. Physiologists have given the name of "atavism" to the emerging again of a face in a family after its disappearance during two or three generations. What would have else needed a sentence is here accomplished by a word. Bacon somewhere describes a certain candidate for the chair of S. Peter as being "papable." I do not mean that he invented the word; but using it he declared that there met in him all the conditions, and they were many, which would admit the choice of the Conclave falling upon him. When Aristotle, in the opening sentences of his "Rhetoric," declares that rhetoric and logic are "antistrophic," what a wonderful insight into both, and above all into their relations to one another, does the word impart to those who have any such special training as enables them to take in all which hereby he intends. Or take a word so familiar as "circle." How much must have gone before, ere the word, with its corresponding *idéa*, could have existed; and then imagine how it would fare with us, if, as often as in some long and difficult mathematical problem we needed to refer to this figure, we were obliged to introduce its entire definition, no single word representing it; and not this only, but the definition of each term employed in the definition—how well-nigh impossible it would prove to carry the whole process

in the mind, or to take oversight of all its steps. Imagine a few more words struck out of the vocabulary of the mathematician, and if all activity and advance in his proper domain was not altogether arrested, yet would it be as effectually restrained and hampered as commercial intercourse would be, if in all its transactions iron or copper were the sole medium of exchange. Wherever any science is progressive, there will be progress in its nomenclature as well. Words will keep pace with things, and with more or less felicity resuming in themselves the labors of the past, will at once assist and abridge the labors of the future; like tools which, themselves the result of the finest mechanical skill, do at the same time render other and further triumphs of art possible, such as would have been quite unattainable without them.\*

167. It is not merely the widening of men's intellectual horizon, which, bringing new thoughts within the range of their vision, compels the origination of corresponding words; but as often as regions of this outward world hitherto closed are laid open, the novel objects of interest which these contain will demand to find their names, and not merely to be catalogued in the nomenclature of science, but, so far as they present themselves to the popular eye, will require to be popularly named. When a new thing, or plant, or fruit, or animal, or whatever else it may be, is imported from some foreign land, or so comes within the sphere of knowledge that it needs to be thus named, there are various ways by which this may be done. The first and commonest way is to import the name and the thing together, incorporating the former, unchanged, or with slight modification, into the language. Thus we did with the potato, which is only another form of "batata," in which shape the original Indian word appears in our earlier voyagers. But this is not the only way of naming; and the example on which I have just lighted affords good illustration of various other methods which

\* See Mill, *System of Logic*, iv. 6. 3.



may be adopted. Thus a name belonging to something else, which the new object nearly resembles, may be transferred to it, and the confusion arising from calling different things by the same name disregarded. It was thus in German, "kartoffel" being only a corruption, which found place in the last century, of "tartüffel," properly the name of the truffle; but which not the less was transferred to the potato, on the ground of the many resemblances between them. Or again this same transfer may take place, but with some qualifying or distinguishing addition. This course the Italians took. They also called the potato "tartufo," but added "bianco," the white truffle; a name now giving way to "patata." Thus was it, too, with the French; who called it apple, but "apple of the earth"; even as in many of the provincial dialects of Germany it bears the name of "erdappel" or earth-apple at this day.

168. It will sometimes happen that a language, having thus to provide a new name for a new thing, will seem for a season not to have made up its mind by which of these methods it shall do it. Two names will exist side by side, and only after a time will one gain the upper hand of the other. Thus when the pineapple was introduced into England it brought with it, probably from the East, the name of "ananas" or "anana," under which last form it is celebrated by Thomson in his "Seasons." This name has been nearly or quite superseded by "pineapple," manifestly suggested by the likeness of the new fruit to the cone of the pine. It is not a very happy formation; for it is not *likeness*, but *identity*, which "pineapple" implies; and it gives some excuse to an error, which up to a very late day ran through all German-English and French-English dictionaries; I know not whether even now it has disappeared. In all of these "pineapple" is rendered as though it signified not the anana, but this cone of the pine; and not very long ago, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Times* of France, made some uncomplimentary observations on

the voracity of the English, who could wind up a Lord Mayor's dinner with fir-cones for dessert.

169. Sometimes the name adopted will be one drawn from an intermediate language, through which we first became acquainted with the object requiring to be named. "Alligator" is an example of this. When that ugly crocodile of the New World was first seen by the Spanish discoverers, they called it, with a true insight into its species, "el lagarto," *the lizard*; as being the largest of that lizard species to which it belonged, or indeed sometimes "el lagarto de las Indias," the Indian lizard. In Sir Walter Raleigh's "Discovery of Guiana" the word still retains its Spanish form. Sailing up the Orinoco, "we saw in it," he says, "divers sorts of strange fishes of marvellous bigness, but for *lagartos* it exceeded; for there were thousands of these ugly serpents, and the people call it, for the abundance of them, the river of *lagartos*, in their language." We can explain the shape which with us the word gradually assumed, by supposing that English sailors who brought it home, and had continually heard, but may have never seen it written, blended, as in similar instances has often happened, the Spanish article "el" with the name. In Ben Jonson's "alligarta," we note the word in process of transformation.\*

\* "Alcoran" supplies another example of this curious annexation of the article. Examples of a like absorption or incorporation of it are to be found in many languages; in our own, when we write a newt, and not an ewt, or when our fathers wrote a nydiot (Sir T. More), and not an idiot; in the Italian, which has lonza for onza; but they are still more numerous in French. Thus "lierre," ivy, was written by Ronsard, "l'hierre," which is correct, being the Latin "hedera." "Lingot" is our "ingot," but with fusion of the article; in "larigot," and "loricot" the word and the article have in the same manner grown together. In old French it was "l'endemain," or, le jour en demain; "le lendemain," as now written, is a barbarous excess of expression. "La Pouille," a name given to the southern extremity of Italy, and in which we recognize "Apulia," is another variety of error, but moving in the same sphere

170. Less honorable causes than some which I have mentioned, give birth to new words ; which will sometimes reflect back a very fearful light on the moral condition of that epoch in which first they saw the light. Of the Roman emperor, Tiberius, one of those "inventors of evil things," of whom S. Paul speaks (Rom. 1 : 30), Tacitus informs us that he caused words, unknown before, to emerge in the Latin tongue, for the setting out of wickednesses, happily also previously unknown, which he had invented. It was the same frightful time which gave birth to "delator," alike to the thing and to the word.

171. The atrocious attempt of Lewis the Fourteenth to convert the Protestants in his dominions to the Roman Catholic faith by quartering dragoons upon them, with license to misuse to the uttermost those who refused to conform, this "booted mission" (mission bottée), as it was facetiously called at the time, has bequeathed "dragonnade" to the French language. "Refugee" had at the same time its rise, and owed it to the same event. They were called "réfugiés" or "refugees" who took refuge in some land less inhospitable than their own, so to escape the tender mercies of these missionaries. "Convertisseur" belongs to the same period. The spiritual factor was so named who undertook to convert the Protestants on a large scale, receiving so much a head for the converts whom he made.

172. Our use of "roué" throws light upon another curious and shameful page of French history. The "roués," a man now of profligate character and conduct, is properly and primarily one

broken on the wheel. Its present and secondary meaning it derived from that Duke of Orleans who was Regent of France after the death of Lewis the Fourteenth. It was his miserable pride to gather round him companions worse, if possible, and wicked than himself. These, as the Duke of S. Simon assures us, he was wont to call his "roué"; every one of them abundantly deserving to be broken on the wheel—which was the punishment then reserved in France for the worst malefactors.\* When we have learned the pedigree of the word, the man and the age rise up before us, glorying in their shame, and not caring to pay to virtue even that hypocritical homage which vice finds it sometimes convenient to render.

173. The great French Revolution made, as might be expected, characteristic contributions to the French language. It gives us some insight into its ugliest side to know that, among other words, it produced the following: "sans-culotte," "incivisme," "terrorisme," "noyade," "guillotine," "lanterner." Still later, the French conquests in North Africa, and the pitiless severities with which every attempt at resistance on the part of the free tribes of the interior was put down and punished, have left their mark on it as well, "razzia," which is properly an Arabic word, having been added to it, to express the swift and sudden sweeping away of a tribe, with its herds, its crops, and all that belongs to it. The Communist insurrection of 1871 has bequeathed one contribution almost as ugly as itself, namely "pétroleuse," to the language.

174. But it would ill become us to look only abroad for examples in this kind, when perhaps an equal abundance might be found much nearer home. Words of our own keep record of passages in our history in which we have little reason to glory. Thus "mob" and "sham" had their birth in that

(Génin, *Récollections Philologiques*, vol. i. pp. 102-105); of the same variety is "La Natolie," which was written "L'Anatolie" once. An Irish scholar has observed that in modern Irish "an" (= "the") is frequently thus absorbed in the names of places, as in "Nenagh," "Naul"; while sometimes an error exactly the reverse of this is committed, and a letter supposed to be the article, but in fact a part of the word, dropt: thus "Oughaval," instead of "Noughaval" or New Habitation.

\* The "roués" themselves declared that the word expressed rather their readiness to give any proof of their affection, even to the being broken upon the wheel, to their protector and friend.

most disgraceful period of English history, the interval between the Restoration and Revolution. "I may note," says one writing toward the end of the reign of Charles the Second, "that the rabble first changed their title, and were called 'the mob' in the assemblies of this [The Green Ribbon] Club. It was their beast of burden, and called first 'mobile vulgus,' but fell naturally into the contraction of one syllable, and ever since is become proper English." \* At a much later date a writer in *The Spectator* speaks of "mob" as still only struggling into existence. "I dare not answer," he says, "that mob, rap, pos, incog., and the like, will not in time be looked at as part of our tongue." In regard of "mob," the mobile multitude, swayed hither and thither by each gust of passion or caprice, this, which *The Spectator* hardly expected, while he confessed it possible, has actually taken place. "It is one of the many words formerly slang, which are now used by our best writers, and received, like pardoned outlaws, into the body of respectable citizens." Again, though the murdering of poor helpless lodgers, afterward to sell their bodies for dissection, can only be regarded as the monstrous wickedness of one or two, yet the verb "to burke," drawn from the name of a wretch who long pursued this hideous traffic, will be evidence in ail after times, unless indeed its origin should be forgotten, to how strange a crime this age of a boasted civilization could give birth. Nor less must it be acknowledged that "to raten" is not a pleasant acquisition which the language within the last few years has made.

175. We must not count as new words properly so called, although they may delay us for a minute, those comic words, most often comic combinations

formed at will, in which, as plays and displays of power, writers ancient and modern have delighted. These for the most part are meant to do service for the moment, and, this done, to pass into oblivion. The inventors of them themselves had no intention of fastening them permanently on the language. Thus Aristophanes coined *μελλονικιάω*, to loiter like Nicias, with allusion to the delays with which this prudent commander sought to put off the disastrous Sicilian expedition, with other words not a few, familiar to every scholar. The humor will sometimes consist in their enormous length,\* sometimes in their mingled observance and transgression of the laws of the language, as in the *δυναώτατος* of the Greek comic poet, the "patruissimus" and "oculissimus," comic superlatives of *patruus* and *oculus*, "occisissimus" of *occisus*; "dominissimus" of *dominus*; "asinissimo" (Italian) of *asino*; or in superlative piled on superlative, as in the "ottimissimo" of the same; so too in the "dosones," "dabones," which in Greek and in mediæval Latin were names given to those who were ever promising, ever saying "I will give," but never crowning promise with performance. Plautus, with his exuberant wit, and exulting in his mastery of the Latin language, is rich in these, "fustitudinus," "ferriereprinus." and the like; will put together four or five lines consisting wholly of comic combinations thrown off for the occasion.† Of the same character is Chaucer's "octogamy," or eighth marriage; Butler's "cynarctomachy," or battle of a dog and bear. Fuller, when he used "to avunculize," to follow in the steps of one's uncle, did not propose it as a lasting addition to the language; Cowper his "extraforaneous" and such like as little.

176. Such are some of the sources of increase in the wealth of a language; some of the quarters from which its

\* North, *Examen*, p. 574; for the origin of "sham" see p. 231. Compare Swift in *The Tatler*, No. cexxx. "I have done the utmost," he there says, "for some years past to stop the progress of 'mob' and 'banter'; but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me."

\* As in the *ἀμφιπτολεμοπηδησίστρατος* of Eupolis; the *σπερμαγοραιολεκτιβολαχανοπῶλις* of Aristophanes.

† *Persa*, iv. 6, 20-23.

vocabulary is augmented. There have been, from time to time, those who have so little understood what a language is, and what are the laws which it obeys, that they have sought by arbitrary decrees of their own to arrest its growth, have pronounced that it has attained to the limits of its growth, and must not henceforward presume to develop itself further. Even Bentley with all his vigorous insight into things is here at fault. "It were no difficult contrivance," he says, "if the public had any regard to it, to make the English tongue immutable, unless hereafter some foreign nation shall invade and overrun us."\* But a language has a life, as truly as a man, or as a tree. As a man, it must grow to its full stature; unless indeed its life is prematurely abridged by violence from without; even as it is also submitted to his conditions of decay. As a forest tree, it will defy any feeble bands which should attempt to control its expansion, so long as the principle of growth is in it; as a tree too it will continually, while it casts off some leaves, be putting forth others. And thus all such attempts have utterly failed, even when made under conditions the most favorable for success. The French Academy, numbering all or nearly all the most distinguished writers of France, once sought to exercise such a domination over their own language, and might have hoped to succeed, if success had been possible for any. But the language heeded their decrees as little as the advancing tide heeded those of Canute. Could they hope to keep out of men's speech, or even out of their books, however they excluded from their own Dictionary, such words as "blague," "blagueur," "blaguer," because, being born of the people, they had the people's mark upon them? After fruitless resistance for a time, they have in cases innumerable been compelled to give way—though in favor of the words just cited they have not yielded yet—and in each successive edition of their Dictionary have thrown

open its doors to words which had established themselves in the language, and would hold their ground there, altogether in different whether they received the Academy's seal of allowance or not.\*

177. A French scholar, who single-handed has given to the world a far better Dictionary than that upon which the Academy has bestowed the labor of more than two hundred years, shows a much juster appreciation of the actual facts of language. If ever there was a word born in the streets, and bearing about it tokens of the place of its birth, it is "gamin"; moreover it cannot be traced farther back than the year 1835; then first it appeared in a book, though it may have lived some while before on the lips of the people; but already he has found room for it in the pages of his Dictionary; so also for "flâneur," and for "rococo," with many more, having the same marks on them of a popular origin as have these. And with good right; for though fashions may descend from the upper classes to the lower, words, such I mean as constitute the most real additions to the wealth of a language, ascend from the lower to the higher; and of these not a few, let the fastidious oppose or ignore them for a while as they may, will assert a place for themselves therein, from which they will not be driven by the protests of all the scholars and all the academicians in the world. If the world moves, language has no choice but to move with it.†

\* Nisard (*Curiosités de l'Étym. Franç.* p. 195) has an article on these words, where with the epigrammatic neatness which so often marks French prose he says, Je regrette que l'Académie repousse de son Dictionnaire les mots *blague, blagueur, laissant gronder à sa porte ces fils effrontés du peuple, qui finiront par l'enfoncer.* On the same matter of the futility of struggling against popular usage in language Montaigne has said, "They that will fight custom with grammar are fools;" and, we may add, not less fools, as engaged in as hopeless a conflict, they that will fight it with dictionary.

† One has well said, "The subject of language, the instrument, but also the restraint, of thought, is endless. The history

\* *Works*, vol. ii. p. 13.

178. Those who make attempts to close the door against all new-comers are strangely forgetful of the steps whereby that vocabulary of the language, with which they are so entirely satisfied that they resent every endeavor to enlarge it, had itself been gotten together—namely, by that very process which they are now seeking by an arbitrary decree to arrest. We so take for granted that words with which we have been always familiar, whose right to a place in the language no one dreams now of challenging or disputing, have always formed part of it, that it is oftentimes a surprise to discover of how very late introduction many of these actually are; what an amount, it may be, of remonstrance and resistance some of them encountered at the first. To take two or three Latin examples: Cicero, in employing “favor,” a word in a little while after used by everybody, does it with an apology, evidently feels that he is introducing a questionable novelty; “urbanus,” too, in our sense of urbane, had in his time only just come up; “obsequium” he believes Terence to have been the first to em-

of language, the mouth speaking from the fulness of the heart, is the language of human action, faith, art, policy, government, virtue, and crime. When society progresses, the language of the people necessarily runs even with the line of society. You cannot unite past and present, still less can you bring back the past; moreover, the law of progress is the law of storms, it is impossible to inscribe an immutable statute of language on the periphery of a vortex, whirling as it advances. Every political development induces a concurrent alteration or expansion in conversation and composition. New principles are generated, new authorities introduced; new terms for the purpose of explaining or concealing the conduct of public men must be created: new responsibilities arise. The evolution of new ideas renders the change as easy as it is irresistible, being a natural change indeed, like our now voice under varying emotions or in different periods of life: the boy cannot speak like the baby, nor the man like the boy, the wooer speaks otherwise than the husband, and every alteration in circumstances, fortune or misfortune, health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, produces some corresponding change of speech or inflection of tone.”

ploy.\* “Soliloquium” seems to us so natural, indeed so necessary, a word, this “soliloquy,” or talking of a man with himself alone, something which would so inevitably demand and obtain its adequate expression, that we learn with surprise that no one spoke of a “soliloquy” before Augustine; the word having been coined, as he distinctly informs us, by himself.†

179. When a word has proved an unquestionable gain, it is interesting to watch it as it first comes forth, timid, and doubtful of the reception it will meet with; and the interest is much enhanced if it thus come forth on some memorable occasion, or from some memorable man. Both these interests meet in the word “essay.” If it were demanded what is the most remarkable volume of essays which the world has seen, few, having sufficient oversight of the field of literature to be capable of replying, would fail to answer, Lord Bacon’s. But they were also the first collection of these which bore that name; for we gather from the following passage in the (intended) dedication of the volume to Prince Henry, that “essay” was itself a recent word in the language, and in the use to which he put it, perfectly novel; he says—“To write just treatises requireth leisure in the writer, and leisure in the reader; . . . which is the cause which hath made me choose to write certain brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called *Essays*. The word is late, but the thing is ancient.” From this dedication we gather that, little as “essays” now can be considered a word of modesty, deprecating too large expectations on the part of the reader, it had, as “sketches” perhaps would have now, as “commentary” had in the Latin, that intention in its earliest use. In this deprecation of higher pretensions it resembled the “philosopher” of Pythagoras. Others had styled themselves, or had been willing to be styled, “wise men.”

\* On the new words in classical Latin, see Quintilian, *Inst.* viii. 3. 30–37.

† *Solil.* 2. 7.

“Lover of wisdom,” a name at once so modest and so beautiful, was of his devising.\*

180. But while thus there are words which surprise us that they are so new, others surprise us that they are so old. Few, I should imagine, are aware that “rationalist,” and this in a theological, and not merely a philosophical sense, is of such early date as it is ; or that we have not imported quite in these later times both the name and the thing from Germany. Yet this is very far from the case. There were “rationalists” in the time of the Commonwealth ; and these challenging the name exactly on the same grounds as those who in later times have claimed it for their own. Thus, the author of a newsletter from London, of date October 14th, 1646, among other things mentions : “There is a new sect sprung up among them [the Presbyterians and Independents], and these are the *Rationalists*, and what their reason dictates them in Church or State stands for good, until they be convinced with better ;” † with more to the same effect. “Christology” has been lately characterized as a monstrous importation from Germany. I am quite of one mind with the remonstrant that English theology does not need, and can do excellently well without it ; yet this novelty it is not ; for in the Preface to the works of that illustrious Arminian divine of the seventeenth century, Thomas Jackson, written by Benjamin Oley, his friend and pupil, the following passage occurs : “The reader will find in this author an eminent excellence in that part of divinity which I make bold to call *Christology*, in displaying the great mystery of godliness, God the Son manifested in human flesh.” ‡

181. In their power of taking up foreign words into healthy circulation and making them truly their own, languages differ much from one another,

and the same language from itself at different periods of its life. There are languages of which the appetite and digestive power, the assimilative energy, is at some periods almost unlimited. Nothing is too hard for them ; everything turns to good with them ; they will shape and mould to their own uses and habits almost any material offered to them. This, however, is in their youth ; as age advances, the assimilative energy diminishes. Words are still adopted ; for this process of adoption can never wholly cease ; but a chemical amalgamation of the new with the old does not any longer find place ; or only in some instances, and very partially even in them. They lie upon the surface of the language ; their sharp corners are not worn or rounded off ; they remain foreign still in their aspect and outline, and, having missed their opportunity of becoming otherwise, will remain so to the end. Those who adopt, as with an inward misgiving about their own gift and power of stamping them afresh, make a conscience of keeping them in exactly the same form in which they have received them ; instead of conforming them to the laws of that new community into which they are now received. Nothing will illustrate this so well as a comparison of different words of the same family, which have at different periods been introduced into our language. We shall find that those of an earlier introduction have become English through, and through, while the later introduced, belonging to the same group, have been very far from undergoing the same transforming process. Thus “bishop,” a word as old as the introduction of Christianity into England, though not hiding its descent from “episcopus,” is thoroughly English ; while “episcopal,” which has supplanted “bishopy,” is only a Latin word in an English dress. “Alms,” too, is genuine English, and English which has descended to us from far ; the very shape in which we have the word, one syllable for “eleemosyna” of six, sufficiently testifying this ; “letters,” as Horne Tooke observes, “like soldiers, being apt to

\* Diogenes Laërtius, *Proem.* § 12.

† *Clarendon State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 40 of the *Appendix*.

‡ *Preface to Dr. Jackson's Works*, vol. i. p. xxvii. A work of Fleming's, published in 1700, bears the title, *Christology*.

desert and drop off in a long march." The seven-syllabled and awkward "eleemosynary" is of far more recent date. Or sometimes this comparison is still more striking, when it is not merely words of the same family, but the very same word which has been twice adopted, at an earlier period and a later—the earlier form will be truly English, as "palsy"; the later will be only a Greek or Latin word spelt with English letters, as "paralysis." "Dropsy," "quinsy," "megrim," "squirrel," "rickets," "surgeon," "tansy," "dittany," "daffodil," and many more words that one might name, have nothing of strangers or foreigners about them, have made themselves quite at home in English. So entirely is their physiognomy native, that it would be difficult even to suspect them to be of Greek descent, as they all are. Nor has "kickshaws" anything about it now which would compel us at once to recognize in it the French "*quelques choses*,"\*—"French *kickshose*," as with allusion to the quarter from which it came, and while the memory of that was yet fresh in men's minds, it was often called by our early writers.

182. A very notable fact about new words, and a very signal testimony of their popular origin, of their birth from the bosom of the people, is the difficulty which is so often found in tracing their pedigree. When the *causæ vocum* are sought, as they very fitly are, and out of much better than mere curiosity, for the *causæ rerum* are very often wrapped up in them, those continually elude our research. Nor does it fare thus merely with words to which attention was called, and interest about their etymology awakened, only after they had been long in popular use—for that such should often give scope to idle guesses, should altogether refuse to give up their secret, is nothing strange—but they will not seldom perplex and baffle even where an inves-

tigation of their origin has been undertaken almost as soon as they have come into existence. Their rise is mysterious; like almost all acts of *becoming*, it is veiled in deepest obscurity. They emerge, they are in everybody's mouth; but when it is inquired from whence they are, nobody can tell. They are but of yesterday, and yet with inexplicable rapidity they have already lost all traces of the precise circumstances under which they were born.

183. The rapidity with which this comes to pass is nowhere more striking than in the names of political or religious parties, and above all in names of slight or of contempt. Thus Baxter tells us that when he wrote there already existed two explanations of "Roundhead,"\* a word not nearly so old as himself. How much has been written about the origin of the German "ketzer," or heretic, which is still in debate, though there can scarcely be a doubt that we have the Cathari here; while at the same time "katze," the devil under the shape of a cat, whom the heretics were reported in their secret assemblies to worship, probably makes itself felt in the word. Hardly less has been disputed about the French "cagot," which, however, is pretty certainly "*canis*," or Provençal "*cà*," and "Gothicus," this virtually excommunicated race being a real or supposed remnant among the Pyrenees of the refugee Gothic population of Spain. Is "Lollard," or "Loller," as we read it in Chaucer, from "lollen," to chaunt? that is, does it mean the chaunting or canting people? or had the Lollards their title from a principal person among them of this name, who suffered at the stake?—to say nothing of "lolium," which some have found

\* "These cooks have persuaded us their coarse fare is the best, and all other but what they dress to be mere *quelques choses*, made dishes of no nourishing" (Whitlock, *Zootomia*, p. 147).

\* *Narrative of my Life and Times*, p. 34: "The original of which name is not certainly known. Some say it was because the Puritans then commonly wore short hair, and the King's party long hair; some say, it was because the Queen at Strafford's trial asked who that *round-headed* man was, meaning Mr. Pym, because he spake so strongly."

in the name, these men being as *tares* among the wholesome wheat.\* The origin of "Huguenot," as applied to the French Protestants, was already a matter of doubt and discussion in the lifetime of those who first bore it. A distinguished German scholar has lately enumerated fifteen explanations which have been offered of the word.† Had the "Beguines" their name from a St. Begge, foundress of a religious corporation which afterward went by her name, or did their mendicant character express itself in this name which they bore? Were the "Waldenses" so called from one Waldus, to whom these "Poor Men of Lyons," as they were at first called, owed their origin? or should the word be more properly "Vallenses," the men of the Alpine valleys, the Dalesmen? Of these alternatives the former appears to me as very certainly the right one; but it is by no means so accepted by all. As little can any one tell us with any certainty why the "Paulicians" or the "Paterines" were severally named as they are; or, to go a good deal further back, why the "Essenes," were so called.‡ From whence had Johannes Scotus, who anticipated so much of the profoundest thinking of later ages, his title of "Erigena," and what did it mean?§ Or take some other Church matters. How perplexing are many of her most familiar terms and terms the oftenest in her mouth, her "Ember" days; her Collects; || her "Breviary"; her "Whitsunday"; ¶ the derivation of

"Mass" itself not being lifted above all question.\* As little can any one inform us why the Roman military standard on which Constantine inscribed the symbols of the Christian faith should have been called "Labarum." And yet the inquiry began early. A father of the Greek Church, almost a contemporary of Constantine, can do no better than suggest that "labarum" is equivalent to "laborum," and that it was so called because in that victorious standard was the end of *labor* and toil (*finis laborum*)! † The "ciborium" of the early Church is an equal perplexity; ‡ and "chapel" (*capella*) not less. All recent investigations have failed to dissipate the mystery of the "Sangraal."

184. And not in these Church matters only, but everywhere, we meet with the same oblivion of the origin of words. The Romans, one might beforehand have assumed, could have no doubt why they called themselves "Quirites," but it is manifest that they had much doubt. They could give, one would think, an explanation of their naming an outlying conquered region a "province." Unfortunately they offer half a dozen explanations, among which we may make our choice. "Germans" and "Germany" were names comparatively recent when Tacitus wrote; but he owns that he has nothing trustworthily to say of their history; § later inquirers have as little. ||

185. In the middle ages we do not fare better. The derivation of words which are the very key to the understanding of those ages, is very often itself wrapped in obscurity. About "fief" and "feudal" how much has been disputed. ¶ "Morganatic" marriages are recognized by the public law of

\* Hahn, *Ketzer im Mittelalter*, vol. ii. p. 534.

† Mahn, *Etymol. Untersuch.* p. 92.

‡ See Lightfoot, *On the Colossians*, p. 114 sqq.

§ Ueberweg, *Gesch. d. Philosophie*, vol. ii. p. 105.

|| See Freeman, *Principles of Divine Service*, vol. i. p. 145.

¶ The mediæval derivation was different from that which is generally current now, and has more to recommend it. Thus an early English poet:

"This day *Witsonday* is cald,  
For wisdom and *wit* sevenfold  
Was given to the apostles on this day;  
For wise in alle thingis wer they;  
To speke with outen mannes lore  
Maner langage everi wher."

\* See Scudamore, *Notitia Eucharistica*, p. 2.

† Mahn, *Etymol. Untersuch.* p. 65; cf. Kurtz, *Kirchengeschichte*, 3d edit. p. 115.

‡ The word is first met in Chrysostom, who calls the silver models of the temple at Ephesus (Acts 19: 24) *μικρὰ κιβώρια*.

§ *Germania*, 2.

|| See Pott, *Etymol. Forsch.* vol. ii. pt. 2, pp. 860-872.

¶ See Stubbs, *Constitutional History of England*, vol. i. p. 251.



Germany, but the etymology of "morganatic" is unsettled still. The Gypsies in German are "Zigeuner"; but when this is resolved into "zieh-gauner," or roaming thieves, the explanation has about as much scientific value as the not less ingenious explanation of "Saturnus" as *satur annis*, \* of "severitas" as 'sæva veritas' (Augustine); of "cadaver" as composed of the first syllables of *caro data vermibus*. Littré does not adduce with any confidence the explanation commonly offered to us of the "Salic" law, namely, that it was the law which prevailed on the banks of the Saal.

186. And the modern world has unsolved riddles innumerable of the same kind. Why was "Canada" so called? Is "Hottentot" an African word or a Dutch; and which, if any, of the explanations of it should be preferred? † Shall we accept Humboldt's derivation of "cannibal," and find both "Carib" and "canis" in it? Whence did the "Chouans," the insurgent royalists of Brittany, obtain their name? Questions such as these might be multiplied without end.

187. But consider now one or two words which have *not* lost the secret of their origin, and note how easily they might do this, and having once lost, how unlikely it is that any searching would ever recover it. Burton tells us that the coarse cloth which is the medium of exchange, in fact the money of Eastern Africa, is called "merkani." The word is a native corruption of "American," the cloth being manufactured in America and sold under this name. But suppose a change should take place in the country from which this cloth was brought, and that little by little it was forgotten that it ever had been imported from America, who would then divine the secret of the word? Or, again, if the tradition of the etymology of "paraffin" were once let go, it would, I imagine, never again be recovered. No mere ingenuity would

scarcely divine the fact that a certain oil was so named because "parum affinis," having little affinity which chemistry could detect, with any other substance. So, too, the derivation of "licorice," once lost, would scarcely be recovered. It would exist, at the best, but as one guess among many.

188. Those which I cite are but a handful of examples of the way in which words forget, or under predisposing conditions might forget, the circumstances of their birth. Now if we could believe in any merely *arbitrary* words, standing in connection with nothing but the mere lawless caprice of some inventor, the impossibility of tracing their derivation would be nothing strange. Indeed it would be lost labor to seek for the parentage of all words, when many probably had none. But there is no such thing; there is no word which is not, as the Spanish gentleman loves to call himself, an "hidalgo," or son of something; if indeed this explanation of "hidalgo" may stand. All are embodiments, more or less successful, of a sensation, a thought, or a fact; or if of more fortuitous birth, still they attach themselves somewhere to the already subsisting world of words and things,\* and have their point of contact with it and departure from it, not always discoverable, as we see, but yet always existing.† And thus, when a word en-

\* J. Grimm, in an interesting review of a little volume dealing with what the Spaniards call "Germania," the French "argot," and we "Thieves' Language," finds in this language the most decisive evidence of this fact (*Klein. Schrift.* vol. iv. p. 165): Der nothwendige Zusammenhang aller Sprache mit Ueberlieferung zeigt sich auch hier; kaum ein Wort dieser Gauner-mundart scheint leer erfunden, und Menschen eines Gelichters, das sich sonst kein Gewissen aus Lügen macht, beschämen manchen Sprachphilosophen, der von Erdichtung einer allgemeinen Sprache geträumet hat. Van Helmont indeed, a sort of modern Paracelsus, is said to have *invented* "gas"; but it is difficult to think that there was not a feeling here after "geist" or "geist," whether he was conscious of this or not.

† Some will remember here the old Greek dispute, whether words were imposed on

\* Cicero, *Nat. Deor.* ii. 25.

† See *Transactions of the Philological Society*, 1866, pp. 6-25.

tirely refuses to tell us anything about itself, it must be regarded as a riddle which no one has succeeded in solving, a lock of which no man has found the key—but still a riddle which has a solution, a lock for which there is a key, though now, it may be, irrecoverably lost. And this difficulty—it is oftentimes an impossibility—of tracing the genealogy even of words of a very recent formation, is, as I observed, an evidence of the birth of the most notable of these out of the heart and from the lips of the people. Had they first appeared in books, something in the context would most probably explain them. Had they issued from the schools of the learned, these would not have failed to leave a recognizable stamp and mark upon them.

189. There is, indeed, another way in which obscurity may rest on a new word, or a word employed in a new sense; so that, while it offers no difficulty at all in its etymology, it may for all this offer difficulties in the application of that etymology almost or quite impossible to solve. It may tell the story of its birth, of the word or words which compose it, may so bear these on its front, that there can be no question here, and yet its purpose and intention may be hopelessly hidden from our eyes. The secret once lost is not again to be recovered. Thus no one has called, or could call, in question the derivation of “apocryphal,” that it means “hidden away.” When, however, we begin to inquire why certain books which the Church either set below the canonical Scriptures, or rejected altogether, were called “apocryphal,” then a long and doubtful discussion commences. Was it because their origin was *hidden* to the early Fathers

of the Church, and thus reasonable suspicions of their authenticity entertained? \* or because they were mysteriously kept out of sight and *hidden* by the heretical sects which boasted themselves in their exclusive possession? or was it that they were books not laid up in the Church chest, but *hidden away* in obscure corners? or were they books *worthier to be hidden* than to be brought forward and read to the faithful?—for all these explanations have been offered, and none with such superiority of proof on its side as to have deprived the others of all right to be heard. In the same way there is no question that “tragedy” is the song of the goat; but why this, whether because a goat was the prize for the best performers of that song in which the germs of Greek tragedy lay; or because the first actors were dressed like satyrs in goat-skins, is a question which will now remain unsettled to the end.† You know what leonine verses are; or, if you do not, it is very easy to explain. They are Latin hexameters into which an inner rhyme has forced its way. The following, for example, are “leonine”:

Qui pingit *florem* non pingit *floris* odorem:  
Si quis det *mannos*, ne quære in *dentibus*  
*annos*.

The word has plainly to do with “leo” in some shape or other; but are these verses so called from one Leo or Leolinus, who first composed them? or because, as the lion is king of beasts, so this, in monkish estimation, was the king of metres? or from some other cause which none have so much as guessed at?‡ It is a mystery which none has solved. That frightful system of fagging which made in the seventeenth century the German Universities a sort of hell upon earth,§ and which was known by the name of

things *θέσει* or *φύσει*, by arbitrary arrangement or by nature. We may boldly say with Bacon, *Vestigia certe rationis verba sunt*, and decide in favor of nature. If only they knew their own history, they could always explain, and in most cases justify, their existence. See some excellent remarks on this subject by Renan, *De l'Origine du Langage*, pp. 146–149; and an admirable article on “Slang” in the *Times*, Oct. 18, 1864.

\* Augustine (*De Civ. Dei*, 15. 23): *Apocrypha nuncupantur eo quod eorum occulta origo non claruit Patribus*. Cf. *Con. Faust.* 11. 2.

† See Bentley, *Works*, vol. i. p. 337.

‡ See my *Sacred Latin Poetry*, 3rd edit. p. 32.

§ See my *Gustavus Adolphus in Germany*, p. 131.

“pennalism,” we can scarcely disconnect from “penna”; while yet this does not help us to any effectual scattering of the mystery which rests upon the term. The connection of “dictator” with “dicere,” “dictare,” is manifest; not so the reason why the dictator obtained his name. “Sycophant” and “superstition” are words, one Greek and one Latin, of the same character. No one can doubt of what elements they are composed, and yet their secret has been so lost, that, except as a more or less plausible guess, it can never now be regained.\*

190. But I must conclude. I may seem in this present lecture a little to have outrun your needs, and to have sometimes moved in a sphere too remote from that in which your future work will lie. And yet it is in truth very difficult to affirm of any words, that they do not touch us, do not in some way bear upon our studies, on that which we shall hereafter have to teach, or shall desire to learn; that there are any conquests which language makes that concern only a select few, and may be regarded indifferently by all others. For it is here as with many inventions in the arts and luxuries of life; which, being at the first the exclusive privilege and possession of the wealthy and refined, gradually descend into lower strata of society, until at length what were once the elegancies and luxuries of a few, have become the decencies, well-nigh the necessities, of all. Not otherwise there are words, once only on the lips of philosophers or theologians, of the deeper thinkers of their time, or of those directly interested in their speculations, which step by step have come down, not debasing themselves in this act of becoming popular, but training and elevating an ever-increasing number to enter into their meaning, till at length they have become truly a part of the nation's com-

mon stock, “household words,” used easily and intelligently by all.

191. I cannot better conclude this lecture than by quoting a passage, one among many, which expresses with a rare eloquence all I have been laboring to utter; for this truth, which many have noticed, hardly any has set forth with the same fulness of illustration, or the same sense of its importance, as the author of “The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences.” “Language,” he observes, “is often called an instrument of thought, but it is also the nutriment of thought; or rather, it is the atmosphere in which thought lives; a medium essential to the activity of our speculative powers, although invisible and imperceptible in its operation; and an element modifying, by its qualities and changes, the growth and complexion of the faculties which it feeds. In this way the influence of preceding discoveries upon subsequent ones, of the past upon the present, is most penetrating and universal, although most subtle and difficult to trace. The most familiar words and phrases are connected by imperceptible ties with the reasonings and discoveries of former men and distant times. Their knowledge is an inseparable part of ours: the present generation inherits and uses the scientific wealth of all the past. And this is the fortune, not only of the great and rich in the intellectual world, of those who have the key to the ancient storehouses, and who have accumulated treasures of their own, but the humblest inquirer, while he puts his reasonings into words, benefits by the labors of the greatest. When he counts his little wealth, he finds he has in his hands coins which bear the image and superscription of ancient and modern intellectual dynasties, and that in virtue of this possession acquisitions are in his power, solid knowledge within his reach, which none could ever have attained to, if it were not that the gold of truth once dug out of the mine circulates more and more widely among mankind.”

\* For a good recapitulation of all which has been written on “superstitio,” see Pott, *Etym. Forschungen*, 2d ed. vol. ii. p. 921.

## LECTURE VI.

## ON THE DISTINCTION OF WORDS.

192. **SYNONYMS**, and the study of synonyms, with the advantages to be derived from a careful noting of the distinction between them, constitute the subject with which my present lecture has to do. But what, you may ask, is meant when, comparing certain words with one another, we affirm of them that they are synonyms? We imply that, with great and essential resemblances of meaning, they have at the same time small, subordinate, and partial differences — these differences being such as either originally, and on the ground of their etymology, inhered in them; or differences which they have by usage acquired; or such as, though nearly or altogether latent now, they are capable of receiving at the hands of wise and discreet masters of language. Synonyms are words of like significance in the main, but with a certain unlikeness as well; with very much in common, but also with something private and particular, which they do not share with one another.\*

193. So soon as the term is defined thus, it will be at once perceived by any acquainted with its etymology, that, strictly speaking, it is a misnomer, and is given, with a certain inaccuracy and impropriety, to words which fulfil these conditions in respect of one another; since in strictness of speech the terms, “synonyms” and “synonymous,” applied to words, affirm of them that they cover not merely almost, but altogether, the same extent of meaning, that they are in their signification perfectly identical and coincident; circles, so to speak, with the

same centre and the same circumference. The terms, however, are not ordinarily so used; they evidently are not so by such as undertake to trace out the distinction between synonyms; for, without venturing to deny that there may be such perfect synonyms, words, that is, with this absolute coincidence, yet these could not be the objects of any such discrimination; since, where no real distinction exists, it would be lost labor and the exercise of a perverse ingenuity to attempt to draw one out.

194. There are, indeed, those who affirm that words in one language are never exactly synonymous, in all respects commensurate, with words in another; that, when they are compared with one another, there is always something more, or something less, or something different, in one as compared with the other, which hinders this complete identity. And, those words being excepted which designate objects in their nature absolutely incapable of a more or less and of every qualitative difference, I should be disposed to consider other exceptions to this assertion exceedingly rare. “In all languages whatever,” to quote Bentley’s words, “a word of a moral or of a political significance, containing several complex ideas arbitrarily joined together, has seldom any correspondent word in any other language which extends to all these ideas.” Nor is it hard to trace reasons sufficient why this should be so. For what, after all, is a word, but the enclosure of a certain district, larger or smaller, from the vast outfield of thought or fact, and in this a bringing of it into human cultivation, a rescuing of it for human uses? But how extremely unlikely it is that nations, drawing quite independently of one another these lines of enclosure, should draw them in all or most cases exactly in the same direction, neither narrower nor wider; how inevitable, on the contrary, that very often the lines should not coincide—and this, even supposing no moral forces at work to disturb the falling of the lines. How immense and instructive a field of comparison be-

\* The word “synonym” only found its way into the English language about the middle of the seventeenth century. Its recent incoming is marked by the Greek or Latin termination which for a while it bore; Jeremy Taylor writing “synonymon,” Hackett “synonymum,” and Milton (in the plural) “synonyma.” On the subject of this chapter see Marsh, *Lectures on the English Language*, New York, 1860, p. 571, sqq.

tween languages does this fact lay open to us ; while it is sufficient to drive a translator with a high ideal of the task which he has undertaken well-nigh to despair. For indeed in the transferring of any matter of high worth from one language to another there are losses involved, which no labor, no skill, no genius, no mastery of one language or of both can prevent. The translator may have worthily done his part, may have "turned" and not "overturned" his original (S. Jerome complains that in his time many *versiones* deserved to be called *eversiones* rather) ; he may have given the lie to the Italian proverb, "Traduttori, Traditori," or "Translators, Traitors," men, that is, who do not "render" but "surrender" their author's meaning, and yet for all this the losses of which I speak will not have been avoided.

195. How often in the translation of Holy Scripture from the language in which it was first delivered into some other which offers more words than one whereby some all-important word in the original record should be rendered, the perplexity has been great which of these should be preferred. Not, indeed, that there was here an embarrassment of riches, but rather an embarrassment of poverty. Each, it may be, has advantages of its own, but each also its own drawbacks and shortcomings. There is nothing but a choice of difficulties anyhow, and whichever is selected, it will be found that the treasure of God's thought has been committed to an earthen vessel, and one of which the earthiness will not fail at this point or at that to appear ; while yet, with all this, of what far-reaching importance it is that the best, that is, the least inadequate, word should be chosen. Thus the missionary translator, if he be at all aware of the awful implement which he is wielding, of the tremendous crisis in a people's spiritual life which has arrived, when their language is first made the vehicle of the truths of Revelation, will often tremble at the work he has in hand ; he will tremble lest he be permanently lowering or confusing the whole spiritual life

of a people, by choosing a meaner and letting go a nobler word for the setting forth of some leading truth of redemption ; and yet the choice how difficult, the nobler itself falling how infinitely below his desires, and below the truth of which he would make it the bearer.

196. Even those who are wholly ignorant of Chinese can yet perceive how vast the spiritual interests which are at stake in China, how much will be won or how much lost for the whole spiritual life of its people, it may be for ages to come, according as the right or the wrong word is selected by our translators for designating the true and the living God. As many of us indeed as are ignorant of the language can be no judges in the controversy which on this matter is, or was lately, carried on ; but we can all feel how vital the question, how enormous the interests at stake ; while, not less, having heard the allegations on the one side and on the other, we must own that there is only an alternative of difficulties here.

197. To come nearer home. At the Reformation, when Latin was still more or less the language of theology, how earnest a controversy raged round the word of the Greek Testament which we have rendered "repentance" ; whether "*pœnitentia*" should be allowed to stand, hallowed by long usage as it was, or "*resipiscentia*," as many of the Reformers preferred, should be substituted in its room ; and how much there was which on either side might be urged. Not otherwise, at an earlier date, "*Sermo*" and "*Verbum*" contended for the honor of rendering the "*Logos*" of S. John ; though here there can be no serious doubt on which side the advantage lay.

198. But this of the relation of words in one language to words in another, and of all the questions which may thus be raised, is a sea too large for me to launch upon now, and with thus much said to invite you to have open eyes and ears for such questions, seeing that they are often full of teaching, I must leave this subject, and limit myself in this Lecture to a comparison be-

tween words, not in different languages, but in the same.

199. Synonyms then, as the term is generally understood, and as I shall proceed to use it, are words in the same language with slight differences either already established between them, or potentially subsisting in them. They are not on the one side words absolutely identical, for such, as has been said already, afford no room for discrimination, but neither on the other side words only remotely similar to one another; for the differences between these last will be self-evident, will so lie on the surface and proclaim themselves to all, that it would be as superfluous an office as holding a candle to the sun to attempt to make this clearer than it already is. It may be desirable to trace and fix the difference between scarlet and crimson, for these might easily be confounded; but who would think of so doing between scarlet and green? or again between covetousness and avarice; while it would be idle and superfluous to do the same for covetousness and pride. They must be words which are more or less liable to confusion, but which yet ought not to be confounded; as one has said, "quæ conjungi, non confundi, debent," in which there originally inhered a difference, or between which, though once absolutely identical, such has gradually grown up, and so established itself in the use of the best writers, and in the instinct of the best speakers of the tongue, that it claims to be openly acknowledged by all.

200. But here an interesting question presents itself to us: How do languages come to possess synonyms of this latter class, which are differenced not by etymology, nor by any other deep-lying cause, but only by usage? Now if languages had been made by agreement, of course no such synonyms as these could exist; for when once a word had been found which was the adequate representative of a thought, feeling, or fact, no second one would have been sought. But languages are the result of processes very different from, and far less formal and regular

than this. Various tribes, each with its own dialect, kindred indeed, but in many respects distinct, coalesce into one people, and cast their contributions of language into a common stock. Thus the French possesses many synonyms from the *langue d'Oc* and *langue d'Oïl*, each having contributed its word for one and the same thing, as "âtre" and "foyer," both for hearth. Sometimes different tribes of the same people have the same word, yet in forms sufficiently different to cause that both remain, but as words distinct from one another; thus in Latin "serpo" and "repo" are dialectic variations of the same word; "puteo" and "fæteo" are the same; just as in German, "odem" and "athem" were only dialectic differences at the first. Or again, a conquering people have fixed themselves in the midst of a conquered; they impose their dominion, but do not succeed in imposing their language; nay, being few in number, they find themselves at last compelled to adopt the language of the conquered; yet not so but that a certain compromise between the two languages finds place. One carries the day, but on the condition that it shall admit as naturalized denizens a vast number of the words of the other; which in some instances expel, but in many others subsist as synonyms side by side with the native words.

201. These are causes of the existence of synonyms which reach far back into the history of a nation and a language; but other causes at a later period are also at work. When a written literature springs up, authors familiar with various foreign tongues import from one and another words which are not absolutely required, which are oftentimes rather luxuries than necessities. Sometimes, having a very sufficient word of their own, they must needs go and look for a finer one, as they esteem it, from abroad; as, for instance, the Latin having its own expressive "succinum" (from "succus"), for amber, some must import from the Greek the ambiguous "electrum." Of these thus proposed as candidates for admission,

some fail to obtain the rights of citizenship, and after longer or shorter probation are rejected ; it may be, never advance beyond their first proposer. Enough, however, receive the stamp of popular allowance to create embarrassment for a while, until, that is, their relations with the already existing words are adjusted. As a single illustration of the various quarters from which the English has thus been augmented and enriched, I would instance the words "trick," "device," "finesse," "artifice," and "stratagem," and remind you of the various sources from which we have drawn them. Here "trick" is Saxon, "devise" is Italian, "finesse" is French, "artificium" is Latin, and "stratagem" Greek.

202. By and by, however, as a language becomes itself an object of closer attention, at the same time that society advancing from a simpler to a more complex condition, has more things to designate, more thoughts to utter, and more distinctions to draw, it is felt as a waste of resources to employ two or more words for the signifying of one and the same thing. Men feel, and rightly, that with a boundless world lying around them and demanding to be catalogued and named, and which they only make truly their own in the measure and to the extent that they do name it, with infinite shades and varieties of thought and feeling subsisting in their own minds, and claiming to find utterance in words, it is a wanton extravagance to expend two or more sines on that which could adequately be set forth by one—an extravagance in one part of their expenditure, which will be almost sure to issue in, and to be punished by, a corresponding scantness and straitness in another. Some thought or feeling will wholly want one adequate sign, because another has two.\*

\* We have a memorable example of this in the history of the great controversy of the Church with the Arians. In the first stages of this, the upholders of the Catholic faith used *οὐσία* and *ὑπόστασις* as identical in force and meaning with one another, Athanasius, in as many words, affirming them to be such. As, however, the contro-

Hereupon that which has been well called the process of "desynonymizing" begins—that is, of gradually discriminating in use between words which have hitherto been accounted perfectly equivalent, and, as such, indifferently employed. It is a positive enriching of a language when this process is at any point felt to be accomplished ; when two or more words, once promiscuously used, have had each its own peculiar domain assigned to it, which it shall not itself overstep, upon which the others shall not encroach. This may seem at first sight only as a better regulation of old territory ; for all practical purposes it is the acquisition of new.

203. This desynonymizing process is not effected according to any prearranged purpose or plan. The working genius of the language accomplishes its own objects, causes these synonymous words insensibly to fall off from one another, and to acquire separate and peculiar meanings. The most that any single writer can do, save indeed in the terminology of science, is to assist an already existing inclination, to bring to the clear consciousness of all that which already has been obscurely felt by many, and thus to hasten the process of this disengagement, or, as it has been well expressed, "to regulate and ordinate the evident nusus and tendency of the popular usage into a severe definition ;" and establish on a firm basis the distinction, so that it shall not be lost sight of or brought into question again. Thus long before Wordsworth wrote, it was obscurely felt by many that in "imagination" there was more of the earnest, in "fancy" of the play, of the spirit, that the first was a loftier faculty and power than the second.

very went forward, it was perceived that doctrinal results of the highest importance might be fixed and secured for the Church through the assigning severally to these words distinct modifications of meaning. This accordingly, in the Greek Church, was done ; while the Latin, desiring to move *pari passu*, did yet find itself most seriously embarrassed and hindered in so doing by the fact that it had, or assumed that it had, but the one word, "substantia," to correspond to the two Greek.

The tendency of the language was all in this direction. None would for some time back have employed "fancy" as Milton employs it,\* ascribing to it operations which we have learned to reserve for "imagination" alone, and indeed subordinating "imaginings" to fancy, as a part of the materials with which it deals. Yet for all this the words were continually, and not without injury, confounded. Wordsworth first, in the *Preface* to his "Lyrical Ballads," rendered it impossible for any, who had read and mastered what he had written on the matter, to remain unconscious any longer of the essential difference between them.† This is but

\* *Paradise Lost*, v. 102-105; so too Longinus, *De Subl.* 15.

† Thus De Quincey (*Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected*): "All languages tend to clear themselves of synonyms, as intellectual culture advances; the superfluous words being taken up and appropriated by new shades and combinations of thought evolved in the progress of society. And long before this appropriation is fixed and petrified, as it were, into the acknowledged vocabulary of the language, an insensible *clinamen* (to borrow a Lucretian word) prepares the way for it. Thus, for instance, before Mr. Wordsworth had unveiled the great philosophic distinction between the powers of *fancy* and *imagination*, the two words had begun to diverge from each other, the first being used to express a faculty somewhat capricious and exempted from law, the other to express a faculty more self-determined. When, therefore, it was at length perceived, that under an apparent unity of meaning there lurked a real dualism, and for philosophic purposes it was necessary that this distinction should have its appropriate expression, this necessity was met half way by the *clinamen* which had already affected the popular usage of the words." Compare what Coleridge had before said on the same matter, "*Biogr. Lit.*" vol. i. p. 90; and what Ruskin, "*Modern Painters*," part 3, § 2, ch. 3, has said since. It is to Coleridge that we owe the word "to desynonymize" ("*Biogr. Lit.*" p. 87)—which is certainly preferable to Professor Groté's "despecificate." Purists indeed will object that it is of hybrid formation, the prefix Latin, the body of the word Greek; but for all this it may very well stand till a better is offered. His own contributions, direct and indirect, in this province, are perhaps more in number and in value than those of any other English writer; thus to him we owe

one example, an illustrious one indeed, of what has been going forward in innumerable pairs of words. Thus in Wiclif's time and long after, there seems to have been no difference recognized between a "famine" and a "hunger"; they both expressed the outward fact of a dearth of food. It was a genuine gain when, leaving to "famine" this meaning, by "hunger" was expressed no longer the outward fact, but the inward sense of the fact. Other pairs of words between which a distinction is recognized now which was not recognized some centuries ago are the following: "to clarify" and "to glorify"; "to drench" and "to drown"; "to admire" and "to wonder"; "to convince" and "to convict"; "reign" and "kingdom"; "merit" and "demerit"; "mutton" and "sheep"; "feminine" and "effeminate"; "mortal" and "deadly"; "ingenious" and "ingenuous"; "needful" and "needy"; "voluntary" and "wilful."\*

204. A multitude of words in English are still waiting for a similar discrimination; which many, no doubt, in due time will obtain, and the language prove so much richer thereby; for certainly if Coleridge had right when he affirmed that "every new term expressing a fact or a difference not precisely or adequately expressed by any other word in the same language, is a new organ of thought for the mind that has learned it,"† we are justified in regarding these distinctions which are still waiting to be made as so much reversionary wealth in our mother tongue. Thus how real an ethical gain would it be, how much clearness would it bring into men's

the disentanglement of "fanaticism" and "enthusiasm" (*Lit. Rem.* vol. ii. p. 365); of "keenness" and "subtlety" (*Table-Talk*, p. 140); of "poetry" and "poesy" (*Lit. Rem.* vol. i. p. 219); of "analogy" and "metaphor" (*Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 198); and that on which he himself laid so great a stress, of "reason" and "understanding."

\* For the exact difference between these, and other pairs or larger groups of words, see my *Select Glossary*.

† *Church and State*, p. 200.



thoughts and actions, if the distinction which exists in Latin between "vindicta" and "ultio," that the first is a moral act, the just punishment of the sinner by his God, of the criminal by the judge, the other an act in which the self-gratification of one who counts himself injured or offended is sought, could in like manner be fully established (vaguely felt it already is), between our "vengeance" and "revenge"; so that "vengeance" (with the verb "to avenge") should never be ascribed save to God, or to men acting as the executors of his righteous doom; while all retaliation to which not zeal for his righteousness, but men's own sinful passions have given the impulse and the motive, should be termed "revenge." As it now is, the moral disapprobation which cleaves, and cleaves justly, to "revenge," is oftentimes transferred almost unconsciously to "vengeance"; while yet without vengeance it is impossible to conceive in a world of so much evil-doing any effectual assertion of righteousness, any moral government whatever.

205. The causes mentioned above, namely that our modern English, Teutonic in its main structure, yet draws so large a portion of its verbal wealth from the Latin, and has further welcomed, and found place for, many later accessions, these have together effected that we possess a great many duplicates, not to speak of triplicates, or of such a quintuplicate as that which I adduced just now, where the Teutonic, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek had each yielded us a word. Let me mention a few duplicate substantives, Old-English and Latin: thus we have "shepherd" and "pastor"; "feeling" and "sentiment"; "handbook" and "manual"; "ship" and "nave"; "anger" and "ire"; "grief" and "dolor"; "kingdom," "reign," and "realm"; "love" and "charity"; "feather" and "plume"; "forerunner" and "precursor"; "foresight" and "providence"; "freedom" and "liberty"; "murder" and "homicide"; "moons" and "lunes";—this

last is not met in the singular and only once in the plural. Sometimes, in theology and science especially, we have gone both to the Latin and to the Greek, and drawn the same word from them both: thus "deist" and "theist"; "numeration" and "arithmetical"; "revelation" and "apocalypse"; "temporal" and "chronic"; "compassion" and "sympathy"; "supposition" and "hypothesis"; "transparent" and "diaphanous"; "digit" and "dactyle." But to return to the Old English and Latin, the main factors of our tongue. Besides duplicate substantives, we have duplicate verbs, such as "to whiten" and "to blanch"; "to soften" and "to mollify"; "to unload" and "to exonerate"; "to cloke" and "to palliate"; with many more. Duplicate adjectives also are numerous, as "shady" and "umbrageous"; "unreadable" and "illegible"; "unfriendly" and "inimical"; "almighty" and "omnipotent"; "unchangeable" and "immutable"; "unshunnable" and "inevitable." Occasionally where in Old English only one substantive exists, yet the adjectives are duplicate; and our modern English, not adopting the Latin substantive, has admitted the adjective; thus "burden" has not merely "burdensome" but also "onerous," while yet "onus" has found no place with us; "priest" has "priestly" and "sacerdotal"; "king" has "kingly," "regal," which is purely Latin, and "royal," which is Latin distilled through the French. "Bodily" and "corporal," "boyish" and "puerile," "fiery" and "igneous," "wooden" and "ligneous," "worldly" and "mundane," "bloody" and "sanguine," "watery" and "aqueous," "fearful" and "timid," "manly" and "virile," "womanly" and "feminine," "sunny" and "solar," "starry" and "stellar," "yearly" and "annual," "weighty" and "ponderous," may all be placed in the same list. Nor are these more than a handful of words out of the number which might be adduced. You would find

both pleasure and profit in enlarging these lists, and as far as you are able, making them gradually complete.

206. If we look closely at words which have succeeded in thus maintaining their ground, one no less than the other, we shall note that in almost every instance they have little by little asserted for themselves separate spheres of meaning, have in usage become more or less distinct. Thus we use "shepherd" almost always in its primary meaning, keeper of sheep; while "pastor" is exclusively used in the tropical sense, one that feeds the flock of God; at the same time the language having only the one adjective, "pastoral," that is of necessity common to both. "Love" and "charity" are used in our Authorized Version of Scripture promiscuously, and out of the sense of their equivalence are made to represent one and the same Greek word; but in modern use "charity" has come predominantly to signify one particular manifestation of love, the ministry to the bodily needs of others, "love" continuing to express the affection of the soul. "Ship" remains in its literal meaning, while "navy" has become a symbolic term used in sacred architecture alone. "Kingdom" is concrete, as the "kingdom" of Great Britain, "reign" is abstract, the "reign" of Queen Victoria. An "auditor" and a "hearer," though they were not once, are now altogether different from one another. "Illegible" is applied to the handwriting, "unreadable" to the subject-matter written; a man writes an "illegible" hand; he has published an "unreadable" book. "Foresight" is ascribed to men, but "providence" for the most part designates, as *πρόνοια* also came to do, the far-looking wisdom of God, by which He governs and graciously cares for his people. It becomes boys to be "boyish," but not men to be "puerile." "To blanch" is to withdraw coloring matter: we "blanch" almonds or linen; or the cheek by the withdrawing of the blood is "blanched" with fear; but we "whiten" a wall, not by withdrawing some other color, but by the superinducing of white;

thus "whited sepulchres." When we "palliate" our own or other people's faults we do not seek "to cloke" them altogether, but only to extenuate the guilt of them in part.

207. It might be urged that there was a certain preparedness in these words to separate off in their meaning from one another, inasmuch as they originally belonged to different stocks; and this may very well have assisted; but we find the same process at work where original difference of stock can have supplied no such assistance. "Astronomy" and "astrology" are both drawn from the Greek, nor is there any reason beforehand why the second should not be in as honorable use as the first; for it is the *reason*, as "astronomy" the *law*, of the stars.\* But seeing there is a true and a false science of the stars, both needing words to utter them, it has come to pass that in our later use, "astrology" designates always that pretended science of imposture, which affecting to submit the moral freedom of men to the influences of the heavenly bodies, prognosticates future events from the position of these, as contrasted with "astronomy," that true science which investigates the laws of the heavenly bodies in their relations to one another and to the planet upon which we dwell.

208. As these are both from the Greek, so "despair" and "diffidence" are both, though the second more directly than the first, from the Latin. At a period not very long past the difference between them was hardly appreciable; one was hardly stronger than

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\* So entirely was any determining reason wanting, that for some while it was a question which word should obtain the honorable employment, and it seemed as if "astrology" and "astrologer" would have done so, as this extract from Bishop Hooper makes abundantly plain (*Early Writings*, Parker Society, p. 331): "The *astrologer* is he that knoweth the course and motions of the heavens and teacheth the same; which is a virtue if it pass not its bounds, and become of an astrologer an *astronomer*, who taketh upon him to give judgment and censure of these motions and courses of the heavens, what they prognosticate and destiny unto the creature."

the other. If in one the absence of all *hope*, in the other that of all *faith*, was implied. In "The Pilgrim's Progress," a book with which every English schoolmaster will be familiar, "Mistress *Diffidence*" is "Giant *Despair's*" wife and not a whit behind him in deadly enmity to the pilgrims; even as Jeremy Taylor speaks of the impenitent sinner's "*diffidence* in the hour of death," meaning, as the context plainly shows, his despair. But to what end two words for one and the same thing? And thus "*diffidence*" did not retain that energy of meaning which it had at the first, but little by little assumed a more mitigated sense (Hobbes speaks of "men's *diffidence*," or distrust "of one another"), till it has come now to signify a becoming distrust of ourselves, a humble estimate of our own powers, with only a slight intimation, as in the later use of the Latin "*verecundia*," that perhaps this distrust is carried too far.

209. Again, "interference" and "interposition" are both from the Latin; and here too there is no anterior necessity that they should possess those different shades of meaning which actually they have obtained among us—the Latin verbs which form their latter halves being about as strong one as the other. And yet in our practical use, "interference" is something offensive; it is the pushing in of himself between two parties on the part of a third, who was not asked, and is not thanked for his pains, and who, as the feeling of the word implies, had no business there; while "interposition" is employed to express the friendly peace-making mediation of one whom the act well became, and who, even if he was not specially invited thereunto, is still thanked for what he has done. How real an increase is it in the wealth and efficiency of a language thus to have discriminated such words as these; and to be able to express acts outwardly the same by different words, according as we would praise or blame the temper and spirit out of which they sprung.\*

210. Take now some words not thus desynonymized by usage only, but having a fundamental etymological distinction—one, however, which it would be easy to overlook, which, so long as we dwell on the surface of the word, we shall overlook; and try whether we shall not be gainers by bringing out the distinction into clear consciousness. Here are "arrogant," "presumptuous," and "insolent"; we often use them promiscuously; yet let us examine them a little more closely, and ask ourselves, as soon as we have traced the lines of demarcation between them, whether we are not now in possession of three distinct thoughts, instead of a single confused one. He is "arrogant," who claims the observance and homage of others as his due (*ad rogo*) who does not wait for them to offer, but himself demands all this; or who, having right to one sort of observance, claims another to which he has no right. Thus, it was "arrogance" in Nebuchadnezzar, when he required that all men should fall down before the image which he had reared. He, a man, was claiming for man's work the homage which belonged only to God. But one is "presumptuous" who *takes* things to himself *before* he has acquired any title to them (*præ sumo*); as the young man who already takes the place of the old, the learner who speaks with the authority of the teacher. By and by all this may very justly be his, but it is "presumption" to anticipate it now.

thus created, and if this is the tendency of language, yet they are also sometimes, though far less often, obliterated. Thus the fine distinction between "yea" and "yes" "nay" and "no," once existing in English, has quite disappeared. "Yea" and "Nay," in Wiclif's time, and a good deal later, were the answers to questions framed in the affirmative. "Will he come?" To this it would have been replied, "Yea" or "Nay," as the case might be. But "Will he not come?"—to this the answer would have been, "Yes," or "No." Sir Thomas More finds fault with Tyndale, that in his translation of the Bible he had not observed this distinction, which was evidently therefore going out even then, that is in the reign of Henry VIII., and shortly after it was quite forgotten.

\* If in the course of time distinctions are

"Insolent" means properly no more than unusual; to act "insolently" is to act unusually. The offensive meaning which "insolent" has acquired rests upon the sense that there is a certain well-understood rule of society, a recognized standard of moral behavior, to which each of its members should conform. The "insolent" man is one who violates this rule, who breaks through this order, acting in an *unaccustomed* manner. The same sense of the orderly being also the moral, is implied in "irregular;" a man of "irregular" is for us a man of immoral life; and yet more strongly in Latin, which has but one word (*mores*) for customs and morals.

211. Or consider the following words: "to hate," "to loathe," "to detest," "to abhor." Each of them rests on an image entirely distinct from the others; two, the first and second, being native English, and the others imparted Latin. "To hate," is properly to be *inflamed* with passionate dislike, the word being probably connected with "heat," "hot"; just as we speak, using the same figure, of persons being "incensed" with anger, or of their anger "kindling"; "ira" and "uro" being perhaps in like manner related; and "excandescencia" at any rate resting on the same image. "To loathe" is properly to feel nausea, the turning of the stomach at that which excites first natural, and then by a transfer, moral disgust. "To detest" is to bear witness against something, to feel ourselves obliged to lift up our voice and testimony against it. "To abhor" is to shrink shuddering back, as one would from an object of fear, a hissing serpent rising in one's path. Thus our blessed Lord "hated" to see his Father's house profaned, when, the zeal of that house consuming Him, He drove forth in anger the profaners from it (John 2:15); He "loathed" the lukewarmness of the Laodiceans, when He threatened to spue them out of his mouth (Rev. 3:16); He "detested" the hypocrisy of the Pharisees and Scribes, when He proclaimed their sin, and uttered those eight woes against

them (Matt. 23); He "abhorred" the evil suggestions of Satan, when He bade the Tempter to get behind Him, seeking to put a distance between Himself and him (Matt. 4:10).

212. Sometimes words have no right at all to be considered synonyms, and yet are continually used one for the other; having through this constant misemployment more need than synonyms themselves to be discriminated. Thus, what confusion is often made between "genuine" and "authentic;" what inaccuracy exists in their employment. And yet the distinction is a very plain one. A "genuine" work is one written by the author whose name it bears; an "authentic" work is one which relates truthfully the matters of which it treats. For example, the apocryphal "Gospel of S. Thomas" is neither "genuine" nor "authentic." It is not "genuine," for S. Thomas did not write it; it is not "authentic," for its contents are mainly fables and lies. "The History of the Alexandrian War," which passes under Cæsar's name, is not "genuine," for he did not write it; it is "authentic," being in the main a truthful record of the events which it professes to relate. Thiers' "History of the French Empire," on the contrary, is "genuine," for he is certainly the author, but very far indeed from "authentic"; while Thucydides' "History of the Peloponnesian War" is "authentic" and "genuine" both.

213. You will observe that in most of the words just adduced, I have sought to refer their usage to their etymologies, to follow the guidance of these, and by the same aid to trace the lines of demarcation which divide them. For I cannot but think it an omission in a very instructive little volume upon synonyms edited by the late Archbishop Whately, and a partial diminution of its usefulness, that in the valuation of words reference is so seldom made to these, the writer relying almost entirely on present usage, and the tact and instinct of a cultivated mind for the appreciation of them aright. The accomplished author (or authoress) of this

book indeed justifies this omission on the ground that a work on synonyms has to do with the present relative value of words, not with their roots and derivations; and further, that a reference to these brings in often what is only a disturbing force in the process, tending to confuse rather than to clear.\* But while it is quite true that words may often ride very slackly at anchor on their etymologies, may be borne hither and thither by the shifting tides and currents of usage, yet are they for the most part still holden by them. Very few have broken away and drifted from their moorings altogether. A "novelist," or writer of *new* tales in the present day, is very different from a "novelist" or upholder of *new* theories in politics and religion, of two hundred years ago; yet the idea of *newness* is common to them both. A "naturalist" was once a denier of revealed truth, of any but *natural* religion; he is now an investigator, often a devout one, of *nature* and of her laws; yet the word has remained true to its etymology all the while. A "methodist" was formerly a follower of a certain "method" of philosophical induction, now of a "method" in the fulfilment of religious duties; but in either case "method," or orderly progression, is the soul of the word. Take other words which have changed or modified their meaning—"plantations," for instance, which were once colonies of men (and indeed

we still "plant" a colony), but are now nurseries of young trees, and you will find the same to hold good. "Ecstasy" *was* madness; it *is* intense delight; but has in no wise thereby broken with the meaning from which it started, since it is the nature alike of this and that to set men out of and beside themselves.

214. And even when the fact is not so obvious as in these cases, the etymology of a word exercises an unconscious influence upon its uses, oftentimes makes itself felt when least expected, so that a word, after seeming quite to have forgotten, will after longest wanderings return to it again. And one main art of a great poet or prose writer, who wishes to add emphasis to his style, to evoke the latent forces of his native tongue, will very often consist in reconnecting words by his use of them with their original derivation, in not suffering them to forget themselves and their origin, though they would. How often and with what signal effect does Milton compel a word to return to its original source, "*antiquam exquirere matrem*;" while yet how often the fact that he is doing this passes even by scholars unobserved.\* And if all

\* Among words whose etymology might mislead as to their present meaning, the writer adduces "allegiance," which by usage signifies "the fidelity of the subject to his prince," while the etymology would rather suggest "conformity to law." But whatever the derivation of "liege," "ligantia," "allegiantia," "allegiance," and whether "ligare" is to be found in them or no, it is certain that "lex" is not. Algernon Sidney (*Discourse concerning Government*, c. iii. § 36) falls into the same mistake; who, replying to some who maintained that submission was due to kings, even though these should violate the fundamental laws of the state, observes that the very word "allegiance," of which they made so much, refuted them; for this was plainly "such an obedience as the law requires."

\* Every one who desires, as he reads Milton, thoroughly to understand him, will do well to be ever on the watch for such recalling, upon his part, of words to their primitive sense; and as often as he detects, to make accurate note of it for his own use, and, so far as he is a teacher, for the use of others. Take a few examples out of many: "afflicted" (*P. L.* i. 186); "ambition" (*P. L.* i. 262; *S. A.* 247); "astonished" (*P. L.* i. 266); "chaos" (*P. L.* vi. 55); "diamond" (*P. L.* vi. 364); "emblem" (*P. L.* iv. 703); "empirie" (*P. L.* v. 440); "engine" (*P. L.* i. 750); "entire" (= integer, *P. L.* ix. 292); "extenuate" (*P. L.* x. 645); "illustrate" (*P. L.* v. 739); "implicit" (*P. L.* vii. 323); "indorse" (*P. R.* iii. 329); "infringe" (*P. R.* i. 62); "mansion" (*Com.* 2); "moment" (*P. L.* x. 45); "oblige" (*P. L.* ix. 980); "person" (*P. L.* x. 156); "pomp" (*P. L.* viii. 61); "sagacious" (*P. L.* x. 281); "secular" (*S. A.* 1707); "secure" (*P. L.* vi. 638); "seditious" (*P. L.* vi. 152); "transact" (*P. L.* vi. 286); "vorable" (*P. L.* ix. 436). We may note in Jeremy Taylor a similar reduction of words to their origins; thus, "insolent" for unusual, "metal" for mine,

this were not so, yet the past history of a word, which history must needs *start* from its derivation, how soon soever that may be left behind, can hardly be left out of sight, when we are seeking to ascertain its present value. What Barrow says is quite true, that "knowing the primitive meaning of words can seldom or never *determine* their meaning anywhere, they often in common use declining from it;" but though it cannot determine, it can as little be omitted or forgotten, when this determination is being sought. A man may be wholly different now from what once he was, yet not the less to know his antecedents is needful, before we can ever perfectly understand his present self; and the same holds good with us here.

215. There is a moral gain which synonyms will sometimes yield us, enabling us, as they do, to say exactly what we intend, without exaggerating or putting more into our words than we feel in our hearts, allowing us to be at once courteous and truthful. Such moral advantage there is, for example, in the choice which we have between the words "to felicitate" and "to

congratulate," for the expressing of our sentiments and wishes in regard of the good fortune that may happen to others. To "felicitate" another is to wish him happiness, without affirming that his happiness is also ours. Thus, out of that general goodwill with which we ought to regard all, we might "felicitate" one almost a stranger to us; nay, more, I can honestly "felicitate" one on his appointment to a post, or attainment of an honor, even though I may not consider him the fittest to have obtained it, though I should have been glad if another had done so; I can desire and hope, that is, that it may bring all joy and happiness to him. But I could not without a violation of truth "congratulate" him, or that stranger whose prosperity awoke no lively delight in my heart; for when I "congratulate" a person (congratulator), I declare that I am sharer in his joy, that what has rejoiced him has rejoiced also me. We have all, I dare say, felt even without having analyzed the distinction between the words, that "congratulate" is a far heartier word than "felicitate," and one with which it much better becomes us to welcome the good fortune of a friend; and the analysis, as you perceive, perfectly justifies the feeling. "Felicitations" are little better than compliments; "congratulations" are the expression of a genuine sympathy and joy.

216. Let me illustrate the importance of synonymous distinctions by another example, by the words, "to invent" and "to discover;" or "invention" and "discovery." How slight may seem to us the distinction between them, even if we see any at all. Yet try them a little closer, try them, which is the true proof, by aid of examples, and you will perceive that they can by no means be indifferently used; that, on the contrary, a great truth lies at the root of their distinction. Thus we speak of the "invention" of printing, of the "discovery" of America. Shift these words, and speak, for instance, of the "invention" of America; you feel at once how unsuitable the language is. And why? Because Columbus did

"irritation" for a making vain, "extant" for standing out (applied to a bas-relief), "contrition" for bruising ("the *contrition* of the serpent"), "probable" for worthy of approval ("a *probable* doctor"). The author of the excellent *Lexique de la Langue de Corneille* claims the same merit for him and for his great contemporaries or immediate successors: Faire rendre aux mots tout ce qu'ils peuvent donner, en varier habilement les acceptions et les nuances, les ramener à leur origine, les retremper fréquemment à leur source étymologique, constituait un des secrets principaux des grands écrivains du dix-septième siècle. It is this putting of old words in a new light, and to a new use, though that will be often the oldest of all, on which Horace sets so high a store:

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
Riddiderit junctura novum;

and not less Montaigne: "The handling and utterance of fine wits is that which sets off a language; not so much by innovating it, as by putting it to more vigorous and various service, and by straining, bending; and adapting it to this. They do not create words, but they enrich their own, and give them weight and signification by the uses they put them to."

not make that to be, which before him had not been. America was there, before he revealed it to European eyes ; but that which before *was*, he *showed* to be ; he withdrew the veil which hitherto had concealed it ; he “ discovered ” it. So too we speak of Newton “ discovering ” the law of gravitation ; he drew aside the veil whereby men’s eyes were hindered from perceiving it, but the law had existed from the beginning of the world, and would have existed whether he or any other man had traced it or no ; neither was it in any way affected by the discovery of it which he had made. But Gutenberg, or whoever else it may be to whom the honor belongs, “ invented ” printing ; he made something to be, which hitherto was not. In like manner Harvey “ discovered ” the circulation of the blood ; but Watt “ invented ” the steam engine ; and we speak, with a true distinction, of the “ inventions ” of Art, the “ discoveries ” of Science. In the very highest matters of all, it is deeply important that we be aware of and observe the distinction. In religion there have been many “ discoveries,” but (in true religion I mean) no “ inventions.” Many discoveries—but God in each case the discoverer ; He draws away the veils, one veil after another, that have hidden Him from men ; the discovery or revelation is from Himself, for no man by searching has found out God ; and therefore, wherever anything offers itself as an “ invention ” in matters of religion, it proclaims itself a lie—as are all self-devised worships, all religions which man projects from his own heart. Just that is known of God which He is pleased to make known, and no more ; and men’s recognizing or refusing to recognize in no way affects it. They may deny or may acknowledge Him, but He continues the same.

217. As involving in like manner a distinction which cannot safely be lost sight of, how important the difference, whose existence is asserted by our possession of the two words, “ to apprehend ” and “ to comprehend,” with their substantives “ apprehension ”

and “ comprehension.” For indeed we “ apprehend ” many truths, which we do not “ comprehend.” The great mysteries of our faith—the doctrine, for instance, of the Holy Trinity, we lay hold upon it, we hang on it, our souls live by it ; but we do not “ comprehend ” it, that is, we do not take it all in ; for it is a necessary attribute of God that He is *incomprehensible* ; if He were not so, either He would not be God, or the being that comprehended Him would be God also (Matt. 11 : 27). But it also belongs to the idea of God that He may be “ apprehended,” though not “ comprehended,” by his reasonable creatures ; He has made them to know Him, though not to know Him *all*, to “ apprehend,” though not to “ comprehend ” Him. We may transfer with profit the same distinction to matters not quite so solemn. Thus I read Goldsmith’s “ Traveller,” or one of Gay’s “ Fables,” and I feel that I “ comprehend ” it—I do not believe, that is, that there was anything stirring in the poet’s mind or intention, which I have not in the reading reproduced in my own. But I read “ Hamlet,” or “ King Lear : ” here I “ apprehend ” much ; I have wondrous glimpses of the poet’s intention and aim ; but I do not for an instant suppose that I have “ comprehended,” taken in, that is, all that was in his mind in the writing ; or, that his purpose does not stretch in manifold directions far beyond the range of my vision ; and I am sure there are few who would not shrink from affirming, at least if they at all realized the force of the words they were using, that they “ comprehended ” Shakespeare ; however much they may “ apprehend ” in him.

218. How often “ opposite ” and “ contrary ” are used as if there was no difference between them, and yet there is a most essential one, one which perhaps we may best express by saying that “ opposites ” complete, while “ contraries ” exclude one another. Thus the most “ opposite ” moral or mental characteristics may meet in one and the same person, while to say that the most “ contrary ” did so, would be

manifestly absurd ; for example, a soldier may be at once prudent and bold, for these are opposites ; he could not be at once prudent and rash, for these are contraries. We may love and fear at the same time and the same person ; we pray in the Litany that we may love and dread God, the two being opposites, and thus the complements of one another ; but to pray that we might love and hate would be as illogical as it would be impious, for these are contraries, and could no more co-exist together than white and black, hot and cold, in the same subject at the same time. Or to take another illustration, sweet and sour are " opposites," sweet and bitter are " contraries."\* It will be seen then that there is always a certain relation between " opposites" ; they unfold themselves though in different directions from the same root, as the positive and negative forces of electricity, and in their very opposition uphold and sustain one another ; while " contraries" encounter one another from quarters quite diverse, and one only subsists in the exact degree that it puts out of working the other. Surely this distinction cannot be an unimportant one either in the region of ethics or elsewhere.

219. It will happen continually, that rightly to distinguish between two words will throw a flood of light upon some controversy in which they play a principal part, nay, may virtually put an end to that controversy altogether. Thus when Hobbes, with a true instinct, would have laid deep the foundations of atheism and despotism together, resolving all right into might, and not merely robbing men, if he could, of the power, but denying to them the duty, of obeying God rather than man, his sophisms could stand only so long as it was not perceived that " compulsion" and obligation, with which he juggled, conveyed two ideas perfectly distinct, indeed disparate, in kind. Those sophisms of his collapsed at once, so soon as it was perceived that what pertained to one had been transferred to

the other by a mere confusion of terms and cunning sleight of hand, the former being a *physical*, the latter a *moral*, necessity.

220. There is indeed no such fruitful source of confusion and mischief as this—two words are tacitly assumed as equivalent, and therefore exchangeable, and then that which may be assumed, and with truth, of one, is assumed also of the other, of which it is not true. Thus, for instance, it often is with " instruction" and " education." Cannot we " instruct" a child, it is asked, cannot we teach it geography, or arithmetic, or grammar, quite independently of the Catechism, or even of the Scriptures ? No doubt you may ; but can you " educate," without bringing moral and spiritual forces to bear upon the mind and affections of the child ? And you must not be permitted to transfer the admissions which we freely make in regard of " instruction," as though they also held good in respect of " education." For what is " education" ? Is it a furnishing of a man from without with knowledge and facts and information ? or is it a drawing forth from within and a training of the spirit, of the true humanity which is latent in him ? Is the process of education the filling of the child's mind, as a cistern is filled with waters brought in buckets from some other source ? or the opening up for that child of fountains which are already there ? Now if we give any heed to the word " education," and to the voice which speaks therein, we shall not long be in doubt. Education must educe, being from " educare," which is but another form of " educere" ; and that is to draw out, and not to put in. " To draw out " what is in the child, the immortal spirit which is there, this is the end of education ; and so much the word declares. The putting in is indeed most needful, that is, the child must be instructed as well as educated, and " instruction" means furnishing ; but not instructed instead of educated. He must first have powers awakened in him, measures of value given him ; and then he will know how to deal with the facts

\* See Coleridge, *Church and State*, p. 18.



of this outward world ; then instruction in these will profit him ; but not without the higher training, still less as a substitute for it.

221. It has occasionally happened that the question which out of two apparent synonyms should be adopted in some important state document has been debated with no little earnestness and vigor ; as at the great English Revolution of 1688, when the two houses of Parliament were at issue whether it should be declared of James II. that he had "abdicated," or "deserted," the throne. This might seem at first sight a mere strife about words, and yet, in reality, serious constitutional questions were involved in the debate. The commons insisted on the word "abdicated," not as wishing to imply that in any act of the late king there had been an official renunciation of the crown, which would have been manifestly untrue ; but because "abdicated" in their minds alone expressed the fact that James had so borne himself as virtually to have entirely renounced, disowned, and relinquished the crown, to have irrecoverably forfeited and separated himself from it, and from any right to it for ever ; while "deserted" would have seemed to leave room and an opening for a return, which they were determined to declare for ever excluded ; as were it said of a husband that he had "deserted" his wife, or of a soldier that he had "deserted" his colors, this language would imply not only that he might, but that he was bound to return. The speech of Lord Somers on the occasion is a masterly specimen of synonymous discrimination, and an example of the uses in highest matters of state to which it may be turned. As little was it a mere strife about words when, at the restoration a good many years ago of our interrupted relations with Persia, Lord Palmerston insisted that the Shah should address the Queen of England not as "Maleketh" but as "Padischah," refusing to receive letters which wanted this superscription.

222. Let me press upon you, in conclusion, some few of the many advan-

tages to be derived from the habit of distinguishing synonyms. These advantages we might presume to be many, even though we could not ourselves perceive them ; for how often do the great masters of style in every tongue, perhaps none so often as Cicero, the greatest of all,\* pause to discriminate between the words they are using ; how much care and labor, how much subtlety of thought, they have counted well bestowed on the operation ; how much importance do they avowedly attach to it ; not to say that their works, even where they do not intend it, will afford a continual lesson in this respect : a

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\* Thus he distinguishes between "voluntas" and "cupiditas" ; "cautio" and "metus" (*Tusc.* iv. 6) ; "gaudium," "lætitia," "voluptas" (*Tusc.* iv. 6 ; *Fin.* ii. 4) ; "prudential" and "sapientia" (*Off.* i. 43) ; "caritas" and "amor" (*De Part. Or.* 25) ; "ebrius" and "ebroisus," "iracundus" and "iratus," "anxietas" and "angor" (*Tusc.* iv. 12) ; "vitium," "morbis" and "ægroto" (*Tusc.* iv. 13) ; "labor" and "dolor" (*Tusc.* ii. 15) ; "furor" and "insania" (*Tusc.* iii. 5) ; "malitia" and "vitiositas" (*Tusc.* iv. 15) ; "doctus" and "peritus" (*Off.* i. 3). Quintilian also often bestows attention on synonyms, observing well (vi. 3. 17) : "Pluribus nominibus in eadem re vulgo utimur ; quæ tamen si diducas, suam quandam propriam vim ostendent ;" he adduces "salsum," "urbanum," "facetum" ; and elsewhere (v. 3). "rumor" and "fama" are discriminated happily by him. Among Church writers Augustine is a frequent and successful discriminator of words. Thus he separates off from one another "flagitium" and "facinus" (*De Doct. Christ.* iii. 10) ; "emulatio" and "invidia" (*Expl. ad Gal.* x. 20) ; "arrha" and "pignus" (*Serm.* 23. 8. 9) ; "studiosus" and "curiosus" (*De Util. Cred.* 9) ; "sapientia" and "scientia" (*De Div. Quæst.* 2. qu. 2) ; "senecta" and "senium" (*Enarr.* in Ps. 70. 18) ; "schisma" and "hæresis" (*Con. Cresc.* 2. 7) ; with many more (see my *Augustine on the Sermon on the Mount*, p. 27). Among the merits of the Grimms' *German Dictionary* is the care which they and those who have taken up their work bestow on the discrimination of synonyms, as between "degen" and "schwert," "felde," "acker" and "heide" ; "aar" and "adler" ; "antlitz" and "angesicht" ; "kelch," "becher" and "glas" ; "frau" and "weib" ; "butter," "schmalz" and "anke" ; "kopf" and "haupt" ; "klug" and "weise" ; "geben" and "schenken."

great writer merely in the precision and accuracy with which he employs words will always be exercising us in synonymous distinction. But the advantages of attending to synonyms need not be taken on trust; they are evident. How large a part of true wisdom it is to be able to distinguish between things that differ, things seemingly, but not really, alike, is very remarkably attested by our words "discernment" and "discretion"; which are now used as equivalent, the first to "insight," the second to "prudence"; while yet in their earlier usage, and according to their etymology, being both from "discerno," they signify the power of so seeing things that in the seeing we distinguish and separate them one from another.\* Such were originally "discernment" and "discretion," and such in great measure they are still. And in words is a material ever at hand on which to train the spirit to a skilfulness in this; on which to exercise its sagacity through the habit of distinguishing there where it would be so easy to confound.† Nor is this habit of discrimi-

nation only valuable as a part of our intellectual training; but what a positive increase is it of mental wealth when we have learned to discern between things which really differ, however they have been hitherto confused in our minds; and have made these distinctions permanently our own in the only way by which they can be made secure, that is by assigning to each its appropriate word and peculiar sign.

223. In the effort to trace lines of demarcation you may little by little be drawn into the heart of subjects the most instructive; for only as you have thoroughly mastered a subject, and all which is most characteristic about it, can you hope to trace these lines with accuracy and success. Thus a Roman of the higher classes might bear four names "prænomen," "nomen," "cognomen," "agnomen;" almost always bore three. You will know something of the political and family life of Rome when you can tell the exact story of each of these, and the precise difference between them. He will not be altogether ignorant of the middle ages and of the clamps which in those ages bound society together, who has learned thoroughly to distinguish between a "fief" and a "benefice." He will have obtained a firm grasp on some central facts of theology who can exactly draw out the distinction between "reconciliation," "propitiation," "atonement," as used in the New Testament; of Church History, who can trace the difference between a "schism" and a "heresy." One who has learned to discriminate between "detraction" and "slander," as Barrow has done before him,\* or between "emulation" and "envy," in which South has excellently shown him the way,† or between

\* L'esprit consiste à connaître la ressemblance des choses diverses, et la différence des choses semblables (Montesquieu).

† I will suggest here a few pairs or larger groups of words on which those who are willing to exercise themselves in the distinction of synonyms might perhaps profitably exercise their skill:—"fame," "popularity," "celebrity," "reputation," "renown";—"misfortune," "calamity," "disaster";—"impediment," "obstruction," "obstacle," "hindrance";—"temerity," "audacity," "boldness";—"rebuke," "reprimand," "censure," "blame";—"adversary," "opponent," "antagonist," "enemy";—"rival," "competitor";—"affluence," "opulence," "abundance," "reundance";—"conduct," "behavior," "demeanor," "bearing";—"execration," "malediction," "imprecation," "anathema";—"avaricious," "covetous," "misery," "niggardly";—"hyphothesis," "theory," "system" (see De Quincey, *Lit. Rem. American ed.* p. 229);—"masculine," "manly";—"effeminate," "feminine";—"womanly," "womanish";—"malicious," "malignant";—"savage," "barbarous," "fierce," "cruel," "inhuman";—"low," "mean," "abject," "base";—"to chasten," "to punish," "to chastise";—"to exile," "to banish";—"to declare," "to disclose," "to reveal," "to divulge";—"to defend,"

"to protect," "to shelter";—"to excuse," "to palliate";—"to compel," "to coerce," "to constrain," "to force."

\* "Slander involveth an imputation of falsehood, but detraction may be couched in truth, and clothed in fair language. It is a poison often infused in sweet liquor, and ministered in a golden cup."

† *Sermons*, 1737, vol. v. p. 403 His words are quoted in my *Select Glossary*. s. v. "Emulation."

"avarice" and "covetousness," as Cowley, will have made no unprofitable excursion into the region of ethics.

224. How effectual a help, moreover, will it prove to the writing of a good English style, if instead of choosing almost at hap-hazard from a group of words which seem to us one about as fit for our purpose as another, we at once know which, and which only, we ought in the case before us to employ, which will prove the exact vesture of our thoughts. It is the first characteristic of a well-dressed man that his clothes fit him: they are not too small and shrunken here, too large and loose there. Now it is precisely such a prime characteristic of a good style that the words fit close to the thoughts. They will not be too big here, hanging like a giant's robe on the limbs of a dwarf; nor too small there, as a boy's garments into which the man has painfully and ridiculously thrust himself. You do not, as you read, feel in one place that the writer means more than he has succeeded in saying; in another that he has said more than he means; in a third something beside what his precise intention was; in a fourth that he has failed to convey any meaning at all; and all this from a lack of skill in employing the instrument of language, of precision in knowing what words would be the exactest correspondents and fittest exponents of his thoughts.\*

225. What a wealth of words in almost every language lies inert and unemployed; and certainly not least in our own. How much of what might be as current coin among us, is shut up in the treasure-house of a few classical authors, or is never to be met at all but in the pages of the dictionary, we meanwhile in the midst of all this riches adjudging ourselves to a voluntary pov-

erty; and often, with tasks the most delicate and difficult to accomplish, for surely the clothing of thought in its most appropriate garment of words is such, needlessly depriving ourselves of a large portion of the helps at our command; like some workman who, being furnished for an operation that will challenge all his skill with a dozen different tools, each adapted for its own special purpose, should in his indolence and self-conceit persist in using only one; doing coarsely what might have been done finely; or leaving altogether undone that which, with such assistances, was quite within his reach. And thus it comes to pass that in the common intercourse of life, often too in books, a certain limited number of words are worked almost to death, employed in season and out of season—a vast multitude meanwhile being rarely, if at all, called to render the service which *they* could render far better than any other; so rarely, that little by little they slip out of sight and are forgotten altogether. And then, perhaps, at some later day, when their want is felt, the ignorance into which we have allowed ourselves to fall, of the resources offered by the language to satisfy such new demands as may be made upon it, sends us abroad in search of outlandish substitutes for words which we already possess at home.\*

226. And let us not suppose the power of exactly saying what we mean, and neither more nor less than we mean, to be merely a graceful mental accomplishment. It is indeed this, and perhaps there is no power so surely indicative of a high and accurate training of the intellectual faculties. But it is much more than this: it has a moral value as well. It is nearly allied to morality, inasmuch as it is nearly connected with truthfulness. Every man who has himself in any degree cared for the truth, and occupied himself in

\* La propriété des termes est le caractère distinctif des grands écrivains; c'est par là que leur style est toujours au niveau de leur sujet; c'est à cette qualité qu'on reconnaît le vrai talent d'écrire, et non à l'art futile de déguiser par un vain coloris les idées communes. So D'Alembert; but Cæsar long before had said, *Delectus verborum, eloquentiæ origo.*

\* Thus I observe in modern French the barbarous "dérailer," to get off the rail; and this while it only needed to recall "dérayer" from the oblivion into which it had been allowed to fall.

seeking it, is more or less aware how much of the falsehood in the world passes current under the concealment of words, how many strifes and controversies,

“Which feed the simple, and offend the wise,”

find all or nearly all the fuel that maintains them in words carelessly or dishonestly employed. And when a man has had any actual experience of this, and at all perceived how far this mischief reaches, he is sometimes almost tempted to say with Shakespeare, “Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools,” to adopt the saying of his clown, “Words are grown so false I am loathe to prove reason with them.” He cannot, however, forego their employment; not to say that he will presently perceive that this falseness of theirs whereof he accuses them, this cheating power, is not of their proper use, but only of their abuse; he will see that, however they may have been enlisted in the service of lies, they are yet of themselves most true; and that, where the bane is, there the antidote should be sought as well. If Goethe’s “Faust” denounces words and the falsehood of words, it is by the aid of words that he does it. Ask then words what they mean, that you may deliver yourselves, that you may help to deliver others, from the tyranny of words, and, to use Baxter’s excellent phrase, from the strife of “word-warriors.” Learn to distinguish between them, for you have the authority of Hooker, that “the mixture of those things by speech, which by nature are divided, is the mother of all error.”\* And although I cannot promise you that the study of synonyms, or the acquaintance with derivations, or any other knowledge but the very highest knowledge of all, will deliver you from the temptation to misuse this or any other gift of God—a

temptation which always lies so near us—yet I am sure that these studies rightly pursued will do much in leading us to stand in awe of this gift of speech, and to tremble at the thought of turning it to any other than those worthy ends for which God has endowed us with a faculty so divine.

## LECTURE VII.

### THE SCHOOLMASTER’S USE OF WORDS.

227. At the great Exhibition of 1851, there might be seen a collection, probably by far the completest which had ever been got together, of what were called *the material helps of education*. There was then gathered in a single room all the outward machinery of moral and intellectual training; all by which order might be best maintained, the labor of the teacher and the taught economized, with a thousand ingenious devices suggested by the best experience of many minds, and of these during many years. Nor were these material helps of education merely mechanical. There were in that collection vivid representations of places and objects; models which often preserved their actual forms and proportions, not to speak of maps and of books. No one who is aware how much in schools, and indeed everywhere else, depends on what apparently is slight and external, would lightly esteem the helps and hints which such a collection would furnish. And yet it would be well for us to remember that even if we were to obtain all this apparatus in its completest form, at the same time possessing the most perfect skill in its application, so that it should never encumber but always assist us, we should yet have obtained very little compared to that which, as a help to education, is already ours. When we stand face to face with a child, that word which the child possesses in common with ourselves is a far more potent implement and aid of education than all these external helps, even though they should be accumulated and multiplied a thousandfold. A reassuring thought for those who may not have

\* See on all this matter in Locke’s *Essay on Human Understanding*, chapters 9, 10 and 11 of the 3rd book, certainly the most remarkable in the *Essay*, *On the Imperfection of Words*, *Of the Abuse of Words*, *Of the Remedies of the Imperfection and Abuse of Words*.

many of these within their reach, a warning thought for those who might be tempted to put their trust in them. On the occasion of that Exhibition to which I have referred, it was well said, "On the structure of language are impressed the most distinct and durable records of the habitual operations of the human powers. In the full possession of language each man has a vast, almost an inexhaustible, treasure of examples of the most subtle and varied processes of human thought. Much apparatus, many material helps, some of them costly, may be employed to assist education; but there is no apparatus which is so necessary, or which can do so much, as that which is the most common and the cheapest—which is always at hand, and ready for every need. Every language contains in it the result of a greater number of educational processes and educational experiments, than we could by any amount of labor and ingenuity accumulate in any educational exhibition expressly contrived for such a purpose.

228. Being entirely convinced that this is nothing more than the truth, I shall endeavor in my closing lecture to suggest some ways in which you may effectually use this marvellous implement which you possess to the better fulfilling of that which you have chosen as the task and business of your life. You will gladly hear something upon this matter; for you will never, I trust, disconnect what you may yourselves be learning from the hope and prospect of being enabled thereby to teach others more effectually. If you do, and your studies in this way become a selfish thing, if you are content to leave them barren of all profit to others, of this you may be sure, that in the end they will prove not less barren of profit to yourselves. In one noble line Chaucer has characterized the true scholar:—

"And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach."

Resolve that in the spirit of this line you will work and live.

229. But take here a word or two of warning before we advance any further.

You cannot, of course, expect to make for yourselves any original investigations in language; but you can follow safe guides, such as shall lead you by right paths, even as you may follow such as can only lead you astray. Do not fail to keep in mind that perhaps in no region of human knowledge are there such a multitude of unsafe leaders as in this; for indeed this science of words is one which many, professing for it an earnest devotion, have done their best or their worst to bring into discredit, and to make the laughing-stock at once of the foolish and the wise. Niebuhr has somewhere noted "the unspeakable spirit of absurdity" which seemed to possess the ancients, whenever they meddled with this subject; but the charge reaches others beside them. Their mantle, it must be owned, has in these later times often fallen upon no unworthy successors.

230. What is commoner, even now, than to find the investigator of words and their origin looking round about him here and there, in all the languages, ancient and modern, to which he has any access, till he lights on some word, it matters little to him in which of these, more or less resembling that which he wishes to derive? and this found, to consider his problem solved, and that in this phantom hunt he has successfully run down his prey. Even Dr. Johnson, with his robust, strong English common-sense, too often offend, in this way. In many respects his "Dictionary" will probably never be surpassed. We shall never have more concise, more accurate, more vigorous explanations of the actual meanings of words, at the time when it was published, than he has furnished. But even those who recognize the most fully this merit, must allow that he was ill equipped by any preliminary studies for tracing the past history of words; that in this he errs often and signally; sometimes where the smallest possible amount of knowledge would have preserved him from error; as for instance when he derives the name of the peacock from the peak, or tuft of pointed feathers, on its head! while other der-

ivations proposed or allowed by him and others are so far more absurd than this, that when Swift, in ridicule of the whole band of philologists, suggested that "ostler" is only a contraction of oat-stealer, and "breeches" of bear-iches, it can scarcely be said that these etymologies are more ridiculous than many which have in sober earnest, and by men of no inconsiderable reputation, been proposed.

231. Oftentimes in this scheme of random etymology, a word in one language is derived from one in another, in bold defiance of the fact that no points of historic contact or connection, mediate or immediate, have ever existed between the two; the etymologist not caring to ask himself whether it was thus so much as possible that the word should have passed from the one language to the other; whether in fact the resemblance is not merely superficial and illusory, one which so soon as they are stripped of their accidents, disappears altogether. Take a few specimens of this manner of dealing with words; and first from the earlier etymologists. They are often hopelessly astray, blind leaders of the blind.\*

\* *Ménage* is one of these "blind leaders of the blind," of whom I have spoken above. With all their real, though not very accurate, erudition, his three folio volumes, two on French, one on Italian etymologies, have done nothing but harm to the cause which they were intended to further. Génin (*Récréations Philologiques*, pp. 12-15) passes a severe but just judgment upon them. *Ménage*, comme tous ses devanciers et la plupart de ses successeurs, semble n'avoir été dirigé que par un seul principe en fait d'étymologie. Le voici dans son expression la plus nette. Tout mot vient d'un mot qui lui ressemble le mieux. Cela posé, l'enage, avec son érudition polyglotte, s'aba sur le grec, le latin, l'italien, l'espagnol, l'allemand, le celtique, et ne fait difficulté d'aller jusqu'à l'hébreu. C'est dommage que de son temps on ne cultivât pas encore le sanscrit, l'hindoustani, le tibétain et l'arabe: il les eût contraints à lui livrer des étymologies françaises. Il ne se met pas en peine des chemins par où un mot hébreu ou carthaginois aurait pu passer pour venir s'établir en France. Il y est, le voilà, suffit! L'identité ne peut être mise en question devant la ressemblance, et souvent Dieu sait quelle ressem-

Thus, what are men doing but extending not their knowledge but their ignorance, when they deduce, with Varro, "pavo" from "pavor," because of the fear which the harsh shriek of the peacock awakens, or with Pliny, "panthera" from *παθηρίον*, because the properties of all beasts meet in the panther; or persuade themselves that "formica," the ant, is "ferens micas," the grain-bearer? Medieval suggestions abound, as vain, and if possible, vainer still. "Apis," a bee, is *ἄπους* or without feet, bees being born without feet, the etymology and the natural history keeping excellent company together. Or what shall we say of deriving "mors" from "amarus" because death is bitter; or from "Mars," because death is frequent in war; or "*à morsu vetiti pomi*," because that forbidden bite brought death into the world; or with a modern investigator of language, and one of high reputation in his time, deducing "girl" from "garrula," because girls are commonly talkative.

232. All experience, indeed, proves how perilous it is to etymologize at random, and on the strength of mere surface similarities of sound. Let me illustrate the absurdities into which this may easily betray us by an amusing example. A clergyman, who himself told me the story, had sought, and not unsuccessfully, to kindle in his schoolmaster a passion for the study of derivations. His scholar enquired of him one day if he were aware of the derivation of "crypt?" He naturally replied in the affirmative, that "crypt" came from a Greek word to conceal, and meant a covered place, itself concealed, and where things intended to be concealed were placed. The other rejoined that he was quite aware the word was commonly so explained, but he had no doubt erroneously; that "crypt," as he had now convinced himself, was in fact contracted from "cry-pit;" being the pit where in days of Popish tyranny those who were

blance! Compare Ampère, *Formation de la Langue Française*, pp. 194, 195.

condemned to cruel penances were plunged, and out of which their cry was heard to come up—therefore called the “cry-pit” now contracted into “crypt!” Let me say, before quitting my tale, that I would far sooner a schoolmaster made a hundred such mistakes than that he should be careless and incurious in all which concerned the words which he was using. To make mistakes, as we are in the search of knowledge, is far more honorable than to escape making them through never having set out in this search at all.

233. But while errors like this may very well be pardoned, of this we may be sure, that they will do little in etymology, will continually err and cause others to err, who in these studies leave this out of sight for an instant—namely, that no amount of resemblance between words in different languages is of itself sufficient to prove that they are akin, even as no amount of apparent unlikeness in sound or present form is sufficient to disprove consanguinity “Judge not according to appearance,” must everywhere here be the rule. One who in many regions of human knowledge anticipated the discoveries of later times, said well a century and a half ago, “Many etymologies are true, which at the first blush are not probable;” \* and, as he might have added, many appear probable, which are not true. This being so, it is our wisdom on the one side to distrust superficial likenesses, on the other not to be dismayed by superficial differences. I cannot go into this matter; only I will say, Have no faith in those who etymologize on the strength of *sounds*, and not on that of *letters*, and of letters, moreover, dealt with according to fixed and recognized laws of equivolence and permutation. Never forget that illustrious scholar’s word, that much in this region of knowledge is true which does not seem probable; nor the converse, perhaps still more important, that much seems probable which is not

true. For an example of this last, “Auge,” the German form of our “eye,” is in every letter identical with a Greek word for splendor (αὐγή); and yet, though there is a very intimate connection between German and Greek, these have no relation with one another whatever; while, on the other hand, little, or almost nothing, as there seems of contact between “Auge” and “oculus,” they are certainly the same word. Of “caput” and “head,” of “hospes” and “guest,” of “gelidus” and “cold,” the same might be affirmed; so too of “dens,” “tooth,” and “zahn;” \* and in like manner of χῆν, “anser,” “gans,” and “goose.” Who, on the other hand, would not take for granted that our “much” and the Spanish “mucho,” identical in meaning, were also in etymology nearly related? There is no connection between them. Between “vulgus” and “Volk” there is as little. Not many years ago a considerable scholar identified the Greek “holos” (ὅλος) and our “whole,” and few, I should imagine, have not been tempted at one stage of their knowledge to do the same. They stand in no relation to one another.

234. Here, then, as elsewhere, the condition of all successful investigation is to have learned to disregard phenomena, the deceitful shows and appearances of things; to have resolved to reach and to grapple with the things themselves. It is the fable of Proteus over again. He will take a thousand shapes wherewith he will seek to elude and delude one who is determined to extort from him that true answer, which he is capable of yielding, but will only yield on compulsion. The true enquirer is deceived by none of these. He still holds him fast; binds him in strong chains; until he takes his proper shape at the last; and answers as a true seer whatever question may be put to him. Nor, let me observe, by the way, will that man’s gain be small who, having so learned to distrust the obvious and the plausible, carries into other regions

\* Leibnitz (*Opp.* vol. v. p. 61): Sæpe fit ut etymologiæ veræ sint, quæ primo aspectu verisimiles non sunt.

\* Compare Heyse, *System der Sprachwissenschaft*, p. 307.

of study and of action the lessons which he has thus learned ; determines to seek the ground of things, and to plant his foot upon that ; believes that a lie may look very fair, and yet be a lie after all ; that the truth may show very unattractive, very unlikely and paradoxical, and yet be the very truth notwithstanding.

235. To return from a long, but not unnecessary digression. Convinced as I am of the immense advantage of following up words to their sources, of "deriving" them, that is, of tracing each little rill to the river whence it was first drawn, I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing and barbarizing our English tongue, of practically emptying it of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination, and history which it contains, of cutting the vital nerve which connects its present with the past, as the introduction of the scheme of phonetic spelling, which some have lately been zealously advocating among us. I need hardly tell you that the fundamental idea of this is that all words should be spelt as they are sounded, that the writing should, in every case, be subordinated to the speaking.\* This, namely that writing should in every case and at all costs be subordinated to speaking, which is everywhere tacitly assumed as not needing any proof, is the fallacy which runs through the whole scheme. There is, indeed, no necessity for this. Every word, on the contrary, has *two* existences, as a spoken word and a written ; and you have no right to sacrifice one of these, or even to subordinate it wholly, to the other. A word exists as truly for the eye as for the ear ; and in a highly advanced state of society, where reading is almost as universal as speaking, quite as much for the one as for the other. That in the *written* word moreover is the permanence and continuity of lan-

guage and of learning, and that the connection is most intimate of a true orthography with all this, is affirmed in our words, "letters," "literature," "unlettered," as in other languages by words exactly corresponding to these.\*

236. The gains consequent on the introduction of such a change in our manner of spelling would be insignificantly small, the losses enormously great. There would be gain in the saving of a certain amount of the labor now spent in learning to spell ; an amount of labor, however, absurdly exaggerated by the promoters of the scheme. But even this gain would not long remain, seeing that pronunciation is itself continually altering ; custom is lord here for better and for worse ; and a multitude of words are now pronounced in a manner different from that of a hundred years ago, indeed from that of ten years ago ; so that, before very long, there would again be a chasm between the spelling and the pronunciation of words ;—unless indeed the spelling varied, which it could not consistently refuse to do, as the pronunciation varied, reproducing each of its capricious or barbarous alterations ; these last, it must be remembered, being changes not in the pronunciation only, but in the word itself, which would only exist as pronounced, the written word being a mere shadow servilely waiting upon the spoken. When these changes had multiplied a little, and they would indeed multiply exceedingly on the removal of the barriers to change which now exist, what the language before long would become, it is not easy to guess.

237. This fact, however, though sufficient to show how ineffectual the scheme of phonetic spelling would prove, even for the removing of those inconveniences which it proposes to remedy, is only the smallest objection to it. The far more serious charge which we bring against it is, that in words out of number it would obliterate those clear marks of birth and parent-

\* I do not know whether the advocates of phonetic spelling have urged the authority and practice of Augustus as being in their favour. Suetonius, among other amusing gossip about this Emperor, records of him : Videtur eorum sequi opinionem, qui perinde scribendum ac loquamur, existiment (*Octavius*, c. 88).

\* As γράμματα, ἀγράμματος, litteræ, belles-lettres.



age, which they bear now upon their fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to reveal. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble possession, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their inner thought, lighted up by it; in how many cases would this inner light be then quenched? They have now a body and a soul, the soul quickening the body; then oftentimes nothing but a body, forsaken by the spirit of life, would remain. These objections were urged long ago by Bacon, who characterizes this so-called reformation, "that writing should be consonant to speaking," as "a branch of unprofitable subtlety;" and especially urges that thereby "the derivations of words especially from foreign languages, are utterly defaced and extinguished."

238. From the results of various approximations to phonetic spelling, which at different times have been made, and the losses thereon ensuing, we may guess what the loss would be were the system fully carried out. Of those fairly acquainted with Latin, it would be curious to know how many have seen "silva" in "savage," since it has been so written, and not "salvage," as of old? or have been reminded of the hindrances to a civilized and human society which the indomitable forest, more perhaps than any other obstacle presents. When "fancy" was spelt "phant'sy," as by Sylvester in his translation of Du Bartas, and other scholarly writers of the seventeenth century, no one could doubt of its identity with "phantasy," as no Greek scholar could miss its relation with *φαντασία*. Spell "analyze" as I have sometimes seen it, and as phonetically it ought to be, "analizé," and the tap-

root of the word is cut. How many readers will recognize in it then the image of dissolving and resolving aught into its elements, and use it with a more or less conscious reference to this? It may be urged that few do so even now. The more need they should not be fewer; for these few do in fact retain the word in its place, from which else it might gradually drift; they preserve its vitality, and the propriety of its use, not merely for themselves, but also for the others that have not this knowledge. In phonetic spelling is, in fact, the proposal that the learned and the educated should of free choice place themselves under the disadvantages of the ignorant and uneducated, instead of seeking to elevate these last to their own more favored condition.\*

239. Even now the relationships of words, so important for our right understanding of them, are continually overlooked; a very little matter serving to conceal from us the family to which they pertain. Thus how many of our nouns are indeed unsuspected partici-

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\* The same attempt to introduce phonography has been several times made, once in the sixteenth century, and again some thirty years ago in France. What would be there the results? We may judge of these from the results of a partial application of the system. "Temps" is now written "tems," the *p* having been ejected as superfluous. What is the consequence? at once its visible connection with the Latin "tempus," with the Spanish "tiempo," with the Italian "tempo," with its own "temporel" and "temporaire," is broken, and for many effaced. Or note the result from another point of view. Here are "poids" a weight, "poix" pitch, "pois" peas. No one could mark in speaking the distinction between these; and thus to the ear there may be confusion between them, but to the eye there is none; not to say that the *d* in "poids" puts it for us in relation with "pondus," the *x* in "poix" with "pix," the *s* in "pois" with the Low Latin "pisum." In each case the letter which these reformers would dismiss as useless, and worse than useless, keeps the secret of the word. On some other attempts in the same direction see in D'Israeli, *Amenities of Literature*, an article *On Orthography and Orthoepey*; and compare Diez, *Romanische Sprache*, vol. i. p. 52.

ples, or are otherwise most closely connected with verbs, with which we probably never think of putting them in relation. And yet with how lively an interest shall we discover those to be of closest kin, which we had never considered but as entire strangers to one another; what increased mastery over our mother tongue shall we through such discoveries obtain. Thus the "smith" has his name from the sturdy blows that he "smites" upon the anvil; "wrong" is the perfect participle of "to wring," that which has been "wrung" or wrested from the right; as in French "tort," from "torqueo," is the twisted; the "brunt" of the battle is its heat, where it "burns" the most freely; the "haft" of a knife, that whereby you "have" or hold it.

240. This exercise of putting words in their true relation and connection with one another might be carried much further. Of whole groups of words, which may seem to acknowledge no kinship with one another, it will not be difficult to show that they had a common parentage and descent. For instance, here are "shire," "shore," "share," "shears"; "shred," "sherd"; all most closely connected with the verb "to sheer," which made once the three perfects, "shore," "share," "sheered." "Shire" is a district in England, separated from the rest; a "share" is a portion of anything thus divided off; "shears" are instruments effecting this process of separation; the "shore" is the place where the continuity of the land is interrupted or separated by the sea; a "shred" is that which is "shered" or shorn from the main piece; a "sherd," as a pot-"sherd," (also "pot-share," Spenser), that which is broken off and thus divided from the vessel; these not at all exhausting this group or family of words, though it would occupy more time than we can spare to put some other words in their relation with it.

241. But this analyzing of groups of words for the detecting of the bond of relationship between them, and their common root, may require more ety-

mological knowledge than you possess, and more helps from books than you can always command. There is another process, and one which may prove no less useful to yourselves and to others, which will lie more certainly within your reach. You will meet in books, sometimes in the same book, and perhaps in the same page of this book, a word used in senses so far apart from one another that at first it will seem to you absurd to suppose any bond of connection between them. Now when you thus fall in with a word employed in these two or more senses so far removed from one another, accustom yourselves to seek out the bond which there certainly is between these several uses. This tracing of that which is common to and connects all its meanings can only be done by getting to its centre and heart, to the seminal meaning, from which, as from a fruitful seed, all the others unfold themselves; to the first link in the chain, from which every later one, in a direct line or a lateral, depends. We may proceed in this investigation, certain that we shall find such, or at least that such there is to be found. For nothing can be more certain than this (and the non-recognition of it is a serious blemish in Johnson's Dictionary), that a word has originally but one meaning, that all other uses, however widely they may diverge from one another and recede from this one, may yet be affiliated upon it, brought back to the one central meaning, which grasps and knits them all together; just as the several races of men, black, white, and yellow and red, despite of all their present diversity and dispersion, have a central point of unity in that one pair from which they all have descended.

242. Let me illustrate this by two or three familiar examples. How various are the senses in which "post" is used; as "post"-office; "post"-haste; a "post" standing in the ground; a military "post"; an official "post"; "to post" a ledger. Is it possible to find anything which is common to all these uses of "post"? When once we are on the right track,

nothing is easier. "Post" is the Latin "positus," that which is *placed*; the piece of timber is "placed" in the ground, and so a "post"; a military station is a "post," for a man is "placed" in it, and must not quit it without orders; to travel "post," is to have certain relays of horses "placed" at intervals, that so no delay on the road may occur; the "post"-office avails itself of this mode of communication; to "post" a ledger is to "place" or register its several items.

243. Once more, in what an almost infinite number of senses "stock" is employed; we have live "stock," "stock" in trade or on the farm, the village "stocks," the "stock" of a gun, the "stock"-dove, the "stocks" on which ships are built, the "stock" which goes round the neck, the family stock, "the stocks," or public funds, in which money is invested, with other "stocks" besides these. What point in common can we find between them all? This, that being all derived from one verb, they cohere in the idea of *fixedness* which is common to them all. Thus, the "stock" of a gun is that in which the barrel is fixed; the village "stocks" are those in which the feet are fastened; the "stock" in trade is the fixed capital; and so too, the "stock" on the farm, although the fixed capital has there taken the shape of horses and cattle; in the "stocks" or public funds, money sticks fast, inasmuch as those who place it there cannot withdraw or demand the capital, but receive only the interest; the "stock" of a tree is fast set in the ground; and from this use of the word it is transferred to a family; the "stock" or "stirps" is that from which it grows, and out of which it unfolds itself. And here we may bring in the "stock"-dove, as being the "stock" or stirps of the domestic kinds. I might group with these, "stake" in both its spellings; a "stake" is stuck in the hedge and there remains; the "stakes" which men wager against the issue of a race are paid down, and thus fixed or deposited to answer the event; a beef-"steak" is

a portion so small that it can be stuck on the point of a fork: and so forward.\*

244. When we thus affirm that the divergent meanings of a word can all be brought back to some one point from which, immediately or mediately, they every one proceed, that none has primarily more than one meaning, it must be remembered that there may very well be two words, or, as it will sometimes happen, more, spelt as well as pronounced alike, which yet are wholly different in their derivation and primary usage; and that, of course, between such homonyms as these no bond of union on the score of this identity is to be sought. Neither does this fact in the least invalidate the assertion. We have in such cases, as Cobbett has expressed it well, the same combination of letters, but not the same word. Thus we have "page," the side of a leaf from "pagina," and "page," a small boy, the Greek *παῖδιον*; "league," a treaty, from "ligare," to bind, and "league" (leuca), a Celtic measure of distance; "host" (hostis), an army; "host," the Latin hospes, and "host" (hostia), in the Roman Catholic sacrifice of the mass; "riddle," a sieve or small network, the Latin reticulum, and "riddle," an enigma, an old English word; the "Mosaic" law and "mosaic" work ("opus musivum"), work graceful, as connected with the *Muses*. We have two "ounces" (uncia and onze); two "seals" (sigillum and seol); two "moods" (modus and môd); two "sacks" (saccus and sec); two "sounds" (sonus and sund); two "lakes" (lacus and lacca); two "kennels" (canalis and canile); two "schools," one (schola) of philosophy, another (sceol) of whales; two "partisans" (partisan and partesana); two "quires" (choir and cahier); two "corns" (korn and cornu); two "ears" (ohr and ahre); two "doles" (deuil and theil); two "perches"

\* See the *Instructions for Parish Priests*, p. 69 published by the *Early English Texts Society*.

(*pertica* and *perca*) ; two "salts" (*sal* and *sault* or *saltus*) ; two "races" (*ræs* and the French *race*) ; two "rocks," two "rooks," two "sprays," two "saws," two "strains," two "trunks," two crops," two "helms," two verbs, "to allow" (*allocare* and *allaudare*) ; three "moles," three "rapes" (as the "rape" of *Proserpine*, the "rape" of *Bramber*, "rape"-seed) ; four "ports" (*porta*, *portus*, *port*, *Oporto*). Other "heterodynamic" words in the language (I borrow the title from *Pott*), are the following : "barnacle," "bill," "bound," "breeze," "bull," "caper," "cricket," "crowd," "dam," "fog," "fount," "gin," "gore," "gulf," "gum," "gust," "hind," "hip," "jar," "jet," "lime," "mace," "mass," "mast," "match," "mint," "moor," "pad-dock," "pernicious," "plot," "pulse," "punch," "scale," "scrip," "shock," "shrub," "smack," "soil," "tent," "toil." You will find it profitable to follow these up at home, to trace out the two or more words which have clothed themselves in exactly the same outward form, and on what etymologies they severally repose ; so too, as often as you suspect the existence of homonyms, to make proof of the matter for yourselves, gradually forming as complete a list of these as you can.\* You may usefully do the same in any other language which you study, for they exist in all. In all these the identity is merely on the surface and in sound, and it would, of course, be lost labor to seek for a point of contact between meanings which have no closer connection with one another in reality than they have in appearance.

245. Let me suggest some further exercises in this region of words. There are some which at once provoke and promise to reward inquiry, by the evident readiness with which they will yield up the secret, if duly interrogated

by us. Many, as we have seen, have defied, and will probably defy to the end, all efforts to dissipate the mystery which hangs over them ; and these we must be content to leave ; but many announce that their explanations cannot be very far to seek. Let me instance "candidate." Does it not argue an incurious spirit to be content that this word should be given and received by us a hundred times, as at a contested election it is, and we never ask ourselves, What does it mean ? why is one offering himself to the choice of his fellows, called a "candidate ?" If the word lay evidently beyond our horizon, we might acquiesce in our ignorance ; but resting, as manifestly it does, upon the Latin "*candidus*," it challenges inquiry, and a very little of this would at once put us in possession of the Roman custom for which it witnesses—namely, that such as intended to claim the suffrages of the people for any of the chief offices of the State, presented themselves beforehand to them in a *white toga*, being therefore called "*candidati*." And as it so often happen that in seeking information on one subject we obtain it upon another, so will it probably be here ; for in fully learning what this custom was, you will hardly fail to learn how we obtained "ambition," what originally it meant, and how Milton should have written—

"To reign is worth ambition, though in hell."

246. Or again, any one who knows so much as that "*verbum*" means a word, might well be struck by the fact (and if he followed it up would be led far into the relation of the parts of speech to one another), that in grammar it is not employed to signify any word whatsoever, but restricted to the verb alone ; "*verbum*" is the verb. Surely here is matter for reflection. What gives to the verb the right to monopolize the dignity of being "the word ?" Is it because the verb is the animating power, the vital principle of every sentence, and that without which, understood or uttered, no sentence can exist ? or can you offer any other rea-

\* For a nearly complete list of these heterodynamic words, see *Mätzner's Engl. Grammatik*, vol. i. pp. 187-204 ; and compare *Dwight's Modern Philology*, vol. ii. p. 311.

son? I leave this to your own consideration.

247. We call certain books "classics." We have indeed a double use of the word, for we speak of the Greek and Latin as the "classical" languages, and the great writers in these as "*the classics*"; while at other times you hear of a "classical" English style, or of English "classics." Now "classic" is connected plainly with "classis." What then does it mean in itself, and how has it arrived at this double use? "The term is drawn from the political economy of Rome. Such a man was rated as to his income in the third class, such another in the fourth, and so on; but he who was in the highest was emphatically said to be of *the* class, 'classicus'—a class man, without adding the number, as in that case superfluous; while all others were *infra classem*. Hence, by an obvious analogy, the best authors were rated as 'classici,' or men of the highest class; just as in English we say 'men of rank' absolutely, for men who are in the highest ranks of the state." The mental process by which this title, which would apply rightly to the best authors in *all* languages, came to be restricted to those only in two, and these two to be claimed, to the seeming exclusion of all others, as *the* classical languages, is one constantly recurring, making itself felt in all regions of human thought; to which therefore I would in passing call your attention, though I cannot now do more.

248. There is one circumstance which you must by no means suffer to escape your own notice, nor that of your pupils—namely, that words out of number, which are now employed only in a figurative sense, did yet originally rest on some fact of the outward world, vividly presenting itself to the imagination; which fact the word has incorporated and knit up with itself for ever. If I may judge from my own experience, few intelligent boys would not feel that they had gotten something, when made to understand that "to insult" means properly to leap as

on the prostrate body of a foe; "to affront," to strike him on the face; that "to succor" means by running to place oneself under one that is falling; "to relent," (connected with "lentos" not "lenis"), to slacken the swiftness of one's pursuit;\* "to reprehend," to lay hold of one with the intention of forcibly pulling him back; "to exonerate," to discharge of a burden, ships being exonerated once; that "to be examined" means to be weighed. They would be pleased to learn that a man is called "supercilious," because haughtiness with contempt of others expresses itself by the raising of the eyebrows or "supercilium"; that "subtle" (*subtilis* for *subtexilis*) is literally "fine-spun"; that "astonished" (*attonitus*) is properly thunderstruck; that "imbecile," which we use for weak, and now always for weak in intellect, means strictly (unless indeed we must renounce this etymology), leaning upon a staff (in *bacillo*), as one aged or infirm might do; that "chaste" is properly white, "*castus*" being a participle of "*candeo*," as is now generally allowed; that "sincere" may be—I dare not affirm that it is—without wax (*sine cerâ*), as the best and finest honey should be; that a "companion," probably at least, is one with whom we share our bread, a messmate; that a "sarcasm" is properly such a lash inflicted by the "scourge of the tongue" as brings away the *flesh* after it; with much more in the same kind.

249. "Trivial" is a word borrowed from the life. Mark three or four persons standing idly at the point where one street bisects at right angles another, and discussing there the idle nothings of the day; there you have the living explanation of "trivial," "trivialities," such as no explanation not rooting itself in the etymology would ever give you, or enable you to give to others. You have there the "*tres viæ*," the "trivium"; and "trivialities" properly mean such talk

\* "But nothing might relent his hasty flight" (Spenser).

as is holden by those idle loiterers that gather at this meeting of three roads.\* "Rivals" properly are those who dwell on the banks of the same river. But as all experience shows, there is no such fruitful source of contention as a water-right, and these would be often at strife with one another in regard of the periods during which they severally had a right to the use of the stream, turning it off into their own fields before the time, or leaving open the sluices beyond the time, or in other ways interfering, or being counted to interfere, with the rights of their neighbors. And in this way "rivals" came to be applied to any who were on any grounds in unfriendly competition with one another.

250. By such teaching as this you may often improve, and that without turning play-time into lesson-time, the hours of relaxation and amusement. But "relaxation," on which we have just lighted as by chance, must not escape us. How can the bow be "relaxed" or slackened (for this is the image), which has not been bent, whose string has never been drawn tight? Having drawn tight the bow of our mind by earnest toil, we may then claim to have it from time to time "relaxed." Having been attentive and assiduous then, but not otherwise, we may claim "relaxation" and amusement. But "attentive" and "assiduous" are themselves words which will repay us to understand exactly what they mean. He is "assiduous" who sits close to his work; he is "attentive," who, being taught, stretches out his neck that so he may not lose a word. "Diligence" too has its lesson. Derived from "diligere," to love, it reminds us that the secret of true industry in our work is

love of that work. And as truth is wrapped up in "diligence," what a lie, on the other hand, lurks at the root of "indolence," or, to speak more accurately, of our present employment of it! This, from "in" and "doleo," not to grieve, is properly a state in which we have no grief or pain; and employed as we now employ it, would have us to believe that indulgence in sloth constitutes for us the truest negation of pain. Now no one would wish to deny that "pain" and "pains" are often nearly allied; but yet these pains hand us over to true pleasures; while indolence is so far from yielding that good which it is so forward to promise, that Cowper spoke only truth, when, perhaps meaning to witness against a falsehood here, he spoke of

"Lives spent in *in dolence*, and therefore  
*sad*,"

not "therefore *glad*," as the word "indolence" would fain have us to believe.

251. There is another way in which these studies I have been urging may be turned to account. Doubtless you will seek to cherish in your scholars, to keep lively in yourselves, that spirit and temper which find a special interest in all relating to the land of our birth, that land which the providence of God has assigned as the sphere of our life's task and of theirs. Our schools are called "national," and if we would have them such in reality, we must neglect nothing that will foster a national spirit in them. I know not whether this is sufficiently considered among us; yet certainly we cannot have Church-schools worthy the name, least of all in England, unless they are truly national as well. It is the anti-national character of the Roman Catholic system, though I do not separate this from the anti-scriptural, but rather regard the two as most intimately connected, which mainly revolts Englishmen; and if their sense of this should ever grow weak, their protest against that system would soon lose much of its energy and strength. Now here, as everywhere else, knowledge must be the

\* I have allowed this explanation to stand; yet with many misgivings whether "trivial" is not from "trivium" in another sense; that is, from the "trivium," or three preparatory disciplines,—grammar, arithmetic, and geometry,—as contrasted with the four more advanced, or "quadrivium," which together were esteemed in the Middle Ages to constitute a complete liberal education. Preparatory schools were often called "*trivial* schools," as occupying themselves with the "trivium."

food of love. Your pupils must know something about England, if they are to love it; they must see some connection of its past with its present, of what it has been with what it is, if they are to feel that past as anything to them.

252. And as no impresses of the past are so abiding, so none, when once attention has been awakened to them, are so self-evident as those which names preserve; although, without this calling of the attention to them, the most broad and obvious of these footprints of time may continue to escape our observation to the end of our lives. Leibnitz tells us, and one can quite understand, the delight with which a great German Emperor, Maximilian the First, discovered that "Habsburg," or "Hapsburg," the ancestral name of his house, really had a meaning, one moreover full of vigor and poetry. This he did, when he heard of it by accident on the lips of a Swiss peasant, no longer cut short and thus disguised, but in its original fulness, "Habichtsburg," or "Hawk's-Tower," being no doubt the name of the castle which was the cradle of his race.\* Of all the thousands of Englishmen who are aware that Angles and Saxons established themselves in this island, and that we are in the main descended from them, it would be curious to know how many have realized to themselves a fact so obvious as that this "England" means "Angle-land," or that in the names "Essex," "Sussex," and "Middlesex," we preserve a record of East Saxons, South Saxons, and Middle Saxons, who occupied those several portions of the land; or that "Norfolk" and "Suffolk" are two broad divisions of "northern" and "southern folk," into which the East Anglian kingdom was divided. "Cornwall" does not bear its origin quite so plainly upon its front, or tell its story so that every one who runs may read. At the same time its secret is not hard to attain to. As the Teutonic immigrants advanced, such of the British population as were not either destroyed or absorbed by them retreated, as we all have

learned, into Wales and Cornwall, that is, till they could retreat no further. The fact is evidently preserved in the name of "Wales," which means properly "The foreigners,"—the nations of Teutonic blood calling all bordering tribes by this name. But though not quite so apparent on the surface, this fact is also preserved in "Cornwall," written formerly, "Cornwales," or the land inhabited by the Welsh of the Corn or Horn. The chroniclers uniformly speak of North Wales and Corn-Wales.\* These Angles, Saxons, and Britons or Welshmen, about whom our pupils may be reading, will be to them more like actual men of flesh and blood, who indeed trod this same soil which we are treading now, when we can thus point to traces surviving to the present day, which they have left behind them, and which England, as long as it is England, will retain.

253. The Danes too have left their marks on the land. We all probably are, more or less, aware how much Danish blood runs in English veins; what large colonies from Scandinavia (for as many may have come from Norway as from modern Denmark), settled in some parts of this island. It will be interesting to show that the limits of this Danish settlement and occupation may even now be confidently traced by the constant recurrence in all such districts of the names of towns and villages ending in "by," which signified in their language a dwelling or single village; as Netherby, Appleby, Derby, Whitby. Thus if you examine closely a map of Lincolnshire, one of the chief seats of the Danish settlement, you will find one hundred, or well-nigh a fourth part, of the towns and villages to have this ending, the whole coast being studded with them—they lie nearly as close to one another as in Sleswick itself;† while here in Hampshire it is utterly unknown. Or, again draw a line transversely through England from Canter-

\* Isaac Taylor, *Names and Places*, 2d edit. p. 63.

† Pott, *Etym. Forsch.* vol. ii. pt. 2, p. 1172.

\* *Opp.* vol. vi. pt. 2. p. 20.

bury by London to Chester, the line, that is, of the great Roman road, called Watling Street, and north of this six hundred instances of its occurrence may be found, while to the south there are almost none. "Thorpe," equivalent to the German "dorf," as Bishoptorpe, Althorp, tells the same tale of a Norse occupation of the soil; and the termination, somewhat rarer, of "thwaite" no less. On the other hand, where, as in this south of England, the "hams" abound (the word is identical with our "home"), as Buckingham, Egham, Shoreham, there you may be sure that not Norsemen but Germans proper took possession of the soil. "Worth," or "worthy," signifying, as it does, the place warded or guarded, tells the same story, as Bosworth, Kingsworthy. The "stokes" in like manner, as Basingstoke, Itchenstoke, are Saxon, being places *stockaded*, with stocks or piles for defence.

254. There will sometimes, in a single name, be kept the record of two, or it may be more, great social and political changes, which have come over a land, and which have each left its deposit. "When we have a stream called Wansbeck-water, and know that the three words of which the compound is made up all signify water, the first being Celtic (as in *Wans-ford*, *A-von*), the second German (*beck* = *bach*), the last English, we at once recognize three changes of inhabitants, to whom the older name successively lost its significance."\*

255. You are yourselves learning, or hereafter you may be teaching others, the names and number of the English counties or shires. What a dull routine task for them and for you this may be, supplying no food for the intellect, no points of attachment for any of its higher powers to take hold of! And yet in these two little words, "shire" and "county," if you would make them render up even a small part of their treasure, what lessons of English

history are contained! One who knows the origin of these names, and how we come to possess such a double nomenclature, looks far into the social condition of England in that period when the strong foundations of all that has since made England glorious and great were being laid; by aid of these words may detect links which bind its present to its remotest past; for of lands as of persons it may be said, "The child is father of the man." "Shire," as I observed just now, is connected with "shear," "share," and is properly a portion "shered" or "shorn" off. When a Saxon king would create an earl, it did not lie in men's thoughts, accustomed as they were to deal with realities, that such could be a merely titular creation, or exist without territorial jurisdiction; and a "share" or "shire" was assigned him to govern, which also gave him his title. But at the Conquest this Saxon officer was displaced by a Norman, the "earl" by the "count"—this title of "count" borrowed from the later Roman empire meaning originally "companion" (*comes*), one who had the honor of being closest companion to his leader; and the "shire" was now the "county" (*comitatus*), as governed by this "comes." In that singular and inexplicable fortune of words, which causes some to disappear and die out under the circumstances apparently most favorable for life, others to hold their ground when all seemed against them, "count" has disappeared from the titles of English nobility, while "earl" has recovered its place; although in evidence of the essential identity of the two titles, or offices rather, the wife of the earl is entitled a "countess"; and in further memorial of these great changes that so long ago came over our land, the two names "shire" and "county" equally survive as in the main interchangeable words in our mouths.

256. A large part of England, all that portion of it which the Saxons occupied, is divided into "hundreds." Have you ever asked yourselves what this division means, for something it

\* Donaldson, *New Cratylus*, 3d edit. p. 17.



must mean? The "hundred" is supposed to have been originally a group or settlement of one hundred free families of Saxon colonists. If this was so we have at once an explanation of the strange disproportion between the area of the "hundred" in the southern and in the more northern counties—the average number of square miles in a "hundred" of Sussex or Kent being three or four and twenty; of Lancashire more than three hundred. The Saxon population would naturally be far the densest in the earlier settlements of the east and south, while more to west and north their tenure would be one rather of conquest than of colonization, and the free families much fewer and more scattered.\* But further you have noticed, I dare say, the exceptional fact that the county of Sussex, besides the division into hundreds, is divided also into "rapes"; thus the "rape" of Bramber, and so on. Now this "rape" is a memorial of the violent transfer of landed property by William the Conqueror, the lands being rudely plotted out for division by the "rope" or "rape," which was a favorite way with these Norman intruders; and thus we keep in this word a memento to the present day in our language of the rough and ready processes adopted by the men of other times.†

257. Let us a little consider, in conclusion, how we may usefully bring our etymologies and other notices of words to bear on the religious teaching which we would impart in our schools. To do this with much profit we must often deal with words as the Queen does with the gold and silver coin of the realm. When this has been current long, and by often passing from man to man, with perhaps occasional clipping in dishonest hands, has lost not only the clear brightness, the well-defined sharpness of outline, but much of the weight and in-

trinsic value which it had when first issued from the royal mint, it is the sovereign's prerogative to recall it, and issue it anew, with the royal image stamped on it afresh, bright and sharp, weighty and full, as at first. Now to a process such as this the true mint-masters of language, and all of us may be such, will often submit the words which they use. Where use and custom have worn away their significance, we too may recall and issue them afresh. With how many it has thus fared!—for example, with one which will be often in your mouths. You speak of the "lessons" of the day; but what is "lessons" here for most of us save a lazy synonym for the morning and evening chapters appointed to be read in church? But realize what the Church intended in calling these chapters by this name; namely, that they should be the daily instruction of her children; listen to them yourselves as such; lead your scholars to regard them as such, and in this use of "lessons" what a lesson for every one of us there may be! "Bible" itself, while we not irreverently use it, may yet be no more to us than the sign by which we designate the written Word of God. Keep in mind that it properly means the book, and nothing more; that once it could be employed of any book (in Chaucer it is so), and what matter of thought and reflection lies in this our present restriction of "bible" to one book, to the exclusion of all others! So strong has been the sense of Holy Scripture being *the Book*, the worthiest and best, that one which explained all other books, standing up in their midst—like Joseph's kingly sheaf, to which all the other sheaves did obeisance—that this name of "Bible" or "Book" has been restrained to it alone: just as "Scripture" means no more than "writing"; but this inspired Writing has been acknowledged so far above all other writings, that this name also it has obtained as exclusively its own.

258. Again, something may be learned from knowing that the "surname," as distinguished from the "Christian" name, is the name over

\* Kemble, *The Saxons in England*, vol. i. p. 240; Stubbs, *Constitutional History of England*, p. 98.

† Isaac Taylor, *Names and Places*, 2d edit. pp. 192, 365. Compare the use of *σχοίνισμα* in the Septuagint, as at Deut. xxxii. 9.

and above, not "sire"-name, or name received from the father, as some explain, but "sur"-name (super nomen). There was never, that is, a time when every baptized man had not a Christian name, the recognition of his personal standing before God; while the surname, the name expressing his relation, not to the kingdom of God, but to a worldly society, is of much later growth, superadded to the other, as the word itself declares. What a lesson at once in the growing up of a human society, and in the contrast between it and the heavenly Society of the Church, might be appended to this explanation! There was a period when only a few had surnames; had, that is, any significance in the order of things temporal; while the Christian name from the first was common to every man. All this might be brought usefully to bear on your exposition of the first words in the Catechism.

259. There are long Latin words, which, desire as we may to use all plainness of speech, we cannot do without, nor find their adequate substitutes in other parts of our language; words which must always remain the vehicles of much of that truth by which we live. Now in explaining these, make it your rule always to start, where you can, from the derivation, and to turn to that as often as you can. Thus you wish to explain "revelation." How much will be gained if you can attach some distinct image to the word, one to which your scholars, as often as they hear it, may mentally recur. Nor is this difficult. God's "revelation" of Himself is a drawing back of the veil or curtain which concealed Him from men; not man finding out God, but God discovering Himself to man; all which is contained in the word. Or you wish to explain "absolution." Many will know that it has something to do with the pardon of sins; but how much more accurately will they know this, when they know that "to absolve" means "to loosen from"; God's "absolution" of men being his releasing of them from the bands of those sins with which they were bound. Here

every one will connect a distinct image with the word, such as will always come to his help when he would realize what its precise meaning may be. That which was done for Lazarus naturally, the Lord exclaiming, "Loose him, and let him go," the same is done spiritually for us when we receive the "absolution" of our sins.

260. Tell them that "atonement" means "at-one-ment"—the setting at one of those who were at twain before, namely God and man, and they will attach to "atonement" a definite meaning, which perhaps in no way else it would have possessed for them; and from this you may muster the passages in Scripture which describe the sinner's state as one of separation, estrangement, alienation from God, the Christian's state as one in which he walks together with God, because the two have been set "at one." Or you have to deal with the following, "to redeem," "Redeemer," "redemption." Lose not yourselves in vague generalities, but fasten on the central point of these, that they imply a "buying," and not this merely, but a "buying back"; and then connect with them, so explained, the whole circle of Scriptures which rest on this image, which speak of sin as a slavery, of sinners as bondsmen of Satan, of Christ's blood as a ransom, of the Christian as one restored to his liberty.

261. Many words more suggest themselves; I will not urge more than one; but that one, because in it is a lesson more for ourselves than for others, and with such I would fain bring these lectures to a close. How solemn a truth we express naming our work in this world our "vocation," or, which is the same in homelier Anglo-Saxon, our "calling." What a calming, elevating, ennobling view of the tasks appointed us in this world, this word gives us. We did not come to our work by accident; we did not choose it for ourselves; but, in the midst of much which may wear the appearance of accident and self-choosing, came to it by God's leading and appointment. How will this consideration help us to

appreciate justly the dignity of our work, though it were far humbler work even in the eyes of men, than that of any one of us here present ! What an assistance in calming unsettled thoughts and desires, such as would make us wish to be something else than that which we are ! What a source of confidence, when we are tempted to lose heart, and to doubt whether we shall carry through our work with any blessing or profit to ourselves or to others ! It is our “ vocation,” not our choosing but our “ calling” ; and He who “ called” us to it, will, if only we will ask Him, fit us for it, and strengthen us in it.

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# THE EVOLUTIONIST AT LARGE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

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### PREFACE.

THESE essays originally appeared in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette*, and I have to thank the courtesy of the editor for kind permission to republish them. My object in writing them was to make the general principles and methods of evolutionists a little more familiar to unscientific readers. Biologists usually deal with those underlying points of structure which are most really important, and on which all technical discussion must necessarily be based. But ordinary people care little for such minute anatomical and physiological details. They cannot be expected to interest themselves in the *flexor pollicis longus*, or the *hippocampus major*, about whose very existence they are ignorant, and whose names suggest to them nothing but unpleasant ideas. What they want to find out is how the outward and visible forms of plants and animals were produced. They would much rather learn why birds have feathers than why they have a keeled sternum; and they think the origin of bright flowers far more attractive than the origin of monocotyledonous seeds or exogenous stems. It is with these surface questions of obvious outward appearance that I have

attempted to deal in this little series. My plan is to take a simple and well-known natural object, and give such an explanation as evolutionary principles afford of its most striking external features. A strawberry, a snail-shell, a tadpole, a bird, a wayside flower—these are the sort of things which I have tried to explain. If I have not gone very deep, I hope at least that I have suggested in simple language the right way to go to work.

I must make an apology for the form in which the essays are cast, so far as regards the apparent egotism of the first person. When they appeared anonymously in the columns of a daily paper, this air of personality was not so obtrusive: now that they reappear under my own name, I fear it may prove somewhat too marked. Nevertheless, to cut out the personal pronoun would be to destroy the whole machinery of the work: so I have reluctantly decided to retain it, only begging the reader to bear in mind that the *I* of the essays is not a real personage, but the singular number of the editorial *we*.

I have made a few alterations and corrections in some of the papers, so as to bring the statements into closer accordance with scientific accuracy. At the same time, I should like to add that

I have intentionally simplified the scientific facts as far as possible. Thus, instead of saying that the groundsel is a composite, I have said that it is a daisy by family; and instead of saying that the ascidian larva belongs to the sub-kingdom Chordata, I have said that it is a first cousin of the tadpole. For these simplifications, I hope technical biologists will pardon me. After all, if you wish to be understood, it is best to speak to people in words whose meanings they know. Definite and accurate terminology is necessary to express definite and accurate knowledge; but one may use vague expressions where the definite ones would convey no ideas.

G. A.

## I.

### MICROSCOPIC BRAINS.

SITTING on this little rounded boss of gneiss beside the path which cuts obliquely through the meadow, I am engaged in watching a brigade of ants out on foraging duty, and intent on securing for the nest three whole segments of a deceased earthworm. They look for all the world like those busy companies one sees in the Egyptian wall-paintings, dragging home a huge granite colossus by sheer force of bone and sinew. Every muscle in their tiny bodies is strained to the utmost as they prise themselves laboriously against the great boulders which strew the path, and which are known to our Brobdignagian intelligence as grains of sand. Besides the workers themselves, a whole battalion of stragglers runs to and fro upon the broad line which leads to the headquarters of the community. The province of these stragglers, who seem so busy doing nothing, probably consists in keeping communications open, and encouraging the sturdy pullers by occasional relays of fresh workmen. I often wish that I could for a while get inside those tiny brains, and see, or rather smell, the world as ants do. For there can be little doubt that to these brave little carnivores here the universe is chiefly known as a collective bundle of odors, simultaneous or consecutive.

As our world is mainly a world of visible objects, theirs, I believe, is mainly a world of olfactible things.

In the head of every one of these little creatures is something that we may fairly call a brain. Of course most insects have no real brains; the nerve-substance in their heads is a mere collection of ill-arranged ganglia, directly connected with their organs of sense. Whatever man may be, an earwig at least is a conscious, or rather a semi-conscious, automaton. He has just a few knots of nerve-cells in his little pate, each of which leads straight from his dim eye or his vague ear or his indefinite organs of taste; and his muscles obey the promptings of external sensations without possibility of hesitation or consideration, as mechanically as the valve of a steam-engine obeys the governor-balls. You may say of him truly, "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu*;" and you need not even add the Leibnitzian saving clause, "*nisi ipse intellectus*;" for the poor soul's intellect is wholly deficient, and the senses alone make up all that there is of him, subjectively considered. But it is not so with the highest insects. They have something which truly answers to the real brain of men, apes, and dogs, to the cerebral hemispheres and the cerebellum which are superadded in us mammals upon the simple sense-centres of lower creatures. Besides the eye, with its optic nerve and optic perceptive organs—besides the ear, with its similar mechanism—we mammalian lords of creation have a higher and more genuine brain, which collects and compares the information given to the senses, and sends down the appropriate messages to the muscles accordingly. Now, bees and flies and ants have got much the same sort of arrangement, on a smaller scale, within their tiny heads. On top of the little knots which do duty as nerve-centres for their eyes and mouths, stand two stalked bits of nervous matter, whose duty is analogous to that of our own brains. And that is why these three sorts of insects think and reason so much more intellectually than beetles or butterflies, and why the larger

part of them have organized their domestic arrangements on such an excellent co-operative plan.

We know well enough what forms the main material of thought with bees and flies, and that is visible objects. For you must think about *something* if you think at all ; and you can hardly imagine a contemplative blow-fly setting itself down to reflect, like a Hindu devotee, on the syllable Om, or on the oneness of existence. Abstract ideas are not likely to play a large part in apian consciousness. A bee has a very perfect eye, and with this eye it can see not only form, but also color, as Sir John Lubbock's experiments have shown us. The information which it gets through its eye, coupled with other ideas derived from touch, smell, and taste, no doubt makes up the main thinkable and knowable universe as it reveals itself to the apian intelligence. To ourselves and to bees alike the world is, on the whole, a colored picture, with the notions of distance and solidity thrown in by touch and muscular effort ; but sight undoubtedly plays the first part in forming our total conception of things generally.

What, however, forms the thinkable universe of these little ants running to and fro so eagerly at my feet ? That is a question which used long to puzzle me in my afternoon walks. The ant has a brain and an intelligence, but that brain and that intelligence must have been developed out of *something*. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. You cannot think and know if you have nothing to think about. The intelligence of the bee and the fly was evolved in the course of their flying about and looking at things : the more they flew, and the more they saw, the more they knew ; and the more brain they got to think with. But the ant does not generally fly, and, as with most comparatively unlocomotive animals, its sight is bad. True, the winged males and females have retained in part the usual sharp eyes of their class—for they are first cousins to the bees—and they also possess three little eyelets or *ocelli*, which are wanting to the wingless neuters.

Without these they would never have found one another in their courtship, and they would have run their heads against the nearest tree, or rushed down the gaping throat of the first expectant swallow, and so effectually extinguished their race. Flying animals cannot do without eyes, and they always possess the most highly developed vision of any living creatures. But the wingless neuters are almost blind—in some species quite so ; and Sir John Lubbock has shown that their appreciation of color is mostly confined to an aversion to red light, and a comparative endurance of blue. Moreover, they are apparently deaf, and most of their other senses seem little developed. What can be the raw material on which that pin's head of a brain sets itself working ? For, small as it is, it is a wonderful organ of intellect ; and though Sir John Lubbock has shown us all too decisively that the originality and inventive genius of ants have been sadly overrated by Solomon and others, yet Darwin is probably right none the less in saying that no more marvellous atom of matter exists in the universe than this same wee lump of microscopic nerve-substance.

My dog Grip, running about on the path there, with his nose to the ground, and sniffing at every stick and stone he meets on his way, gives us the clew to solve the problem. Grip, as Professor Croom Robertson suggests, seems capable of extracting a separate and distinguishable smell from everything. I have only to shy a stone on the beach among a thousand other stones, and my dog, like a well-bred retriever as he is, selects and brings back to me that individual stone from all the stones around, by exercise of his nose alone. It is plain that Grip's world is not merely a world of sights, but a world of smells as well. He not only smells, but he remembers smells, he thinks smells, he even dreams smells, as you may see by his sniffing and growling in his sleep. Now, if I were to cut open Grip's head (which Heaven forbid), I should find in it a correspondingly big smell-nerve and smell-centre—an olfactory lobe, as the anatomo-

mists say. All the accumulated nasal experiences of his ancestors have made that lobe enormously developed. But in a man's head you would find a very large and fine optic centre, and only a mere shrivelled relic to represent the olfactory lobes. You and I and our ancestors have had but little occasion for sniffing and scenting ; our sight and our touch have done duty as chief intelligencers from the outer world ; and the nerves of smell, with their connected centres, have withered away to the degenerate condition in which they now are. Consequently, smell plays but a small part in our thought and our memories. The world that we know is chiefly a world of sights and touches. But in the brain of dog, or deer, or antelope, smell is a prevailing faculty ; it colors all their ideas, and it has innumerable nervous connections with every part of their brain. The big olfactory lobes are in direct communication with a thousand other nerves ; odors rouse trains of thought or powerful emotions in their minds just as visible objects do in our own.

Now, in the dog or the horse sight and smell are equally developed ; so that they probably think of most things about equally in terms of each. In ourselves, sight is highly developed, and smell is a mere relic ; so that we think of most things in terms of sight alone, and only rarely, as with a rose or a lily, in terms of both. But in ants, on the contrary, smell is highly developed and sight a mere relic ; so that they probably think of most things as smellable only, and very little as visible, in form or color. Dr. Bastian has shown that bees and butterflies are largely guided by scent ; and though he is certainly wrong in supposing that sight has little to do with leading them to flowers (for if you cut off the bright-colored corolla they will never discover the mutilated blossoms, even when they visit others on the same plant), yet the mere fact that so many flowers are scented is by itself enough to show that perfume has a great deal to do with the matter. In wingless ants, while the eyes have undergone degeneration, this

high sense of smell has been continued and further developed, till it has become their principal sense-endowment, and the chief raw material of their intelligence. Their active little brains are almost wholly engaged in correlating and co-ordinating smells with actions. Their olfactory nerves give them nearly all the information they can gain about the external world, and their brains take in this information and work out the proper movements which it indicates. By smell they find their way about and carry on the business of their lives. Just as you and I know the road from Regent's Circus to Pall Mall by visible signs of the street-corners and the Duke of York's Column, so these little ants know the way from the nest to the corpse of the dismembered worm by observing and remembering the smells which they met with on their way. See : I obliterate the track for an inch or two with my stick, and the little creatures go beside themselves with astonishment and dismay. They rush about wildly, inquiring of one another with their antennæ whether this is really Doomsday, and whether the whole course of nature has been suddenly revolutionized. Then, after a short consultation, they determine upon action ; and every ant starts off in a different direction to hunt the lost track, head to the ground, exactly as a pointer hunts the missing trail of a bird or hare. Each ventures an inch or so off, and then runs back to find the rest, for fear he should get isolated altogether. At last, after many failures, one lucky fellow hits upon the well-remembered train of scents, and rushes back, leaving smell-tracks no doubt upon the soil behind him. The message goes quickly round from post to post, each sentry making passes with his antennæ to the next picket, and so sending on the news to the main body in the rear. Within five minutes communications are re-established, and the precious bit of worm-meat continues triumphantly on its way along the recovered path. An ingenious writer would even have us believe that ants possess a scent-language of their own, and emit various odors

from their antennæ which the other ants perceive with theirs, and recognize as distinct in meaning. Be this as it may, you cannot doubt, if you watch them long, that scents and scents alone form the chief means by which they recollect and know one another, or the external objects with which they come in contact. The whole universe is clearly to them a complicated picture made up entirely of infinite interfusing smells.

## II.

### A WAYSIDE BERRY.

HALF-HIDDEN in the luxuriant growth of leaves and flowers that drape the deep side of this green lane, I have just espied a little picture in miniature, a tall wild strawberry-stalk with three full red berries standing out on its graceful branchlets. There are glossy hart's-tongues on the matted bank, and yellow hawkweeds, and bright bunches of red campion; but somehow, amid all that wealth of shape and color, my eye falls and rests instinctively upon the three little ruddy berries, and upon nothing else. I pick the single stalk from the bank and hold it here in my hands. The origin and development of these pretty bits of red pulp is one of the many curious questions upon which modern theories of life have cast such a sudden and unexpected flood of light. What makes the strawberry stalk grow out into this odd and brightly colored lump, bearing its small fruits imbedded on its swollen surface? Clearly the agency of those same small birds who have been mainly instrumental in dressing the hawk in its scarlet coat, and clothing the spindle-berries with their twofold covering of crimson doublet and orange cloak.

In common language we speak of each single strawberry as a fruit. But it is in reality a collection of separate fruits, the tiny yellow-brown grains which stud its sides being each of them an individual little nut; while the sweet pulp is, in fact, no part of the true fruit at all, but merely a swollen stalk. There is a white potentilla so like a strawberry blossom that even a botanist must look

closely at the plant before he can be sure of its identity. While they are in flower the two heads remain almost indistinguishable; but when the seed begins to set the potentilla develops only a collection of dry fruitlets, seated upon a green receptacle, the bed or soft expansion which hangs on to the "hull" or calyx. Each fruitlet consists of a thin covering, inclosing a solitary seed. You may compare one of them separately to a plum, with its single kernel, only that in the plum the covering is thick and juicy, while in the potentilla and the fruitlets of the strawberry it is thin and dry. An almond comes still nearer to the mark. Now the potentilla shows us, as it were, the primitive form of the strawberry. But in the developed ripe strawberry as we now find it the fruitlets are not crowded upon a green receptacle. After flowering, the strawberry receptacle lengthens and broadens, so as to form a roundish mass of succulent pulp; and as the fruitlets approach maturity this sour green pulp becomes soft, sweet, and red. The little seed-like fruits, which are the important organs, stand out upon its surface like mere specks; while the comparatively unimportant receptacle is all that we usually think of when we talk about strawberries. After our usual Proteogean fashion we regard man as the measure of all things, and pay little heed to any part of the compound fruit-cluster save that which ministers directly to our own tastes.

But why does the strawberry develop this large mass of apparently useless matter? Simply in order the better to insure the dispersion of its small brown fruitlets. Birds are always hunting for seeds and insects along the hedge-rows, and devouring such among them as contain any available foodstuff. In most cases they crush the seeds to pieces with their gizzards, and digest and assimilate their contents. Seeds of this class are generally inclosed in green or brown capsules, which often escape the notice of the birds, and so succeed in perpetuating their species. But there is another class of plants whose members possess hard and indigestible seeds, and

so turn the greedy birds from dangerous enemies into useful allies. Supposing there was by chance, ages ago, one of these primitive ancestral strawberries, whose receptacle was a little more pulpy than usual, and contained a small quantity of sugary matter, such as is often found in various parts of plants; then it might happen to attract the attention of some hungry bird, which, by eating the soft pulp, would help in dispersing the indigestible fruitlets. As these fruitlets sprang up into healthy young plants, they would tend to reproduce the peculiarity in the structure of the receptacle which marked the parent stock, and some of them would probably display it in a more marked degree. These would be sure to get eaten in their turn, and so to become the originators of a still more pronounced strawberry type. As time went on, the largest and sweetest berries would constantly be chosen by the birds, till the whole species began to assume its existing character. The receptacle would become softer and sweeter, and the fruits themselves harder and more indigestible: because, on the one hand, all sour or hard berries would stand a poorer chance of getting dispersed in good situations for their growth, while, on the other hand, all soft-shelled fruitlets would be ground up and digested by the bird, and thus effectually prevented from ever growing into future plants. Just in like manner, many tropical nuts have extravagantly hard shells, as only those survive which can successfully defy the teeth and hands of the clever and persistent monkey.

This accounts for the strawberry being sweet and pulpy, but not for its being red. Here, however, a similar reason comes into play. All ripening fruits and opening flowers have a natural tendency to grow bright red, or purple, or blue, though in many of them the tendency is repressed by the dangers attending brilliant displays of color. This natural habit depends upon the oxidation of their tissues, and is exactly analogous to the assumption of autumn tints by leaves. If a plant, or part of a plant, is injured by such a change of color,

though being rendered more conspicuous to its foes, it soon loses the tendency under the influence of natural selection; in other words, those individuals which most display it get killed out, while those which least display it survive and thrive. On the other hand, if conspicuousness is an advantage to the plant, the exact opposite happens, and the tendency becomes developed into a confirmed habit. This is the case with the strawberry, as with many other fruits. The more bright-colored the berry is, the better its chance of getting its fruitlets dispersed. Birds have quick eyes for color, especially for red and white; and therefore almost all edible berries have assumed one or other of these two hues. So long as the fruitlets remain unripe, and would therefore be injured by being eaten, the pulp remains sour, green, and hard; but as soon as they have become fit for dispersion it grows soft, fills with sugary juice, and acquires its ruddy outer flesh. Then the birds see and recognize it as edible, and govern themselves accordingly.

But if this is the genesis of the strawberry, asks somebody, why have not all the potentillas and the whole strawberry tribe also become berries of the same type? Why are there still potentilla fruit-clusters which consist of groups of dry seed-like nuts? Ay, there's the rub. Science cannot answer as yet. After all, these questions are still in their infancy, and we can scarcely yet do more than discover a single stray interpretation here and there. In the present case a botanist can only suggest either that the potentilla finds its own mode of dispersion equally well adapted to its own peculiar circumstances, or else that the lucky accident, the casual combination of circumstances, which produced the first elongation of the receptacle in the strawberry has never happened to befall its more modest kinsfolk. For on such occasional freaks of nature the whole evolution of new varieties entirely depends. A gardener may raise a thousand seedlings, and only one or none among them may present a single new and important feature. So a species may wait for a thousand years,

or forever, before its circumstances happen to produce the first step toward some desirable improvement. One extra petal may be invaluable to a five-rayed flower as effecting some immense saving of pollen in its fertilization; and yet the "sport" which shall give it this sixth ray may never occur, or may be trodden down in the mire and destroyed by a passing cow.

### III.

#### IN SUMMER FIELDS.

GRIP and I have come out for a morning stroll among the close-cropped pastures beside the beck, in the very centre of our green little dingle. Here I can sit, as is my wont, on a dry knoll, and watch the birds, beasts, insects, and herbs of the field, while Grip scours the place in every direction, intent, no doubt, upon those more practical objects—mostly rats, I fancy—which possess a congenial interest for the canine intelligence. From my coign of vantage on the knoll I can take care that he inflicts no grievous bodily injury upon the sheep, and that he receives none from the quick-tempered cow with the brass-knobbed horns. For a kind of ancestral feud seems to smoulder forever between Grip and the whole race of kine, breaking out every now and then into open warfare, which calls for my prompt interference, in an attitude of armed but benevolent neutrality, merely for the friendly purpose of keeping the peace.

This ancient feud, I imagine, is really ancestral, and dates many ages farther back in time than Grip's individual experiences. Cows hate dogs instinctively, from their earliest calfhood upward. I used to doubt once upon a time whether the hatred was not of artificial origin and wholly induced by the inveterate human habit of egging on every dog to worry every other animal that comes in its way. But I tried a mild experiment one day by putting a half-grown town-bred puppy into a small inclosure with some hitherto unworried calves, and they all turned to make a common headway

against the intruder with the same striking unanimity as the most ancient and experienced cows. Hence I am inclined to suspect that the antipathy does actually result from a vaguely inherited instinct derived from the days when the ancestor of our kine was a wild bull, and the ancestor of our dogs a wolf, on the wide forest-clad plains of Central Europe. When a cow puts up its tail at sight of a dog entering its paddock at the present day, it has probably some dim instinctive consciousness that it stands in the presence of a dangerous hereditary foe; and as the wolves could only seize with safety a single isolated wild bull, so the cows now usually make common cause against the intruding dog, turning their heads in one direction with very unwonted unanimity, till his tail finally disappears under the opposite gate. Such inherited antipathies seem common and natural enough. Every species knows and dreads the ordinary enemies of its race. Mice scamper away from the very smell of a cat. Young chickens run to the shelter of their mother's wings when the shadow of a hawk passes over their heads. Mr. Darwin put a small snake into a paper bag, which he gave to the monkeys at the Zoo; and one monkey after another opened the bag, looked in upon the deadly foe of the quadrumanous kind, and promptly dropped the whole package with every gesture of horror and dismay. Even man himself—though his instincts have all weakened so greatly with the growth of his more plastic intelligence, adapted to a wider and more modifiable set of external circumstances—seems to retain a vague and original terror of the serpentine form.

If we think of parallel cases, it is not curious that animals should thus instinctively recognize their natural enemies. We are not surprised that they recognize their own fellows: and yet they must do so by means of some equally strange automatic and inherited mechanism in their nervous system. One butterfly can tell its mates at once from a thousand other species, though



it may differ from some of them only by a single spot or line, which would escape the notice of all but the most attentive observers. Must we not conclude that there are elements in the butterfly's feeble brain exactly answering to the blank picture of its specific type? So, too, must we not suppose that in every race of animals there arises a perceptive structure specially adopted to the recognition of its own kind? Babies notice human faces long before they notice any other living thing. In like manner we know that most creatures can judge instinctively of their proper food. One young bird just fledged naturally pecks at red berries; another exhibits an untaught desire to chase down grasshoppers; a third, which happens to be born an owl, turns at once to the congenial pursuit of small sparrows, mice, and frogs. Each species seems to have certain faculties so arranged that the sight of certain external objects, frequently connected with food in their ancestral experience, immediately arouses in them the appropriate actions for its capture. Mr. Douglas Spalding found that newly-hatched chickens darted rapidly and accurately at flies on the wing. When we recollect that even so late an acquisition as articulate speech in human beings has its special physical seat in the brain, it is not astonishing that complicated mechanisms should have arisen among animals for the due perception of mates, food, and foes respectively. Thus, doubtless, the serpent form has imprinted itself indelibly on the senses of monkeys, and the wolf or dog form on those of cows: so that even with a young ape or calf the sight of these their ancestral enemies at once calls up uneasy or terrified feelings in their half-developed minds. Our own infants in arms have no personal experience of the real meaning to be attached to angry tones, yet they shrink from the sound of a gruff voice even before they have learned to distinguish their nurse's face.

When Grip gets among the sheep, their hereditary traits come out in a very different manner. They are by

nature and descent timid mountain animals, and they have never been accustomed to face a foe, as cows and buffaloes are wont to do, especially when in a herd together. You cannot see many traces of the original mountain life among sheep, and yet there are still a few remaining to mark their real pedigree. Mr. Herbert Spencer has noticed the fondness of lambs for frisking on a hillock, however small; and when I come to my little knoll here, I generally find it occupied by a couple, who rush away on my approach, but take their stand instead on the merest ant-hill which they can find in the field. I once knew three young goats, kids of a mountain breed, and the only elevated object in the paddock where they were kept was a single old elm stump. For the possession of this stump the goats fought incessantly; and the victor would proudly perch himself on the top, with all four legs inclined inward (for the whole diameter of the tree was but some fifteen inches), maintaining himself in his place with the greatest difficulty, and butting at his two brothers until at last he lost his balance and fell. This one old stump was the sole representative in their limited experience of the rocky pinnacle upon which their forefathers kept watch like sentinels; and their instinctive yearnings prompted them to perch themselves upon the only available memento of their native haunts. Thus, too, but in a dimmer and vaguer way, the sheep, especially during his younger days, loves to revert, so far as his small opportunities permit him, to the unconsciously remembered habits of his race. But in mountain countries, every one must have noticed how the sheep at once becomes a different being. On the Welsh hills he casts away all the dull and heavy serenity of his brethren on the South Downs, and displays once more the freedom, and even the comparative boldness, of a mountain breed. A Merionethshire ewe thinks nothing of running up one side of a low-roofed barn and down the other, or of clearing a stone wall which a Leicestershire farmer would consider extravagantly high.

Another mountain trait in the stereotyped character of sheep is their well-known sequaciousness. When Grip runs after them they all run away together : if one goes through a certain gap in the hedge, every other follows ; and if the leader jumps the beck at a certain spot, every lamb in the flock jumps in the self-same place. It is said that if you hold a stick for the first sheep to leap over, and then withdraw it, all the succeeding sheep will leap with mathematical accuracy at the corresponding point ; and this habit is usually held up to ridicule as proving the utter stupidity of the whole race. It really proves nothing but the goodness of their ancestral instincts. For mountain animals, accustomed to follow a leader, that leader being the bravest and strongest ram of the flock, must necessarily follow him with the most implicit obedience. He alone can see what obstacles come in the way ; and each of the succeeding train must watch and imitate the actions of their predecessors. Otherwise, if the flock happens to come to a chasm, running as they often must with some speed, any individual which stopped to look and decide for itself before leaping would inevitably be pushed over the edge by those behind it, and so would lose all chance of handing down its cautious and sceptical spirit to any possible descendants. On the other hand, those uninquiring and blindly obedient animals which simply did as they saw others do would both survive themselves and become the parents of future and similar generations. Thus there would be handed down from dam to lamb a general tendency to sequaciousness—a follow-my-leader spirit, which was really the best safeguard for the race against the evils of insubordination, still so fatal to Alpine climbers. And now that our sheep have settled down to a tame and monotonous existence on the downs of Sussex or the levels of the Midlands, the old instinct clings to them still, and speaks out plainly for their mountain origin. There are few things in nature more interesting to notice than these constant survivals of

instinctive habits in altered circumstances. They are to the mental life what rudimentary organs are to the bodily structure : they remind us of an older order of things, just as the abortive legs of the blind-worm show us that he was once a lizard, and the hidden shell of the slug that he was once a snail.

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#### IV.

##### A SPRIG OF WATER CROWFOOT.

THE little streamlet whose tiny ranges and stickles form the middle thread of this green combe in the Dorset downs is just at present richly clad with varied foliage. Tall spikes of the yellow flag rise above the slow-flowing pools, while purple loose-strife overhangs the bank, and bunches of the arrowhead stand high out of their watery home, just unfolding their pretty waxen white flowers to the air. In the rapids, on the other hand, I find the curious water crowfoot, a spray of which I have this moment pulled out of the stream and am now holding in my hand as I sit on the little stone bridge, with my legs dangling over the pool below, known to me as the undoubted residence of a pair of trout. It is a queer plant, this crowfoot, with its two distinct types of leaves, much cleft below and broad above ; and I often wonder why so strange a phenomenon has attracted such very scant attention. But then we knew so little of life in any form till the day before yesterday that perhaps it is not surprising we should still have left so many odd problems quite untouched.

This problem of the shape of leaves certainly seems to me a most important one ; and yet it has hardly been even recognized by our scientific pastors and masters. At best, Mr. Herbert Spencer devotes to it a passing short chapter, or Mr. Darwin a stray sentence. The practice of classifying plants mainly by means of their flowers has given the flower a wholly factitious and overwrought importance. Besides, flowers are so pretty, and we cultivate them so largely, with little regard to the leaves,

that they have come to usurp almost the entire interest of botanists and horticulturists alike. Darwinism itself has only heightened this exclusive interest by calling attention to the reciprocal relations which exist between the honey-bearing blossom and the fertilizing insect, the bright-colored petals and the myriad facets of the butterfly's eye. Yet the leaf is after all the real plant, and the flower is but a sort of after-thought, an embryo colony set apart for the propagation of like plants in future. Each leaf is in truth a separate individual organism, united with many others into a compound community, but possessing in full its own mouths and digestive organs, and carrying on its own life to a great extent independently of the rest. It may die without detriment to them; it may be lopped off with a few others as a cutting, and it continues its life-cycle quite unconcerned. An oak tree in full foliage is a magnificent group of such separate individuals—a whole nation in miniature; it may be compared to a branched coral polypedom covered with a thousand little insect workers, while each leaf answers rather to the separate polypes themselves. The leaves are even capable of producing new individuals by what they contribute to the buds on every branch; and the seeds which the tree as a whole produces are to be looked upon rather as the founders of fresh colonies, like the swarms of bees, than as fresh individuals alone. Every plant community, in short, both adds new members to its own commonwealth, and sends off totally distinct germs to form new commonwealths elsewhere. Thus the leaf is, in truth, the central reality of the whole plant, while the flower exists only for the sake of sending out a shipload of young emigrants every now and then to try their fortunes in some unknown soil.

The whole life-business of a leaf is, of course, to eat and grow, just as these same functions form the whole life-business of a caterpillar or a tadpole. But the way a plant eats, we all know, is by taking carbon and hydrogen from air and water under the influence of

sunlight, and building them up into appropriate compounds in its own body. Certain little green worms or convoluta have the same habit, and live for the most part cheaply off sunlight, making starch out of carbonic acid and water by means of their inclosed chlorophyl, exactly as if they were leaves. Now, as this is what a leaf has to do, its form will almost entirely depend upon the way it is affected by sunlight and the elements around it—except, indeed, in so far as it may be called upon to perform other functions, such as those of defence or defiance. This crowfoot is a good example of the results produced by such agents. Its lower leaves, which grow under water, are minutely subdivided into little branching lance-like segments; while its upper ones, which raise their heads above the surface, are broad and united, like the common crowfoot type. How am I to account for these peculiarities? I fancy somehow thus:

Plants which live habitually under water almost always have thin, long, pointed leaves, often thread-like or mere waving filaments. The reason for this is plain enough. Gases are not very abundant in water, as it only holds in solution a limited quantity of oxygen and carbonic acid. Both of these the plant needs, though in varying quantities: the carbon to build up its starch, and the oxygen to use up in its growth. Accordingly, broad and large leaves would starve under water: there is not material enough diffused through it for them to make a living from. But small, long, waving leaves which can move up and down in the stream would manage to catch almost every passing particle of gaseous matter, and to utilize it under the influence of sunlight. Hence all plants which live in fresh water, and especially all plants of higher rank, have necessarily acquired such a type of leaf. It is the only form in which growth can possibly take place under their circumstances. Of course, however, the particular pattern of leaf depends largely upon the ancestral form. Thus this crowfoot, even in its submerged leaves, preserves the general

arrangement of ribs and leaflets common to the whole buttercup tribe. For the crowfoot family is a large and eminently adaptable race. Some of them are larkspurs and similar queerly-shaped blossoms; others are columbines which hang their complicated bells on dry and rocky hillsides; but the larger part are buttercups or marsh marigolds which have simple cup-shaped flowers, and mostly frequent low and marshy ground. One of these typical crowfoots under stress of circumstances—inundation, or the like—took once upon a time to living pretty permanently in the water. As its native meadows grew deeper and deeper in flood it managed from year to year to assume a more nautical life. So, while its leaf necessarily remained in general structure a true crowfoot leaf, it was naturally compelled to split itself up into thinner and narrower segments, each of which grew out in the direction where it could find most stray carbon atoms, and most sunlight, without interference from its neighbors. This, I take it, was the origin of the much-divided lower leaves.

But a crowfoot could never live permanently under water. Seaweeds and their like, which propagate by a kind of spores, may remain below the surface forever; but flowering plants for the most part must come up to the open air to blossom. The sea-weeds are in the same position as fish, originally developed in the water and wholly adapted to it, whereas flowering plants are rather analogous to seals and whales, air-breathing creatures, whose ancestors lived on land, and who can themselves manage an aquatic existence only by frequent visits to the surface. So some flowering water-plants actually detach their male blossoms altogether, and let them float loose on the top of the water; while they send up their female flowers by means of a spiral coil, and draw them down again as soon as the wind or the fertilizing insects have carried the pollen to its proper receptacle, so as to ripen their seeds at leisure beneath the pond. Similarly, you may see the arrowhead and the water-lilies sending up their buds to open freely in

the air, or loll at ease upon the surface of the stream. Thus the crowfoot, too, cannot blossom to any purpose below the water; and as such among its ancestors as at first tried to do so must of course have failed in producing any seed, they and their kind have died out forever; while only those lucky individuals whose chance lot it was to grow a little taller and weedier than the rest, and so overtop the stream, have handed down their race to our own time.

But as soon as the crowfoot finds itself above the level of the river, all the causes which made its leaf like those of other aquatic plants have ceased to operate. The new leaves which sprout in the air meet with abundance of carbon and sunlight on every side; and we know that plants grow fast just in proportion to the supply of carbon. They have pushed their way into an unoccupied field, and they may thrive apace without let or hindrance. So, instead of splitting up into little lance-like leaflets, they loll on the surface, and spread out broader and fuller, like the rest of their race. The leaf becomes at once a broad type of crowfoot leaf. Even the ends of the submerged leaves, when any fall of the water in time of drought raises them above the level, have a tendency (as I have often noticed) to grow broader and fatter, with increased facilities for food; but when the whole leaf rises from the first to the top the inherited family instinct finds full play for its genius, and the blades fill out as naturally as well-bred pigs. The two types of leaf remind one much of gills and lungs respectively.

But above water, as below it, the crowfoot remains in principle a crowfoot still. The traditions of its race, acquired in damp marshy meadows, not actually under water, cling to it yet in spite of every change. Born river and pond plants which rise to the surface, like the water-lily or the duckweed, have broad floating leaves that contrast strongly with the waving filaments of wholly submerged species. They can find plenty of food everywhere, and as the sunlight falls flat upon them, they may as well spread out

flat to catch the sunlight. No other elbowing plants overtop them and appropriate the rays, so compelling them to run up a useless waste of stem in order to pocket their fair share of the golden flood. Moreover, they thus save the needless expense of a stout leaf-stalk, as the water supports their lolling leaves and blossoms; while the broad shade which they cast on the bottom below prevents the undue competition of other species. But the crowfoot, being by descent a kind of buttercup, has taken to the water for a few hundred generations only, while the water-lily's ancestors have been to the manner born for millions of years; and therefore it happens that the crowfoot is at heart but a meadow buttercup still. One glance at its simple little flower will show you that in a moment.

### V.

#### SLUGS AND SNAILS.

HOEING among the flower-beds on my lawn this morning—for I am a bit of a gardener in my way—I have had the ill-luck to maim a poor yellow slug, who had hidden himself among the encroaching grass on the edge of my little parterre of sky-blue lobelias. This unavoidable wounding and hacking of worms and insects, despite all one's care, is no small drawback to the pleasures of gardening *in propria persona*. Vivisection for genuine scientific purposes in responsible hands, one can understand and tolerate, even though lacking the heart for it one's self; but the useless and causeless vivisection which cannot be prevented in every ordinary piece of farm-work seems a gratuitous blot upon the face of beneficent nature. My only consolation lies in the half-formed belief that feeling among these lower creatures is indefinite, and that pain appears to affect them far less acutely than it affects warm-blooded animals. Their nerves are so rudely distributed in loose knots all over the body, instead of being closely bound together into a single central system as with ourselves, that they can scarcely possess a consciousness of pain

at all analogous to our own. A wasp whose head has been severed from its body and stuck upon a pin, will still greedily suck up honey with its throatless mouth; while an Italian mantis, similarly treated, will calmly continue to hunt and dart at midges with its decapitated trunk and limbs, quite forgetful of the fact that it has got no mandibles left to eat them with. These peculiarities lead one to hope that insects may feel pain less than we fear. Yet I dare scarcely utter the hope, lest it should lead any thoughtless hearer to act upon the very questionable belief, as they say even the amiable enthusiasts of Port Royal acted upon the doctrine that animals were mere unconscious automata, by pushing their theory to the too practical length of active cruelty. Let us at least give the slugs and beetles the benefit of the doubt. People often say that science makes men unfeeling: for my own part, I fancy it makes them only the more humane, since they are the better able dimly to figure to themselves the pleasures and pains of humbler beings as they really are. The man of science perhaps realizes more vividly than all other men the inner life and vague rights even of crawling worms and ugly earwigs.

I will take up this poor slug whose mishap has set me preaching, and put him out of his misery at once, if misery it be. My hoe has cut through the soft flesh of the mantle and hit against the little embedded shell. Very few people know that a slug has a shell, but it has, though quite hidden from view; at least, in this yellow kind—for there are other sorts which have got rid of it altogether. I am not sure that I have wounded the poor thing very seriously; for the shell protects the heart and vital organs, and the hoe has glanced off on striking it, so that the mantle alone is injured, and that, by no means irrecoverably. Snail flesh heals fast, and on the whole I shall be justified, I think, in letting him go. But it is a very curious thing that this slug should have a shell at all! Of course it is by descent a snail, and, in-

deed, there are very few differences between the two races except in the presence or absence of a house. You may trace a curiously complete set of gradations between the perfect snail and the perfect slug in this respect ; for all the intermediate forms still survive with only an almost imperceptible gap between each species and the next. Some kinds, like the common brown garden snail, have comparatively small bodies and big shells, so that they can retire comfortably within them when attacked ; and if they only had a lid or door to their houses they could shut themselves up hermetically, as periwinkles and similar mollusks actually do. Other kinds, like the pretty golden amber-snails which frequent marshy places, have a body much too big for its house, so that they cannot possibly retire within their shells completely. Then come a number of intermediate species, each with progressively smaller and thinner shells, till at length we reach the testacella, which has only a sort of limpet-shaped shield on his tail, so that he is generally recognized as being the first of the slugs rather than the last of the snails. You will not find a testacella unless you particularly look for him, for he seldom comes above ground, being a most bloodthirsty subterranean carnivore who follows the burrows of earthworms as savagely as a ferret tracks those of rabbits ; but in all the southern and western counties you may light upon stray specimens if you search carefully in damp places under fallen leaves. Even in testacellæ, however, the small shell is still external. In this yellow slug here, on the contrary, it does not show itself at all, but is buried under the closely wrinkled skin of the glossy mantle. It has become a mere saucer, with no more symmetry or regularity than an oyster-shell. Among the various kinds of slugs, you may watch this relic or rudiment gradually dwindling further and further towards annihilation ; till finally, in the great fat black slugs which appear so plentifully on the roads after summer showers, it is represented only by a few rough calcareous grains, scat-

tered up and down through the mantle ; and sometimes even these are wanting. The organs which used to secrete the shell in their remote ancestors have either ceased to work altogether or are reduced to performing a useless office by mere organic routine.

The reason why some mollusks have thus lost their shells is clear enough. Shells are of two kinds, calcareous and horny. Both of them require more or less lime or other mineral matters, though in varying proportions. Now, the snails which thrive best on the bare chalk downs behind my little combe belong to that pretty banded black-and-white sort which everybody must have noticed feeding in abundance on all chalk soils. Indeed, Sussex farmers will tell you that South Down mutton owes its excellence to these fat little mollusks, not to the scanty herbage of their thin pasture-lands. The pretty banded shells in question are almost wholly composed of lime, which the snails can, of course, obtain in any required quantity from the chalk. In most limestone districts you will similarly find that snails with calcareous shells predominate. But if you go into a granite or sandstone tract you will see that horny shells have it all their own way. Now, some snails with such houses took to living in very damp and marshy places, which they were naturally apt to do—as indeed the land-snails in a body are merely pond-snails which have taken to crawling up the leaves of marsh-plants, and have thus gradually acclimatized themselves to a terrestrial existence. We can trace a perfectly regular series from the most aquatic to the most land-loving species, just as I have tried to trace a regular series from the shell-bearing snails to the shell-less slugs. Well, when the earliest common ancestor of both these last-named races first took to living above water, he possessed a horny shell (like that of the amber-snail), which his progenitors used to manufacture from the mineral matters dissolved in their native streams. Some of the younger branches descended from this primeval land-snail took to living on

very dry land, and when they reached chalky districts manufactured their shells, on an easy and improved principle, almost entirely out of lime. But others took to living in moist and boggy places, where mineral matter was rare, and where the soil consisted for the most part of decaying vegetable mould. Here they could get little or no lime, and so their shells grew smaller and smaller, in proportion as their habits became more decidedly terrestrial. But to the last, as long as any shell at all remained, it generally covered their hearts and other important organs; because it would there act as a special protection, even after it had ceased to be of any use for the defence of the animal's body as a whole. Exactly in the same way men specially protected their heads and breasts with helmets and cuirasses, before armor was used for the whole body, because these were the places where a wound would be most dangerous; and they continued to cover these vulnerable spots in the same manner even when the use of armor had been generally abandoned. My poor mutilated slug, who is just now crawling off contentedly enough towards the hedge, would have been cut in two outright by my hoe had it not been for that solid calcareous plate of his, which saved his life as surely as any coat of mail.

How does it come, though, that slugs and snails now live together in the self-same districts? Why, because they each live in their own way. Slugs belong by origin to very damp and marshy spots; but in the fierce competition of modern life they spread themselves over comparatively dry places, provided there is long grass to hide in, or stones under which to creep, or juicy herbs like lettuce, among whose leaves are nice moist nooks wherein to lurk during the heat of the day. Moreover, some kinds of slugs are quite as well protected from birds (such as ducks) by their nauseous taste as snails are by their shells. Thus it happens that at present both races may be discovered in many hedges and thickets side by side, but the real home of each is quite differ-

ent. The truest and most snail-like snails are found in greatest abundance upon high chalk-downs, heathy limestone hills, and other comparatively dry places; while the truest and most slug-like slugs are found in greatest abundance among low water-logged meadows, or under the damp fallen leaves of moist copses. The intermediate kinds inhabit the intermediate places. Yet to the last even the most thorough-going snails retain a final trace of their original water-haunting life, in their universal habit of seeking out the coolest and moistest spots of their respective habitats. The soft-fleshed mollusks are all by nature aquatic animals, and nothing can induce them wholly to forget the old tradition of their marine or fresh-water existence.

## VI.

### A STUDY OF BONES.

ON the top of this bleak chalk down, where I am wandering on a dull afternoon, I light upon the blanched skeleton of a crow, which I need not fear to handle, as its bones have been first picked clean by carrion birds, and then finally purified by hungry ants, time, and stormy weather. I pick a piece of it up in my hands, and find that I have got hold of its clumped tail-bone. A strange fragment truly, with a strange history, which I may well spell out as I sit to rest a minute upon the neighboring stile. For this dry tail-bone consists, as I can see at a glance, of several separate vertebræ, all firmly welded together into a single piece. They must once upon a time have been real disconnected jointed vertebræ, like those of the dog's or lizard's tail; and the way in which they have become fixed fast into a solid mass sheds a world of light upon the true nature and origin of birds, as well as upon many analogous cases elsewhere.

When I say that these bones were once separate, I am indulging in no mere hypothetical Darwinian speculation. I refer, not to the race, but to the particular crow in person. These very pieces themselves, in their embry-

onic condition, were as distinct as the individual bones of the bird's neck or of our own spines. If you were to examine the chick in the egg you would find them quite divided. But as the young crow grows more and more into the typical bird-pattern, this lizard-like peculiarity fades away, and the separate pieces unite by "anastomosis" into a single "coccygean bone," as the osteologists call it. In all our modern birds, as in this crow, the vertebræ composing the tail-bone are few in number, and are soldered together immovably in the adult form. It was not always so, however, with ancestral birds. The earliest known member of the class—the famous fossil bird of the Solenhofen lithographic stone—retained throughout its whole life a long flexible tail, composed of twenty unwelded vertebræ, each of which bore a single pair of quill-feathers, the predecessors of our modern pigeon's train. There are many other marked reptilian peculiarities in this primitive oolitic bird; and it apparently possessed true teeth in its jaws, as its later cretaceous kinsmen discovered by Professor Marsh undoubtedly did. When we compare side by side those real flying dragons, the Pterodactyls, together with the very bird-like Deinosaurs, on the one hand, and these early toothed and lizard-tailed birds on the other, we can have no reasonable doubt in deciding that our own sparrows and swallows are the remote feathered descendants of an original reptilian or half-reptilian ancestor.

Why modern birds have lost their long flexible tails it is not difficult to see. The tail descends to all higher vertebrates as an heir-loom from the fishes, the amphibia, and their other aquatic predecessors. With these it is a necessary organ of locomotion in swimming, and it remains almost equally useful to the lithe and gliding lizard on land. Indeed, the snake is but a lizard who has substituted this wriggling motion for the use of legs altogether; and we can trace a gradual succession from the four-legged true lizards, through snake-like forms with two legs and wholly rudimentary legs,

to the absolutely limbless serpents themselves. But to flying birds, on the contrary, a long bony tail is only an inconvenience. All that they need is a little muscular knob for the support of the tail-feathers, which they employ as a rudder in guiding their flight upward or downward, to right or left. The elongated waving tail of the Solenhofen bird, with its single pair of quills, must have been a comparatively ineffectual and clumsy piece of mechanism for steering an aerial creature through its novel domain. Accordingly, the bones soon grew fewer in number and shorter in length, while the feathers simultaneously arranged themselves side by side upon the terminal hump. As early as the time when our chalk was deposited, the bird's tail had become what it is at the present day—a single united bone, consisting of a few scarcely distinguishable crowded rings. This is the form it assumes in the toothed fossil birds of Western America. But, as if to preserve the memory of their reptilian origin, birds in their embryo stage still go on producing separate caudal vertebræ, only to unite them together at a later point of their development into the typical coccygean bone.

Much the same sort of process has taken place in the higher apes, and, as Mr. Darwin would assure us, in man himself. There the long prehensile tail of the monkeys has grown gradually shorter, and, being at last coiled up under the haunches, has finally degenerated into an insignificant and wholly imbedded terminal joint. But, indeed, we can find traces of a similar adaptation to circumstances everywhere. Take, for instance, the common English amphibians. The newt passes all its life in the water, and therefore always retains its serviceable tail as a swimming organ. The frog in its tadpole state is also aquatic, and it swims wholly by means of its broad and flat rudder-like appendage. But as its legs bud out, and it begins to fit itself for a terrestrial existence, the tail undergoes a rapid atrophy, and finally fades away altogether. To a hopping frog on land, such a long train would be a useless



drag, while in the water its webbed feet and muscular legs make a satisfactory substitute for the lost organ. Last of all, the tree-frog, leading a specially terrestrial life, has no tadpole at all, but emerges from the egg in the full frog-like shape. As he never lives in the water, he never feels the need of a tail.

The edible crab and lobster show us an exactly parallel case among crustaceans. Everybody has noticed that a crab's body is practically identical with a lobster's, only that in the crab the body-segments are broad and compact, while the tail, so conspicuous in its kinsman, is here relatively small and tucked away unobtrusively behind the legs. This difference in construction depends entirely upon the habits and manners of the two races. The lobster lives among rocks and ledges; he uses his small legs but little for locomotion, but he springs surprisingly fast and far through the water by a single effort of his powerful muscular tail. As to his big fore-claws, those, we all know, are organs of prehension and weapons of offence, not pieces of locomotive mechanism. Hence the edible and muscular part of a lobster is chiefly to be found in the claws and tail, the latter having naturally the firmest and strongest flesh. The crab, on the other hand, lives on the sandy bottom, and walks about on its lesser legs, instead of swimming or darting through the water by blows of its tail, like the lobster or the still more active prawn and shrimp. Hence the crab's tail has dwindled away to a mere useless historical relic, while the most important muscles in its body are those seated in the network of shell just above its locomotive legs. In this case, again, it is clear that the appendage has disappeared because the owner had no further use for it. Indeed, if one looks through all nature, one will find the philosophy of tails eminently simple and utilitarian. Those animals that need them evolve them; those animals that do not need them never develop them; and those animals that have once had them, but no longer use them for practical purposes, retain a mere shriv-

elled rudiment as a lingering reminiscence of their original habits.

## VII.

### BLUE MUD.

AFTER last night's rain, the cliffs that bound the bay have come out in all their most brilliant colors; so this morning I am turning my steps seaward, and wandering along the great ridge of pebbles which here breaks the force of the Channel waves as they beat against the long line of the Dorset downs. Our cliffs just at this point are composed of blue lias beneath, with a capping of yellow sandstone on their summits, above which in a few places the layer of chalk that once topped the whole country-side has still resisted the slow wear and tear of unnumbered centuries. These three elements give a variety to the bold and broken bluffs which is rare along the monotonous southern escarpment of the English coast. After rain, especially, the changes of color on their sides are often quite startling in their vividness and intensity. To-day, for example, the yellow sandstone is tinged in parts with a deep russet red, contrasting admirably with the bright green of the fields above and the sombre steel-blue of the lias belt below. Besides, we have had so many landslips along this bit of shore, that the various layers of rock have in more than one place got mixed up with one another into inextricable confusion. The little town nestling in the hollow behind me has long been famous as the headquarters of early geologists; and not a small proportion of the people earn their livelihood to the present day by "goin' a fossiling." Every child about the place recognizes ammonites as "snake-stones;" while even the rarer vertebræ of extinct saurians have acquired a local designation as "verterberries." So, whether in search of science or the picturesque, I often clamber down in this direction for my daily stroll, particularly when, as is the case to-day, the rain has had time to trickle through the yellow rock, and the sun then shines full against its face, to

light it up with a rich flood of golden splendor.

The base of the cliffs consists entirely of a very soft and plastic blue lias mud. This mud contains large numbers of fossils, chiefly chambered shells, but mixed with not a few relics of the great swimming and flying lizards that swarmed among the shallow flats or low islands of the lias sea. When the blue mud was slowly accumulating in the hollows of the ancient bottom, these huge saurians formed practically the highest race of animals then existing upon earth. There were, it is true, a few primeval kangaroo-mice and wombats among the rank brushwood of the mainland; and there may even have been a species or two of reptilian birds, with murderous-looking teeth and long lizard-like tails—descendants of those problematical creatures which printed their footmarks on the American trias, and ancestors of the later toothed bird whose tail-feathers have been naturally lithographed for us on the Solenhofen slate. But in spite of such rare precursors of higher modern types, the saurian was in fact the real lord of earth in the lias ocean.

For him did his high sun flame, and his  
river billowing ran,  
And he felt himself in his pride to be  
nature's crowing race.

We have adopted an easy and slovenly way of dividing all rocks into primary, secondary, and tertiary, which veils from us the real chronological relations of evolving life in the different periods. The lias is ranked by geologists among the earliest secondary formations; but if we were to distribute all the sedimentary rocks into ten great epochs, each representing about equal duration in time, the lias would really fall in the tenth and latest of all. So very misleading to the ordinary mind is our accepted geological nomenclature. Nay, even commonplace geologists themselves often overlook the real implications of many facts and figures which they have learned to quote glibly enough in a certain off-hand way. Let me just briefly reconstruct the chief features of this scarcely recognized world's chro-

nology as I sit on this piece of fallen chalk at the foot of the mouldering cliff, where the stream from the meadow above brought down the newest landslip during the hard frosts of last December. First of all, there is the vast lapse of time represented by the Laurentian rocks of Canada. These Laurentian rocks, the oldest in the world, are at least 30,000 feet in thickness, and it must be allowed that it takes a reasonable number of years to accumulate such a mass of solid limestone or clay as that at the bottom of even the widest primeval ocean. In these rocks there are no fossils, except a single very doubtful member of the very lowest animal type. But there are indirect traces of life in the shape of limestone probably derived from shells, and of black lead probably derived from plants. All these early deposits have been terribly twisted and contorted by subsequent convulsions of the earth, and most of them have been melted down by volcanic action; so that we can tell very little about their original state. Thus the history of life opens for us, like most other histories, with a period of uncertainty: its origin is lost in the distant vistas of time. Still, we know that there *was* such an early period; and from the thickness of the rocks which represent it we may conjecture that it spread over three out of the ten great æons into which I have roughly divided geological time. Next comes the period known as the Cambrian, and to it we may similarly assign about two and a half æons on like grounds. The Cambrian epoch begins with a fair sprinkling of the lower animals and plants, presumably developed during the preceding age; but it shows no remains of fish or any other vertebrates. To the Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous periods we may roughly allow an æon and a fraction each; while to the whole group of secondary and tertiary strata, comprising almost all the best-known English formations—red marl, lias, oolite, greensand, chalk, cocene, miocene, pliocene, and drift—we can only give a single æon to be divided between them. Such facts will

sufficiently suggest how comparatively modern are all these rocks when viewed by the light of an absolute chronology. Now, the first fishes do not occur till the Silurian—that is to say, in or about the seventh æon after the beginning of geological time. The first mammals are found in the trias, at the beginning of the tenth æon. And the first known bird only makes its appearance in the oolite, about half way through that latest period. This will show that there was plenty of time for their development in the earlier ages. True, we must reckon the interval between ourselves and the date of this blue mud at many millions of years; but then we must reckon the interval between the lias and the earliest Cambrian strata at some six times as much, and between the lias and the lowest Laurentian beds at nearly ten times as much. Just the same sort of lessening perspective exists in geology as in ordinary history. Most people look upon the age before the Norman conquest as a mere brief episode of the English annals; yet six whole centuries elapsed between the landing of the real or mythical Hengst at Ebbfleet and the landing of William the Conqueror at Hastings; while under eight centuries elapsed between the time of William the Conqueror and the accession of Queen Victoria. But, just as most English histories give far more space to the three centuries since Elizabeth than to the eleven centuries which preceded them, so most books on geology give far more space to the single æon (embracing the secondary and tertiary periods) which comes nearest our own time, than to the nine æons which spread from the Laurentian to the Carboniferous epoch. In the earliest period, records either geological or historical are wholly wanting; in the later periods they become both more numerous and more varied in proportion as they approach nearer and nearer to our own time.

So, too, in the days when Mr. Darwin first took away the breath of scientific Europe by his startling theories, it used confidently to be said that geology had shown us no intermediate form

between species and species. Even at the time when this assertion was originally made it was quite untenable. All early geological forms, of whatever race, belong to what we foolishly call “generalized” types: that is to say, they present a mixture of features now found separately in several different animals. In other words, they represent early ancestors of all the modern forms, with peculiarities intermediate between those of their more highly differentiated descendants; and hence we ought to call them “unspecialized” rather than “generalized” types. For example, the earliest ancestral horse is partly a horse and partly a tapir: we may regard him as a *tertium quid*, a middle term, from which the horse has varied in one direction and the tapir in another, each of them exaggerating certain special peculiarities of the common ancestor and losing others, in accordance with the circumstances in which they have been placed. Science is now perpetually discovering intermediate forms, many of which compose an unbroken series between the unspecialized ancestral type and the familiar modern creatures. Thus, in this very case of the horse, Professor Marsh has unearthed a long line of fossil animals which lead in direct descent from the extremely unhorse-like eocene type to the developed Arab of our own times. Similarly with birds, Professor Huxley has shown that there is hardly any gap between the very bird-like lizards of the lias and the very lizard-like birds of the oolite. Such links, discovered afresh every day, are perpetual denials to the old parrot-like cry of “No geological evidence for evolution.”

## VIII.

### CUCKOO-PINT.

In the bank which supports the hedge, beside this little hanger on the flank of Black Down, the glossy arrow-headed leaves of the common arum form at this moment beautiful masses of vivid green foliage. “Cuckoo-pint” is the pretty poetical old English name for the plant; but village children know

it better by the equally quaint and fanciful title of "lords and ladies." The arum is not now in flower: it blossomed much earlier in the season, and its queer clustered fruits are just at present swelling out into rather shapeless little light-green bulbs, preparatory to assuming the bright coral-red hue which makes them so conspicuous among the hedgerows during the autumn months. A cut-and-dry technical botanist would therefore have little to say to it in its present stage, because he cares only for the flowers and seeds which help him in his dreary classifications, and give him so splendid an opportunity for displaying the treasures of his Latinized terminology. But to me the plant itself is the central point of interest, not the names (mostly in bad Greek) by which this or that local orchid-hunter has endeavored to earn immortality.

This arum, for example, grows first from a small hard seed with a single lobe or seed-leaf. In the seed there is a little store of starch and albumen laid up by the mother-plant, on which the young arum feeds, just as truly as the growing chick feeds on the white which surrounds its native yolk, or as you and I feed on the similar starches and albumens laid by for the use of the young plant in the grain of wheat, or for the young fowl in the egg. Full-grown plants live by taking in food-stuffs from the air under the influence of sunlight; but a young seedling can no more feed itself than a human baby can; and so food is stored up for it beforehand by the parent stock. As the kernel swells with heat and moisture, its starches and albumens get oxidized and produce the motions and rearrangements of particles that result in the growth of a new plant. First a little head rises toward the sunlight and a little root pushes downward toward the moist soil beneath. The business of the root is to collect water for the circulating medium—the sap or blood of the plant—as well as a few mineral matters required for its stem and cells; but the business of the head is to spread out into leaves, which are the real mouths and stomachs of the

compound organism. For we must never forget that all plants mainly grow, not, as most people suppose, from the earth, but from the air. They are for the most part mere masses of carbon-compounds, and the carbon in them comes from the carbonic acid diffused through the atmosphere around, and is separated by the sunlight acting in the leaves. There it mixes with small quantities of hydrogen and nitrogen brought by the roots from soil and water; and the starches or other bodies thus formed are then conveyed by the sap to the places where they will be required in the economy of the plant system. That is the all-important fact in vegetable physiology, just as the digestion and assimilation of food and the circulation of the blood are in our own bodies.

The arum, like the grain of wheat, has only a single seed-leaf; whereas the pea, as we all know, has two. This is the most fundamental difference among flowering plants, as it points back to an early and deep-seated mode of growth, about which they must have split off from one another millions of years ago. All the one-lobed plants grow with stems like grasses or bamboos, formed by single leaves inclosing another; all the double lobed plants grow with stems like an oak, formed of concentric layers from within outward. As soon as the arum, with its sprouting head, has raised its first leaves far enough above the ground to reach the sunlight, it begins to form fresh starches and new leaves for itself, and ceases to be dependent upon the store laid up in its buried lobe. Most seeds accordingly contain just enough material to support the young seedling till it is in a position to shift for itself; and this, of course, varies greatly with the habits and manners of the particular species. Some plants, too, such as the potato, find their seeds insufficient to keep up the race by themselves, and so lay by abundant starches in underground branches or tubers, for the use of new shoots; and these rich starch receptacles we ourselves generally utilize as food-stuffs, to the manifest detriment

of the young potato-plants, for whose benefit they were originally intended. Well, the arum has no such valuable reserve as that ; it is early cast upon its own resources, and so it shifts for itself with resolution. Its big, glossy leaves grow apace, and soon fill out, not only with green chlorophyl, but also with a sharp and pungent essence which makes them burn the mouth like cayenne pepper. This acrid juice has been acquired by the plant as a defence against its enemies. Some early ancestor of the arums must have been liable to constant attacks from rabbits, goats, or other herbivorous animals, and it has adopted this means of repelling their advances. In other words, those arums which were most palatable to the rabbits got eaten up and destroyed, while those which were nastiest survived, and handed down their pungency to future generations. Just in the same way nettles have acquired their sting and thistles their prickles, which efficiently protect them against all herbivores, except the patient, hungry donkey, who gratefully accepts them as a sort of *sauce piquante* to the succulent stems.

And now the arum begins its great preparations for the act of flowering. Everybody knows the general shape of the arum blossom—if not in our own purple cuckoo-pint, at least in the big white “Ethiopian lilies” which form such frequent ornaments of cottage windows. Clearly, this is a flower which the plant cannot produce without laying up a good stock of material beforehand. So its sets to work accumulating starch in its root. This starch it manufactures in its leaves, and then buries deep under ground in a tuber, by means of the sap, so as to secure it from the attacks of rodents, who too frequently appropriate to themselves the food intended by plants for other purposes. If you examine the tuber before the arum has blossomed, you will find it large and solid ; but if you dig it up in the autumn after the seeds have ripened, you will see that it is flaccid and drained ; all its starches and other contents have gone to make up the flower, the fruit, and the stalk which

bore them. But the tuber has a further protection against enemies besides its deep underground position. It contains an acrid juice like that of the leaves, which sufficiently guards it against four-footed depredators. Man, however, that most persistent of persecutors, has found out a way to separate the juice from the starch ; and in St. Helena the big white arum is cultivated as a food-plant, and yields the meal in common use among the inhabitants.

When the arum has laid by enough starch to make a flower it begins to send up a tall stalk, on the top of which grows the curious hooded blossom known to be one of the earliest forms still surviving upon earth. But now its object is to attract, not to repel, the animal world ; for it is an insect-fertilized flower, and it requires the aid of small flies to carry the pollen from blossom to blossom. For this purpose it has a purple sheath around its head of flowers and a tall spike on which they are arranged in two clusters, the male blossoms above and the female below. This spike is bright yellow in the cultivated species. The fertilization is one of the most interesting episodes in all nature, but it would take too long to describe here in full. The flies go from one arum to another, attracted by the color, in search of pollen ; and the pistils, or female flowers, ripen first. Then the pollen falls from the stamens or male flowers on the bodies of the flies, and dusts them all over with yellow powder. The insects, when once they have entered, are imprisoned until the pollen is ready to drop, by means of several little hairs, pointing downward, and preventing their exit on the principle of an cel-trap or lobster-pot. But as soon as the pollen is discharged the hairs wither away, and then the flies are free to visit a second arum. Here they carry the fertilizing dust with which they are covered to the ripe pistils, and so enable them to set their seed ; but, instead of getting away again as soon as they have eaten their fill, they are once more imprisoned by the lobster-pot hairs, and dusted with a

second dose of pollen, which they carry away in turn to a third blossom.

As soon as the pistils have been impregnated, the fruits begin to set. Here they are, on their tall spike, whose inclosing sheath has now withered away, while the top is at this moment slowly dwindling, so that only the cluster of berries at its base will finally remain. The berries will swell and grow soft, till in autumn they become a beautiful scarlet cluster of living coral. Then once more their object will be to attract the animal world, this time in the shape of field-mice, squirrels, and small birds ; but with a more treacherous intent. For though the berries are beautiful and palatable enough they are deadly poison. The robins or small rodents which eat them, attracted by their bright colors and pleasant taste, not only aid in dispersing them, but also die after swallowing them, and become huge manure heaps for the growth of the young plant. So the whole cycle of arum existence begins afresh, and there is hardly a plant in the field around me which has not a history as strange as this one.

## IX.

### BERRIES AND BERRIES.

THIS little chine, opening toward the sea through the blue lias cliffs, has been worn to its present pretty gorge-like depth by the slow action of its tiny stream—a mere thread of water in fine weather, that trickles down its centre in a series of mossy cascades to the shingly beach below. Its sides are overgrown by brambles and other prickly brushwood, which form in places a matted and impenetrable mass ; for it is the habit of all plants protected by the defensive armor of spines or thorns to cluster together in serried ranks, through which cattle or other intrusive animals cannot break. Among them, near the down above, I have just lighted upon a rare plant for Southern Britain—a wild raspberry-bush in full fruit. Raspberries are common enough in Scotland among heaps of stones on the windiest hillsides ; but the south of

England is too warm and sickly for their robust tastes, and they can only be found here in a few bleak spots like the stony edges of this weather-beaten down above the chine. The fruit itself is quite as good as the garden variety, for cultivation has added little to the native virtues of the raspberry. Good old Izaak Walton is not ashamed to quote a certain quaint saying of one Dr. Boteler concerning strawberries, and so I suppose I need not be afraid to quote it after him. “Doubtless,” said the Doctor, “God *could* have made a better berry, but doubtless also God never did.” Nevertheless, if you try the raspberry, picked fresh, with plenty of good country cream, you must allow that it runs its sister fruit a neck-and-neck race.

To compare the structure of a raspberry with that of a strawberry is a very instructive botanical study. It shows how similar causes may produce the same gross result in singularly different ways. Both are roses by family, and both have flowers essentially similar to that of the common dog-rose. But even in plants where the flowers are alike, the fruits often differ conspicuously, because fresh principles come into play for the dispersion and safe germination of the seed. This makes the study of fruits the most complicated part in the unravelling of plant life. After the strawberry has blossomed, the pulpy receptacle on which it bore its green fruitlets begins to swell and redden, till at length it grows into an edible berry, dotted with little yellow nuts, containing each a single seed. But in the raspberry it is the separate fruitlets themselves which grow soft and bright-colored, while the receptacle remains white and tasteless, forming the “hull” which we pull off from the berry when we are going to eat it. Thus the part of the raspberry which we throw away answers to the part of the strawberry which we eat. Only, in the raspberry the separate fruitlets are all crowded close together into a single united mass, while in the strawberry they are scattered about loosely, and imbedded in the soft flesh of the re-

ceptacle. The blackberry is another close relative ; but in its fruit the little pulpy fruitlets cling to the receptacle, so that we pick and eat them both together ; whereas in the raspberry the receptacle pulls out easily, and leaves a thimble-shaped hollow in the middle of the berry. Each of these little peculiarities has a special meaning of its own in the history of the different plants.

Yet the main object attained by all is in the end precisely similar. Strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries all belong to the class of attractive fruits. They survive in virtue of the attention paid to them by birds and small animals. Just as the wild strawberry which I picked in the hedgerow the other day procures the dispersion of its hard and indigestible fruitlets by getting them eaten together with the pulpy receptacle, so does the raspberry procure the dispersion of its soft and sugary fruitlets by getting them eaten all by themselves. While the strawberry fruitlets retain throughout their dry outer coating, in those of the raspberry the external covering becomes fleshy and red, but the inner seed has, notwithstanding, a still harder shell than the tiny nuts of the strawberry. Now, this is the secret of nine fruits out of ten. They are really nuts, which clothe themselves in an outer tunic of sweet and beautifully colored pulp. The pulp as it were, the plant gives in, as an inducement to the friendly bird to swallow its seed ; but the seed itself it protects by a hard stone or shell, and often by poisonous or bitter juices within. We see this arrangement very conspicuously in a plum, or still better in a mango ; though it is really just as evident in the raspberry, where the smaller size renders it less conspicuous to human sight.

It is a curious fact about the rose family that they have a very marked tendency to produce such fleshy fruits, instead of the mere dry seed-vessels of ordinary plants, which are named fruits only by botanical courtesy. For example, we owe to this single family the peach, plum, apricot, cherry, damson, pear, apple, medlar, and quince, all of them cultivated in gardens or orchards

for their fruits. The minor group known by the poetical name of Dryads, alone supplies us with the strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, and dewberry. Even the wilder kinds, refused as food by man, produce berries well known to our winter birds—the haw, rose-hip, sloe, bird-cherry, and rowan. On the other hand, the whole tribe numbers but a single thoroughgoing nut—the almond ; and even this nut, always somewhat soft-shelled and inclined to pulpiness, has produced by a “ sport ” the wholly fruit-like nectarine. The odd thing about the rose tribe, however, is this : that the pulpy tendency shows itself in very different parts among the various species. In the plum it is the outer covering of the true fruit which grows soft and colored ; in the apple it is a swollen mass of the fruit-stalk surrounding the ovules ; in the rose-hip it is the hollowed receptacle ; and in the strawberry it is the same receptacle, bulging out in the opposite direction. Such a general tendency to display color and collect sugary juices in so many diverse parts may be compared to the general bulbous tendency of the tiger-lily or the onion, and to the general succulent tendency of the cactus or the house-leek. In each case, the plant benefits by it in one form or another ; and whichever form happens to get the start in any particular instance is increased and developed by natural selection, just as favorable varieties of fruits or flowers are increased and developed in cultivated species by our own gardeners.

Sweet juices and bright colors, however, could be of no use to a plant till there were eyes to see and tongues to taste them. A pulpy fruit is in itself a mere waste of productive energy to its mother, unless the pulpiness aids in the dispersion and promotes the welfare of the young seedlings. Accordingly, we might naturally expect that there would be no fruit-bearers on the earth until the time when fruit-eaters, actual or potential, arrived upon the scene ; or, to put it more correctly, both must inevitably have developed simultaneously and in mutual dependence upon one

another. So we find no traces of succulent fruits even in so late a formation as that of these lias or cretaceous cliffs. The birds of that day were fierce-toothed carnivores, devouring the lizards and saurians of the rank low-lying sea-marshes; the mammals were most primeval kangaroos or low ancestral wombats, gentle herbivores, or savage marsupial wolves, like the Tasmanian devil of our own times. It is only in the very modern tertiary period, whose soft muddy deposits have not yet had time to harden under superincumbent pressure into solid stone, that we find the earliest traces of the rose family, the greatest fruit-bearing tribe of our present world. And side by side with them we find their clever aboreal allies, the ancestral monkeys and squirrels, the primitive robins, and the yet shadowy forefathers of our modern fruit-eating parrots. Just as bees and butterflies necessarily trace back their geological history only to the time of the first honey-bearing flowers, and just as the honey-bearing flowers in turn trace back their pedigree only to the date of the rudest and most unspecialized honey-sucking insects, so are fruits and fruit-eaters linked together in origin by the inevitable bond of a mutual dependence. No bee, no honey; and no honey, no bee: so, too, no fruit, no fruit-bird; and no fruit-bird, no fruit.

## X.

### DISTANT RELATIONS.

BEHIND the old mill, whose overshot wheel, backed by a wall thickly covered with the young creeping fronds of hart's-tongue ferns, forms such a picturesque foreground for the view of our little valley, the mill-stream expands into a small, shallow pond, overhung at its edges by thick-set hazel-bushes and clambering honeysuckle. Of course it is only dammed back by a mud wall, with sluices for the miller's water-power; but it has a certain rustic simplicity of its own, which makes it beautiful to our eyes for all that, in spite of its utilitarian origin. At the bottom of this shallow pond you may now see a

miracle daily taking place, which but for its commonness we should regard as an almost incredible marvel. You may there behold evolution actually illustrating the transformation of life under your very eyes: you may watch a low type of gill-breathing gristly-boned fish developing into the highest form of lung-breathing terrestrial amphibian. Nay, more—you may almost discover the earliest known ancestor of the whole vertebrate kind, the first cousin of that once famous ascidian larva, passing through all the upward stages of existence which finally lead it to assume the shape of a relatively perfect four-legged animal. For the pond is swarming with fat black tadpoles, which are just at this moment losing their tails and developing their legs, on the way to becoming fully formed frogs.

The tadpole and the ascidian larva divide between them the honor of preserving for us in all its native simplicity the primitive aspect of the vertebrate type. Beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes have all descended from an animal whose shape closely resembled that of these wriggling little black creatures which dart up and down like imps through the clear water, and raise a cloud of mud above their heads each time that they bury themselves comfortably in the soft mud of the bottom. But while the birds and beasts, on the one hand, have gone on bettering themselves out of all knowledge, and while the ascidian, on the other hand, in his adult form has dropped back into an obscure and sedentary life—sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything—the tadpole alone, at least during its early days, remains true to the ancestral traditions of the vertebrate family. When first it emerges from its egg it represents the very most rudimentary animal with a backbone known to our scientific teachers. It has a big hammer-looking head, and a set of branching outside gills, and a short distinct body, and a long semi-transparent tail. Its backbone is a mere gristly channel, in which lies its spinal cord. As it grows, it resembles in every particular the ascidian larva, with which, indeed,



Kowalewsky and Professor Ray Lankester have demonstrated its essential identity. But since a great many people seem wrongly to imagine that Professor Lankester's opinion on this matter is in some way at variance with Mr. Darwin's and Dr. Haeckel's, it may be well to consider what the degeneracy of the ascidian really means. The fact is, both larval forms—that of the frog and that of the ascidian—completely agree in the position of their brains, their gill-slits, their very rudimentary backbones, and their spinal cords. Moreover, we ourselves and the tadpole agree with the ascidian in a further most important point, which no invertebrate animal shares with us; and that is that our eyes grow out of our brains, instead of being part of our skin, as in insects and cuttle-fish. This would seem *à priori* a most inconvenient place for an eye—inside the brain; but then, as Professor Lankester cleverly suggests, our common original ancestor, the very earliest vertebrate of all, must have been a transparent creature, and therefore comparatively indifferent as to the part of his body in which his eye happened to be placed. In after ages, however, as vertebrates generally got to have thicker skulls and tougher skins, the eye-bearing part of the brain had to grow outward, and so reach the light on the surface of the body: a thing which actually happens to all birds, beasts, and reptiles in the course of their embryonic development. So that in this respect the ascidian larva is nearer to the original type than the tadpole or any other existing animal.

The ascidian, however, in mature life, has grown degraded and fallen from his high estate, owing to his bad habit of rooting himself to a rock and there settling down into a mere sedentary swallower of passing morsels—a blind, handless, footless, and degenerate thing. In his later shape he is but a sack fixed to a stone, and with all his limbs and higher sense-organs so completely atrophied that only his earlier history allows us to recognize him as a vertebrate by descent at all. He is in fact a representative of retrogressive

development. The tadpole, on the contrary, goes on swimming about freely, and keeping the use of its eyes, till at last a pair of hind legs and then a pair of fore legs begin to bud out from its side, and its tail fades away, and its gills disappear, and air-breathing lungs take their place, and it boldly hops on shore a fully evolved tailless amphibian.

There is, however, one interesting question about these two larvæ which I should much like to solve. The ascidian has only *one* eye inside its useless brain, while the tadpole and all other vertebrates have *two* from the very first. Now which of us most nearly represents the old mud-loving vertebrate ancestor in this respect? Have two original organs coalesced in the young ascidian, or has one organ split up into a couple with the rest of the class? I think the latter is the true supposition, and for this reason: In our heads, and those of all vertebrates, there is a curious cross-connection between the eyes and the brain, so that the right optic nerve goes to the left side of the brain and the left optic nerve goes to the right side. In higher animals, this “decussation,” as anatomists call it, affects all the sense-organs except those of smell; but in fishes it only affects the eyes. Now, as the young ascidian has retained the ancestral position of his almost useless eye so steadily, it is reasonable to suppose that he has retained its other peculiarities as well. May we not conclude, therefore, that the primitive vertebrate had only one brain-eye; but that afterward, as this brain-eye grew outward to the surface, it split up into two, because of the elongated and flattened form of the head in swimming animals, while its two halves still kept up a memory of their former union in the cross-connection with the opposite halves of the brain? If this be so, then we might suppose that the other organs followed suit, so as to prevent confusion in the brain between the two sides of the body; while the nose, which stands in the centre of the face, was under no liability to such error, and therefore still keeps up its primitive direct arrangement.

It is worth noting, too, that these tadpoles, like all other very low vertebrates, are mud-haunters ; and the most primitive among adult vertebrates are still cartilaginous mud-fish. Not much is known geologically about the predecessors of frogs ; the tailless amphibians are late arrivals upon earth, and it may seem curious, therefore, that they should recall in so many ways the earliest ancestral type. The reason doubtless is because they are so much given to larval development. Some ancestors of theirs—primeval newts or salamanders—must have gone on for countless centuries improving themselves in their adult shape from age to age, yet bringing all their young into the world from the egg, as mere mud-fish still, in much the same state as their unimproved forefathers had done millions of æons before. Similarly, caterpillars are still all but exact patterns of the primeval insect, while butterflies are totally different and far higher creatures. Thus, in spite of adult degeneracy in the ascidian and adult progress in the frog, both tadpoles preserve for us very nearly the original form of their earliest backboned ancestor. Each individual recapitulates in its own person the whole history of evolution in its race. This is a very lucky thing for biology ; since without these recapitulatory phases we could never have traced the true lines of descent in many cases. It would be a real misfortune for science if every frog had been born a typical amphibian, as some tree-toads actually are, and if every insect had emerged a fully formed adult, as some aphides very nearly do. Larvæ and embryos show us the original types of each race : adults show us the total amount of change produced by progressive or retrogressive development.

## XI.

### AMONG THE HEATHER.

THIS is the worst year for butterflies that I can remember. Entomologists all over England are in despair at the total failure of the insect crop, and have taken to botanizing, angling, and other

bad habits, in default of means for pursuing their natural avocation as beetle-stickers. Last year's heavy rains killed all the mothers as they emerged from the chrysalis ; and so only a few stray eggs have survived till this summer, when the butterflies they produce will all be needed to keep up next season's supply. Nevertheless, I have climbed the highest down in this part of the country to-day, and come out for an airing among the heather, in the vague hope that I may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of one or two old lepidopterous favorites. I am not a butterfly-hunter myself. I have not the heart to drive pins through the pretty creatures' downy bodies, or to stifle them with reeking chemicals ; though I recognize the necessity for a hardened class who will perform that useful office on behalf of science and society, just as I recognize the necessity for slaughtermen and knackers. But I prefer personally to lie on the ground at my ease and learn as much about the insect nature as I can discover from simple inspection of the living subject as it flits airily from bunch to bunch of bright-colored flowers.

I suppose even that apocryphal person, the general reader, would be insulted at being told at this hour of the day that all bright-colored flowers are fertilized by the visits of insects, whose attentions they are specially designed to solicit. Everybody has heard over and over again that roses, orchids, and columbines have acquired their honey to allure the friendly bee, their gaudy petals to advertise the honey, and their divers shapes to insure the proper fertilization by the correct type of insect. But everybody does not know how specifically certain blossoms have laid themselves out for a particular species of fly, beetle, or tiny moth. Here on the higher downs, for instance, most flowers are exceptionally large and brilliant ; while all Alpine climbers must have noticed that the most gorgeous masses of bloom in Switzerland occur just below the snow-line. The reason is, that such blossoms must be fertilized by butterflies alone. Bees, their great

rivals in honey-sucking, frequent only the lower meadows and slopes, where flowers are many and small : they seldom venture far from the hive or the nest among the high peaks and chilly nooks where we find those great patches of blue gentian or purple anemone, which hang like monstrous breadths of tapestry upon the mountain sides. This heather here, now fully opening in the warmer sun of the southern counties—it is still but in the bud among the Scotch hills, I doubt not—specially lays itself out for the humble-bee, and its masses form about his highest pasture-grounds ; but the butterflies—insect vagrants that they are—have no fixed home, and they therefore stray far above the level at which bee-blossoms altogether cease to grow. Now, the butterfly differs greatly from the bee in his mode of honey-hunting ; he does not bustle about in a business-like manner from one buttercup or dead-nettle to its nearest fellow ; but he flits joyously, like a sauntering straggler that he is, from a great patch of color here to another great patch at a distance, whose gleam happens to strike his roving eye by its size and brilliancy. Hence, as that indefatigable observer, Dr. Hermann Müller has noticed, all Alpine or hill-top flowers have very large and conspicuous blossoms, generally grouped together in big clusters so as to catch a passing glance of the butterfly's eye. As soon as the insect spies such a cluster, the color seems to act as a stimulant to his broad wings, just as the candle-light does to those of his cousin the moth. Off he sails at once, as if by automatic action, toward the distant patch, and there both robs the plant of its honey and at the same time carries to it on his legs and head fertilizing pollen from the last of its congeners which he favored with a call. For of course both bees and butterflies stick on the whole to a single species at a time ; or else the flowers would only get uselessly hybridized instead of being impregnated with pollen from other plants of their own kind. For this purpose it is that most plants lay themselves out to secure the attention of only

two or three varieties among their insect allies, while they make their nectaries either too deep or too shallow for the convenience of all other kinds. Nature, though eager for cross-fertilization, abhors "miscegenation" with all the bitterness of an American politician.

Insects, however, differ much from one another in their æsthetic tastes, and flowers are adapted accordingly to the varying fancies of the different kinds. Here, for example, is a spray of common white galium, which attracts and is fertilized by small flies, who generally frequent white blossoms. But here, again, not far off, I find a luxuriant mass of the yellow species, known by the quaint name of "lady's bedstraw"—a legacy from the old legend which represents it as having formed Our Lady's bed in the manger at Bethlehem. Now why has this kind of galium yellow flowers, while its near kinsman yonder has them snowy white ? The reason is that lady's bedstraw is fertilized by small beetles ; and beetles are known to be one among the most color-loving races of insects. You may often find one of their number, the lovely bronze and golden-mailed rose-chaffer, buried deeply in the very centre of a red garden rose, and reeling about when touched as if drunk with pollen and honey. Almost all the flowers which beetles frequent are consequently brightly decked in scarlet or yellow. On the other hand, the whole family of the umbellates, those tall plants with level bunches of tiny blossoms, like the fool's parsley, have all but universally white petals ; and Müller, the most statistical of naturalists, took the trouble to count the number of insects which paid them a visit. He found that only 14 per cent were bees, while the remainder consisted mainly of miscellaneous small flies and other arthropodous riff-raff ; whereas in the brilliant class of composites, including the asters, sun-flowers, daisies, dandelions, and thistles, nearly 75 per cent of the visitors were steady, industrious bees. Certain dingy blossoms which lay themselves out to attract wasps are obviously adapted, as Müller quaintly remarks, "to a less

æsthetically cultivated circle of visitors." But the most brilliant among all insect-fertilized flowers are those which specially affect the society of butterflies; and they are only surpassed in this respect throughout all nature by the still larger and more magnificent tropical species which owe their fertilization to humming-birds and brush-tongued lories.

Is it not a curious, yet a comprehensible circumstance, that the tastes which thus show themselves in the development, by natural selection, of lovely flowers, should also show themselves in the marked preference for beautiful mates? Poised on yonder sprig of harebell stands a little purple-winged butterfly, one of the most exquisite among our British kinds. That little butterfly owes its own rich and delicately shaded tints to the long selective action of a million generations among its ancestors. So we find throughout that the most beautifully colored birds and insects are always those which have had most to do with the production of bright-colored fruits and flowers. The butterflies and rose-beetles are the most gorgeous among insects; the humming-birds and parrots are the most gorgeous among birds. Nay, more: exactly like effects have been produced in two hemispheres on different tribes by the same causes. The plain brown swifts of the North have developed among tropical West Indian and South American orchids the metallic gorgets and crimson crests of the humming-bird; while a totally unlike group of Asiatic birds have developed among the rich flora of India and the Malay Archipelago the exactly similar plumage of the exquisite sun-birds. Just as bees depend upon flowers, and flowers upon bees, so the color-sense of animals has created the bright petals of blossoms; and the bright petals have reacted upon the tastes of the animals themselves, and through their tastes upon their own appearance.

## XII.

### SPECKLED TROUT.

It is a piece of the common vanity of anglers to suppose that they know

something about speckled trout. A fox might almost as well pretend that he was intimately acquainted with the domestic habits of poultry, or an Iroquois describe the customs of the Algonquins from observations made upon the specimens who had come under his scalping-knife. I will allow that anglers are well versed in the necessity for fishing up-stream rather than in the opposite direction; and I grant that they have attained an empirical knowledge of the æsthetic preferences of trout in the matter of blue duns and red palmers; but that as a body they are familiar with the speckled trout at home I deny. If you wish to learn all about the race in its own life you must abjure rod and line, and creep quietly to the side of the pools in an unfished brooklet, like this on whose bank I am now seated; and then, if you have taken care not to let your shadow fall upon the water, you may sit and watch the live fish themselves for an hour together, as they bask lazily in the sunlight, or rise now and then at cloudy moments with a sudden dart at a May-fly who is trying in vain to lay her eggs unmolested on the surface of the stream. The trout in my little beck are fortunately too small even for poachers to care for tickling them; so I am able entirely to preserve them as objects for philosophical contemplation, without any danger of their being scared away from their accustomed haunts by intrusive anglers.

Trout always have a recognized home of their own, inhabited by a pretty fixed number of individuals. But if you catch the two sole denizens of a particular scour, you will find another pair installed in their place to-morrow. Young fry seem always ready to fill up the vacancies caused by the involuntary retirement of their elders. Their size depends almost entirely upon the quantity of food they can get; for an adult fish may weigh anything at any time of his life, and there is no limit to the dimensions they may theoretically attain. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is an angler as well as a philosopher, well observes that where the trout are many

they are generally small ; and where they are large they are generally few. In the mill-stream down the valley they measure only six inches, though you may fill a basket easily enough on a cloudy day ; but in the canal reservoir, where there are only half a dozen fish altogether, a magnificent eight-pounder has been taken more than once. In this way we can understand the origin of the great lake trout, which weigh sometimes forty pounds. They are common trout which have taken to living in broader waters, where large food is far more abundant, but where shoals of small fish would starve. The peculiarities thus impressed upon them have been handed down to their descendants, till at length they have become sufficiently marked to justify us in regarding them as a separate species. But it is difficult to say what makes a species in animals so very variable as fish. There are, in fact, no less than twelve kinds of trout wholly peculiar to the British Islands, and some of these are found in very restricted areas. Thus, the Loch Stennis trout inhabits only the tarns of Orkney ; the Galway sea trout lives nowhere but along the west coast of Ireland ; the gillaroo never strays out of the Irish loughs ; the Killin charr is confined to a single sheet of water in Mayo ; and other species belong exclusively to the Llanberis lakes, to Lough Melvin, or to a few mountain pools of Wales and Scotland. So great is the variety that may be produced by small changes of food and habitat. Even the salmon himself is only a river trout who has acquired the habit of going down to the sea, where he gets immensely increased quantities of food (for all the trout kind are almost omnivorous), and grows big in proportion. But he still retains many marks of his early existence as a river fish. In the first place, every salmon is hatched from the egg in fresh water, and grows up a mere trout. The young parr, as the salmon is called in this stage of its growth, is actually (as far as physiology goes) a mature fish, and is capable of producing milt, or male spawn, which long caused it to be looked upon as a separate

species. It really represents, however, the early form of the salmon, before he took to his annual excursion to the sea. The ancestral fish, only a hundredth fraction in weight of his huge descendant, must have somehow acquired the habit of going seaward—possibly from a drying up of his native stream in seasons of drought. In the sea, he found himself suddenly supplied with an unwonted store of food, and grew, like all his kind under similar circumstances, to an extraordinary size. Thus he attains, as it were, to a second and final maturity. But salmon cannot lay their eggs in the sea ; or at least, if they did, the young parr would starve for want of their proper food, or else be choked by the salt water, to which the old fish have acclimatized themselves. Accordingly, with the return of the spawning season there comes back an instinctive desire to seek once more the native fresh water. So the salmon return up stream to spawn, and the young are hatched in the kind of surroundings which best suit their tender gills. This instinctive longing for the old home may probably have arisen during an intermediate stage, when the developing species still haunted only the brackish water near the river mouths ; and as those fish alone which returned to the head waters could preserve their race, it would soon grow hardened into a habit ingrained in the nervous system, like the migration of birds or the clustering of swarming bees around their queen. In like manner the Jamaican land-crabs, which themselves live on the mountain-tops, come down every year to lay their eggs in the Caribbean ; because, like all other crabs, they pass their first larval stage as swimming tadpoles, and afterward take instinctively to the mountains, as the salmon takes to the sea. Such a habit could only have arisen by one generation after another venturing farther and farther inland, while always returning at the proper season to the native element for the deposition of the eggs.

These trout here, however, differ from the salmon in one important particular besides their relative size, and

that is that they are beautifully speckled in their mature form, instead of being merely silvery like the larger species. The origin of the pretty speckles is probably to be found in the constant selection by the fish of the most beautiful among their number as mates. Just as singing-birds are in their fullest and clearest song at the nesting period, and just as many brilliant species only possess their gorgeous plumage while they are going through their courtship, and lose the decoration after the young brood is hatched, so the trout are most brightly colored at spawning time, and become lank and dingy after the eggs have been safely deposited. The parent fish ascend to the head-waters of their native river during the autumn season to spawn, and then, their glory dimmed, they return down-stream to the deep pools, where they pass the winter sulkily, as if ashamed to show themselves in their dull and dusky suits. But when spring comes round once more, and flies again become abundant, the trout begin to move up-stream afresh, and soon fatten out to their customary size and brilliant colors. It might seem at first sight that creatures so humble as these little fish could hardly have sufficiently developed æsthetic tastes to prefer one mate above another on the score of beauty. But we must remember that every species is very sensitive to small points of detail in its own kind, and that the choice would only be exerted between mates generally very like one another, so that extremely minute differences must necessarily turn the scale in favor of one particular suitor rather than his rivals. Anglers know that trout are attracted by bright colors, that they can distinguish the different flies upon which they feed, and that artificial flies must accordingly be made at least into a rough semblance of the original insects. Some scientific fishermen even insist that it is no use offering them a brown drake at the time of year or the hour of day when they are naturally expecting a red spinner. Of course their sight is by no means so perfect as our own, but it probably includes a fair idea

of form, and an acute perception of color, while there is every reason to believe that all the trout family have a decided love of metallic glitter, such as that of silver or of the salmon's scales. Mr. Darwin has shown that the little stickleback goes through an elaborate courtship, and I have myself watched trout which seemed to me as obviously love-making as any pair of turtle-doves I ever saw. In their early life salmon fry and young trout are almost quite indistinguishable, being both marked with blue patches (known as "finger-marks") on their sides, which are remnants of the ancestral coloring once common to the whole race. But as they grow up, their later-acquired tastes begin to produce a divergence, due originally to this selective preference of certain beautiful mates; and the adult salmon clothes himself from head to tail in sheeny silver, while the full-grown trout decks his sides with the beautiful speckles which have earned him his popular name. Countless generations of slight differences, selected from time to time by the strongest and handsomest fish, have sufficed at length to bring about these conspicuous variations from the primitive type, which the young of both races still preserve.

### XIII.

#### DODDER AND BROOMRAPE.

THIS afternoon, strolling through the undercliff, I have come across two quaint and rather uncommon flowers among the straggling brushwood. One of them is growing like a creeper around the branches of this overblown gorse-bush. It is the lesser dodder, a pretty clustering mass of tiny pale pink convolvulus blossoms. The stem consists of a long red thread, twining round and round the gorse, and bursting out here and there into thick bundles of beautiful bell-shaped flowers. But where are the leaves? You may trace the red threads through their labyrinthine windings up and down the supporting gorse-branches all in vain: there is not a leaf to be seen. As a matter of fact, the dodder has none. It is one of the

most thoroughgoing parasites in all nature. Ordinary green-leaved plants live by making starches for themselves out of the carbonic acid in the air, under the influence of sunlight ; but the dodder simply fastens itself on to another plant, sends down rootlets or suckers into its veins, and drinks up sap stored with ready-made starches or other food-stuffs, originally destined by its host for the supply of its own growing leaves, branches, and blossoms. It lives upon the gorse just as parasitically as the little green aphides live upon our rose-bushes. The material which it uses up in pushing forth its long thread-like stem and clustered bells is so much dead loss to the unfortunate plant on which it has fixed itself.

Old-fashioned books tell us that the mistletoe is a perfect parasite, while the dodder is an imperfect one ; and I believe almost all botanists will still repeat the foolish saying to the present day. But it really shows considerable haziness as to what a true parasite is. The mistletoe is a plant which has taken, it is true, to growing upon other trees. Its very viscid berries are useful for attaching the seeds to the trunk of the oak or the apple ; and there it roots itself into the body of its host. But it soon produces real green leaves of its own, which contain the ordinary chlorophyl found in other leaves, and help it to manufacture starch, under the influence of sunlight, on its own account. It is not, therefore, a complete drag upon the tree which it infests ; for though it takes sap and mineral food from the host, it supplies itself with carbon, which is after all the important thing for plant-life. Dodder, however, is a parasite pure and simple. Its seeds fall originally upon the ground, and there root themselves at first like those of any other plant. But, as it grows, its long twining stem begins to curl for support round some other and stouter stalk. If it stopped there, and then produced leaves of its own, like the honeysuckle and the clematis, there would be no great harm done ; and the dodder would be but another climbing plant the more in our flora. However,

it soon insidiously repays the support given it by sending down little bud-like suckers, through which it draws up nourishment from the gorse or clover on which it lives. Thus it has no need to develop leaves of its own ; and it accordingly employs all its stolen material in sending forth matted thread-like stems and bunch after bunch of bright flowers. As these increase and multiply, they at last succeed in drawing away all the nutriment from the supporting plant, which finally dies under the constant drain, just as a horse might die under the attacks of a host of leeches. But this matters little to the dodder, which has had time to be visited and fertilized by insects, and to set and ripen its numerous seeds. One species, the greater dodder, is thus parasitic upon hops and nettles ; a second kind twines round flax ; and the third, which I have here under my eyes, mainly confines its dangerous attentions to gorse, clover, and thyme. All of them are, of course, deadly enemies to the plants they infest.

How the dodder acquired this curious mode of life it is not difficult to see. By descent it is a bind-weed, or wild convolvulus, and its blossoms are in the main miniature convolvulus blossoms still. Now, all bind-weeds, as everybody knows, are climbing plants, which twine themselves round stouter stems for mere physical support. This is in itself a half-parasitic habit, because it enables the plant to dispense with the trouble of making a thick and solid stem for its own use. But just suppose that any bind-weed, instead of merely twining, were to put forth here and there little tendrils, something like those of the ivy, which managed somehow to grow into the bark of the host, and so naturally graft themselves to its tissues. In that case the plant would derive nutriment from the stouter stem with no expense to itself, and it might naturally be expected to grow strong and healthy, and hand down its peculiarities to its descendants. As the leaves would thus be rendered needless, they would first become very much reduced in size, and would finally disappear altogether,

according to the universal custom of unnecessary organs. So we should get at length a leafless plant, with numerous flowers and seeds, just like the dodder. Parasites, in fact, whether animal or vegetable, always end by becoming mere reproductive sacs, mechanisms for the simple elaboration of eggs or seeds. This is just what has happened to the dodder before me.

The other queer plant here is a broomrape. It consists of a tall, somewhat faded-looking stem, upright instead of climbing, and covered with brown or purplish scales in the place of leaves. Its flowers resemble the scales in color, and the dead-nettle in shape. It is, in fact, a parasitic dead-nettle, a trifle less degenerate as yet than the dodder. This broomrape has acquired somewhat the same habits as the other plant, only that it fixes itself on the roots of clover or broom, from which it sucks nutriment by its own root, as the dodder does by its stem-suckers. Of course it still retains in most particulars its original characteristics as a dead-nettle; it grows with their upright stem and their curiously shaped flowers, so specially adapted for fertilization by insect visitors. But it has naturally lost its leaves, for which it has no further use, and it possesses no chlorophyl, as the mistletoe does. Yet it has not probably been parasitic for as long a time as the dodder, since it still retains a dwindling trace of its leaves in the shape of dry purple scales, something like those of young asparagus shoots. These leaves are now, in all likelihood, actually undergoing a gradual atrophy, and we may fairly expect that in the course of a few thousand years they will disappear altogether. At present, however, they remain very conspicuous by their color, which is not green, owing to the absence of chlorophyl, but is due to the same pigment as that of the blossoms. This generally happens with parasites, or with that other curious sort of plants known as saprophytes, which live upon decaying living matter in the mould of forests. As they need no green leaves, but have often inherited leafy structures of some sort, in a

more or less degenerate condition, from their self-supporting ancestors, they usually display most beautiful colors in their stems and scales, and several of them rank among our handsomest hot-house plants. Even the dodder has red stalks. Their only work in life being to elaborate the materials stolen from their host into the brilliant pigments used in the petals for attracting insect fertilizers, they pour this same dye into the stems and scales, which thus render them still more conspicuous to the insects' eyes. Moreover, as they use their whole material in producing flowers, many of these are very large and handsome; one huge Sumatran species has a blossom which measures three feet across. On the other hand, their seeds are usually small and very numerous. Thousands of seeds must fall on unsuitable places, spring up, and waste all their tiny store of nourishment, find no host at hand on which to fasten themselves, and so die down for want of food. It is only by producing a few thousand young plants for every one destined ultimately to survive that dodders and broomrapes manage to preserve their types at all.

#### XIV.

##### DOG'S MERCURY AND PLANTAIN.

THE hedge and bank in Haye Lane are now a perfect tangled mass of creeping plants, among which I have just picked out a queer little three-cornered flower, hardly known even to village children, but christened by our old herbalists "dog's mercury." It is an ancient trick of language to call coarser or larger plants by the specific title of some smaller or cultivated kind, with the addition of an animal's name. Thus we have radish and horse-radish, chestnut and horse-chestnut, rose and dog-rose, parsnip and cow-parsnip, thistle and sow-thistle. On the same principle, a somewhat similar plant being known as mercury, this perennial weed becomes dog's mercury. Both, of course, go back to some imaginary medicinal virtue in the herb which made it resemble the metal in the eyes of old-fashioned practitioners.



Dog's mercury is one of the oddest English flowers I know. Each blossom has three small green petals, and either several stamens, or else a pistil, in the centre. There is nothing particularly remarkable in the flower being green, for thousands of other flowers are green and we never notice them as in any way unusual. In fact, we never as a rule notice green blossoms at all. Yet anybody who picked a piece of dog's mercury could not fail to be struck by its curious appearance. It does not in the least resemble the inconspicuous green flowers of the stinging-nettle, or of most forest trees : it has a very distinct set of petals which at once impress one with the idea that they ought to be colored. And so indeed they ought : for dog's mercury is a degenerate plant which once possessed a brilliant corolla and was fertilized by insects, but which has now fallen from its high estate and reverted to the less advanced mode of fertilization by the intermediation of the wind. For some unknown reason or other this species and all its relations have discovered that they get on better by the latter and usually more wasteful plan than by the former and usually more economical one. Hence they have given up producing large bright petals, because they no longer need to attract the eyes of insects ; and they have also given up the manufacture of honey, which under their new circumstances would be a mere waste of substance to them. But the dog's mercury still retains a distinct mark of its earlier insect-attracting habits in these three diminutive petals. Others of its relations have lost even these, so that the original floral form is almost completely obscured in their case. The spurges are familiar English roadside examples, and their flowers are so completely degraded that even botanists for a long time mistook their nature and analogies.

The male and female flowers of dog's mercury have taken to living upon separate plants. Why is this ? Well, there was no doubt a time when every blossom had both stamens and pistil, as dog-roses and buttercups always have. But when the plant took to wind fertil-

ization it underwent a change of structure. The stamens on some blossoms became aborted, while the pistil became aborted on others. This was necessary in order to prevent self-fertilization ; for otherwise the pollen of each blossom, hanging out as it does to the wind, would have been very liable to fall upon its own pistil. But the present arrangement obviates any such contingency, by making one plant bear all the male flowers and another plant all the female ones. Why, again, are the petals green ? I think because dog's mercury would be positively injured by the visits of insects. It has no honey to offer them, and if they came to it at all, they would only eat up the pollen itself. Hence I suspect that those flowers among the mercuries which showed any tendency to retain the original colored petals would soon get weeded out, because insects would eat up all their pollen, thus preventing them from fertilizing others ; while those which had green petals would never be noticed and so would be permitted to fertilize one another after their new fashion. In fact, when a blossom which has once depended upon insects for its fertilization is driven by circumstances to depend upon the wind, it seems to derive a positive advantage from losing all those attractive features by which its ancestors formerly allured the eyes of bees or beetles.

Here, again, on the roadside is a bit of plantain. Everybody knows its flat rosette of green leaves and its tall spike of grass-like blossom, with long stamens hanging out to catch the breeze. Now plantain is a case exactly analogous to dog's mercury. It is an example of a degraded blossom. Once upon a time it was a sort of distant cousin to the veronica, that pretty sky-blue speedwell which abounds among the meadows in June and July. But these particular speedwells gave up devoting themselves to insects and became adapted for fertilization by the wind instead. So you must look close at them to see at all that the flowering spike is made up of a hundred separate little four-rayed blossoms, whose pale and faded petals are

tucked away out of sight flat against the stem. Yet their shape and arrangement distinctly recall the beautiful veronica, and leave one in little doubt as to the origin of the plant. At the same time a curious device has sprung up which answers just the same purpose as the separation of the male and female flowers on the dog's mercury. Each plantain blossom has both stamens and pistils, but the pistils come to maturity first, and are fertilized by pollen blown to them from some neighboring spike. Their feathery plumes are admirably adapted for catching and utilizing any stray golden grain which happens to pass that way. After the pistils have faded, the stamens ripen, and hang out at the end of long waving filaments, so as to discharge all their pollen with effect. On each spike of blossoms the lower flowerets open first; and so, if you pick a half-blown spike, you will see that all the stamens are ripe below, and all the pistils above. Were the opposite arrangement to occur, the pollen would fall from the stamens to the lower flowers of the same stalk; but as the pistils below have always been fertilized and withered before the stamens ripen, there is no chance of any such accident and its consequent evil results. Thus one can see clearly that the plantain has become wholly adapted to wind-fertilization, and as a natural effect has all but lost its bright-colored corolla.

Common groundsel is also a case of the same kind; but here the degradation has not gone nearly so far. I venture to conjecture, therefore, that groundsel has been embarked for a shorter time upon its downward course. For evolution is not, as most people seem to fancy, a thing which used once to take place; it is a process taking place around us every day, and it must necessarily continue to take place to the end of all time. By family the groundsel is a daisy; but it has acquired the strange and somewhat abnormal habit of self-fertilization, which in all probability will ultimately lead to its total extinction. Hence it does not need the assistance of insects; and it has ac-

cordingly never developed or else got rid of the bright outer ray-florets which may once have attracted them. Its tiny bell-shaped blossoms still retain their dwarf yellow corollas; but they are almost hidden by the green cup-like investment of the flower-head, and they are not conspicuous enough to arrest the attention of the passing flies. Here, then, we have an example of a plant just beginning to start on the retrograde path already traversed by the plantain and the spurge. If we could meet prophetically with a groundsel of some remote future century, I have little doubt we should find its bell-shaped petals as completely degraded as those of the plantain in our own day.

The general principle which these cases illustrate is that when flowers have always been fertilized by the wind, they never have brilliant corollas; when they acquire the habit of impregnating their kind by the intervention of insects, they almost always acquire at the same time alluring colors, perfumes, and honey; and when they have once been so impregnated, and then revert once more to wind-fertilization, or become self-fertilizers, they generally retain some symptoms of their earlier habits, in the presence of dwarfed and useless petals, sometimes green, or if not green at least devoid of their former attractive coloring. Thus every plant bears upon its very face the history of its whole previous development.

## XV.

### BUTTERFLY PSYCHOLOGY.

A SMALL red - and - black butterfly poises statuesque above the purple blossom of this tall field-thistle. With its long sucker it probes industriously floret after floret of the crowded head, and extracts from each its wee drop of buried nectar. As it stands just at present, the dull outer sides of its four wings are alone displayed, so that it does not form a conspicuous mark for passing birds; but when it has drunk up the last drop of honey from the thistle flower, and flits joyously away to seek another purple mass of the same

sort, it will open its red-spotted vans in the sunlight, and will then show itself off as one among the prettiest of our native insects. Each thistle-head consists of some two hundred separate little bell-shaped blossoms, crowded together for the sake of conspicuousness into a single group, just as the blossoms of the lilac or the syringa are crowded into larger though less dense clusters; and, as each separate floret has a nectary of its own, the bee or butterfly who lights upon the compound flower-group can busy himself for a minute or two in getting at the various drops of honey without the necessity for any further change of position than that of revolving upon his own axis. Hence these composite flowers are great favorites with all insects whose suckers are long enough to reach the bottom of their slender tubes.

The butterfly's view of life is doubtless on the whole a cheerful one. Yet his existence must be something so nearly mechanical that we probably overrate the amount of enjoyment which he derives from flitting about so airily among the flowers, and passing his days in the unbroken amusement of sucking liquid honey. Subjectively viewed, the butterfly is not a high order of insect; his nervous system does not show that provision for comparatively spontaneous thought and action which we find in the more intelligent orders, like the flies, bees, ants, and wasps. His nerves are all frittered away in little separate ganglia distributed among the various segments of his body, instead of being governed by a single great central organ, or brain, whose business it always is to correlate and co-ordinate complex external impressions. This shows that the butterfly's movements are almost all automatic, or simply dependent upon immediate external stimulants: he has not even that small capacity for deliberation and spontaneous initiative which belongs to his relation the bee. The freedom of the will is nothing to him, or extends at best to the amount claimed on behalf of Buridan's ass: he can just choose which of two equidistant flowers shall first have

the benefit of his attention, and nothing else. Whatever view we take on the abstract metaphysical question, it is at least certain that the higher animals can do much more than this. Their brain is able to correlate a vast number of external impressions, and to bring them under the influence of endless ideas or experiences, so as finally to evolve conduct which differs very widely with different circumstances and different characters. Even though it be true, as determinists believe (and I reckon myself among them), that such conduct is the necessary result of a given character and given circumstances—or, if you will, of a particular set of nervous structures and a particular set of external stimuli—yet we all know that it is capable of varying so indefinitely, owing to the complexity of the structures, as to be practically incalculable. But it is not so with the butterfly. His whole life is cut out for him beforehand; his nervous connections are so simple, and correspond so directly with external stimuli, that we can almost predict with certainty what line of action he will pursue under any given circumstances. He is, as it were, but a piece of half-conscious mechanism, answering immediately to impulses from without, just as the thermometer answers to variations of temperature, and as the telegraphic indicator answers to each making and breaking of the electric current.

In early life the future butterfly emerges from the egg as a caterpillar. At once his many legs begin to move, and the caterpillar moves forward by their motion. But the mechanism which set them moving was the nervous system, with its ganglia working the separate legs of each segment. This movement is probably quite as automatic as the act of sucking in the new-born infant. The caterpillar walks, it knows not why, but simply because it has to walk. When it reaches a fit place for feeding, which differs according to the nature of the particular larva, it feeds automatically. Certain special external stimulants of sight, smell, or touch set up the appropriate actions in the mandibles, just as contact of the lips

with an external body sets up sucking in the infant. All these movements depend upon what we call instinct—that is to say, organic habits registered in the nervous system of the race. They have arisen by natural selection alone, because those insects which duly performed them survived, and those which did not duly perform them died out. After a considerable span of life spent in feeding and walking about in search of more food, the caterpillar one day found itself compelled by an inner monitor to alter its habits. Why, it knew not; but, just as a tired child sinks to sleep, the gorged and full-fed caterpillar sank peacefully into a dormant state. Then its tissues melted one by one into a kind of organic pap, and its outer skin hardened into a chrysalis. Within that solid case new limbs and organs began to grow by hereditary impulses. At the same time the form of the nervous system altered, to suit the higher and freer life for which the insect was unconsciously preparing itself. Fewer and smaller ganglia now appeared in the tail segments (since no legs would any longer be needed there), while more important ones sprang up to govern the motions of the four wings. But it was in the head that the greatest changes took place. There, a rudimentary brain made its appearance, with large optic centres, answering to the far more perfect and important eyes of the future butterfly. For the flying insect will have to steer its way through open space, instead of creeping over leaves and stones; and it will have to suck the honey of flowers, as well as to choose its fitting mate, all of which demands from it higher and keener senses than those of the purblind caterpillar. At length one day the chrysalis bursts asunder, and the insect emerges to view on a summer morning as a full-fledged and beautiful butterfly.

For a minute or two it stands and waits till the air it breathes has filled out its wings, and till the warmth and sunlight have given it strength. For the wings are by origin a part of the breathing apparatus, and they require to be plumed by the air before the in-

sect can take to flight. Then, as it grows more accustomed to its new life, the hereditary impulse causes it to spread its vans abroad, and it flies. Soon a flower catches its eye, and the bright mass of color attracts it irresistibly, as the candle-light attracts the eye of a child a few weeks old. It sets off toward the patch of red or yellow, probably not knowing beforehand that this is the visible symbol of food for it, but merely guided by the blind habit of its race, imprinted with binding force in the very constitution of its body. Thus the moths, which fly by night and visit only white flowers whose corollas still shine out in the twilight, are so irresistibly led on by the external stimulus of light from a candle falling upon their eyes that they cannot choose but move their wings rapidly in that direction; and though singed and blinded twice or three times by the flame, must still wheel and eddy into it, till at last they perish in the scorching blaze. Their instincts, or, to put it more clearly, their simple nervous mechanism, though admirably adapted to their natural circumstances, cannot be equally adapted to such artificial objects as wax candles. The butterfly in like manner is attracted automatically by the color of his proper flowers, and settling upon them, sucks up their honey instinctively. But feeding is not now his only object in life: he has to find and pair with a suitable mate. That, indeed, is the great end of his winged existence. Here, again, his simple nervous system stands him in good stead. The picture of his kind is, as it were, imprinted on his little brain, and he knows his own mates the moment he sees them, just as intuitively as he knows the flowers upon which he must feed. Now we see the reason for the butterfly's large optic centres: they have to guide it in all its movements. In like manner, and by a like mechanism, the female butterfly or moth selects the right spot for laying her eggs, which of course depends entirely upon the nature of the young caterpillars' proper food. Each great group of insects has its own habits in this respect, may-flies laying their eggs on the water, many

beetles on wood, flies on decaying animal matter, and butterflies mostly on special plants. Thus throughout its whole life the butterfly's activity is entirely governed by a rigid law, registered and fixed forever in the constitution of its ganglia and motor nerves. Certain definite objects outside it invariably produce certain definite movements on the insect's part. No doubt it is vaguely conscious of all that it does ; no doubt it derives a faint pleasure from due exercise of all its vital functions, and a faint pain when they are injured or thwarted ; but on the whole its range of action is narrowed and bounded by its hereditary instincts and their nervous correlatives. It may light on one flower rather than another ; it may choose a fresher and brighter mate rather than a battered and dingy one ; but its little subjectivity is a mere shadow compared with ours, and it hardly deserves to be considered as more than a semi-conscious automatic machine.

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### XVI.

#### BUTTERFLY ÆSTHETICS.

THE other day, when I was watching that little red-spotted butterfly whose psychology I found so interesting, I hardly took enough account, perhaps, of the insect's own subjective feelings of pleasure and pain. The first great point to understand about these minute creatures is that they are, after all, mainly pieces of automatic mechanism : the second great point is to understand that they are probably something more than that as well. To-day I have found another exactly similar butterfly, and I am going to work out with myself the other half of the problem about him. Granted that the insect is, viewed intellectually, a cunning bit of nervous machinery, may it not be true at the same time that he is, viewed emotionally, a faint copy of ourselves ?

Here he stands on a purple thistle again, true, as usual, to the plant on which I last found him. There can be no doubt that he distinguishes one color from another, for you can artificially at-

tract him by putting a piece of purple paper on a green leaf, just as the flower naturally attracts him with its native hue. Numerous observations and experiments have proved with all but absolute certainty that his discrimination of color is essentially identical with our own ; and I think, if we run our eye up and down nature, observing how universally all animals are attracted by pure and bright colors, we can hardly doubt that he appreciates and admires color as well as discriminates it. Mr. Darwin certainly judges that butterflies can show an æsthetic preference of the sort, for he sets down their own lovely hues to the constant sexual selection of the handsomest mates. We must not, however, take too human a measure of their capacities in this respect. It is sufficient to believe that the insect derives some direct enjoyment from the stimulation of pure color, and is hereditarily attracted by it wherever it may show itself. This pleasure draws it on, on the one hand, toward the gay flowers which form its natural food ; and, on the other hand, toward its own brilliant mates. Imprinted on its nervous system is a certain blank form answering to its own specific type ; and when the object corresponding to this blank form occurs in its neighborhood, the insect blindly obeys its hereditary instinct. But out of two or three such possible mates it naturally selects that which is most brightly spotted, and in other ways most perfectly fulfils the specific ideal. We need not suppose that the insect is conscious of making a selection or of the reasons which guide it in its choice : it is enough to believe that it follows the strongest stimulus, just as the child picks out the biggest and reddest apple from a row of ten. Yet such unconscious selections, made from time to time in generation after generation, have sufficed to produce at last all the beautiful spots and metallic eyelets of our loveliest English or tropical butterflies. Insects always accustomed to exercising their color-sense upon flowers and mates, may easily acquire a high standard of taste in that direction, while still remaining comparatively in a low

stage as regards their intellectual condition. But the fact I wish especially to emphasize is this—that the flowers produced by the color-sense of butterflies and their allies are just those objects which we ourselves consider most lovely in nature ; and that the marks and shades upon their own wings, produced by the long selective action of their mates, are just the things which we ourselves consider most beautiful in the animal world. In this respect, then, there seems to be a close community of taste and feeling between the butterfly and ourselves.

Let me note, too, just in passing, that while the upper half of the butterfly's wing is generally beautiful in color, so as to attract his fastidious mate, the under half, displayed while he is at rest, is almost always dull, and often resembles the plant upon which he habitually alights. The first set of colors is obviously due to sexual selection, and has for its object the making an effective courtship ; but the second set is obviously due to natural selection, and has been produced by the fact that all those insects whose bright colors show through too vividly when they are at rest fall a prey to birds or other enemies, leaving only the best protected to continue the life of the species.

But sight is not the only important sense to the butterfly. He is largely moved and guided by smell as well. Both bees and butterflies seem largely to select the flowers they visit by means of smell, though color also aids them greatly. When we remember that in ants scent alone does duty instead of eyes, ears, or any other sense, it would hardly be possible to doubt that other allied insects possessed the same faculty in a high degree ; and, as Dr. Bastian says, there seems good reason for believing that all the higher insects are guided almost as much by smell as by sight. Now it is noteworthy that most of those flowers which lay themselves out to attract bees and butterflies are not only colored but sweetly scented ; and it is to this cause that we owe the perfumes of the rose, the lily-of-the-valley, the heliotrope, the jasmine, the

violet, and the stephanotis. Night-flowering plants, which depend entirely for their fertilization upon moths, are almost always white, and have usually very powerful perfumes. Is it not a striking fact that these various scents are exactly those which human beings most admire, and which they artificially extract for essences ? Here, again, we see that the æsthetic tastes of butterflies and men decidedly agree ; and that the thyme or lavender whose perfume pleases the bee is the very thing which we ourselves choose to sweeten our rooms.

Finally, if we look at the sense of taste, we find an equally curious agreement between men and insects ; for the honey which is stored by the flower for the bee and by the bee for its own use, is stolen and eaten up by man instead. Hence, when I consider the general continuity of nervous structure throughout the whole animal race, and the exact similarity of the stimulus in each instance, I can hardly doubt that the butterfly really enjoys life somewhat as we enjoy it, though far less vividly. I cannot but think that he finds honey sweet, and perfumes pleasant, and color attractive ; that he feels a lightsome gladness as he flits in the sunshine from flower to flower, and that he knows a faint thrill of pleasure at the sight of his chosen mate. Still more is this belief forced upon me when I recollect that, so far as I can judge, throughout the whole animal world, save only in a few aberrant types, sugar is sweet to taste, and thyme to smell, and song to hear, and sunshine to bask in. Therefore, on the whole, while I admit that the butterfly is mainly an animated puppet, I must qualify my opinion by adding that it is a puppet which, after its vague little fashion, thinks and feels very much as we do.

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## XVII.

### THE ORIGIN OF WALNUTS.

MR. DARWIN has devoted no small portion of his valuable life to tracing, in two bulky volumes, the Descent of Man. Yet I suppose it is probable that

in our narrow anthropinism we should have refused to listen to him had he given us two volumes instead on the *Descent of Walnuts*. Viewed as a question merely of biological science, the one subject is just as important as the other. But the old Greek doctrine that "man is the measure of all things" is strong in us still. We form for ourselves a sort of pre-Copernican universe, in which the world occupies the central point of space, and man occupies the central point of the world. What touches man interests us deeply : what concerns him but slightly we pass over as of no consequence. Nevertheless, even the origin and development of walnuts is a subject upon which we may profitably reflect, not wholly without gratification and interest.

This kiln-dried walnut on my plate, which has suggested such abstract cogitations to my mind, is shown by its very name to be a foreign production ; for the word contains the same root as *Wales* and *Welsh*, the old Teutonic name for men of a different race, which the Germans still apply to the Italians, and we ourselves to the last relics of the old Keltic population in Southern Britain. It means "the foreign nut," and it comes for the most part from the south of Europe. As a nut, it represents a very different type of fruit from the strawberry and raspberry, with their bright colors, sweet juices, and nutritious pulp. Those fruits which alone bear the name in common parlance are attractive in their object ; the nuts are deterrent. An orange or a plum is brightly tinted with hues which contrast strongly with the surrounding foliage ; its pleasant taste and soft pulp all advertise it for the notice of birds or monkeys, as a means for assisting in the dispersion of its seed. But a nut, on the contrary, is a fruit whose actual seed contains an abundance of oils and other pleasant food-stuffs, which must be carefully guarded against the depredations of possible foes. In the plum or the orange we do not eat the seed itself : we only eat the surrounding pulp. But in the walnut the part which we utilize is the embryo plant itself ; and

so the walnut's great object in life is to avoid being eaten. Accordingly, that part of the fruit which in the plum is stored with sweet juices is, in the walnut, filled with a bitter and very nauseous essence. We seldom see this bitter covering in our over-civilized life, because it is, of course, removed before the nuts come to table. The walnut has but a thin shell, and is poorly protected in comparison with some of its relations, such as the American butter-nut, which can only be cracked by a sharp blow from a hammer—or even the hickory, whose hard covering has done more to destroy the teeth of New Englanders than all other causes put together, and New England teeth are universally admitted to be the very worst in the world. Now, all nuts have to guard against squirrels and birds ; and therefore their peculiarities are exactly opposite to those of succulent fruits. Instead of attracting attention by being brightly colored, they are invariably green like the leaves while they remain on the tree, and brown or dusky like the soil when they fall upon the ground beneath ; instead of being inclosed in sweet coats, they are provided with bitter, acrid, or stinging husks ; and, instead of being soft in texture, they are surrounded by hard shells, like the coconut, or have a perfectly solid kernel, like the vegetable ivory.

The origin of nuts is thus exactly the reverse side of the origin of fruits. Certain seeds, richly stored with oils and starches for aiding the growth of the young plant, are exposed to the attacks of squirrels, monkeys, parrots, and other arboreal animals. The greater part of them are eaten and completely destroyed by these their enemies, and so never hand down their peculiarities to any descendants. But all fruits vary a little in sweetness and bitterness, pulpy or stringy tendencies. Thus a few among them happen to be protected from destruction by their originally accidental possession of a bitter husk, a hard shell, or a few awkward spines and bristles. These the monkeys and squirrels reject ; and they alone survive as the parents of future genera-

tions. The more persistent and the hungrier their foes become, the less will a small degree of bitterness or hardness serve to protect them. Hence, from generation to generation, the bitterness and the hardness will go on increasing, because only those nuts which are the nastiest and the most difficult to crack will escape destruction from the teeth or bills of the growing and pressing population of rodents and birds. The nut which best survives on the average is that which is least conspicuous in color, has a rind of the most objectionable taste, and is inclosed in the most solid shell. But the extent to which such precautions become necessary will depend much upon the particular animals to whose attacks the nuts of each country are exposed. The European walnut has only to defy a few small woodland animals, who are sufficiently deterred by its acrid husk; the American butternut has to withstand the long teeth of much more formidable forestine rodents, whom it sets at naught with its stony and wrinkled shell; and the tropical cocoas and Brazil nuts have to escape the monkey, who pounds them with stones, or flings them with all his might from the tree-top so as to smash them in their fall against the ground below.

Our own hazelnut supplies an excellent illustration of the general tactics adopted by the nuts at large. The little red tufted blossoms which everybody knows so well in early spring are each surrounded by a bunch of three bracts; and as the nut grows bigger, these bracts form a green leaf-like covering, which causes it to look very much like the ordinary foliage of the hazel-tree. Besides, they are thickly set with small prickly hairs, which are extremely annoying to the fingers, and must prove far more unpleasant to the delicate lips and noses of lower animals. Just at present the nuts have reached this stage in our copses; but as soon as autumn sets in, and the seeds are ripe, they will turn brown, fall out of their withered investment, and easily escape notice on the soil beneath, where the dead leaves will soon cover them up in a mass of

shrivelled brown, indistinguishable in shade from the nuts themselves. Take, as an example of the more carefully protected tropical kinds, the cocoanut. Growing on a very tall palm-tree, it has to fall a considerable distance toward the earth; and so it is wrapped round in a mass of loose knitted fibre, which breaks the fall just as a lot of soft wool would do. Then, being a large nut, fully stored with an abundance of meat, it offers special attractions to animals, and consequently requires special means of defence. Accordingly its shell is extravagantly thick, only one small soft spot being left at the blunter end, through which the young plant may push its head. Once upon a time, to be sure, the cocoanut contained three kernels, and had three such soft spots or holes; but now two of them are aborted, and the two holes remain only in the form of hard scars. The Brazil-nut is even a better illustration. Probably few people know that the irregular angular nuts which appear at dessert by that name are originally contained inside a single round shell where they fit tightly together, and acquire their queer indefinite shapes by mutual pressure. So the South American monkey has first to crack the thick external common shell against a stone or otherwise; and, if he is successful in this process, he must afterward break the separate sharp-edged inner nuts with his teeth—a performance which is always painful and often ineffectual.

Yet it is curious that nuts and fruits are really produced by the very slightest variations on a common type, so much so that the technical botanist does not recognize the popular distinction between them at all. In his eyes, the walnut and the cocoanut are not nuts, but “drupaceous fruits,” just like the plum and the cherry. All four alike contain a kernel within, a hard shell outside it, and a fibrous mass outside that again, bounded by a thin external layer. Only, while in the plum and cherry this fibrous mass becomes succulent and fills with sugary juice, in the walnut its juice is bitter, and in the cocoanut it has no juice at all, but re-



mains a mere matted layer of dry fibres. And while the thin external skin becomes purple in the plum and red in the cherry as the fruits ripen, it remains green and brown in the walnut and cocoanut all their time. Nevertheless, Darwinism shows us both here and elsewhere that the popular distinction answers to a real difference of origin and function. When a seed-vessel, whatever its botanical structure, survives by dint of attracting animals, it always acquires a bright-colored envelope and a sweet pulp ; while it usually possesses a hard seed-shell, and often infuses bitter essences into its kernel. On the other hand, when a seed-vessel survives by escaping the notice of animals, it generally has a sweet and pleasant kernel, which it protects by a hard shell and an inconspicuous and nauseous envelope. If the kernel itself is bitter, as with the horse-chestnut, the need for disguise and external protection is much lessened. But the best illustration of all is seen in the West Indian cashew-nut, which is what Alice in Wonderland would have called a portmanteau seed-vessel—a fruit and a nut rolled into one. In this curious case, the stalk swells out into a bright-colored and juicy mass, looking something like a pear, but of course containing no seeds ; while the nut grows out from its end, secured from intrusion by a covering with a pungent juice, which burns and blisters the skin at a touch. No animal except man can ever successfully tackle the cashew-nut itself ; but by eating the pear-like stalk other animals ultimately aid in distributing the seed. The cashew thus vicariously sacrifices its fruit-stem for the sake of preserving its nut.

All nature is a continuous game of cross-purposes. Animals perpetually outwit plants, and plants in return once more outwit animals. Or, to drop the metaphor, those animals alone survive which manage to get a living in spite of the protections adopted by plants ; and those plants alone survive whose peculiarities happen successfully to defy the attack of animals. There you have the Darwinian Iliad in a nutshell.

## XVIII.

## A PRETTY LAND-SHELL.

THE heavy rains which have done so much harm to the standing corn have at least had the effect of making the country look greener and lovelier than I have seen it look for many seasons. There is now a fresh verdure about the upland pastures and pine woods which almost reminds one of the deep valleys of the Bernese Oberland in early spring. Last year's continuous wet weather gave the trees and grass a miserable dragged appearance ; but this summer's rain, coming after a dry spring, has brought out all the foliage in unwonted luxuriance ; and everybody (except the British farmer) agrees that we have never seen the country look more beautiful. Though the year is now so far advanced, the trees are still as green as in spring-tide ; and the meadows, with their rich aftermath springing up apace, look almost as lush and fresh as they did in early June. Londoners who get away to the country or the seaside this month will enjoy an unexpected treat in seeing the fields as they ought to be seen a couple of months sooner in the season.

Here, on the edge of the down, where I have come up to get a good blowing from the clear south-west breeze, I have just sat down to rest myself a while and to admire the view, and have reverted for a moment to my old habit of snail-hunting. Years ago, when evolution was an infant—an infant much troubled by the complaints inseparable from infancy, but still a sturdy and vigorous child, destined to outlive and outgrow its early attacks—I used to collect slugs and snails, from an evolutionist standpoint, and put their remains into a cabinet ; and to this day I seldom go out for a walk without a few pill-boxes in my pocket, in case I should happen to hit upon any remarkable specimen. Now here in the tall moss which straggles over an old heap of stones I have this moment lighted upon a beautifully marked shell of our prettiest English snail. How beautiful it is I could hardly make you believe, unless I had you here and could show

it to you ; for most people only know the two or three ugly brown or banded snails that prey upon their cabbages and lettuces, and have no notion of the lovely shells to be found by hunting among English copses and under the dead leaves of Scotch hill-sides. This cyclostoma, however—I *must* trouble you with a Latin name for once—is so remarkably pretty, with its graceful elongated spiral whorls, and its delicately chiselled fretwork tracery, that even naturalists (who have perhaps, on the whole, less sense of beauty than any class of men I know) have recognized its loveliness by giving it the specific epithet of *elegans*. It is big enough for anybody to notice it, being about the size of a periwinkle ; and its exquisite stippled chasing is strongly marked enough to be perfectly visible to the naked eye. But besides its beauty, the cyclostoma has a strong claim upon our attention because of its curious history.

Long ago, in the infantile days of evolutionism, I often wondered why people made collections on such an irrational plan. They always try to get what they call the most typical specimens, and reject all those which are doubtful or intermediate. Hence the dogma of the fixity of species becomes all the more firmly settled in their minds, because they never attend to the existing links which still so largely bridge over the artificial gaps created by our nomenclature between kind and kind. I went to work on the opposite plan, collecting all those aberrant individuals which most diverged from the specific type. In this way I managed to make some series so continuous that one might pass over specimens of three or four different kinds, arranged in rows, without ever being able to say quite clearly, by the eye alone, where one group ended and the next group began. Among the snails such an arrangement is peculiarly easy ; for some of the species are very indefinite, and the varieties are numerous under each species. Nothing can give one so good a notion of the plasticity of organic forms as such a method. The endless varieties and intermediate links

which exist among dogs is the nearest example to it with which ordinary observers are familiar.

But the cyclostoma is a snail which introduces one to still deeper questions. It belongs in all our scientific classifications to the group of lung-breathing mollusks, like the common garden snail. Yet it has one remarkable peculiarity : it possesses an operculum, or door to its shell, like that of the periwinkle. This operculum represents among the univalves the under-shell of the oyster or other bivalves ; but it has completely disappeared in most land and freshwater snails, as well as among many marine species. The fact of its occurrence in the cyclostoma would thus be quite inexplicable if we were compelled to regard it as a descendant of the other lung-breathing mollusks. So far as I know, all naturalists have till lately always so regarded it ; but there can be very little doubt, with the new light cast upon the question by Darwinism, that they are wrong. There exists in all our ponds and rivers another snail, not breathing by means of lungs, but provided with gills, known as paludina. This paludina has a door to its shell, like the cyclostoma ; and so, indeed, have all its allies. Now, strange as it sounds to say so, it is pretty certain that we must really class this lung-breathing cyclostoma among the gill-breathers, because of its close resemblance to the paludina. It is, in fact, one of these gill-breathing pond-snails which has taken to living on dry land, and so has acquired the habit of producing lungs. All molluscan lungs are very simple : they consist merely of a small sac or hollow behind the head, lined with blood-vessels ; and every now and then the snail opens this sac, allowing the air to get in and out by natural change, exactly as when we air a room by opening the windows. So primitive a mechanism as this could be easily acquired by any soft-bodied animal like a snail. Besides, we have many intermediate links between the pond-snails and my cyclostoma here. There are some species which live in moist moss, or the beds of trickling

streams. There are others which go farther from the water, and spend their days in damp grass. And there are yet others which have taken to a wholly terrestrial existence in woods or meadows and under heaps of stones. All of them agree with the pond-snails in having an operculum, and so differ from the ordinary land and river-snails, the mouths of whose shells are quite unprotected. Thus land-snails have two separate origins—one large group (including the garden-snail) being derived from the common fresh-water mollusks, while another much smaller group (including the cyclostoma) is derived from the operculated pond-snails.

How is it, then, that naturalists had so long overlooked this distinction? Simply because their artificial classification is based entirely upon the nature of the breathing apparatus. But, as Mr. Wallace has well pointed out, obvious and important functional differences are of far less value in tracing relationship than insignificant and unimportant structural details. Any water-snail may have to take to a terrestrial life if the ponds in which it lives are liable to dry up during warm weather. Those individuals alone will then survive which display a tendency to oxygenize their blood by some rudimentary form of lung. Hence the possession of lungs is not the mark of a real genealogical class, but a mere necessary result of a terrestrial existence. On the other hand, the possession of an operculum, unimportant as it may be to the life of the animal, is a good test of relationship by descent. All snails which take to living on land, whatever their original form, will acquire lungs; but an operculated snail will retain its operculum, and so bear witness to its ancestry; while a snail which is not operculated will of course show no tendency to develop such a structure, and so will equally give a true testimony as to its origin. In short, the less functionally useful any organ is, the higher is its value as a gauge of its owner's pedigree, like a Bourbon nose or an Austrian lip.

## XIX.

### DOGS AND MASTERS.

PROBABLY the most forlorn and abject creature to be seen on the face of the earth is a masterless dog. Slouching and slinking along, cringing to every human being it chances to meet, running away with its tail between its legs from smaller dogs whom under other circumstances it would accost with a gruff who-the-dickens-are-you sort of growl—it forms the very picture of utter humiliation and self-abasement. Grip and I have just come across such a lost specimen of stray doghood, trying to find his way back to his home across the fields—I fancy he belongs to a travelling show which left the village yesterday—and it is quite refreshing to watch the air of superior wisdom and calm but mute compassionateness with which Grip casts his eye sidelong upon that wretched masterless vagrant, and passes him by without even a nod. He looks up to me complacently as he trots along by my side, and seems to say with his eye, "Poor fellow! he's lost his master, you know—careless dog that he is!" I believe the lesson has had a good moral effect upon Grip's own conduct, too; for he has now spent ten whole minutes well within my sight, and has resisted the most tempting solicitations to ratting and rabbiting held out by half a dozen holes and burrows in the hedge-wall as we go along.

This total dependence of dogs upon a master is a very interesting example of the growth of inherited instincts. The original dog, who was a wolf or something very like it, could not have had any such artificial feeling. He was an independent, self-reliant animal, quite well able to look after himself on the boundless plains of Central Europe or High Asia. But at least as early as the days of the Danish shell-mounds, perhaps thousands of years earlier, man had learned to tame the dog and to employ him as a friend or servant for his own purposes. Those dogs which best served the ends of man were preserved and increased; those which fol-

lowed too much their own original instincts were destroyed or at least discouraged. The savage hunter would be very apt to fling his stone axe at the skull of a hound which tried to eat the game he had brought down with his flint-tipped arrow, instead of retrieving it: he would be most likely to keep carefully and feed well on the refuse of his own meals the hound which aided him most in surprising, killing, and securing his quarry. Thus there sprang up between man and the dog a mutual and ever-increasing sympathy which on the part of the dependent creature has at last become organized into an inherited instinct. If we could only thread the labyrinth of a dog's brain, we should find somewhere in it a group of correlated nerve-connections answering to this universal habit of his race; and the group in question would be quite without any analogous mechanism in the brain of the ancestral wolf. As truly as the wing of the bird is adapted to its congenital instinct of flying, as truly as the nervous system of the bee is adapted to its congenital instinct of honeycomb building, just so truly is the brain of the dog adapted to its now congenital instinct of following and obeying a master. The habit of attaching itself to a particular human being is nowadays ingrained in the nerves of the modern dog just as really, though not quite so deeply, as the habit of running or biting is ingrained in its bones and muscles. Every dog is born into the world with a certain inherited structure of limbs, sense-organs, and brain: and this inherited structure governs all its future actions, both bodily and mental. It seeks a master because it is endowed with master-seeking brain organs; it is dissatisfied until it finds one, because its native functions can have free play in no other way. Among a few dogs, like those of Constantinople, the instinct may have died out by disuse, as the eyes of cave animals have atrophied for want of light; but when a dog has once been brought up from puppyhood under a master, the instinct is fully and freely developed, and the masterless condition is thenceforth for him a

thwarting and disappointing of all his natural feelings and affections.

Not only have dogs as a class acquired a special instinct with regard to humanity generally, but particular breeds of dogs have acquired particular instincts with regard to certain individual acts. Nobody doubts that the muscles of a greyhound are specially correlated to the acts of running and leaping; or that the muscles of a bulldog are specially correlated to the act of fighting. The whole external form of these creatures has been modified by man's selective action for a deliberate purpose: we breed, as we say, from the dog with the best points. But besides being able to modify the visible and outer structure of the animal, we are also able to modify, by indirect indications, the hidden and inner structure of the brain. We choose the best rather among our terriers, the best pointer, retriever, or setter among other breeds, to become the parents of our future stock. We thus half unconsciously select particular types of nervous system in preference to others. Once upon a time we used even to rear a race of dogs with a strange instinct for turning the spit in our kitchens; and to this day the Cubans rear bloodhounds with a natural taste for hunting down the trail of runaway negroes. Now, everybody knows that you cannot teach one sort of dog the kind of tricks which come by instinct to a different sort. No amount of instruction will induce a well-bred terrier to retrieve your handkerchief: he insists upon worrying it instead. So no amount of instruction will induce a well-bred retriever to worry a rat: he brings it gingerly to your feet, as if it was a dead partridge. The reason is obvious, because no one would breed from a retriever which worried or from a terrier which treated its natural prey as if it were a stick. Thus the brain of each kind is hereditarily supplied with certain nervous connections wanting in the brain of other kinds. We need no more doubt the reality of the material distinction in the brain than we need doubt it in the limbs and jaws of the

greyhound and the bulldog. Those who have watched closely the different races of men can hardly hesitate to believe that something analogous exists in our own case. While the highest types are, as Mr. Herbert Spencer well puts it, to some extent "organically moral" and structurally intelligent, the lowest types are congenitally deficient. A European child learns to read almost by nature (for Dogberry was essentially right after all), while a Negro child learns to read by painful personal experience. And savages brought to Europe and "civilized" for years often return at last with joy to their native home, cast off their clothes and their outer veneering, and take once more to the only life for which their nervous organization naturally fits them. "What is bred in the bone," says the wise old proverb, "will out in the blood."

## XX.

### BLACKCOCK.

JUST at the present moment the poor black grouse are generally having a hot time of it. After their quiet spring and summer they suddenly find their heath-clad wastes invaded by a strange epidemic of men, dogs, and hideous shooting implements; and being as yet but young and inexperienced, they are falling victims by the thousand to their youthful habit of clinging closely for protection to the treacherous reed-beds. A little later in the season, those of them that survive will have learned more wary ways: they will pack among the juniper thickets, and become as cautious on the approach of perfidious man as their cunning cousins, the red grouse of the Scottish moors. But so far youthful innocence prevails; no sentinels as yet are set to watch for the distant gleam of metal, and no foreshadowing of man's evil intent disturbs their minds as they feed in fancied security upon the dry seeds of the marsh plants in their favorite sedges.

The great families of the pheasants and partridges, in which the blackcock must be included, may be roughly

divided into two main divisions so far as regards their appearance and general habits. The first class consists of splendidly colored and conspicuous birds, such as the peacock, the golden pheasant, and the tragopan; and these are, almost without exception, originally jungle-birds of tropical or sub-tropical lands, though a few of them have been acclimatized or domesticated in temperate countries. They live in regions where they have few natural enemies, and where they are little exposed to the attacks of man. Most of them feed more or less upon fruits and brightly-colored food-stuffs, and they are probably every one of them polygamous in their habits. Thus we can hardly doubt that the male birds, which alone possess the brilliant plumage of their kind, owe their beauty to the selective preference of their mates; and that the taste thus displayed has been aroused by their relation to their specially gay and bright natural surroundings. The most lovely species of pheasants are found among the forests of the Himalayas and the Malay Archipelago, with their gorgeous fruits and flowers and their exquisite insects. Even in England our naturalized Oriental pheasants still delight in feeding upon blackberries, sloes, haws, and the pretty fruit of the honeysuckle and the holly; while our dingier partridges and grouse subsist rather upon heather, grain, and small seeds. Since there must always be originally nearly as many cocks as hens in each brood, it will follow that only the handsomest or most attractive in the polygamous species will succeed in attracting to them a harem; and as beauty and strength usually go hand in hand, they will also be the conquerors in those battles which are universal with all polygamists in the animal world. Thus we account for the striking and conspicuous difference between the peacock and the peahen, or between the two sexes in the pheasant, the turkey, and the domestic fowl.

On the other hand, the second class consists of those birds which are exposed to the hostility of many wild animals, and more especially of man. These

kinds, typified by the red grouse, partridges, quails, and guinea-fowls, are generally dingy in hue, with a tendency to pepper-and-salt in their plumage; and they usually display very little difference between the sexes, both cocks and hens being colored and feathered much alike. In short, they are protectively designed, while the first class are attractive. Their plumage resembles as nearly as possible the ground on which they sit or the covert in which they skulk. They are thus enabled to escape the notice of their natural enemies, the birds of prey, from whose ravages they suffer far more in a state of nature than from any other cause. We may take the ptarmigans as the most typical example of this class of birds; for in summer their zigzagged black-and-brown attire harmonizes admirably with the patches of faded heath and soil upon the mountain-side, as every sportsman well knows; while in the winter their pure white plumage can scarcely be distinguished from the snow in which they lie huddled and crouching during the colder months. Even in the brilliant species, Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace have pointed out that the ornamental colors and crest are never handed down to female descendants when the habits of nesting are such that their mothers would be exposed to danger by their conspicuousness during incubation. Speaking broadly, only those female birds which build in hollow trees or make covered nests have bright hues at all equal to those of the males. A female bird nesting in the open would be cut off if it showed any tendency to reproduce the brilliant coloring of its male relations.

Now the blackcock occupies to some extent an intermediate position between these two types of pheasant life, though it inclines on the whole to that first described. It is a polygamous bird, and it differs most conspicuously in plumage from its consort, the gray-hen, as may be seen from the very names by which they are each familiarly known. Yet, though the blackcock is handsome enough, and shows evident marks of selective preference on the part of his

ancestral hens, this preference has not exerted itself largely in the direction of bright color, and that for two reasons. In the first place the blackcock does not feed upon brilliant food-stuffs, but upon small bog-berries, hard seeds, and young shoots of heather, and it is probable that an æsthetic taste for pure and dazzling hues is almost confined to those creatures which, like butterflies, humming-birds, and parrots, seek their livelihood among beautiful fruits or flowers. In the second place, red, yellow, or orange ornaments would render the blackcock too conspicuous a mark for the hawk, the falcon, or the weapons of man; for we must remember that only those blackcocks survive from year to year and hand down their peculiarities to descendants which succeed in evading the talons of birds of prey or the small-shot of sportsmen. Feeding as they do on the open, they are not protected, like jungle-birds, by the shade of trees. Thus any bird which showed any marked tendency to develop brighter or more conspicuous plumage would almost infallibly fall a victim to one or other of his many foes; and however much his beauty might possibly charm his mates (supposing them for the moment to possess a taste for color), he would have no chance of transmitting it to a future generation. Accordingly, the decoration of the blackcock is confined to glossy plumage and a few ornamental tail-feathers. The gray-hen herself still retains the dull and imitative coloring of the grouse race generally; and as for the cocks, even if a fair percentage of them is annually cut off through their comparative conspicuousness as marks, their loss is less felt than it would be in a monogamous community. Every spring the blackcock hold a sort of assembly or court of love, at which the pairing for the year takes place. The cocks resort to certain open and recognized spots, and there invite the gray-hens by their calls, a little duelling going on meanwhile. During these meetings they show off their beauty with great emulation, after the fashion with which we are all familiar in the case of the

peacock ; and when they have gained the approbation of their mates and maimed or driven away their rivals, they retire with their respective families. Unfortunately, like most polygamists, they make bad fathers, leaving the care of their young almost entirely to the hens. According to the veracious account of Artemus Ward, the great Brigham Young himself pathetically descanted upon the difficulty of extending his parental affections to 131 children. The imperious blackcock seems to labor under the same sentimental disadvantage.

## XXI.

### BINDWEED.

NOT the least beautiful among our native wild flowers are many of those which grow, too often unheeded, along the wayside of every country-road. The hedge-bordered highway on which I am walking to-day, to take my letters to the village post, is bordered on either side with such a profusion of color as one may never see equalled during many years' experience of tropical or sub-tropical lands. Jamaica and Ceylon could produce nothing so brilliant as this tangled mass of gorse, and thistle, and St. John's-wort, and centaury, intermingled with the lithe and whitening sprays of half-opened clematis. And here, on the very edge of the road, half smothered in its gray dust, I have picked a pretty little convolvulus blossom, with a fly buried head-foremost in its pink bell ; and I am carrying them both along with me as I go, for contemplation and study. For this little flower, the lesser bindweed, is rich in hints as to the strange ways in which Nature decks herself with so much waste loveliness, whose meaning can only be fully read by the eyes of man, the latest comer among her children. The old school of thinkers imagined that beauty was given to flowers and insects for the sake of man alone : it would not, perhaps, be too much to say that, if the new school be right, the beauty is not in the flowers and insects themselves at all, but is read

into them by the fancy of the human race. To the butterfly the world is a little beautiful ; to the farm-laborer it is only a trifle more beautiful ; but to the cultivated man or the artist it is lovely in every cloud and shadow, in every tiny blossom and passing bird.

The outer face of the bindweed, the exterior of the cup, so to speak, is prettily marked with five dark russet-red bands, between which the remainder of the corolla is a pale pinky-white in hue. Nothing could be simpler and prettier than this alternation of dark and light belts ; but how is it produced ? Merely thus. The convolvulus blossom in the bud is twisted or contorted round and round, part of the cup being folded inside, while the five joints of the corolla are folded outside, much after the fashion of an umbrella when rolled up. And just as the bits of the umbrella which are exposed when it is folded become faded in color, so the bits of the bindweed blossom which are outermost in the bud become more deeply oxidized than the other parts, and acquire a russet-red hue. The belted appearance which thus results is really as accidental, if I may use that unphilosophical expression, as the belted appearance of the old umbrella, or the wrinkles caused by the waves on the sea-sands. The flower happened to be folded so, and got colored, or discolored, accordingly. But when a man comes to look at it, he recognizes in the alternation of colors and the symmetrical arrangement one of those elements of beauty with which he is familiar in the handicraft of his own kind. He reads an intention into this result of natural causes, and personifies Nature as though she worked with an æsthetic design in view, just as a decorative artist works when he similarly alternates colors or arranges symmetrical and radial figures on a cup or other piece of human pottery. The beauty is not in the flower itself ; it is in the eye which sees and the brain which recognizes the intellectual order and perfection of the work.

I turn the bindweed blossom mouth upward, and there I see that these rus-

set marks, though paler on the inner surface, still show faintly through the pinky white corolla. This produces an effect not unlike that of a delicate shell cameo, with its dainty gradations of semi-transparent white and interfusing pink. But the inner effect can be no more designed with an eye to beauty than the outer one was ; and the very terms in which I think of it clearly show that my sense of its loveliness is largely derived from comparison with human handicraft. A farmer would see in the convolvulus nothing but a useless weed ; a cultivated eye sees in it just as much as its nature permits it to see. I look closer, and observe that there are also thin lines running from the circumference to the centre, midway between the dark belts. These lines, which add greatly to the beauty of the flower, by marking it out into zones, are also due to the folding in the bud ; they are the inner angles of the folds, just as the dark belts are the overlapping edges of the outer angles. But, in addition to the minor beauty of these little details, there is the general beauty of the cup as a whole, which also calls for explanation. Its shape is as graceful as that of any Greek or Etruscan vase, as swelling and as simply beautiful as any beaker. Can I account for these peculiarities on mere natural grounds as well as for the others ? I somehow fancy I can.

The bindweed is descended from some earlier ancestors which had five separate petals, instead of a single fused and circular cup. But in the convolvulus family, as in many others, these five petals have joined into a continuous rim or bowl, and the marks on the blossom where it was folded in the bud still answer to the five petals. In many plants you can see the pointed edges of the former distinct flower-rays as five projections, though their lower parts have coalesced into a bell-shaped or tubular blossom, as in the common harebell. How this comes to pass we can easily understand if we watch an unopened fuchsia ; for there the four bright-colored sepals remain joined together till the bud is ready to open,

and then split along a line marked out from the very first. In the plastic bud condition it is very easy for parts usually separate so to grow out in union with one another. I do not mean that separate pieces actually grow together, but that pieces which usually grow distinct sometimes grow united from the very first. Now, four or five petals, radially arranged, in themselves produce that kind of symmetry which man, with his intellectual love for order and definite patterns, always finds beautiful. But the symmetry in the flower simply results from the fact that a single whorl of leaves has grown into this particular shape, while the outer and inner whorls have grown into other shapes ; and every such whorl always and necessarily presents us with an example of the kind of symmetry which we so much admire. Again, when the petals forming a whorl coalesce, they must, of course, produce a more or less regular circle. If the points of the petals remain as projections, then we get a circle with vandyked edges, as in the lily of the valley ; if they do not project, then we get a simple circular rim, as in the bindweed. All the lovely shapes of bell-blossoms are simply due to the natural coalescence of four, five, or six petals ; and this coalescence is again due to an increased certainty of fertilization secured for the plant by the better adaptation to insect visits. Similarly, we know that the colors of the corolla have been acquired as a means of rendering the flower conspicuous to the eyes of bees or butterflies ; and the hues which so prove attractive to insects are of the same sort which arouse pleasurable stimulation in our own nerves. Thus the whole loveliness of flowers is in the last resort dependent upon all kinds of accidental causes—causes, that is to say, into which the deliberate design of the production of beautiful effects did not enter as a distinct factor. Those parts of nature which are of such a sort as to arouse in us certain feelings we call beautiful ; and those parts which are of such a sort as to arouse in us the opposite feelings we call ugly. But the beauty and the ugliness are not



parts of the things ; they are merely human modes of regarding some among their attributes. Wherever in nature we find pure color, symmetrical form, and intricate variety of pattern, we imagine to ourselves that nature designs the object to be beautiful. When we trace these peculiarities to their origin, however, we find that each of them owes its occurrence to some special fact in the history of the object ; and we are forced to conclude that the notion of intentional design has been read into it by human analogies. All nature is beautiful, and most beautiful for those in whom the sense of beauty is most highly developed ; but it is not beautiful at all except to those whose own eyes and emotions are fitted to perceive its beauty.

## XXII.

### ON CORNISH CLIFFS.

I AM lying on my back in the sunshine, close to the edge of a great broken precipice, beside a clambering Cornish fishing village. In front of me is the sea, bluer than I have seen it since last I lay in like fashion a few months ago on the schistose slopes of the Maurettes at Hyères, and looked away across the plain to the unrippled Mediterranean and the Stœchades of the old Phœcæan merchantmen. On either hand rise dark cliffs of hornblende and serpentine, weathered above by wind and rain, and smoothed below by the ceaseless dashing of the winter waves. Up to the limit of the breakers the hard rock is polished like Egyptian syenite ; but beyond that point it is fissured with disintegration and richly covered with a dappled coat of gray and yellow lichen. The slow action of the water, always beating against the solid wall of crystalline rock, has eaten out a thousand such little bays all along this coast, each bounded by long headlands, whose points have been worn into fantastic pinnacles, or severed from the main mass as precipitous islets, the favorite resting-place of gulls and cormorants. No grander coast scenery can be found anywhere in the southern half of Great Britain.

Yet when I turn inland I see that all this beauty has been produced by the mere interaction of the sea and the barren moors of the interior. Nothing could be flatter or more desolate than the country whose seaward escarpment gives rise to these romantic coves and pyramidal rocky islets. It stretches away for miles in a level upland waste, only redeemed from complete barrenness by the low straggling bushes of the dwarf furze, whose golden blossom is now interspersed with purple patches of ling or the paler pink flowers of the Cornish heath. Here, then, I can see beauty in nature actually beginning to be. I can trace the origin of all these little bays from small rills which have worn themselves gorge-like valleys through the hard igneous rock, or else from fissures finally giving rise to sea-caves, like the one into which I rowed this morning for my early swim. The waves penetrate for a couple of hundred yards into the bowels of the rock, hemmed in by walls and roof of dark serpentine, with its interlacing veins of green and red bearing witness still to its once molten condition ; and at length in most cases they produce a blow-hole at the top, communicating with the open air above, either because the fissure there crops up to the surface, or else through the agency of percolation. At last, the roof falls in ; the boulders are carried away by the waves ; and we get a long and narrow cove, still bounded on either side by tall cliffs, whose summits the air and rainfall slowly wear away into jagged and exquisite shapes. Yet in all this we see nothing but the natural play of cause and effect ; we attribute the beauty of the scene merely to the accidental result of inevitable laws ; we feel no necessity for calling in the aid of any underlying æsthetic intention on the part of the sea, or the rock, or the creeping lichen, in order to account for the loveliness which we find in the finished picture. The winds and the waves carved the coast into these varied shapes by force of blind currents working on hidden veins of harder or softer crystal ; and we happen to find the result beautiful,

just as we happen to find the inland level, dull, and ugly. The endless variety of the one charms us, while the unbroken monotony of the other wearies and repels us.

Here on the cliff I pick up a pretty fern and a blossoming head of the autumn squill—though so sweet a flower deserves a better name. This fern, too, is lovely in its way, with its branching leaflets and its rich glossy-green hue. Yet it owes its shape just as truly to the balance of external and internal forces acting upon it as it does the Cornish coast-line. How comes it then that in the one case we instinctively regard the beauty as accidental, while in the other we set it down to a deliberate æsthetic intent? I think because, in the first case, we can actually see the forces at work, while in the second they are so minute and so gradual in their action as to escape the notice of all but trained observers. This fern grows in the shape that I see, because its ancestors have been slowly moulded into such a form by the whole group of circumstances directly or indirectly affecting them in all their past life; and the germ of the complex form thus produced was impressed by the parent plant upon the spore from which this individual fern took its birth. Over yonder I see a great dock-leaf; it grows tall and rank above all other plants, and is able to spread itself boldly to the light on every side. It has abundance of sunshine as a motive-power of growth, and abundance of air from which to extract the carbon that it needs. Hence it and all its ancestors have spread their leaves equally on every side, and formed large flat undivided blades. Leaves such as these are common enough; but nobody thinks of calling them pretty. Their want of minute subdivision, their monotonous outline, their dull surface, all make them ugly in our eyes, just as the flatness of the Cornish plain makes it also ugly to us. Where symmetry is slightly marked and variety wanting, as in the cabbage leaf, the mullein, and the burdock, we see little or nothing to admire. On the other hand, ferns generally grow in hedgerows or thick-

ets, where sunlight is much interrupted by other plants, and where air is scanty, most of its carbon being extracted by neighboring plants which leave but little for one another's needs. Hence you may notice that most plants growing under such circumstances have leaves minutely subdivided, so as to catch such stray gleams of sunlight and such floating particles of carbonic acid as happen to pass their way. Look into the next tangled and overgrown hedgerow which you happen to pass, and you will see that almost all its leaves are of this character; and when they are otherwise the anomaly usually admits of an easy explanation. Of course the shapes of plants are mostly due to their normal and usual circumstances, and are comparatively little influenced by the accidental surroundings of individuals; and so when a fern of such a sort happens to grow like this one on the open, it still retains the form impressed upon it by the life of its ancestors. Now, it is the striking combination of symmetry and variety in the fern, together with vivid green coloring, which makes us admire it so much. Not only is the frond as a whole symmetrical, but each frondlet and each division of the frondlet is separately symmetrical as well. This delicate minuteness of workmanship, as we call it, reminds us of similar human products—of fine lace, of delicate tracery, of skilful filigree or engraving. Almost all the green leaves which we admire are noticeable, more or less, for the same effects as in the case of maple, parsley, horse-chestnut, and vine. It is true, mere glossy greenness may, and often does, make up for the want of variety, as we see in the arum, holly, laurel, and hart's-tongue fern; but the leaves which we admire most of all are those which, like maiden-hair, are both exquisitely green and delicately designed in shape. So that, in the last resort, the beauty of leaves, like the beauty of coast scenery, is really due to the constant interaction of a vast number of natural laws, not to any distinct æsthetic intention on the part of Nature.

On the other hand, the pretty pink

squill reminds me that semi-conscious æsthetic design in animals has something to do with the production of beauty in nature—at least, in a few cases. Just as a flower garden has been intentionally produced by man, so flowers have been unconsciously produced by insects. As a rule, all bright red, blue, or orange in nature (except in the rare case of gems) is due to ani-

mal selection, either of flowers, fruits, or mates. Thus we may say that beauty in the inorganic world is always accidental; but in the organic world it is sometimes accidental and sometimes designed. A waterfall is a mere result of geological and geographical causes, but a bluebell or a butterfly is partly the result of a more or less deliberate æsthetic choice.

### A BALLADE OF EVOLUTION.

In the mud of the Cambrian main  
Did our earliest ancestor dive :  
From a shapeless albuminous grain  
We mortals our being derive.  
He could split himself up into five,  
Or roll himself round like a ball ;  
For the fittest will always survive,  
While the weakest go to the wall.

As an active ascidian again  
Fresh forms he began to contrive,  
Till he grew to a fish with a brain,  
And brought forth a mammal alive.

With his rivals he next had to strive,  
To woo him a mate and a thrall ;  
So the handsomest managed to wive,  
While the ugliest went to the wall.

At length as an ape he was fain  
The nuts of the forest to rive ;  
Till he took to the low-lying plain,  
And proceeded his fellow to knife.  
Thus did cannibal men first arrive,  
One another to swallow and maul ;  
And the strongest continued to thrive,  
While the weakest went to the wall.

#### ENVOY.

Prince, in our civilized hive,  
Now money's the measure of all ;  
And the wealthy in coaches can drive,  
While the needier go to the wall.

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# THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## CARDINAL XIMENES.

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THE greatness of Cardinal Ximenes has weathered the storms of time. It has spread far beyond the people by whom it was first recognized and proclaimed. All Europe has done it homage, and the whole civilized world hails it with gratitude and joy. It is a small thing in comparison to excel as a prelate, a statesman, a general, or a man of letters ; but to shine foremost in each and all of these capacities, as did Ximenes, to make a lasting impression on the age in a fourfold character, and to mould anew the destinies of a nation in virtue of it, have been the lot of few, and scarcely the ambition of any. Ximenes de Cisneros is part of the Spaniard's nationality. They admire, they love him, they boast of him ; and so lately as April, 1857, they assembled in vast numbers in the city of Alcalá to deposit his remains in the Iglesia Magistral, just 340 years after his decease. The precious memoirs left by Gomez have never been employed with greater effect than by Dr. Von Hefele, who, from these—the basis of all lives of Ximenes—and from a variety of collateral sources, has produced a complete

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and most valuable history of the illustrious cardinal.

Like many eminent prelates in the Catholic Church, Ximenes was a self-made man. He was born at Torde- laguna—a small town—in 1436. His father, though of noble descent, was comparatively poor, and collected tithes for the king. His mother likewise came of a valiant stock decayed in fortune ; so that Ximenes enjoyed on both sides the advantage of gentle blood. From an early age he was destined for the Church ; at Alcalá he was well schooled, and at Salamanca he studied canon and civil law, theology, and the Scriptures. It was here that his love of biblical lore first displayed itself, and gave promise of that abundant growth which afterward made the name of Ximenes famous in the literary world. Poverty was his good angel. It urged him to exertion, and he supported himself at the university by giving lessons. Then, having taken his bachelor's degree in canon and civil law, he boldly turned his face toward Rome, and resolved to better his fortune, if possible, in the heart of Christendom. Twice on the way he was

plundered by robbers, and but for the kindness of a former school-fellow would have been stopped at Aix, in Provence, and compelled to return, *minus* money, clothes, and horse. To Rome, however, he came, and worked steadily in the ecclesiastical courts during six years, till his father died, and he was recalled to Spain to perform a parent's part to his bereaved family. Happily he carried in his pocket an *expectative* letter, by which the pope granted him the first vacant benefice in the diocese of Toledo. The right of bestowing benefices in this manner had often been questioned, often resisted; but with such controversies Ximenes had nothing to do. It was not till the Council of Trent that *Gratie Expectativæ* were finally suppressed,\* and it was clearly his interest to obtain a living from the holy father, if he could, according to established precedent. Uzeda soon fell vacant, and though Ximenes laid claim to it immediately, Carillo, the archbishop, was in no degree inclined to yield it to him. The more Ximenes pressed his claim, the more stoutly Carillo resisted, and the result was that the claimant, though backed by papal authority, soon found himself a prisoner in the very parish of which he sought to be pastor. Nothing could break his iron resolution, and being removed to the fortress of Santorcaz, he there spent six years in confinement, till the archbishop, wearied by his firm and constant refusal to forego his claim, at length yielding the point, restored him to liberty, and confirmed him in possession of the benefice.

His constant study of the Scriptures could not escape observation, and he was often referred to as an authority in Hebrew and Chaldee. Being made vicar of the diocese of

Sigüenza, and agent for the estates of a nobleman who had been taken prisoner by the Moors, Ximenes sighed for retirement, and entered as a novice a convent of the Franciscan order. But his interior life was still disturbed. Numbers resorted to him for counsel and instruction. He prayed to be sent to some more lonely retreat, and accordingly found his home in a small convent near Toledo, called after our Lady of Castañar. It stood in the midst of a forest of chestnuts, and here, like an anchorite of old, he built a hermitage and supported life on herbs and roots, with water from the neighboring rill. Though a scourge was in his hand and a hair-shirt on his body, the Bible he so prized was before him, angels surrounded him, and the Holy Ghost established within him a reign of serenity and light.

According to the rule of the Franciscans, he was, ere long, again removed. He became guardian of the convent of Salzeda, and it was here, in his fifty-sixth year, that his career, so far as it concerns history, began. A confessor was required for the devout and beautiful Queen Isabella, and Cardinal Mendoza, who had been Bishop of Sigüenza, and knew Ximenes well, recommended him as the fitting person to guide her conscience. Being summoned to court on pretence of business, the Franciscan recluse was introduced, as it were by accident, into the royal presence. Isabella was charmed by his candor, his modesty, and native dignity. In vain he declined the office for which he was designed. The queen would take no refusal, but consented to his residing still in his monastery, away from the splendor and temptations of a court. He strove to avoid interference in politics, but Isabella so much the more applied for his advice in the affairs of state. Thus influence over

\* Sess. xxiv. cap. 19.

others is often given to those whose only aim is to acquire the mastery over themselves. Not long after being made confessor to the queen, Ximenes was elected Provincial of the Franciscan order for Old and New Castile. He made his visitations on foot, begged his way like any other of his brethren, and often lived on raw roots. The order had relaxed its original strictness, and was divided into *Conventuals* and *Observantines*, of whom the latter only adhered to the letter and spirit of their founder's laws. The report, therefore, which the provincial had to make to his royal mistress was anything but favorable, and he consequently became himself an object of calumny and dislike to those whose vices he sought to correct. Many of the *Conventuals* who would not reform were ejected from their sanctuaries by his order, and his conflict with evil was silently and surely preparing him for the high post of Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and Chancellor of Castile. This see had generally been filled by one of noble birth, and Ferdinand was anxious to bestow it on his natural son, Alfonso, Bishop of Saragossa. But Isabella was strong in her resolve to promote Ximenes. On Good Friday, 1495, she sent for her confessor, and placed a paper in his hands. It was addressed by his holiness Alexander VI., "To our venerable brother, Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop-elect of Toledo." As he read this the friar turned pale. "It cannot be meant for me," he said, and abruptly left the apartment, dropping the packet. "Come, brother," he exclaimed to his companion, "we must be gone in haste." But the royal messengers overtook him on the road to Ocaña, trudging along bravely in the noontide heat. He was flying from an archbishopric with 80,000

ducats a year, from power and influence second only to that of the king, and from towns and fortresses with numerous vassals. No arguments could induce him to accept these earthly goods. During six months he persisted in refusing them, and yielded at last only in obedience to a command from the sovereign pontiff.

He was now in his sixtieth year. In October, 1495, he was solemnly consecrated in presence of the two sovereigns, and when, after the ceremony, he came to do them homage, he said: "I come to kiss the hands of your majesties, not because they have raised me to the first see in Spain, but because I hope they will assist me in supporting the burden which they have placed on my shoulders." Ximenes was, on the whole, the model of a prelate; and accordingly we see in him modesty and self-confidence singularly combined. In the well-balanced mind they react upon each other and produce each other. Hence, humility is the source of moral power. No silver adorned Ximenes's table, no ornaments hung on his walls. His garment was the habit of St. Francis, his food was coarse, his journeys were made on foot or on a mule's back, and his palace was turned into a cloister. But many persons cavilled at this austerity and ascribed it to spiritual pride. The pope thought it undesirable in the case of a primate of Spain, and exhorted Ximenes, by letter, to "conform outwardly to the dignity of his state of life in his dress, attendants, and everything else relating to the promotion of that respect due to his authority."

In private, however, Ximenes continued as mortified as before. The hair-shirt was next his skin, and he mended with his own hand the coarse garments concealed by the silks and

furs of office. The sumptuous bed, adorned with ivory, purple, and gold, which stood in the palace, was never used by him ; he slept, though his attendants knew it not, on the bare floor, and thus, by night and day, he kept up in his own person a ceaseless protest against the prevailing luxury of the times. He feared the seduction of wealth, and was ever on his guard against the temptations of his princely domain, consisting of fifteen cities, besides many villages and towns. But if any presumed on his unworldly habits, and thought that he must be pliant because he was devout, they were soon disabused of their mistake. He refused, at the outset of his primacy, to make any appointments at the instance of great men, and declared that he was willing at any time to return to his convent and his beads ; but that "no personal considerations should ever operate with him in distributing the honors of the Church." Even the brother of Cardinal Mendoza was unable to obtain from Ximenes the confirmation of his appointment to the governorship of Cazorla, and his relations, highly incensed, could gain no redress from the queen. Having thus established his own independence and freed himself from importunate suitors, Ximenes saluted Don Pedro de Mendoza one day by the title of *Adelantado* of Cazorla, saying that, as no suspicion of sinister influence could now attach to him, he was happy to restore Don Pedro to a post for which he knew him to be qualified.

In the biographies of Gomez and Quintanilla, of Oviedo and Robles, Marsollier, Fléchier, Baudier, Von Hefele, and Barrett, a number of such anecdotes may be found, illustrating the diocesan life of Ximenes, his wonderful penetration, piety, and zeal. But these, for the most part, we must

pass over, and dwell rather on those events in his career with which the history of his country is concerned. Several years had passed since the last Moorish king in Spain had been defeated and stripped of his dominions. The genius of Washington Irving, the research of Prescott, and the fancy of Southey and Bulwer have found full scope in detailing the history of the war of Granada, the surprise of Zahara, the exploits of the Marquis of Cadiz, the fierce resistance of the Moors, and the capture of Alhama. But the Moors, though conquered, had reason to be satisfied with the terms of the victors. They were allowed by treaty to retain their mosques and mode of worship, their property, laws, commerce, and civil tribunals. They had some privileges of which even the Spaniards were deprived ; and if, during the governorship of Tendilla and the archbishopric of Talavera, the Moors of Granada were brought under various Catholic influences, they could not complain of any force or severity being employed by those who sought to convert them. Talavera, indeed, whom Ximenes had succeeded as confessor to the queen, was ceaseless in his efforts for their salvation. He learned Arabic at an advanced age, and required his clergy also to do the same. He caused portions of the Scriptures, Liturgy, and Catechism to be translated, and so recommended the religion he professed by his consistent life and amiable temper that Mohammedanism in Granada melted away before the genial light of the gospel, and the Moors themselves came to love and revere the Christian bishop, whom they called "The Great Alfaqui," or Doctor.

Thus far all was progressing hopefully, when, in 1499, Ximenes was invited by the Catholic sovereigns to assist Talavera in his important mis-

sion. In addition to the means already employed, Ximenes resorted to a large distribution of presents. "In order," says Von Hefele, "that his instructions might make some impression on their sensual minds, he did not hesitate to make the Moorish priests and doctors agreeable presents, consisting chiefly of costly articles of dress and silks. For this object he encumbered the revenues of his see for many years."\* Conversions followed in great numbers, and Ximenes baptized in one day 4000 persons. Many of the mosques were converted into churches, and the sound of bells for Mass and vespers was heard continually in the midst of a Moslem population. But this success produced a reaction. The Moors who were zealous for the false prophet raised a clamor against the archbishop and the government. The most noisy were arrested by Ximenes's order, but "in the height of his zeal he overstepped the bounds of the treaty which the government had made with the Moors, by trying to impose on the prisoners the obligation of receiving instruction from his chaplains in the Christian religion. Those who refused he even punished very severely."†

Among those who were thus imprisoned was a noble Moor named Zegri, who had distinguished himself in the recent wars. Being obliged to fast several days and wear heavy irons, he suddenly declared that Allah had appeared to him in a vision and commanded him to embrace the Christian faith. Certain it is that during the remainder of his life he attached himself to Ximenes with constant fidelity, and gave undeniable proofs of the sincerity of his conversion.

Encouraged by this signal success, Ximenes became more and more averse to dilatory measures. He be-

lieved that Providence designed the extinction of Islamism in Spain, and that he should best co-operate with the divine will by prompt and energetic steps. Some thousand copies of the Koran and other religious books were delivered up to him by the Moorish *alfaguais*, and committed to the flames in the public square. Works on medicine only escaped, and these were afterward placed in the library of the university which he founded at Alcalá. The children of those Christians who had become renegades were taken from their parents and received into the Church, for Ximenes would not suffer a treaty, which he perhaps considered too temporizing, to stand in the way of rescuing souls from error and converting an entire people.

About the end of the year 1499, a terrible outbreak checked for a time the progress of evangelization. Salzedo, the archbishop's major-domo, was sent by his master into the city with another servant and an officer of justice to seize the daughter of an apostate from Christianity. The young woman, however, raised a cry against the violation of the treaty; the Moors rushed to her aid; the officer of justice was killed by a stone; and the major-domo escaped a like fate only by secreting himself under the bed of an old Moorish woman who offered him assistance. The Albaycin, or Moslem quarter of the city, containing 5,000 dwellings, rose in arms. The palace of Ximenes was the object of their attack, and they cried for the blood of him whom a few days before they had extolled with praises.

The archbishop's friends urged him to fly to the fortress by a secret passage. But they knew not the temper of the man whom they counselled. He would never, he said, desert his servants in the hour of danger. All

\* Von Hefele, translated by Canon Dalton, p. 62.

† *Id.* p. 64.



night he was engaged with them in repelling the Moors' assaults, and in the morning the Count of Tendilla arrived from the Alhambra with an armed force, and rescued Ximenes from imminent peril. The outbreak, however, was not so easily subdued. The herald sent by the count to the rebels was murdered, and his staff of office was broken in contempt. Nine days this frantic resistance continued, though without even a remote prospect of ultimate success. Ximenes tried in vain to soothe the raging multitude; but the milder archbishop, Talavera, going forth with his cross and a single chaplain, like Pope Leo when he encountered Attila, the crowd of rebels became appeased, and pressed round him to kiss his garment's hem. The governor Tendilla then appeared before them in a civil attire, threw his scarlet bonnet among the crowd, promised his influence to obtain the royal pardon, and left his wife and two children as hostages in the Albaycin.

Meanwhile, Ximenes, on the third day of the revolt, sent to the sovereigns at Seville an account of what had happened. His messenger was an Ethiopian slave—one of the telegraphic wires of those days—who could run fifty leagues in forty-eight hours. But the slave got drunk on the way, and arrived in Seville five days after he was despatched, instead of two. Reports frightfully exaggerated had reached the king and queen. The court was in a panic. Ximenes was blamed for his indiscretion; and Ferdinand, who had not forgotten the preference given to Ximenes over Alfonso of Aragon, his natural son, bitterly reproached Isabella for having raised an incompetent monk to the see of Toledo. But the archbishop soon appeared to plead his own cause. The king and queen were not only satisfied with his ex-

planations, but thanked him for his services, and assented to his proposal that the inhabitants of the Albaycin should be punished for high treason, unless they purchased their pardon by being baptized. The treaty made with the Moors was thought to be annulled by the violence of the Moslems themselves. Those who persisted in their errors retired to the mountains or crossed over into Barbary; but by far the greater part of the Moors embraced Christianity, and the number of the converts is computed at about 60,000.

Ximenes and Talavera together catechised the people, working in perfect harmony, except in reference to the translation of the Bible into Arabic. Talavera wished to make the version complete, while Ximenes, on the contrary, was of opinion that the Scriptures should be preserved in the ancient languages hallowed by being used in the inscriptions on the cross. To place the Bible in the vulgar tongue in the hands of neophytes and ignorant persons was, he believed, to cast pearls before swine, and would certainly issue in spiritual revolt. But the friendship of the two prelates remained unbroken, and Talavera declared that the triumphs of Ximenes exceeded those of Ferdinand and Isabella, since they had conquered only the soil, while he had won the souls of Granada. There can be no doubt that in the mass of converts there were many unworthy persons who afterward disgraced their profession. It will always be thus when worldly advantages are held out to proselytes; but Ximenes knew that this would be the case, and was prepared to meet the evil with appropriate remedies. He believed that good on the whole would result from his decisive measures; that many, to say the least, of the conversions would be sincere, and

that the children of the converts in general would be educated in the true religion. We do not criticise his conduct, neither do we altogether set it up as exemplary. It was more suitable to his time and country than it would be to ours ; and having recorded it faithfully, our work is done. By whatever means accomplished, the result has been a happy one. Islamism, after many spasmodic attempts at revival, has died out of Spain, and the cause of European morality and civilization has been saved from its most formidable enemy.

Ximenes was in his sixty-fourth year when extreme activity brought on a severe illness and endangered his life. Every day his energies were divided between the sovereigns who required his counsel and aid, and the converts, chiefs, and others who listened to his instructions. The king and queen evinced the greatest concern for him when smitten down with fever, and removed him from the fortress of the Alhambra, which was exposed to the wind, to the royal summer-house of Xeneralifa. Isabella in particular bestowed on the venerable prelate her utmost care. He was soon able to walk along the banks of the Darro and enjoy its pure and bracing air, soon able to return to his beloved Alcalá, where he was founding the university which has made his name blessed for ever ; while the queen, so much younger than himself, who had raised him so high, and from whose sympathy and protection he had so much to expect, the queen who was "the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked,"\* was ere long† to be called away from her earthly throne, and leave her aged and faithful servant to fight his way in the midst of those who understood him

less perfectly and prized him less highly than she had done.

He was engaged, at this time, in a great work. The new university, founded by him at Alcalá in 1500, became the rival of Salamanca, and was called by the Spaniards "the eighth wonder of the world." From the moment he was made Archbishop of Toledo, he resolved to devote its immense revenues to the construction of this seat of learning. The spot was pleasant, the air pure, and the site of the ancient Complutum was hallowed in the eyes of all whose sympathies were with the past. Gonsalvo Zegri, the converted Moor, assisted at laying the foundation-stone ; and Ximenes obtained from his royal patrons an annual grant and sundry privileges for the projected establishment. Thither Ximenes repaired, as to his fondest occupation, whenever the duties of state and of his diocese permitted. Often he might be seen on the ground, with the rule in his hand, taking measurements of the works, and encouraging the laborers by his example and by suitable rewards. Pope Julius II. issued a brief authorizing the endowment, and Leo X. afterward augmented the liberties of the new foundation. The College of San Ildefonso stood at its head ; in 1508, several students arrived, and 33 professors with 12 priests were installed, who answered in their numbers to the years of our Lord's life and his college of apostles. Schools were attached for boarders, lectures and disputations were set on foot, classes were formed, scholarships founded, examinations publicly conducted, and diplomas conferred. The intellect of the students was exercised in every branch of knowledge—in the ancient languages, including Hebrew, in theology, canon law, medicine, anatomy, surgery, philosophy,

\* Peter Martyr, *Epist.* 279.

† November 26th, 1504.

moral philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, and grammar. The physical sciences were as yet little known and barely studied. Theology spread its arms widely beneath and around all attainable knowledge. In 1514, King Ferdinand visited the university, attended some of the lectures, and expressed his admiration of the grandeur and beauty of the buildings. They were but a feeble sign of the mental fabrics which Ximenes was raising to the honor of Spain and for her service. Patriotism blended in him with religion, and helped to make him what he was.

Some years after the death of Ximenes, Francis I., of France, on visiting Alcalá, is reported to have said: "Your cardinal has undertaken and accomplished a work I myself could not attempt. The University of Paris, which is the pride of my kingdom, is the work of many sovereigns. But Ximenes alone has founded one like it."

It was by a ruthless decree that this grand and famous seat of learning was finally broken up, in 1850, by the creation of a central university and the sale of the buildings to the Count de Quinto.\* The inhabitants resolved at least to save the rich tomb of the illustrious cardinal, and the translation of his remains was effected with great solemnity on the 27th of April, 1857.

It was in this university that Ximenes published that noble Polyglot by which he earned the praise and gratitude of all biblical students. The text of the sacred Scriptures had become deplorably corrupt at the commencement of the fifteenth century, owing to the inattention or ignorance of copyists. But the invention of printing gave a new impetus to every branch of learning, and promised biblical scholars great advantages in

their study of the Bible. From the year 1462 to 1500 no less than eighty editions of the Vulgate appeared; and the zeal of Jews in amending the Hebrew text became an invaluable assistance to the labors of Christians in the same field. The constant perversion of the meaning of Scripture by those who were aliens to the Church made it increasingly necessary to study the Bible in its original languages, so as to be able to refute the impudent assertions of upstart divines. Hence Ximenes, whose designs were naturally grand, formed the intention not only of raising a new university, but of publishing a new edition of the Scriptures in their original tongues, and of thus restoring in some measure the lost *Hexapla* of Origen. No translation, he held, could perfectly represent the original, and the mss. of the Latin Vulgate were painfully discrepant. It was needful, therefore, to go back to the prime sources, and "correct the books of the Old Testament by the Hebrew text, and those of the New Testament by the Greek text."\*

Having thus resolved to revive the dormant study of Holy Writ, Ximenes's next step was to procure assistance from learned men, and access to the most ancient mss. Several Jewish converts were enlisted, and, besides other professors, a Greek named Demetrius Ducas. They were all handsomely paid and stimulated to the utmost exertion. "Make haste, my friends," Ximenes would say; "for, as all things in this world are transient, you may lose me or I may lose you. Let us work together while we can." Enormous sums were spent by him in the purchase of mss., and some were lent to him by Pope Leo X., who honored him as sincerely as he loved the fine arts. To these loans Ximenes

*L'Univers*, June 6th, 1857.

\* *Prolegomena* to the Polyglot.

refers in the introduction to the Polyglot. It is calculated by Gomez that nearly £25,000 sterling (50,000 ducats=\$125,000) were spent in bringing the work to a conclusion. The sale bore no proportion to the publishing expenses, as 600 copies only were struck off, and these, though consisting of six folios, were sold at six and a half ducats each. The price of the copies still in existence varies according to the state in which they have been preserved; but it ranges from £40 to £75. The Polyglot occupied fifteen years in its completion, and the New Testament, which forms the sixth volume of the work, appeared first in order of time. The Greek, being without the accents, has a strange appearance, but the editors excuse themselves on the ground of the accents not having been used by the ancient Greeks, nor by the original writers of the New Testament. The volume, on the whole, is beautifully printed, while the grammar and lexicon which accompanies it made it a valuable means of promoting the study of Greek. The Pentateuch appeared in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek, together with three Latin translations. The roots of difficult words in the Hebrew and Chaldaic texts are given in the margin, and this is no mean assistance to beginners in studying these languages, in which the radical meaning pervades all the derivatives in so marked a degree. Altogether, it was a boon to mankind, munificent in its cost, noble in its design, beautiful in execution, and as profound in scholarship as it could be in the age in which it saw the light. When John Brocario, the printer's son, brought the last sheets to the cardinal in his best attire, Ximenes raised his eyes to heaven with great joy, and exclaimed: "I give thee thanks, O God most

high! that thou hast brought to a long-wished-for end the work I undertook in thy name." Only four months later his eyes were closed in death. The Complutensian Polyglot became very useful in preparing subsequent editions of the Scriptures; and though the labors of Griesbach, Buxtorf, Michaelis, and other critics have thrown its authority into the shade, it was an important link in the chain which has issued in the present comparative purity of sacred texts. All real scholars award it cheerfully their meed of praise, and the charges brought against it by Wetstein and Semler have been amply refuted. It is an astonishing production, considering the disadvantages under which its compilers lay, that they had not access to the best and most ancient MSS., and that the *Codex Vaticanus* was not within their reach. What MSS. were really used we shall never know; for, besides that many were returned to their owners after the Polyglot was completed, others, which had been purchased, were sold in 1749 as waste-paper to a rocket-maker named Torzo!

As the reform of the Franciscan order was the first glory of the hermit of Castañar, and the foundation of a great university the second, so the Bible of Alcalá will ever be regarded as the third durable monument of Ximenes's vast and varied powers.

But his literary labors were not confined to Holy Writ. He set on foot a complete edition of the works of Aristotle; and though his death interrupted the design, he was able to bring out many other useful books, in Latin and Spanish, for the use of the learned and the instruction of the people. The demand for such works was then steadily increasing, and the supply not being equal to it, there was difficulty in finding on sale, fifty years later, a single copy

of the volumes Ximenes had edited. Ecclesiastical music-books also, which had hitherto been in manuscript, were published by him, and distributed through the churches of his diocese, so that the Gregorian chant, to which he was strongly attached, might be better known and practised. Nor did he forget works on agriculture, being desirous of promoting in every way the welfare of his kind.

Finding among the MSS. in the library of Toledo a number of liturgies in old Gothic characters, he conceived a design of rescuing from destruction the Mozarabic or Mixt-Arabic rite. Its use was long confined to Toledo and to some parishes where Christians lived under Moorish dominion. Then, in course of time, the Mozarabic families having died out, and the reign of the Moors being at an end, the Gregorian rite superseded the old Gothic one, and the memory of it was kept alive only by occasional use on certain festivals. It was evidently desirable, for the sake of history and literature, to collate the MSS. of this ancient liturgy, and preserve it in a printed form for future generations. This task Ximenes accomplished in a manner worthy of his comprehensive genius. He printed a number of Mozarabic missals and breviaries, changing the Gothic characters into Castilian, and erected a chapel in his cathedral where the Mozarabic Mass might be said daily. He founded a college of thirteen priests, who should recite the canonical hours, and perform other functions according to this liturgy. Robles himself, Ximenes's biographer, was one of these chaplains. This foundation gave rise to others of the same kind in Salamanca and Valladolid. They have fully answered the purpose of the founder, and Mozarabic missals can

easily be purchased at the present day.

The obstacles which Ximenes had to overcome in reforming his diocese were very serious, but he encountered them with the utmost firmness. The bishops enjoyed at that period immense revenues, the benefices of priests were richly endowed, and the clergy were too numerous, lax in morals, and often extremely ignorant. The corruption of the Castilian court was scandalous, and the natural children of kings and princes were constantly elevated to episcopal sees. The monasteries were changed into abodes of luxury, and it needed a queen like Isabella, and a primate like Ximenes, to stem the tide of licentiousness. His first effort was to reform the lives and habits of his chapter, and in this attempt he was opposed by a canon named Alborno, whom he caused to be arrested on his way to Rome and cast into prison. Severe measures were indispensable in the state of society then existing. His own life as a bishop was strict in the extreme. He shunned all intercourse with women, and sitting always with a Bible open before him, he had no time for idle and intrusive visitors. His charities made him beloved by the poor, and all the decrees issued by the synods under his presidency tended to revive the spirit and the forms of true religion. The strict rule of the Observantines was introduced into the Franciscan order, and those who would not conform to it were expelled the country. The valiant reformer raised up enemies enough by his courage and zeal; but honest intentions such as his and force of character only triumph the more signally by being opposed. His friends pointed to his works of mercy as the best answer to the calumnies of petty foes. He raised twelve churches; he founded four hos-

pitals and eight monasteries ; he fed thirty poor persons daily at his palace, visited the hospitals, and pensioned desolate widows. Would his enemies, even if they had possessed the means, have done the like ?

When Isabella died, Ximenes, holding in one hand the archbishop's cross, grasped in the other the sceptre of state. Joanna, the consort of Philip the Fair, who inherited the crown of Castile, had become the prey of a disordered imagination. Her husband would not reside in Spain, and she would not consent to live there without him. Isabella had foreseen her incompetency and probable absence. She had appointed Ferdinand of Aragon, her own husband, Regent of Castile, till her grandson Charles should have attained his twentieth year. The nobles of Castile factiously resisted this wise provision ; and though Ferdinand acted with prudence and moderation, though he caused his daughter Joanna, with Philip her husband, to be proclaimed sovereigns, and contented himself with administering the affairs of state in their absence, a struggle ensued in which Ximenes sided constantly with Ferdinand, and adhered closely to the terms of Isabella's will. Philip prepared an army to drive his father-in-law from Castile, while Joanna wrote to him requesting that he would not resign the government, and surrendering her rights to him in the most earnest and affectionate terms.

By the wisdom and resolution of Ximenes, the rupture between Philip and Ferdinand was partially healed. He mediated between them with admirable *finesse*, and his success was the more remarkable because he found in Philip a faithless, wrong-headed, and vindictive man, the slave of passion and the dupe of evil counsellors ; while the confi-

dence reposed in him by Ferdinand was not always complete, nor equal at any time to that placed in him by the virtuous and noble Isabella. With his consent Philip was allowed to have his own way, and to govern Castile without the assistance of Ferdinand. But Philip was removed from this world in the flower of his age, and thus the path was opened for Ximenes becoming Regent of Castile. He was by this time thoroughly conversant with the affairs of state. Every Thursday he gave an audience to the king's chief ministers, and heard from them the most important matters which were next day to be brought before the council. On Friday he gave these matters again his careful consideration, and then handed in a report respecting them to the king.

It was in September, 1506, that Philip died after a short illness, and Ximenes, with several others, was chosen provisional administrator of the kingdom. His powers were soon increased, and exalted above those of his colleagues. He had a difficult part to play, for the Castilian nobles were passionate and intriguing, and the disconsolate widow Joanna refused to endorse his authority as regent. She sat nearly all day long in a dark chamber, with her face resting on her hand, silent, bitter, and sorrowful, listening only at intervals to sweet music which nursed her melancholy. These eccentricities ended in total derangement. She disinterred her husband's corpse at Miraflores, contrary to the laws of the church and to Philip's will, and ordered it to be conveyed before her by torch-light to the town of Torquemada. Endless funereal ceremonies were performed, and fantastic images of death and grief were multiplied in virtue of her diseased imagination. She insisted on residing in a little town where her

court and attendants could scarcely find a cabin-roof to screen them from sun and storm.

In August, 1507, the unhappy queen, wild and haggard in appearance, attended by the corpse of her royal husband, met her father Ferdinand at Tortolés. With her consent he assumed the reins of government, and Ximenes resigned his powers into the hands of the king. His services had been great, and Ferdinand was too noble to leave them unrewarded. The archbishop was named Cardinal and Grand-Inquisitor of Castile and Leon. Never was a cardinal's hat bestowed at Rome with greater satisfaction; and the important office of grand-inquisitor, which was attached to the higher dignity, will be estimated more correctly after a few observations.

It was the opinion of St. Augustine, who herein followed that of St. Ambrose and St. Leo, that persons ought not to be put to death for heresy, but the great doctor did not disapprove of force being employed to restrain and correct heresy. This opinion became the basis of the civil laws of Theodosius II. and Valentinian III.; but in the middle ages the alliance between church and state was much closer than it had been in earlier years, and it was usual to punish obstinate heresy as a twofold crime worthy of death. St. Thomas Aquinas defends this as reasonable, but St. Bernard was in favor of a more lenient policy. Ecclesiastical tribunals were established in which cases of heresy were tried, and the civil magistrates were required by law to carry into effect the judgment of bishops. Papal legates also, like Peter de Castelnau, were often entrusted with inquisitorial powers. The Council of Toulouse, in 1229, issued various decrees relative to the suppression of

heresy,\* and may thus be considered as founding the first inquisition.† The Dominicans especially were employed in the work of extirpating heresy, and but for the exertions of such men the nations of Europe would have been overrun with Manichæism and various other forms of pestilent error. The Jews settled in Spain, penetrated in disguise every branch of society, and strove in every age to Judaize the people. The inquisition was directed in a particular manner against this subtle influence, and the peculiar nature of the evil required peculiar remedies and antidotes. It was Judaism in the church that it labored to extirpate, and not the race of Israel dwelling in the Peninsula.

The inquisitors of Seville took office in 1481, and were appointed by the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella. Nothing was more natural than that they should seek to rid the body politic of a gangrene so fatal as secret Judaism. Yet Sixtus IV. had occasion to rebuke the royal inquisitors for their needless severity and to take measures for the mitigation of their sentences. But the tribunal was placed more and more under the control of the state, and whether clergymen or laymen were employed, they were alike subservient to the Spanish government. In 1492, when, by a memorable edict, the Jews were ordered to quit Spain, unless they submitted to be baptized, the sphere of the inquisition's labors became greatly enlarged in consequence of the increased number of Jews who professed Christianity from worldly motives alone. The Moriscos also, or baptized Moors, came within the sphere of its action; and it was introduced into Granada by the advice of the se-

\* Harduin, tome vii. pp. 173-178.

† Von Hefele, p. 286.

cond grand-inquisitor, Deza, in order to prevent their relapsing into Islamism.

The sovereigns of Castile and Aragon promoted the inquisition for other motives besides those here alluded to. They used it as an instrument for consolidating their own power and breaking that of the clergy and nobles. Piombal, at a later period, did the same in Portugal. Hence it was popular with the lower classes, detested by the aristocracy, and often censured by popes. To these facts Ranke and Balmez abundantly testify, and their evidence is confirmed by that of Henry Leo, Guizot, Havemann, Lenormant, De Maistre, and Spittler. The falsehoods of Llorente respecting the inquisition have been fully exposed, and those who sift the matter thoroughly will find that it was latterly more a political than a religious institution; that the cruelties it exercised have been enormously exaggerated; that it was in accordance with principles universally recognized in its day; that its punishments, however severe, were in keeping with the ordinary penal laws; that the popes constantly endeavored to mitigate its decrees; that Gregory XIII., Paul III., Pius IV., and Innocent XII., in particular, reclaimed against its rigors; that its intentions were good on the whole; its proceedings tempered with mercy; and that Ximenes, the third grand-inquisitor, conducted himself in that office with moderation and humanity, provided for the instruction of Jewish and Moorish converts, and "adopted every expedient to diminish the number of judicial cases reserved for the tribunal of the inquisition."\* He caused Lucero, the cruel inquisitor of Cordova, to be arrested, tried, and deposed from his high functions.

He protected Lebrija, Vergara, and other learned men from envious aspersions, and kept a strict watch over the officers of the inquisition, lest they should exceed their instructions or abuse their power. He endeavored, but without success in Ferdinand's lifetime, to exclude laymen from the council, and thus free the tribunal as far as possible from state influence. The number of those who suffered punishment under his *régime* has been greatly exaggerated by Llorente; and if he introduced the inquisition into Oran, America, and the Canary Isles, it must be remembered that its jurisdiction extended over the old Christians settled there, and not over the natives.

In reviewing Ximenes's conduct in such matters, we must never lose sight of the fact that absolute unity of religion was then the aim of all Catholic governments, whereas circumstances are now altered, and the question of religious liberty, though the same in the abstract, is wholly changed in its practical application. But the scene now changes. We have seen the hermit of Castañar doff his cowl to wear a mitre, found the University of Alcalá, edit the famous Polyglot, and rule as regent the kingdom of Castile. We shall now behold him mount a war-charger, place himself at the head of an army, and lead it to victory on the coasts of Africa. We shall admire and wonder at the versatility of his genius, and the resolution and activity which no difficulties could break nor advancing years slacken. It would be easy to point out resemblances between Ximenes and the fiery Chatham, nor can we wonder that the latter statesman admired the former more than any other character in history.\*

\* Von Hefele, p. 387.

\* Horace Walpole's *George II.* p. iii. 19.



The cardinal had a double reason for advising Ferdinand to employ the troops which Gonsalvo de Cordova had led to victory in Italy, in the conquest of some stronghold on the African coast. Mazarquivir was taken in 1505, and Ximenes, expanding his designs as usual, conceived a vaster project for a new crusade and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. It had been for ages the favorite and oft-baffled scheme of popes and Christian princes. It seemed to realize every hope of Catholic domination in Europe, and to involve the downfall of Islamism. The idea was as glorious as the accomplishment would be useful to humanity. It was the cause of civilization against barbarism, and of truth against error. But the strife between Philip and Ferdinand, already referred to, completely frustrated it, and the loss of Mazarquivir, in 1507, supplied Ximenes with an opportunity of opposing Mohammedanism nearer home and under more urgent circumstances. At his earnest request a fleet was fitted out for the conquest of Oran. That city was strongly fortified, rich and powerful, and in its harbors were a multitude of cruisers, ever ready to sweep the shores of the Mediterranean and carry off their victims to be sold as slaves. Though in his seventy-second year, though hampered by the infirmities common at such an age, Ximenes resolved to march in person to the conquest of this place, and to furnish the means required for the expedition out of his own revenues. He would thus, he thought, be able to pursue his own plans with greater freedom, and exempt the king from responsibility and loss which he might not be able or willing to incur. There were those who sneered at the cardinal's girding on his sword, and murmured

that he had better tell his beads, but Ferdinand knew well the temper of his mind. He willingly placed at his disposal all the forces that could be raised, and gave him a large number of blank papers, signed only with the royal manual, to be filled up as the great cardinal might think proper. Fourteen thousand men were soon under arms, and Count Pedro Navarro was appointed by Ximenes commander of the forces. A titular bishop was at the head of one division, and all the generals were distinguished for their valor. During some years Ximenes had been husbanding his resources for some such enterprise, and subsidies flowed in from other churches and dioceses.

Intrigues and jealousies delayed for awhile the sailing of the expedition. Navarro strove to obtain the sole command. Ferdinand was often wavering. A mutiny broke out in the army. The soldiers demanded their pay in advance. But the voice of the cardinal calmed the storm, and the soldiers, being promised a part of their pay as soon as they had embarked, hastened to the ships with the merry sound of trumpets. On the 16th of May, 1509, the fleet weighed anchor. Ten galleys, eighty large transports, and many smaller vessels traversed the straits, and on the following day—the Feast of the Ascension—Ximenes with his fleet and army anchored in the port of Mazarquivir. He passed the night in giving his instructions; and though his health and strength were impaired by age, toil, and study, his energy filled the troops with confidence and enthusiasm. He summoned Navarro before him, and entrusted the conduct of the army to him alone, yet the relative positions of the cardinal and the commander were not, after all, clearly defined.

The lines were formed in order

battle, when a striking scene presented itself. Oran was to be attacked by sea and land. A mendicant friar was transformed into a chieftain and a hero. Forth he rode, mounted on a mule, with a sword belted over his pontifical robes. Many ecclesiastics surrounded him. Canons and priests were his body-guard. Swords and scimitars hung from their girdles, and before them rode a giant Franciscan on a white charger, bearing the primate's silver cross and the arms of the house of Cisneros. The hymn *Vexilla regis prodeunt* rose to heaven as the cavalcade advanced; and the cardinal, riding along the ranks, imposed silence and harangued the troops. His words were few, but full of fire. The mothers of Spain, he said, whose children had been dragged into slavery, were prostrate at that moment before the altar of God, praying for success to his soldiers' arms. He desired to share their danger, remembering how many bishops who had preceded him in the see of Toledo had died gloriously on the battle-field.

Officers and men were excited to the utmost by Ximenes's address, but when he was about to place himself at their head, they entreated him with one voice not to expose so precious a life. He retired, therefore, within the fortress of Mazarquivir, and there, in the oratory of St. Michael, implored the God of battles to crown his troops with victory. Scarcely had he entered the fort, when the folly of Navarro compelled the cardinal to interfere. The commander had ordered the cavalry to remain inactive, because the country was so hilly, and if Ximenes had not resolutely insisted on their supporting the foot-soldiers, the day would probably have been lost. With like energy Ximenes condemned any delay as criminal, and prevented Navarro from deferring the combat, as

he proposed, to the next day, when the arrival of the chief-vizier of Tremesen with strong re-enforcements would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to the Spaniards' prospect of success.

The infantry, therefore, in four battalions, advanced immediately up the sides of the sierra, shouting, "Santiago, Santiago!" A shower of stones and arrows was hurled on them by the Moors, and the position was obstinately disputed. But a battery of guns playing on the enemy's flank, they wavered and fled, while the Spaniards, in spite of contrary orders, pursued and slaughtered them with great havoc. The fleet, meanwhile, bombarded the city, and, though ill provided with ladders, the Christian troops scaled the walls, planted their colors, and with loud cries of "Santiago y Ximenes!" opened the gates to their comrades. In vain did their general call them off from the work of carnage. No age or sex was spared; till at last, weary with plunder and butchery, they sank down in the streets, and slept beside the corpses of their foes. Four thousand Moors were said to have fallen, and only thirty Spaniards. The booty was counted at half a million of gold ducats.

The cardinal spent the night in praising God, and the next day, proceeding by sea to Oran, made a solemn entry. The troops hailed him as the conqueror, but he was heard to say aloud, "*Non nobis, Domine, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.*" He set at liberty three hundred Christian captives; and when the entire spoil of the city was presented to him, he reserved nothing for himself, but set apart a portion for the king, and divided the rest among his troops. Sixty pieces of cannon fell into his hands, and it seemed little less than a miracle that a place so defended

should have been taken in a few hours. Others affirmed that there had been traitors among the inhabitants, and that Ximenes had gained over to his side some persons who acted as spies and gave him secret intelligence. The mosques were soon converted into churches, and a branch of the inquisition was established, lest convert Jews should hasten from Spain to Oran and renounce the Christian religion with impunity.

It now became a question whether the war should be pushed further into Africa. The people of Tremesen, stung to madness by the fall of Oran, had massacred the Christian merchants and slaughtered even the Jews. But Navarro had grown jealous of Ximenes, and scorned to obey orders issued by a monk. He informed the cardinal that his power expired with the siege of Oran, and that, if he remained with the army any longer, he would be treated as a private individual. To this indignity Ximenes would not submit, yet he had no desire to continue in Africa. A letter of Ferdinand's, which he saw by chance, instructed Navarro to detain him there as long as might be needful; and he suspected that the king wished him to languish and die on a foreign shore. He knew that Ferdinand could ill bear to see the glory of Gonsalvo de Cordova, "the great captain," and his special friend, to be obscured by that of a general in a monk's cowl, but he was not disposed to gratify his royal master by dying before his time.

Just a week after he had landed, the cardinal set sail on his return. He remained seven days at Carthage; established a line of transports to run between it and Oran, and then departed for Alcalá, where he made his entry with a sort of military triumph. A part of the walls

had been broken down for him to pass through, but this honor he declined, and contented himself with entering through the usual gate, preceded by Moorish slaves leading camels laden with booty. The keys of Oran, chandeliers from the mosques, banners, and Arabic mss. on medicine and astrology were presented to the university; and a tablet was placed in the Mozarabic chapel of the cathedral of Toledo, with an inscription recording the success of the expedition. Some of these curiosities are still shown to visitors in the cathedral; but the fame of Ximenes has little need of such memorials. As a martial expedition was an enterprise least to be expected of him, so it is that which marks him most prominently on the page of history.

The capture of Oran led to further conquests on the coasts of Africa; yet, after all, the declining power of Spain made it difficult to retain what she had acquired, and impossible to extend her dominions. In 1790, after a dreadful earthquake, Oran fell into the hands of the Dey of Algiers. Since then, it has been annexed to the French empire, under conditions more favorable to civilization than it enjoyed under Spanish rule.

One of the conditions attached by Ximenes to the conquest of Oran had been that it should either be annexed to the archbishopric of Toledo, or that the expenses he might incur should be refunded from the treasury. Cabals, however, were raised against him. He was charged with having enriched himself, and the promised conditions seemed likely to stay unfulfilled. He persisted in his claim, wrote to Ferdinand on the subject, and was mortified by seeing a commission appointed to examine his private apartments, in order to ascertain what part of the

spoils he had reserved for himself. The account-book, which he handed to the commissioner, was the only reply he made to this indignity. Not long after, the king proposed that he should exchange the archbishopric of Toledo for that of Zaragoza, and yield the primacy to Ferdinand's natural son, a brave warrior and able politician, but a worldly prelate. To this unworthy proposal Ximenes made answer that he would never exchange his see for any other. He was willing to return to the poverty of a cloister, but if he held any see at all it should be that one over which Providence had appointed him to rule.

Cold and capricious as Ferdinand was sometimes toward the cardinal, he treated him with the same respect as ever when his own interests or those of the state seemed to require it. When he had espoused the cause of Julius II. against the King of France, he sent for Ximenes to meet him at Seville and aid him with his counsels. It was in the depth of winter, but the cardinal promptly obeyed the summons. He admired the bold attitude assumed by the pope, and heartily sympathized with his efforts to recover the territories which had been torn from the Church, to extend the temporal sovereignty of the successor of St. Peter, to compel his vassals to obey him, and to humble the power of Venice, then mistress of almost all his seaports. He saw with satisfaction the blows inflicted on the pride and insolence of the Baglionis and Bentivoglios, and he approved of the League of Cambray, by which Julius II., Louis XII., the Emperor of Germany, and the King of Spain bound themselves to enfeeble Venice and avenge the injuries she had done to the domains of the Church. But Ximenes, though he concurred in the papal policy as

regards Venice, shared also the fears of the sovereign pontiff lest France should extend her possessions in the north of Italy. He justified Julius II. in withdrawing from the League into which he had entered, and was prepared to afford him every assistance in resisting the arrogance of Louis XII. when he seized on Bologna and convened a council at Pisa, in defiance of the Holy See. The adhesion of Ferdinand and Ximenes encouraged Pope Julius to form an alliance with Venice, and thus to oppose the united forces of the Emperor Maximilian and Louis XII. Under the auspices of these princes a schismatical council dared to assemble at Pisa, and afterward at Milan. Seven insubordinate cardinals and twenty bishops, chiefly French, were present at the opening, and in the eighth and ninth sessions they audaciously declared Julius II. deposed. But a general council, convened by the pope, met in the Lateran in 1512, condemned these schismatical proceedings, and restored the wavering to obedience. Even Maximilian deserted the King of France, and Henry VIII. of England sided with Ferdinand against the pope's enemies.

It may here be mentioned that Ximenes was averse to the distribution of indulgences under Julius II. and Leo X. for the completion of St. Peter's in Rome. The ground on which he disapproved of it was, that the relaxation of temporal punishment which these indulgences conferred might weaken and disturb ecclesiastical discipline. Devoutly submissive as he was to the Holy See, he nevertheless, as Gomez relates, advised Ferdinand to enact a law by which all papal bulls should, before publication, be submitted to a minister of state. His object was to guard against abuses, since dispensa-

tions were often obtained too easily from Rome.

During Ferdinand's last illness, Ximenes occupied a prominent post in the affairs of state; and on one occasion, when the sovereign was absent from Castile, the government was entrusted to him, in concert with the royal council. It was, therefore, natural that, when the king died, he should be appointed regent during the minority of Charles V. Ferdinand had, it is true, objected to him as too austere, but he yielded to the advice of others, and consented to the appointment immediately before receiving the last sacraments. It was, he thought, an advantage in his case not to have been born of a noble family, since he could on that account conduct the administration with greater impartiality. Thus, on the 23d of January, 1516, Ximenes became once more the ruler of a nation daily rising in importance.

Another claimant of supreme power appeared on the scene. This was Dean Hadrian, afterward pope, who had been tutor to Prince Charles, and who produced a document signed by the prince, authorizing him to assume the regency of Castile in the event of Ferdinand's demise. The legal decision on the question was unfavorable to Hadrian's claim; but Ximenes, wishing to avoid disputes, consented to rule conjointly with his rival until Charles himself should decide by which of the two he would be represented. Nothing could exceed the promptitude and energy of the cardinal's measures. If an insurrection broke out, troops were despatched instantly to suppress it. Madrid was in the neighborhood of his own vassals, and he therefore chose it as the seat of government, lest he might in some other place be exposed to the violence of interfering grandees.

The authority given in the first instance to Ximenes was fully confirmed by Charles, and in a letter which he addressed to the cardinal he declared that "the most excellent clause he had found in his grandfather's will was that by which Ximenes was invested with the government of the kingdom and the administration of justice." The fame of the consummate wisdom, experience, and eminent virtues of the cardinal had reached, he said, even Flanders; and he therefore enjoined on all the members of his family, the nobles and prelates, to recognize him as regent. To Hadrian the prince assigned a subordinate post, and every arrangement was made with due regard to the rights of the unhappy Queen Joanna, whose derangement made her practically a cipher, though nominally supreme ruler. Her name preceded that of her son Charles in all public documents; but the prince was proclaimed King of Castile by order of Ximenes. It was not until Charles arrived in Spain that the Cortes of Aragon consented to recognize his title as king of that country also.

The height of power is generally the height of discomfort. Many of the nobles combined to harass Ximenes, and incite the people to rebel against "a monk of base extraction." They questioned his authority, and decided on sending messengers to Flanders to demand his dismissal. The cardinal, however, was fully apprised of all their plans; and it is said by Gomez that, when some of them waited on him to ask for the documents in virtue of which he held the regency, he took them to the window, and showing them a park of artillery, said, "These are the powers by which I govern Castile according to the king's will and command."

He took, indeed, if Peter Martyr can be credited, great interest and pleasure in military affairs. He had heard Ferdinand expatiate on the advantages of a militia as opposed to an army recruited from different countries; and now that he was wielding dictatorial power, he resolved to put the scheme in execution. He conferred with the senate, and issued a proclamation inviting the enlistment of volunteers. They were, with the exception of officers and musicians, to serve without pay, but in return they were exempted from taxes, socages, and all other charges. Immediate success attended this measure. Thirty thousand citizens were speedily enrolled, and were daily drilled in public. The compliments paid to Ximenes by ambassadors, and the envious cavillings of foreign princes, sufficiently proved the wisdom of this organization. It encountered great opposition from the nobles, but, being endorsed by the special approval of Charles, it triumphed ultimately over every obstacle.

Ximenes's attention, at the same time, was turned to the maritime power of the kingdom. He added twenty trireme galleys to the navy, and put the entire fleet in movement against the Moors and pirates who infested the Spanish coasts. The seas were thus cleared of "Red Rovers," and Pope Leo X. congratulated the cardinal on the success of his marine administration. His government was assailed on all sides, but the great churchman was never at a loss. Whether he had to meet invading forces on the frontier, or suppress rebellion in the interior, he was in the highest degree prompt and resolute; he struck terror into his foes, and earned the absent sovereign's warmest gratitude. He was equally attentive to the details of govern-

ment and to its general aims. He caused exact accounts to be drawn up of the revenues, finances, and laws of the three military orders; and was preparing similar documents relative to the kingdom at large when arrested in his labors by the hand of death. To relieve the royal treasury he suppressed numerous sinecures, beginning with those held by his own friends, and remonstrated with Charles on his lavish expenditure.

Successful as Ximenes had been in the capture of Oran, it was his misfortune afterward to be foiled and worsted by a robber. The name of Horac Barbarossa was feared throughout the Mediterranean. He was scarcely twenty years of age when a pirate-fleet of forty galleys sailed under his command. Though a cannon-ball carried off his left arm in an attack on Bugia in 1515, he returned to the assault, took the citadel, and put the entire Christian garrison to death. He roused the fanaticism of the Moslems, and excited them to throw off the Spanish yoke. The King of Algiers sought his aid against the Spaniards; but the treacherous pirate murdered his friend in a bath, seized the throne, and refused to pay tribute to Spain. He also took the King of Tunis prisoner, and put him to death. A talkative and bragging general, named Vera, was sent by Ximenes with 8000 men to reduce this brigand and usurper to subjection. But he was too strong and skilful for the blundering Vera. The Spanish expedition utterly failed, and the two-armed general who could not beat the one-armed buccaneer was an object of ridicule and scorn to women and children when he returned to Spain.

The conquest of Granada had been the means of bringing into public notice two of the greatest men of

that or any other age. The appointment of Talavera to the see of Granada led to Ximenes being summoned to court to fill his place as confessor to the queen; and in the joy felt by Isabella at the final victory over the Moors in Spain she granted Columbus the vessels he had solicited during many years. In March, 1493, the glorious adventurer returned from the far West, and brought with him numerous proofs of the extent and importance of his distant discoveries. The natives whom he had on board his ships increased the desire of Ferdinand and Isabella to impart the blessings of Christianity to their new subjects; and Ximenes, then occupied with the conversion of the Spanish Moors, was anxious to co-operate with the sovereigns for the repression of crime and cruelty in the American colonies, and in the instruction of the caciques and the Indian tribes in the faith of the gospel. It is well known how long and how miserably these pious designs were frustrated by the barbarity of Spanish governors, the rapacity and license of Spanish sailors, convicts, and settlers. It is not surprising that the cacique Hatuey vowed he would rather not go to heaven if the Spaniards were there.

The royal decrees respecting slavery had been hesitating and contradictory; nor were the religious orders in the New World agreed as to the practice that should be pursued. Some of the governors allowed the natives to be treated as slaves, while others received orders from the home government to limit slavery to the case of cannibals. When Ximenes became regent, he carefully investigated the matter, heard a number of witnesses, and formed his own resolution independently of other counsellors. The principal caciques were to be called together,

and informed, in the name of Queen Isabella and her son Charles, that they were free subjects, and that, though the tribes would be required to pay a certain tribute, their rights, liberties, and interests would be protected. The caciques would rule in the several territories and villages in conjunction with a priest and royal administrator; religion would be taught, civilization promoted, merciful laws introduced, and traffic in slaves, whether Indian or negro, strictly forbidden. It was found by subsequent experience that these wise and merciful regulations were too good for the purpose required; that it would be dangerous to emancipate the Indians suddenly; and that it could only be done after a sufficient number of negro slaves had been imported from Africa.

The authority of Ximenes during the latter part of his regency was disputed, not merely by factious nobles, but also by Dean Hadrian and the Seigneur de la Chaux. They sought to establish a triumvirate, and reduce Ximenes to a second-rate power. But the cardinal receiving some papers to which they had first affixed their signatures, he immediately ordered fresh copies to be made, and signed them himself only. From that time neither La Chaux nor Hadrian was ever allowed to sign a decree. They complained, indeed, to the king, but with little effect. Ximenes paid no attention to the remonstrance of the royal ambassador, and the affair ended by his exclusive authority being recognized and approved.

The machinations of his enemies ceased only with his life. To the last, intrigues, jealousies, and calumnies hedged in his path with thorns. In August, 1517, it is said, an attempt was made to poison him; and it would have succeeded had not his

servant, according to custom, first tasted every dish set before him, and fallen seriously ill at Bozeguillas. His health was failing fast when Charles arrived from Flanders, and the courtiers used every artifice to prevent his having an interview with the young prince. They feared the influence of his genius and experience, and hoped that death might speedily rid them of his presence. Issuing vigorous orders daily for the government of the state, he calmly awaited the arrival of the king, and of his own approaching end, in the monastery of Aguilera. There he renewed and corrected the will by which he left the bulk of his vast property to the University of Alcalá. He often blessed God for enabling him to say that he had never knowingly injured any man, but had administered justice even-handed. The peace of his own conscience did not preserve him from the persecution and insults of his enemies. They even indulged their spite by the paltry annoyance of quartering his servants in a neighboring village, instead of their being under the same roof with their master, when, wrapped in furs, he took his last journey to meet Charles, and welcome him to his kingdom and throne. From the sovereign himself he received a heartless letter, thanking him for all his great services, and expressing a hope that they should meet at Mojados; but after their meeting, he suggested that the cardinal should be relieved of his arduous duties; in other words, that he should share no longer in the conduct of public affairs. This cruel letter is thought by many writers to have hastened Ximenes's death, while others are of opinion that it was never delivered to him, and that he was thus spared a wanton addition to the pangs of dying.

Ximenes died in all respects the

death of the righteous. The language of contrition and praise was on his lips, and the crucifix in his hand. He recommended the University of Alcalá to the king in his last moments, together with the monasteries he had founded. He expired, exclaiming, "*In te, Domine, speravi*," on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1517, in the eighty-second year of his age. All the surrounding country hastened to kiss his hands while his body lay in state. The corpse was embalmed, and conveyed by slow stages, and amid the blaze of numberless torches, to Torrelaguna, his birthplace, and afterward to Alcalá, the city of his adoption. Arriving there on the Feast of St. Eugene, the first Archbishop of Toledo, the day was celebrated yearly from that time by a funeral service and panegyric in honor of Ximenes. Fifty-eight years after the university was founded, his monument was enclosed in bronze tablets, on which the chief events in his career were represented. Thus, by sermons, by external images, by tradition, and by history, the memory of this remarkable man was kept alive. Posterity became indulgent to his defects. They were specks in a blaze of light. Heroism and saintdom encircled his memory with effulgent halos. His person became familiar to the Spaniard's eye: his tall, thin frame, his aquiline nose, his high forehead, his piercing, deep-set eyes, and those two prominent eye-teeth which gained him the nickname of "the elephant." According to the custom of the time, he kept a jester, and his dwarf's jokes diverted him when depressed with violent headaches, or worn with the affairs of state and opposition of factious men. Study was his delight. He never felt too old to learn, and he frequently assisted at public disputations. Prayer lay at the root of his



greatness ; it regulated his ambition, tamed his impetuosity, and filled him with the love of justice. It made him severe toward himself, firm and fearless, equally capable of wielding a sceptre of iron and a pastoral crook. You may search as you will for historical parallels, but Ximenes is the

only prime-minister in the world who was held to be a saint by the people he ruled, and the only primate who has acquired lasting renown in such varied characters as ascetic, soldier, chieftain, scholar, man of letters, statesman, reformer, and regent.

FROM LA REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE.

### THE IGNORANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A RECENT and famous circular respecting the education of women has called attention to the public schools of France, and the revolutionary journals have unanimously profited by the opportunity to load past ages with sarcasm and irony. It is because there is a question of religion in this case, as in all the principal incidents of the time. The antichristian press is but little interested in the degree of knowledge diffused in the middle ages, or in the pretended degradation of the people of Rome ;\* but under these deceitful pretexts is concealed a design, persistently and ardently pursued—the annihilation of Christianity. Christianity must be put down because it is now the only force that strongly resists unruly passions, and because modern barbarians, eager to possess the goods they covet, wish to submit no longer to any obstacle or delay.

Let not Christians be deceived by the hypocritical protestations of respect uttered by this enemy, to whom falsehood is a jest. Let them not grow

weary of countermining the subterranean attacks carried on against the city. For each assault let there be a sortie ; for each new battery, a new bastion ! Resources are not wanting ; we possess facts, works, men, the testimony of history, and even the admission of our enemies, and we are sure victory will be ours in the end.

A former essay\* depicted the savage brutality of the barbarous nations converted to Christianity, their passions, their vices, their ferocity, and their excesses. We will now show what the church did in one particular to subdue, civilize, and elevate them, by diffusing with unparalleled munificence the most extended, the most general and complete course of instruction ever given to the world ; how, in the most troublous times—in the tenth century, for example—the church was the inviolable guardian of the productions of the human mind ; what ardor for knowledge it excited in these men, but recently so violent and so material ; and besides its saints, what

\* The degradation of which an editor of the *Journal des Débats* (M. J. Janin) wrote in 1836 : "Talk to me of the enslaved country of the Holy Father as free !"

\* "Les Barbares et le Moyen Age," *Revue du Monde Cath.*, of Aug. 10 and Sept. 10, 1867.

learned men, it formed—what great men, full of talent and genius!

I.

CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITY.

Some writers, having lost the spirit of Christianity, have denied that Christian antiquity had a taste for science and literature, and have stigmatized the middle ages as *dark*. If they had been Christians, they would have known that this accusation is as erroneous as it is injurious—was contrary to the very principles of Christianity.

Pagan society, established, with a view to this life, for the well-being of a few, kept the people in ignorance in order to keep them in servitude. Ignorance, by rendering men material, disposes them to servility and strengthens tyranny. It had academies for the free-born, but not for the slave. Why trouble themselves about the minds of those miserable creatures who were “incapable of good, of evil, and of virtue,” who were called speaking instruments and chattels? It had philosophers, poets, and learned men, but no popular schools; for it loved science and not man.

The first principle of Christianity, on the contrary, is love. Love is without narrowness: it does not repel, it attracts: it is not exclusive, it is all-embracing: it seeketh not its own, it is generously and openly diffusive, it searches out and summons the whole world: *Venite ad me omnes*. Christianity knows only one race or men who are all equal. Its other name is *Catholicism, universality*. It has but one object, which is supernatural—to lead men to God.

In order that man may aspire to this sublime end, he must be made free—*cui liber, est liber*—must be

enlightened, that he may comprehend the Supreme Intelligence that created him. Christianity breathes into man “that ardent love of knowledge”\* which buoys up his wings: it lights up before him a perspective extending to the very confines of heaven. “The more fully man comprehends in what way God has established everything in number, weight, and measure, the more ardent is his love for him,” says a simple nun† of the middle ages, beautifully expressing the idea of the church. This is the reason why Christianity has patronized science, and diffused and cultivated it.

As soon as Christianity had a foothold in the world, instead of turning toward a few, like the philosophers, it addresses all—the poor who had been despised, the lowly who had been made use of, and the slaves who had not been counted. The door of knowledge was opened wide to plebeians. “We teach philosophy to fullers and shoemakers,” says St. Chrysostom. From the depths of the catacombs, where they were obliged to conceal themselves, the first pontiffs, whose lives for three centuries terminated by martyrdom, founded schools in every parish of Rome, and ordered the priests to assemble the children of the country in order to instruct them. What, then, was the result when Christianity, issuing from the bowels of the earth, bloomed forth in freedom? There were schools everywhere, monastic schools, schools in the priests’ houses,‡ episcopal schools, established by Gregory the Great, and schools at the entrance of churches, (as in the portico of the cathedral of Lucca, in the eighth century.) The decrees of councils, the decretals of

\* J. de Maistre, *Du Pape*, iv. 3.

† Roswitha, *Paphnuce*.

‡ A council of the sixteenth century speaks of schools in the priests’ houses.

popes, attest the desire of distributing to all the food of the mind, and of multiplying schools.\* And who were their first masters? The priests, bishops, and doctors of the church. "It is our duty," (it is a pope who speaks,) "to endeavor to dispel ignorance."† Ulphidas, a bishop of the fifth century, translated the Bible into the language of the Goths, for the instruction of the barbarians; and at a later period, Albertus Magnus and St. Bonaventura composed abridgments of the Scriptures for the poor, called the *Bible of the Poor*, *Biblia Pauperum*. "If the important knowledge of reading and writing was spread among the people, it was owing to the church," says St. Simon the Reformer.‡

And how did the church bestow it? Gratuitously, "to all who could not pay for it." The church is truly democratic, according to the modern expression, or rather, it is an institution of charity; gratuitous instruction is its conception which it put into execution. (Ventura.) Listen to its councils: "Every cathedral and every church that has the means is obliged to found a professorship of theology for ecclesiastics, and provide a master for the gratuitous instruction of the poor, according to the ancient customs.§ It is thus it understood *obligatory* instruction, not imposed on those who received it, which would be tyranny, but exacted from those who gave it, which was an act of virtue.

But was it elementary knowledge

alone? Does the church disdain literature, which a father calls the ornament and consolation of the wretchedness of man — polite literature, the humanities *par excellence*, because they sustain humanity in the combat of life? Certainly not; the church found the pagan world powerful and renowned for its attainments in literature, the sciences, and the arts; it would not leave to that world its superiority; it would also become the patron of knowledge, because that would aid in the progress of truth. "We ought," says St. Basil, "to study the profane sciences before penetrating the mysteries of sacred knowledge, that we may become accustomed to their radiance."\* The church exhorted its children to the acquirement of knowledge; nay, it even wished itself to excel therein, and it succeeded so as to terrify its enemies, as in the case of Julian the Apostate, who, to crush the church, undertook to prohibit it from studying the sciences. Where shall we find men more learned than Clement of Alexandria, who fathomed and explained the origin of pagan mythology; St. Basil and the two Gregories, who, pupils of the Athenian school, acquired there the eloquence in which they equalled Demosthenes; St. Augustine, whose work, *De Civitate Dei*, is the compendium of all knowledge, philosophy, literature, science, and the entire history of the world; and Origen, before whom the most celebrated masters of the East rose up and ceased to teach, intimidated by his presence? "We are not afraid," says St. Jerome, "of any kind of comparison!"

The church thus continues: "Study," wrote Cassiodorus, in the fifth century, to his monks—"study Galen,

\* Report of the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Duruy, 1865.

† Innocent III. at the Council of 1215.

‡ *La Science de l'Histoire*.

§ The Council of Constantinople in 680; then the Councils of Lateran in 1179 and 1215, and the Council of Lyons in 1245. In the eighth century Theodolphus, Bishop of Orleans, wrote to his priests: "Exact no pay for the instruction of children, and receive nothing, except what is offered voluntarily and through affection, by the parents."

\* *Discourse on the Utility of reading Profane Literature*. See also St. Gregory of Nazianzen, *Discourse at the Funeral of St. Basil*.

Hippocrates, Dioscorides, and the other authors you find in the library." The course of study at Salerno was pursued by a great number of clerics, priests, and bishops.\* priests learned history, grammar, Greek, and geometry at the school in the basilica of Lateran.† Where did the Greek artists, driven out by iconoclasts, take refuge? In Rome, under the protection of the popes. Who were the first historians of the West? Priests and bishops: Gregory of Tours, Fredegarius, Eginhard, Odo, and Flodoard. There is an ecclesiastical tone throughout the entire Merovingian literature—the legends, hymns, and chronicles.‡ Even the poets, Fortunatus and Sidonius Apollinaris, are priests familiar with the works of antiquity. "I am engaged," wrote Alcuin to Charlemagne, "in giving instruction to some by drawing from the fount of Holy Writ, and intoxicating others with the old wine of the ancient schools." And for what purpose? He continues: "In order that the church may profit by the increase of knowledge." Finally, when a pope, great through his genius and his sanctity—Gregory VII.—was inspired with the noble ambition of christianizing the world, he called science to his aid, revived the ancient canons that instituted schools for the liberal arts in the vicinity of cathedrals;§ "desiring a saintly clergy, he wished them also

learned."\* And it is so truly the spirit of Christianity that schools are multiplied in proportion to its diffusion. Clovis hardly received baptism when schools were established even in his palace;† the more fully kings were imbued with a Christian spirit, the more letters were protected and honored. Theodosius, who almost attained to sanctity by his penitence, decreed that masters, after teaching twenty years, should be ennobled with the title of count, and be on an equality with the lieutenants of the prefect of the pretorian guards; and Charlemagne, the great Christian emperor, established under his eye an academy, which, we are told, was called the Palatial School: the palace was consecrated to science, and its true name would have been the Scholastic Palace.‡

## II.

### THE TENTH CENTURY.

We are not contradicted. Yes, in the first centuries the church favored knowledge; but there is an exception: from the ninth to the eleventh century, letters almost entirely disappeared, the light of knowledge was obscured, and this epoch is justly called *the night of the middle ages*.

It is not so; a multitude of witnesses prove how unfounded is this prejudice.§

Letters never perished. In the sanguinary tumult, the royal offspring of intelligence was saved by a pious

\* Daremberg, *Cours de 1866 sur l'Histoire de la Médecine*.

† And in the Benedictine monasteries.

‡ D'Espinau, *Influence of Canon Law on French Legislation*.

§ Innocent III. continued the work; he extended the obligation of acquiring knowledge among the priests. "The bishop will ascertain," says he, "the capacity of those on whom he confers holy orders. It is better to have a few who are learned to serve the altar than many who are ignorant." And in our own day the Roman College gives gratuitous instruction in the classics and in the higher sciences, theology, philosophy, law, medicine, astronomy, etc., which does not prevent the revolutionary journals from declaring the pontifical government an enemy of progress and of light.

\* Ozanam, *Le Christianisme chez les Barbares*.

† Dom Pitra, *Rapport sur une Mission scientifique*, 1850.

‡ Dom Pitra, *Histoire de St. Léger*, ix.

§ That is to say, the erudite men who have carefully studied this confused epoch and have arrived at the same conclusion, whatever their philosophical opinions: Litré and Ozanam, Daremberg and Villemain, Renan and Dantier, Hallam and Berrington, etc.

hand, and protected that it might be restored some day to the world—great, powerful, and fit to reign.\*

Charlemagne was hardly laid in his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle, when his lords, barons, counts, dukes, and the inferior leaders dispersed and established in a thousand places their divided rule; furious and devastating wars overwhelmed the people and spread terror in every heart through the country; there was no longer peace, security, or leisure. Were intellectual pursuits suspended during that time? No. Throughout Europe, then a field of battle, sheltered in the valleys and intrenched on the summits of the mountains, were fortresses, which became the asylum of knowledge, with an army resolved to defend it—monks in their convents. Italy was like a camp with a reserve corps of instruction: there soldiers were formed and organized and drilled in the use of all kinds of arms; the Benedictines of Monte Casino, “where ancient literature was constantly studied,”† the ecclesiastical schools of Modena, the episcopal schools of Milan, the school of jurisprudence at Lucca, of rhetoric at Ravenna, of literature at Verona, of the seven arts at Parma, of grammar at Pavia, and, in the midst, Rome, guardian of the heritage of ancient traditions and the seat of the papacy, “which has always surpassed all other nations in learning.”‡ Beyond the Alps, traverse Provence, almost Italian, Languedoc, also half Roman in learning and in language, on

the banks of the Loire you will find these abbeys, famous as seats of learning: Fleury, St. Benoît, and Liugé, (near Poitiers;) and proceeding to the north, Ferrière, Saint Wandrille, Luxeuil, Corbie, and Le Bec, (in the eleventh century.) From Lyons you could see, far away on the mountain-heights of Switzerland, Reichnau, whose garrison was re-enforced by foreigners who crossed the water, (Irish monks,) and St. Gall, whose monks quote the *Iliad*. In Spain, Christians did not strive in valor alone with the Moors; they vied in learning with the Arabs, and studied and translated their works. The *mêlée* was universal. Luitprand, an Englishman, who took part in it, as well as Gerbert, a Frenchman, heard ten languages spoken there; among others, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and Latin.\* Cross the Channel: in England at every step are colleges and seminaries: that far-off murmur comes from the seven thousand students of Armagh, in Ireland. And if you penetrate the wilds of Germany, among the Saxons but just converted, you will discover the advanced posts—the school of Fulden, founded by St. Boniface; New Corbie on the Weser, where, at a later day, were found the five books of the *Annals* of Tacitus; and what is more, a convent of learned nuns—the Monastery of Roswitha.

This is the main army, and it is not without support. The leaders of the people and the directors of souls do not abandon these valiant troops. Kings, when they have the power and the leisure, send them reinforcements: there are the schools of Eugene II. for the study of the liberal arts; of grammar under Lothaire in France; of jurisprudence

\* In the tenth century, we include the end of the ninth and the beginning of the eleventh, as men who lived at the end of the seventeenth century and the commencement of the nineteenth are considered as belonging to the eighteenth; Fontenelle and Delille, for example.

† And a great number of other religious houses; as late as the seventeenth century there were more than three hundred.

‡ Villemain, *Histoire de la Littérature au Moyen Âge*, lesson xx.

\* Greek by merchants, Hebrew by the Jews, Arabic everywhere, while Latin is the foundation of the national tongue.

at Angers ; of Edward the Confessor in England. It is not till the time of Henry of Germany that princes are unmindful of them. He would not listen to the petition of a poet for schools of *belles-lettres* and law. These are the scattered forts that support and bind together the main army.

But perhaps they are destitute of arms and have no arsenals and ammunition? What, then, are all these books of medicine dating from the seventh to the tenth century, "accumulated in all the convents"?\*—the celebrated libraries of Ferrière and Bobbio, which owned Aristotle and Demosthenes ; of Reichnau, which in 850 possessed four hundred volumes catalogued ; the Greek manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries discovered at Rome, Verona, Monte Casino,† and at Tournay :‡ the copies of ancient authors, made in the ninth and tenth centuries by the monks of St. Gall?§ Do you not hear resounding the most illustrious names—of poets, historians, philosophers, and orators—Homer, Seneca, Ovid, Sallust, and Pliny?|| This one, like a watchman who calls for help from the mountain-heights, (Lupus, abbot of Ferrière to Pope Benedict III.,) requests the loan of the *Orator* of Cicero, the *Institutions* of Quintilian, and a commentary of Terence ; another (see *Life of St. Columba*) quotes Titus Livius ; others (see *Acts of the Saints*) quote Horace ; treatises are fortified with passages from Cicero ;¶ and there is not a barbarous chronicle in which there are not lightning-like

flashes from the inspired lines of Virgil.\*

They do not lack arms, and they make use of them. They have captains—leaders who are capable, learned, and indefatigable. They are well known : Abbo, abbot of Fleury-sur-Loire, who is called the "Alcuin of the tenth century," who wrote a history of the popes, on philosophy, physics, and astronomy, and the commander of a numerous corps of more than five thousand students, among whom is one who translated Euclid ;† Flodoard, author of *La Chronique de France* ; the thirty-two professors of *belles-lettres* at Salernum ; St. Fulbert and Henry of Auxerre, in France ; Elphege at Monte Casino ; in Spain, Petrus Alphonsus, who compares the literature of France with that of his own country ;‡ in England, Odo and St. Dunstan, a geometrician, musician, painter, and sculptor ;§ and finally, that wonderful man, who made the tour of the world of learning and was familiar with every part of it—mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, literature, and philosophy—at once a prince of the church and of science—Gerbert.||

But, blockaded in their fortresses by barbarism, brigandage, and tyranny, what important deeds could they achieve, what feats of arms, what expeditions? In the first place, they held their position by keeping the ramparts in constant repair. In the scriptorium of every abbey, a numerous detachment of patient copyists, bending all day over manuscripts,

\* See Villemain, *Histoire de la Littérature du Moyen Age*, lesson x.

† There is a second Abbo in the tenth century—a monk also, and a poet.

‡ In his book *De Disciplinâ Cleri*. See Dom Pitra, *Histoire de St. Léger*.

§ Berrington, *History of Literature in the Ninth and Tenth Centuries*.

|| Caillard, in his *Histoire de Charlemagne*, gives a list of masters who succeeded each other without interruption from Alcuin till the twelfth century.

\* Dantier, *Missions scientifiques*.

† Renan, *Missions scientifiques*.

‡ Dom Pitra, *ibid.*

§ Dantier, *ibid.*

|| There are proofs, says Daremberg, that the Franks of the age of Charlemagne read Pliny. These books were not lost, but preserved in the convents.

¶ Dom Pitra, *Missions scientifiques*.

transcribed the holy books and the masterpieces of antiquity, and rendered eminent service to the arts, to letters, and to history by preserving and keeping in order the store of munitions which otherwise would have been squandered and for ever lost. At the same time, watchful sentinels on the walls observed all that was passing in the world without, and made an exact report of it; that is to say, they drew up those chronicles, charters, and cartularies in which were recorded facts, names, contracts, donations, and the changes in the countries in which they lived, among the people they directed, in the lands they cultivated, the sovereigns who ruled over them, and the conquerors who despoiled them.\* And that the descriptions might be complete, painters illuminated the margins of the vellum manuscripts, supplying by delicate and faithful miniatures in the brightest colors what was wanting in the text, general details respecting the splendor of the vestments, the sculptures on the walls and the ornaments of the houses, thus bequeathing to posterity a lively and true portrayal of their time. And the whole makes up the immense and inexhaustible treasure where we find depicted the manners, customs, classes of society, the nature of the soil, and facts respecting the tillers of the earth, their lords, and the church, forming the moral, industrial, and agricultural history of all Christendom. These transcripts, chronicles, and paintings are the magazines, casemates, and bastions without which the citadel of letters and science would have been dismantled and rendered uninhabitable for generations to come!

They did not confine themselves

\* It is sufficient to mention the *Polyptique* of the abbot Irminon, (tenth century,) and the numerous cartularies that have been published within half a century.

to this; nothing was neglected that should occupy a well-organized army; first, regular exercise, which makes the soldier active, robust, and ready for any duty; the study of the liberal arts, divided into two classes for the recruits and the veterans: the *quadrivium*, (arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy,) and the *trivium* (grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics.†) These labors were carried on in the interior of the fortress. They also made expeditions and sallies to keep the ways of access clear—commentaries upon authors, variations of texts, (as the commentaries on the *Fasti* of Ovid,‡ the treatise *De Senectute*, with different readings of the same text,§ and numerous manuscripts with Greek annotations.¶) They undertook sieges, for a translation may be called a siege; everywhere you could find real workshops for translating Greek authors into Latin, such as books of medicine, (Galen, Hippocrates, and Oribasus,) the fathers, (the *Homilies* of St. John Chrysostom,) and the principal ancient authors,|| (the *Logic* of Aristotle.) Under the guidance of the leaders already named, they went forth to daily combat and even to fight great battles; in the schools, colleges, monasteries, and public lectures, professors, doctors, and students ¶ stimulated the public mind; they touched on every science, and treated, under the names of nominalism and realism, of all those questions about which man is continually agitated—his nature, his origin, his relations with God, and his destiny;

\* Mentioned by Roswitha in the tenth century.

† Found at Reichnau by M. Dantier.

‡ At Mr. Philipps's in England, by Dom Pitra.

§ At Monte Casino, by M. Renan.

¶ See Daremberg, *ibid.* A proof, says M. Littré, in *Les Barbares et le Moyen Age*, that during the Merovingian and Carolingian periods the Greek filiation of the sciences was preserved. As to medical science, he adds, it is evidently not a simple question of medicine.

¶ Béranger, Lanfranc, Roscelin, etc.

struggles constantly renewed, in which they fought furiously and displayed all their strength by quotations from authors, allusions to celebrated events and to sayings of antiquity, (for example, the sarcasm of Julian to the Christians, mentioned by Roswitha ;\* the veil given by a king of England to the Abbey of Croyland, on which was embroidered the Ruin of Troy;† the Latin war hymn chanted at Modena, which alludes to the devotedness of Codrus ;‡) brilliant tournaments in which, like knights of prowess, some endeavored to distinguish themselves by a display of erudition better suited, it might seem, to the refined age of the sixteenth century than to the tenth. They signed acts written in Greek ;§ in Latin verse ;|| they wrote the lives of the saints in French verse ;¶ the kings of England prided themselves on the name of βασιλεύς ; they spoke Greek in ordinary intercourse.\*\* These knights of science, like the paladins in the combats with giants, displayed wondrous feats. "I am over shoes in Cicero's *Rhetoric*," writes Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland.††

They did not confine themselves to the defensive. In studying the ancient writers they were inspired to imitate them, and they went forth into the open field and vied in a thousand works of the imagination—fiction, poetry—(hymns, poems of the eleventh century, and history.) What is more, they undertook fatiguing and

dangerous expeditions into far-off and almost unknown countries—archæology, which had not then a name, (see "the valuable manuscripts of the tenth century, discovered by Mabillon at Einsiedeln, which treat of Roman inscriptions ;") cosmography, in which they divined truths of the highest importance. The Irish monk Virgilius taught in Bohemia the antipodes, and consequently that the earth is round. He was not comprehended: they supposed him to believe there were other lands under our earth, with another sun, another moon, and inhabitants for whom Christ did not die, and he was excommunicated. He went to Rome, where he was permitted to explain his theory; the pope withdrew his anathema and elevated him to the episcopacy.\* Finally, the drama, into which was infused a new and original character. Whilst the monk Virgilius taught the true form of the earth, the nun Roswitha composed her tragedies, the first specimens of the Christian drama, at once full of the reminiscences of antiquity and the spirit of the gospel.

You will see by all this activity, this animation, and these names, "that the tenth century has been unjustly accused of barbarism" (Maignin)—that age in which there was such a taste for classical studies that "many Christians," says Roswitha, "preferred the vanity of pagan books to the utility of the Holy Scriptures, on account of the elegance of their style," and that, far from meriting the appellation of the Iron Age, it should rather be called "a great centre of light."† When we look

\* Christians should congratulate themselves on being deprived of their riches, for Christ said: "Every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be my disciple." See the *Gallicans*.

† See Darboy, *Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury*.

‡ A Latin hymn was also chanted at Pisa, in the eleventh century, to celebrate a victory over the Saracens.

§ At Poitiers, at the end of the ninth century.

|| At Sienna.

¶ In 1050, Thibaud de Vernon, canon at Rouen.

\*\* The monks of England and Ireland.

†† Tenth century.

\* *Quatrefages, Peuplement de l'Amérique*, which proves: 1. The geographical knowledge of the times. 2. The perpetuity of tradition. 3. The intercourse of different nations. 4. The tolerance of the church. Bouillet, in his *Dictionnaire universelle d'Histoire et de Géographie*, is deceived on this point.

† Dom Pitra, *Rapport sur une Mission scien-*



down from the lofty elevation of the nineteenth century, which is called the age of progress, into this deep gulf of the middle ages—the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries—we are not astonished at its darkness, but by the brilliant rays that issue from it. It is not an abyss. At the first glance there seem to be only a few points of light; but the eye is soon attracted by a multitude of peaks everywhere rising up with brilliant summits and resplendent glaciers sparkling with radiant light. We are astonished and give ourselves up to admiration, in the words of the poet who, perceiving the Alps afar off, thinks that

“ Ces monts glacés  
Ne sont qu'affreux déserts, rochers, torrents, abîmes,”

but who, when he reaches them,

“ Y trouve, ravi,  
De l'ombre, des rayons, des solitudes vertes,  
Des vergers pleins de dons, des chaumières ouvertes  
A l'hospitalité.  
Des coteaux aux flancs d'or, de limpides vallées,  
Et des lacs étoilés des feux du firmament!”\*

—finds the hospitality of the church, the solitude of monasteries, and the firmament of Christianity!

### III.

#### INTERCOURSE OF NATIONS.

Doubt is still displayed. There are other objections. Noblemen did not know how to read, women lived in ignorance; how could knowledge be diffused when people within fortified walls and the narrow limits of their territories could with so much difficulty hold communication with each other?

There is a false idea of the middle ages. It is imagined that men, so independent and so wilful, remained

stationary and shut up in their fortresses without endeavoring to see and know each other. It is precisely the contrary. There was a constant and ardent desire for intercourse which caused nations to mingle and exchange languages, ideas, and customs. What was the consequence of the incessant wars, if not to lead men of the North to the South, those of the East to the West, the people of Normandy to Naples and to England, the Britons of Armorica into Great Britain, and *vice versa*, (from the fifth to the eleventh century;)\* the Burgundians into Lusitania, where they founded the kingdom of Portugal, (Henry of Burgundy, in the eleventh century, accompanied by knights and troubadours)? And then the varied and extensive commerce of the great cities of France and of the rich and industrious Flemish cities, whose ports, filled with vessels from every land, resounded, as we are told by the chroniclers, with the sounds of all languages? And the celebrated fairs, Beaucaire, Novgorod, and the Landit, (at St. Denis,) rallying-points for the merchants of Europe, Egypt, Asia, and the islands of the Levant—and which were the universal expositions of the productions of the middle ages? The bold enterprises of the Italian republics, powerful through commerce, which owned vessels enough to transport the entire army of the crusaders, and which owned a part of the East—the Genoese, the faubourgs of Constantinople; the Pisans, several ports in Syria; the Venetians, the Morea and Crete, the Archipelago; which trafficked not only with the rest of Europe, but with the coast of Barbary, Tunis, and Morocco,† in fact, with the interior of Asia, into

*tifique.* To all these works add the memoir of Ozanam, *Des Ecoles et de l'Instruction publique en Italie au Temps barbares*, in which he clearly demonstrates that letters never ceased to be cultivated.

\* Lamartine.

\* La Villemarqué, *Discours au Congrès celtique de Saint-Brieuc*, 1867.

† Malastrie, *Missions scientifiques*.

which its adventurous citizens penetrated, (as in the case of Marco Polo and several others,) and with the extreme East, which the nineteenth century has only just discovered, if we may dare say so, and allied with the rest of the world.\*

The love of knowledge also drew nations together. Learned men did not hesitate to undertake long journeys, to cross the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the sea, that they might pursue their studies in Italy, (as Fortunatus at Ravenna in the sixth century,) obtain books on medicine, (Richer in the eleventh century,† meet English students in Spain, (Peter the Venerable in the twelfth century,) hold converse with some doctor at Bologna, or some monk in a monastery of the Apennines. How could there be no intercourse between the universities of Salamanca, of Pavia, of Oxford, and of Paris, when the same questions were discussed at them all; when the metaphysical heresies which sprang from one were refuted in another five hundred leagues distant;‡ when the masters and pupils of Germany, England, Spain, France, and Italy flocked to these schools; from France to Padua, from England to Valencia, and from all countries to Paris, where, almost at the same time, disputations were carried on by Englishmen, Italians, Irishmen, and Germans, who were to be known as Dante, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, Brunetto Latini, Albertus Magnus, Alexander of Hales, and St. Thomas Aquinas? It has been said that for literature to

flourish, a nation must be invigorated by powerful and varied deeds:‡ at what epoch was there a more stirring and varied life than in the middle ages?

Follow the continued journeys of the poet-historian Froissart to and fro in every direction, in France and without, now at the foot of the Pyrenees at the Château de Foix, and now in Italy, where, at Milan, he meets another poet, Chaucer of England, who had come to visit Genoa, Padua, etc. From Brittany he goes to Flanders, and even to Zealand, where he forms a friendship with a Portuguese lord. He thinks nothing of crossing the water; he goes to England repeatedly, dwells there, and penetrates even to Scotland, then "an unknown land." He traverses France from one end to the other; is in Spain to-day and to-morrow in Germany. Would you not think you were reading the life of a modern individual? He is called a chronicler: a chronicler indeed, and after the manner of the men of our own time; like them, chronicler and tourist, traversing earth and sea to participate in festivities, witness battles, and mingle in courts.†

Yes, kings, conquerors, and those in pursuit of adventures took long journeys with their armed followers, their vehicles, machines, and engines of war; princes, nobles, and warriors traversed Europe, escorted by brilliant cavalcades, upon their steeds and palfreys; merchants landed on foreign shores, the winds swelling the sails of their vessels; even learned men crossed the water and the mountains to add to their knowledge; conquerors to found empires, princes to strengthen their power by alian-

\* The Venetian Sanuto penetrated as far as Cambodia; a goldsmith of Paris settled in China; merchants from Breslau and Poland met Genoese, Pisan, and Venetian merchants in the interior of Tartary, etc. See Le Bas, *Précis de l'Histoire du Moyen Age*.

† Darenberg, *ibid*.

‡ And there were such close relations between the factions in France and those of England, that, in the fourteenth century, the revolutionary movements in Paris coincided with those in London. See Naudet, *Conjuration d'Etienne Marcel*.

\* Madame de Staël.

† But with this difference: he did not travel in a cushioned car going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but on horseback, at a good round trot, with spurs on his heels and his luggage behind.

ces, and merchants to gain wealth. But there were men who surpassed all these who were borne by chariots, vessels, and noble horses—the pilgrims who went on foot.

Crowds, in constant succession, of men, women, and children, from all countries, undertook these pilgrimages to hundreds of holy places in Flanders, Spain, Rome, (where, says Villani, the jubilee of 1300 led more than two hundred thousand pilgrims,) and, above all, to the Holy Land, which led to the wonderful outpouring of all Europe into Asia and Africa for three centuries—the crusades, during which the West was brought into contact with Egypt, and through Egypt with India; through Constantinople, where the Latins founded an empire that lasted more than fifty years, with the Greeks, and through them with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of pagan and Christian antiquity, and from whom they obtained books, manuscripts, agricultural implements, and a knowledge of industrial pursuits literature, and the arts.\*

And the monks, what long journeys they made in the world! Carried away by zeal for religion, they dispersed in every direction to preach the gospel; some to Prussia, Poland, and the extremities of Europe—to Norway; others from Greece, Egypt, and Syria to Ireland; others still (in the time of St. Louis) into Tartary, and even into China, where they found traces of Christianity left there by other monks who had preceded them. They went still farther beyond Ireland and Norway into Iceland, and from Iceland (St. Brandan in the eighth century) into an unknown land, peopled by strange men, clad with the skins of marine animals, where they built monasteries and

churches, whence they penetrated still farther into the interior, even as far as Mexico perhaps, leaving behind them an ineffaceable remembrance, thus being the first to discover\* and inhabit the country to which they did not give its present name, but which was really the southern extremity of the New World which, four centuries after, Columbus discovered, and which is called America.

It was neither thirst for riches, nor love of conquest, nor longing for power, nor even enthusiasm for knowledge, that induced them to undertake these extensive, dangerous, and fruitful enterprises; they were inspired by a more sublime sentiment—the love of God and of souls—the desire of devoting themselves to God, and of leading to him new followers out of strange nations.

#### IV.

##### WOMAN.

There is no mark more distinctive of the character of individuals or nations than the treatment of woman. Christianity emancipated woman; it brought her forth from the obscurity to which she had been banished, and taking her by the hand, introduced her into the social world, and gave her a place beside man, that she might receive the spiritual aliment which would develop her mind, as well as elevate her soul. Taught by the example of Christ,

\* "When, in the eleventh century, the Scandinavians landed in Greenland, the Esquimaux told them that at the south there were white men clad in long black robes, who walked chanting and carrying banners before them; they were the monks who, in the eighth century, had set sail for Iceland, and had been thrown by the wind on the American coast." (Ozanam, *Le Christianisme chez les Barbares.*) Dom Pitra (*Histoire de St. Léger*) mentions a book of the sixteenth century on the voyages of the Benedictines into America—doubtless these monks lost among the savages, who left those signs of Christianity, crosses, a kind of baptism, etc., which were afterward found, and which otherwise would be inexplicable.

\* They brought back, among other books, Aristotle's works on metaphysics, and cane, millet, camel's-hair stuffs, etc.

the most eloquent and learned of the fathers—those philosophers of no sect—Jerome, Gregory of Nazianzen, Augustine, Paulinus, and Basil, address numerous letters to women—to women, so disdained by paganism that not a single letter to a woman is to be found in all the correspondence of Cicero.\*

But it may be said that these women who showed themselves worthy of holding converse with such great men read and wrote Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and belonged to the highest Roman society. There are no women who are not noble. The church opened schools for women where they received the same instructions as men.† There is, from the time of the illustrious patrician ladies who followed St. Jerome into the desert, St. Paula, St. Eustochium, etc.,‡ an uninterrupted list of nuns, of abbesses, whom the church reveres as saints, and who might be claimed by the literary world on account of their attainments. For example, St. Radegonde, (in the sixth century,) who introduced into the monastery of St. Croix, at Poitiers, the rule of St. Cæsarius, which obliged all the nuns to the study of letters, that is to say, Latin, the fathers, canonical law, history, cosmography, etc., to devote two hours a day to reading besides that which they listened to during labor and their meals, and to the transcribing of books, etc. etc. ; Lioba, at Bischofsheim, in Germany, the mistress of a school in a barbarous country who only left her books to pray;§ St.

Bertille, at Chelles ; St. Gertrude, in Belgium, (seventh century,) who sent to Ireland and to Italy for books ; and those poor women who studied theology under St. Boniface, (eighth century;) and Roswitha, whose dramatic works display not only the inventive imagination of the poet, but a learning rare among women of any age, shown by her quotations from the ancient poets, the historical facts she mentions, her knowledge of foreign languages, etc.\* A Gerbert and a Roswitha are sufficient to redeem a whole century from the charge of ignorance and barbarism ; and if nuns in the heart of Germany made such attainments in literature, what must have been the women of the age of Charlemagne, of St. Bernard, and of St. Louis ? Then the daughters and nieces of the emperor took lessons of Alcuin ; a queen sang the sweet serenity of the cloister in graceful Latin verse ; † a young girl of Paris had for her teacher one of the most celebrated professors of her time ; ‡ and then was drawn up a course of studies in which were prescribed, such as these : §

“Children of both sexes, from five to twelve years of age : *reading*, (in the Psalter,) *singing*, *grammar*, *moral distichs*, (of Cato,) and, a little later, *Latin*, which they will learn to speak. Young girls : *natural history*, *surgery*, *medicine*, *logic*, *Latin*, and the *oriental languages*”—a plan drawn up in the dark and ignorant middle ages, which could not be easily pur-

St. Anstrude, etc. The monastery of Lioba, he says, was like a normal school with respect to the other schools springing up in Germany.

\* Spanish particularly, proved by the *Hispanismes* in her style, pointed out by her learned editor, Maguin.

† Richarde, wife of Charles le Gros.

‡ Heloise, and doubtless she was not the only one among the bourgeoisie of Paris. Recall also the learned nun mentioned in the beginning of Du Guesclin's life, who, in predicting his success, removed, as it were, the obstacles to his glorious career.

§ Boutaric, *Vie et Œuvres de Pierre du Bois*, in the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, 1864.

\* And of Pliny. If Seneca composed two treatises, *De Consolatione*, for Marcia and Helvia it was because his ideas were modified by contact with Christianity. And I see herein a proof, which has not been sufficiently noticed, of his knowledge of the Christian doctrine or of his acquaintance with St. Paul.

† Dom Pitra, *Histoire de St. Léger*, vi.

‡ And Marcella, Blezilla, Paulina. Fabiola, (of the family of Fabii,) Furia, (of the family of Camillus, Melania, Marcellina, etc.)

§ See Dom Pitra, *ib.* He mentions St. Aldegondes,

sued even in this age, distinguished and enlightened by the romances of so many women of genius!

We need not wait till the time of Clemence Isaure (fourteenth century) to find a woman whom Christianity had imbued with taste and a delicate poetical nature. History, chronicles, and ballads have opened to us the chateaux where, whilst the mail-clad baron and his armed followers fought without, his wife, seated in some deep embrasure, would cast a glance from time to time through the narrow window upon the varied landscape, and then resume, in the large, open volume before her, the fabulous and heroic exploits of knights and brave men among the paynim and giants; where, at night-fall, in the midst of her servants and followers, she listened smilingly and thoughtfully to some wandering troubadour singing of war, of love, and of tournaments, and relating his adventures—a charming picture which allies the romantic chatelaine—passing by the elegant and trifling ladies of the court of the Restoration—with the strong-minded women of the seventeenth century, so captivating and so learned, who read philosophical treatises, spoke several languages, studied the doctors and fathers of the church, and who are considered by the world as models of wit, taste, elegance, and grace: Longueville, Montausier, Lafayette, Rambouillet, Jacqueline Pascal, Maintenon, and Sévigné!

#### V.

#### THE NOBILITY.

But it is necessary to make a painful avowal. In the midst of the general diffusion of knowledge in monasteries, schools, universities, towns, boroughs, and villages, and even among the poor and lowly, there is

one class of society which remained during all the middle ages in shameful ignorance—the nobility.

The kings, however, who issued from its ranks, and who in all ages prided themselves on the name of gentleman, were an exception. The sons of Clovis were the first pupils of the school established in his palace and directed by his chaplain. This example was perpetuated. The princes of the Merovingian dynasty pursued their studies in the monasteries, and literary habits became so congenial to them that, in some instances, they were carried to excess and became a kind of mania, as in the case of the prince called the *Clerc couronné*. (Chilperic.) As to Charlemagne, who spoke the Latin language, understood Greek, made astronomical calculations, brought professors from Italy, (Peter of Pisa and Paul the Hellenist deacon,) and founded the first academy and the first university, it is useless to insist on him, for he is universally acknowledged to be at once a hero, a learned man, and a saint. Nor are the literary tastes of the most eminent sovereigns denied, as Alfred the Great, the translator of Æsop and commentator of Bede; Charles le Chauve, who had Aristotle and Plato explained to him by masters from Constantinople; Alfonso the Wise, astronomer, legislator, and historian; Robert the Pious; Otto II., who appointed Gerbert, the wisest man of the age, tutor to his son; Frederick II., who spoke German, French, Arabic, Latin, and Greek; and Philip Augustus, the patron of literature and the arts, “who, for that age, was as magnificent as Louis XIV.”\* And later than the twelfth century, is it astonishing that St. Louis admitted St. Thomas of Aquin to his table, where, in his presence, were dis-

\* Villemain, *ibid.*

cussed the highest questions of philosophy? That the rule of study drawn up for John, son of Philip of Valois, included Latin and several languages? \* That Charles V. collected at the Louvre a library of considerable size, and that his brothers, the dukes of Burgundy and Berri, carried away by love for the arts, ordered miniatures, which are admirable paintings, from the celebrated painters, Memling, Van Eyck, and Jean Fouquet? But we are approaching the time of the Restoration, and consequently all these facts prove nothing.

But were these enlightened, well-informed, and even learned monarchs satisfied with their own attainments, and did they live in their courts among brutal, ignorant, and coarse warriors who could only talk of combats and gallantry? No; it is well known that their principal vassals, the minor sovereigns, especially those of Southern France, where the learning of Rome was diffused, were not wholly unlettered. In the ninth century, there was the son of a Count (Maguelonne) St. Benedict of Amiane, who was at the head of all the monasteries in France, and who compared, modified, and wrote commentaries on the rules of the various religious orders—Greek as well as Latin; Foulques, Count of Anjou, in the tenth century—yes, in the tenth century, that darkest period of the middle ages—understood Aristotle and Cicero, as has been proved, and in the following century, when the leaders of the crusades assembled at Jerusalem to draw up a code of laws—a civil and political code—charter of citizenship, etc., they evidently

understood not only the general customs, but Roman law; and several of them (Iselin, etc.) were no less proficient in the law than valiant knights; \* finally, if the muse of France would trace its ancestry back to former times, it would find two princes, William of Poitiers and Thibaut of Champagne. It is right, then, to leave out the testimony of sovereigns.

History also certifies a very singular fact: the leaders, the *leudes*, under the Merovingians, sent their children to the school at the palace “to be initiated in palatial learning.” There they underwent examinations, studied the fathers, history, law, religious dogmas, received degrees, etc. This fact is thus explained: these young men were hostages that the king kept at court to insure the fealty of their fathers, no doubt; and the consequence of this truly barbarous idea was to convert a prison into a school and an academy! There was another custom almost as singular: these young men are represented as travelling, even in the earliest ages, in the various countries of Europe—France, Spain, and Italy—and in the East. Yes, notwithstanding the insecurity of the routes, it was the fashion in the seventh century to send young Englishmen to France to be reared, and even in many cases across the Alps to Rome, Padua, etc. Some went to complete their education in Greece, and, after the establishment of the Latin Empire, at Constantinople. These young men apparently belonged to wealthy and noble families. And we would

\* Robertson, in his introduction to the *History of Charles V.*, is mistaken when he says the middle ages were ignorant of Roman law until the twelfth century. Roman law was not revived by the discovery of a copy of the Pandects at Amalfi: it was always known and practised: it was cited at the tribunals, and generally known during all the middle ages, as demonstrated by Savigny, *Histoire du Droit romain au Moyen Age*. See also Fauriel, *Histoire des Populations méridionales*.

\* In a memoir addressed to the queen in 1334 and composed of one hundred and six articles, the unknown author gives the king's daily rule of life as follows: “Rise at six all the year round—Mass at seven—business till ten—supper at six—to bed at ten—to have his son taught several languages, even Latin, to fit him to travel.”

recall the fact that in the schools directed by Clement, a Scotchman, Charlemagne assembled — strange idea! — “a great number of children of all classes from the highest to the lowest rank ;” \* that among the pupils of Lanfranc, at the abbey of Bec, were a great number of the children of lords and barons, and, among others, William, Duke of Normandy, and that son of an Italian nobleman who, later, was known as Pope Alexander II. It would appear that these young men did not allow the faculties they had developed to remain unproductive and useless, from the fact that the earliest poets were princes and nobles. But then, poetry is the offspring of the imagination and of genius, and the French race, particularly in the South, are so richly gifted therewith!

What is more surprising, the first French historians were two lords: Villehardoin in the twelfth century, and Joinville in the thirteenth — historians not without culture. There are in their language elegance, distinction, and Attic wit. They mention, *en passant*, and without affectation, names and facts that attest varied knowledge, and their style is so perfect that competent writers have concluded that the nobility moulded the French language to history and poetry — the ideal and the practical! † It is probably to these studious habits and this inclination for intellectual pursuits, perpetuated for ages like a tradition, is due the delicate and correct taste peculiar to the French nobility of the last two centuries, and the noble ambition of the great lords who have not been satisfied with protecting the

arts, but have deemed it an honor to have their historical names inscribed on the list of the academies, have striven to acquire a knowledge of letters, to excel in it, and to add to the lustre of their descent brilliancy of talent and the glory reserved for intellectual labors.

Finally — for we must collect testimony for the acquittal of the accused — since the judgment has been so severe, the most conscientious and erudite men of modern times, having traversed the middle ages and returned laden with documents, declare that, among the numberless titles that passed through their hands, they never met this formula, so often mentioned: this one, being a nobleman, attests his inability to sign his name.

Yet in spite of these proofs, these attestations, and the authority of the witnesses, there is one fact beyond doubt, *the absolute ignorance of the nobility of the middle ages*, and we are forced, to our great regret, to conclude that this opinion must be accepted as a historical fact of the same class, and as clearly proved, as the so well authenticated facts of Sixtus V. throwing away his crutches as soon as he was elected Pope, Gilles de Raiz slaughtering his wives like Bluebeard, Charles V. participating in his own funeral rites at St. Just, Marie de Medicis dying of hunger in a garret at Cologne, and Galileo imprisoned in a dungeon of the Inquisition!

## VI.

### CHARACTER OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The language of a people is one of the signs that mark its progress or decay. If the genius of a language is fully developed, the nation is in its

\* The monk of St. Gall, mentioned by Phil. le Bas, *ibid.*

† Villemain, *ibid.*, Léop. Delisle, A. de la Borderie, Marchegay. See also Audé, *Mémoires de la Société d'Emulation de la Vendée*, and the works already mentioned of Boutaric, Littré, Pierre Clément, etc.

apogee ; if it is not developed, or if it is losing its purity, the nation is progressing or declining. This is a truth remarked by one of the most active minds of the last century. "In the thirteenth century," says Rivarol, "the French language had more nearly attained a certain perfection than in the sixteenth."\* He is astonished : he finds the fact "very extraordinary," but he does not explain it. The explanation is easy. The French language was much nearer perfection in the thirteenth than in the sixteenth century, because society was more firmly established. The sixteenth century was an age of transition, the dawn of a great era—an avenue leading to a large city which we pass through, but in which we do not linger. The men of that time, without being aware of it, were preparing for the future. They collected materials for building from the remains of antiquity and the attempts of foreigners ; they imitated and did not invent. Consequently their language was obscure and loaded with foreign idioms and antiquated expressions ; it was neither bold, nor expressive, nor clear ; it was ornamented, rich, and redundant ; it was overladen like a tree not pruned ; the fruit was hidden by an excess of foliage. A great wind—the agitation of civil war—shook off this exuberant foliage and the fruit appeared ; the sun of the seventeenth century warmed and colored it with its rays ; then it ripened, and the French language attained its definite form and became immortal.

The language of the thirteenth

century was as complete and perfect as it could be. At that period were laid the foundations of Christian science.\* Doubtless, each age adding to the knowledge of mankind, that science was not as extended as now, but it had the essential qualities of true science : it was analytical ; it constantly applied this axiom, which is the condition of progress : *Multum, non multa*. Everything corresponds : the science of the Egyptians was on a level with their arts ; their philosophy was as complex as their religion was mysterious. It was the same in the middle ages. They possessed the true religion, had right views of philosophy, attained to eminence in the arts, and made accurate scientific observations. And late researches have shown that they greatly extended the knowledge they inherited from antiquity.† Their alchemists and physicians were not charlatans. The general principles of Albertus Magnus and the Jewish and Arabian physicians of Spain and Asia harmonize with those of modern science. They were ignorant of certain phenomena, as a certain skill was wanting to the artists of the time ; but this ignorance can no more be raised as an objection than against the learned men of our time for not knowing the scientific discoveries of a thousand years hence. It is not extent of knowledge that stamps an epoch as great, but the use it makes of it, and the logical conclusions it draws from its principles.

The science of the middle ages was eminently logical, for it had its source in a mountain whose summit rises to heaven—in theology—whence it flows in streams upon all

\* In his *Discours sur l'Universalité de la Langue Française*, always to the point, and often profound, a writer of our time goes still further : "The language was fully developed and equal to our own," says M. Villemain, *Histoire de la Littérature du Moyen Age*, lesson x.

\* *La Raison Catholique et la Raison philosophique*, ii., by Ventura.  
† Littré, *ibid.*



minds. Theology, it has been said,\* is only the expression of an idea : it is much more, it is the sublime end of thought—the first of all sciences, the science *par excellence*—the science of God. The sceptre of science belongs to Europe only because it had its source in theology,† which occupied every mind in the middle ages—the greatest as well as the narrowest minds—“ which, dwelling on great things, became great.” It prompted them to other attainments. To climb to the heights of knowledge, they had to lay hold of the asperities of the mountain and of all the branches of science one after another ; of jurisprudence, civil law—the branch nearest the surface of the earth ; then of the physical sciences ; afterward of geometry, algebra, astronomy, and the still higher branches, canon law and philosophy.‡

And above all, and mingled with all, literature ; for letters are the expression of the mind itself—the universal mind—whilst “ the sciences require only a partial application of it.”§ In the literature of a people are embodied its ideas, manners, arts, industrial pursuits, worship, and its whole life. By it man traverses countries and ages, imbibes their spirit, and strengthens his mind more than by any other study. Thence the incessant study of ancient literature, which, in the thirteenth century, was more generally diffused than ever. Latin, the language of tradition and of the church, the original language of the present dominant nations of France, Italy, Spain, and even Eng-

land, (Latin was spoken in England until the fourteenth century, and a great number of words in the English language is derived from the Latin,) was understood by all classes ; discussions in Latin were carried on in universities, and grammar and Latin were taught in the village schools.\* They were constantly making researches ; Villani at Rome read Lucan, Virgil, Valerius Maximus ; the scholars of Cambridge wrote commentaries on Cicero. In France, Sallust and Titus Livius were translated, soon followed by Cæsar, Ovid, and Suetonius, (under Charles V.) Greek became more universally known after the taking of Constantinople by the crusaders ; Aristotle was translated into Latin by Michael Scott, and bishops in Italy wrote homilies in the language of Chrysostom.† Theologians, philosophers, and poets were nourished by the valuable and concise remains of antiquity ; Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, as well as the Franciscan lyrics and the *Romance of the Rose*. All the works of that time are full of ancient reminiscences.

Nevertheless, they did not neglect other languages. In the great intercourse of nations there was an exchange of idioms. How much is proved respecting that intercourse and the knowledge of languages, by the single fact that the Archbishop of Toledo, at the Council of Lateran in 1215, delivered a discourse in Latin, and then repeated it for the laity in Spanish, French, and German. But they did not restrict themselves to the European languages. Why should not the learned men who went to seek knowledge from the Jews and the Moors, and

\* Villemain, *Histoire de la Littérature du Moyen Âge*, lesson xviii. He evidently does not comprehend the influence of theology, for he adds, “ As in another age the public mind is expressed by politics, the theology of one epoch is the philosophy of another.”

† J. de Maistre.

‡ The Oxford students and those of other universities studied at the same time civil and canon law.

§ Expression of Napoleon I.

\* Léop. Delisle, *Les Classes agricoles en Normandie au treizième siècle*.

† Manuscripts seen by M. Renan, in the Vatican. *Missions scientifiques*.

studied Aristotle as often from the Arabian commentators as from the original works, endeavor to acquire the language of those they so often came in contact with? and the adventurers who crossed the deserts into the heart of Asia; and the Italian republics that traded with Africa; the ambassadors that kings sent to the Khan of Tartary; the merchants who daily saw, landing in their ports and mingling in their fairs, the turbans, pelisses, and caf-tans of merchants from Cairo, Aleppo, Bagdad, Novgorod, and Sarmacand? Besides, the oriental languages had never been neglected. In the sixth century, King Gontran, at his entrance into Orleans, was addressed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac.\* In the crowded schools of the eighth century were studied all languages, even the oriental, says Dom Pitra. From the tenth century the pilgrimages to the Holy Land and the crusades made the language of the Saracens (Arabic) familiar to a great number. But there was a still stronger reason which led to the acquisition of the Eastern languages—the conversion of the infidels.

The course of study already mentioned was inspired by a great idea—Christian in its nature—the conquest of the East by the infusion of Christianity; regeneration by civilization, to use the modern expression. The noble mind that conceived it wished to continue the work of the crusades by diffusing the doctrines, opinions, and arts of Christendom: after arms, the sciences. France, in its enthusiasm for proselyting, wished to send on a mission of priests, artisans, physicians, women, entire families, in fact, a whole colony. These people would establish themselves in

the Holy Land, colonize it, found a Christian race, and from that sacred spot—from Mount Zion—diverge on every side, into Africa as well as Asia, into Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, and Arabia; mingle among the people enveloped in darkness, (the term is just in this case,) influence them by their actions, morals, intelligence and good deeds, and accomplish in that age—the thirteenth century—the providential work that Europe, without entirely knowing what it is effecting, is realizing in our day—the transformation of the rest of the world, the union of savage, barbarous, and brutal people into a universal nation who will be guided by the spirit of the gospel.\*

It was in order to prepare laborers for this sublime enterprise that this plan of studies, as varied as extended, was prepared. Do you not see all it supposes—the comprehension of the authors, schools, and men capable of applying the plan? And it did not remain a mere project; it began to be executed. The University of Paris proposed to establish a professorship of the Tartar language. It was not done till a later day, because the university only acts with a view to science; but the church did not delay, prompted by a more noble motive. At Rome it taught the oriental languages in its colleges; at Paris, the monks of St. Père de Chartres, at the annual expense of one thousand francs, opened, for the space of three years, a school for young men from the East, who returned to their country carrying with them the acquirements of the West and the eternal truths of religion.† The councils (that of Vienna in 1311) decreed that the oriental languages

\* Abel de Rémusat, *Mémoire sur les Relations des Princes Chrétiens avec les Empereurs Mogols*, quoted by M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe*.

† Cartulary of St. Père de Chartres.

\* See Gregory of Tours.

should be taught at Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, Oxford, and all the great universities. The church wishes to diffuse knowledge in order to evangelize the world; it arms men with science that they may be more powerful, and it pushes them forward in the career of learning, that, at the end, they may find God.

## VII.

## ARDOR FOR LEARNING.

And the church has always found disciples eager to listen to its instructions. The very barbarians, it has been remarked, were not averse to study; they had, on the contrary, that innate taste for letters which distinguishes the Germanic race. The Franks were easily instructed; they mingled among the Gauls of the South in the course of rhetoric and poetry, (at Bordeaux in the fifth and sixth centuries;) St. Medard, Bede, and Mici counted them by thousands in their schools. When the twelfth century opened more numerous schools, an immense crowd hastened to them. It was an invasion of recruits, who wished to learn the use of the arms of knowledge, in England, Germany, and Italy; at Milan there were eighty masters who were laymen; France, above all, displayed its characteristic ardor. At Paris, colleges were founded one after another; two at the end of the twelfth century, fifteen in the thirteenth and fourteenth; one half of Paris was transformed into schools. That of the Canons of Notre Dame extended from the church to the Petit-Pont; then it passed over the left bank and ascended the mountain\*—the mountain that has pre-

served the name of *Quartier Latin*—the true realm of science imagined by the poets, where lived, in close proximity, turbulent bands of students from every land, in groups, according to their nations and languages. Foreigners\* proclaimed Paris the centre of knowledge, and, in a right and elevated sense, the leader of Europe. There was then some merit in the pursuit of knowledge. The name of one of the streets of Paris, the Rue du Fouare, so-called from the straw and hay upon which they seated themselves, bears witness to the ardor of these students of the dark ages, less anxious for their ease than to obtain knowledge. They rewarded their own masters, and valued no expense to obtain those most renowned; they sent to all parts of Europe for them, and gave them a position often ten times more valuable than that of the professors of our time.† It was difficult for many to contribute their share in all this expense, in addition to the cost of living in a large city; but in the hope of acquiring the knowledge, the poorer subjected themselves to the most painful sacrifices. The romance of *Gil Blas* depicts the young men of the University of Salamanca as valets and students. What existed in Spain in the eighteenth century was the condition of many students of the middle ages. Yes, they reduced themselves to servitude to obtain degrees, and made themselves valets to gain their daily bread—a noble servitude for which they did not blush, which put the body in subjection, and left the mind free, showing the superiority of mind over matter; it was a voluntary humiliation, which, for a time, put the indigent scholar beneath

\* John of Salisbury, Dante, Brunetto Latini, etc.

† Le Play, *Réforme sociale*, (47,) and Mateucci, *Les Universités d'Italie*, (*Revue des Cours scientifiques*, 1867.)

\* Vict. le Clerc, *Histoire de la Littérature au treizième siècle*.

the rich, but aided him to attain in the world the place due to intelligence and knowledge, to rise to the level of the most powerful, and often to the most eminent dignities of the church and state—to the councils of kings and the purple of cardinals.

And what ardent scholars! It was the age of the schoolmen. Scholastic learning, afterward so disdained by forgetfulness or ignorance, was the animated, living, and natural form which gave expression to the passionate love of those young men for study. Those descendants of the Franks rushed forward with the same eagerness as to battle to share in the close reasoning, the logic that contended so fiercely, that made every effort and climbed tooth and nail to obtain a position strongly contested. What valiant armies! what soldiers in “these tournaments that are like combats!”\* But what captains also! what leaders! what masters! St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus—at once theologians, philosophers, moralists, politicians, writers on political economy, and savants! What a trio in one century and at the same period!

But do you know what took place in the thirteenth century at the course of Albertus Magnus? Not hundreds but thousands of pupils hastened to his lessons.† It was not ardor that animated them, but enthusiasm; an apartment was not required to contain them, but a square! No enclosure would have sufficed for such a multitude. A great commotion forced the master to leave his chair—

\* Bonald.

† It was the same throughout the middle ages. At Bologna there were, in the thirteenth century, ten thousand pupils at the law school; in the eleventh century, they came from every land to attend the instructions of Abelard; he counted several thousand auditors, and among them twenty cardinals and fifty bishops. We could multiply these examples indefinitely.

a commotion such as is rarely seen in our days, in which the crowd cried to their teacher, “Away from here!” “*Exi! Foras!*”—a respectful uprising in which the master is proud to obey; he descends from his chair into the midst of the crowd, which is roaring like the sea, and is borne away by a thousand arms to a large square, where, on an elevation of stone, he can overlook the countless human heads which extend back to the houses and fill up the openings of the streets, but which are now motionless, attentive, and mute before the sound of a single voice that enchains them. O barbarous generation! O age of darkness in which a master required the open air of heaven and the paved square for a classroom! Compare the literary diletanteism of a few hundred young men enclosed within the walls of an amphitheatre of a hundred feet, with the ardent thirst of this crowd, which required not a jar, but a whole river, to satisfy its thirst for knowledge, and which has left a proof of its eager desire in the capital and in the language, the name of the square into which so many students crowded to hear their master—the Place Maubert, Magni Alberti—the Square of the great Albert!

We see how erroneous is the opinion that attributes to the epoch between the middle of the fifteenth and the middle of the seventeenth centuries the revival of letters and the arts. Letters were not revived; they still existed and enlightened the world. “The great agitation of the Reformation is often represented as having contributed to literary and scientific development,” says M. A. Maury, a writer not suspected of partiality to the middle ages. “This is not absolutely true. The contests to which it gave rise retarded for a time the diffusion of knowledge; many monas-

teries, libraries, and schools were suppressed, which had been, up to that time, the *great sources of light*." Christian historians were the first to become suspicious of error and to point it out. Hurter, the great German historian, says: "Only superficial minds that disdain the study of documents and are blinded by the pretended superiority of our epoch, or by systematic hatred, dare accuse the church of having favored ignorance."\* All truly learned men soon became of the same mind. One of them, who has made the middle ages his study for twenty years, cannot restrain his indignation: "Our historians, even those who are considered the best, dwelling on the grossest conjectures and influenced by obsolete prejudices, without thinking of verifying, still less of rectifying, old assertions, have summed up the whole history of the first part of the middle ages in these two words, *ignorance and superstition*; but it is to themselves," he adds severely, "and not to the ages they have misunderstood and calumniated, that these two words should be applied."† "The idea of progress is not a pagan idea," says Ozanam.‡ The doctrine of progress is as old as the gospel; and the author of *Les Etudes sur les Barbares et le Moyen Age* confirms

this: "The people of the middle ages felt the necessity of knowledge; they studied and labored conscientiously and energetically, and marked each age by important developments." The more carefully we examine those ages, the better shall we understand the extent of knowledge in the church. The most eminent men of those times—who does not know them?—are bishops, monks, and popes: Gerbert, St. Bernard, Innocent III., and St. Thomas Aquinas, who can only be compared to Aristotle; the most original writers—who does not forget it?—are priests: Froissart, Petrarch, and later, Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Tirso de Molina; the greatest poet of the middle ages, Dante, was he not a theologian? Cimabue, who revived the art of painting, was he not reared among the Dominicans of Florence? Was not the first press in Paris set up at the Sorbonne? The best informed class of men were so incontestably the clergy that the names of priest and savant were confounded. The word *clergie* in the middle ages signified learned.\* The church takes the highest rank in the world of science. It does not acquire knowledge for itself alone, but to diffuse everywhere, that the whole earth may be enlightened. Like the sun, it is a great centre diffusing the light it derives from God—its eternal source!

\* *History of Innocent III.*, book xxi.

† Daremberg, *Cours* of 1867; and to the support of his opinions he brings Guizot, Dom Pitra, Ozanam, Heeren, etc.

‡ *Histoire de la Civilisation au cinquième siècle*, chap. iv.

\* J. de Maistre, *Du Pape*, ii. 16.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

## THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

## CHAPTER XVII.

At the end of a dark passage through the house was the farm-yard, to which five or six well-worn steps descended. To the left were the barn and the press; and to the right, the stables and the dove-cote, the dark shape of the last standing sharply outlined against the gray, misty sky. Opposite the door was the wash-house.

Not a sound was heard. Hullin, after the wild and stormy day, was impressed with the deep silence. He gazed at the tufts of straw hang-between the rafters of the barn, the harrows, the ploughs, the carts, half hidden in the gloom of the sheds, with an indefinable feeling of calmness and satisfaction. Fowl were roosting along the wall, and a cat fled by like a flash, and disappeared in the cellar. Hullin seemed waking from a dream.

After a few moments of silent reverie, he turned slowly toward the wash-house, the three windows of which shone through the darkness. The kitchen of the farm-house was not large enough to prepare food for three or four hundred men, and the work had been carried thither.

Master Jean-Claude heard the childish voice of Louise giving orders in a tone so resolute that it astonished him.

"Come, come, Katel, hurry. It is nearly time for supper, and the poor fellows must be hungry. Just to think—fighting since seven this morning, and not eating a morsel! Here, Lessele, move yourself. Salt! pepper!"

Jean-Claude's heart beat at that voice. He could not avoid peering through the glass before entering. The kitchen was large but low, and with white-washed walls. A huge fire of beech-logs crackled and blazed upon the hearth, in the midst of which appeared the black sides of an immense pot. The chimney, high and narrow, was scarcely large enough to carry off the billows of smoke that arose. Near the fire was the graceful figure of Louise, lit up by the brightest tints that flashed from the hearth, bustling, active, coming, going, tasting sauces, trying the meat, approving, and criticising.

The two daughters of the Anabaptist, one tall, dried up, and pale, with large, flat feet, cased in great shoes, hair bound with black ribbons into a little knot, and a long gown of blue stuff hanging down to her heels; the other, chubby, and waddling along much like a goose, formed a strange contrast with her.

The good Anabaptist himself, seated at the end of the room upon a wooden chair, with feet crossed, cotton cap pulled well down upon his head, and hands plunged into the depths of the pockets of his blouse, gazed on all that passed with an air of wonderment, and from time to time ejaculated sententiously:

"Lessele, Katel, do as you are told, my children. Let this be for your instruction; you have yet seen nothing of the world. Walk quicker."

"Yes, yes, you must move," added Louise. "What would become of us if we meditated days and weeks about

putting a little seasoning in a sauce? You, Lessele, are the tallest ; unhook that bundle of onions from the ceiling."

And the tall girl obeyed.

Hullin was proud and happy as a prince.

"How she makes them mind !" he chuckled. "What a little dragoon she is ! a very puss-in-boots ! Ha, ha, ha !"

And he waited full five minutes before entering.

Louise flung down the spoon she held, and rushed to him, crying :

"Father Jean-Claude ! papa Jean-Claude ! You are not hurt ? you are not wounded ?"

Poor Hullin could not speak for a moment. He folded her tenderly in his arms, and at length replied, in a voice whose tremor he could not repress :

"No, Louise, no ; I am well and happy."

"Sit down, Jean-Claude," said the Anabaptist, seeing how his emotion affected him. "Here, take my chair."

Hullin seated himself, and Louise, placing her hands upon his shoulders, burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child ?" asked the old man in wonder. "A moment ago you were brave enough."

"Yes, I made believe, but I was very frightened. I thought — I thought, 'Why does he not come ?'"

Then a sudden whim seemed to enter her little head ; she seized her father's hand, and cried, laughing through her tears :

"Let us dance, papa Jean-Claude ! Come, dance !"

And she pulled him around the room.

Hullin, smiling in spite of himself, turned to the Anabaptist, who saw all that passed without a change in his grave visage, and said :

"We are somewhat foolish, Louise

and I ; but don't let that astonish you, Pelsly."

"It does not, Master Hullin. Did not King David dance when he had smitten the Philistines hip and thigh ?"

Jean-Claude, rather astounded at his resemblance to King David, made no reply.

"Well, Louise," said he, "you were frightened during the battle, were you ?"

"Yes, at first ; the cannon-shots and the din were fearful ! But afterward I only thought of you and mother Lefevre."

Then she took him by the hand, and, leading him to a regiment of pots, kettles, and pans, ranged around the fire, enumerated her forces with the air of a conqueror :

"Here is the beef ; here is General Jean-Claude's supper ; and here is broth for the wounded. But that is not all. Here is our bread," she added, showing him a long pile of loaves on the table, and she was dragging him to the oven, when Catherine Lefevre entered.

"It is time to set the table," cried the old woman. "Everybody is waiting. Come, Katel, spread the cloth."

The stout girl departed, running ; all followed to the great hall, where Doctors Lorquin and Despois, Marc-Dives, and Materne and his two sons, impatiently awaited the meal.

"How are the wounded, doctor ?" cried Hullin.

"Rest easy, Master Jean-Claude ; all are cared for. You have given us a hard day's work ; but the weather is favorable, and fever or mortification need not be feared. Everything looks well."

Katel, Lessele, and Louise soon entered, bearing an enormous soup-dish, and two magnificent rounds of beef, which they placed upon the table. Sharp appetites left scant

room for ceremony, and soon the rattling of knives and opening of bottles alone were heard. Without, the broad flames from the bivouac-fires flashed on the window-panes, and showed the mountaineers doing full justice to Louise's cheer.

At nine o'clock Marc-Dives started for Falkenstein with his prisoners. At ten, all in the house, or around the fires, were sleeping, and no sound broke the stillness save the passage of the rounds and the challenge of the sentries.

So ended the first day in which the mountaineers proved that the spirit of their fathers had not degenerated in them.

But other and not less stern trials were soon to follow those already past ; for throughout man's life one obstacle is overcome only to make way for another. The world is like a stormy sea : wave follows wave, from age to age, in a flow that eternity alone may stay.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

DURING the entire battle, until nightfall, the people of Grandfontaine saw the fool, Yegof, standing on the summit of Little Donon, his crown upon his head, his sceptre waving in his hand. There he stood, like a Merovingian king, issuing his orders to his imaginary armies. What feelings shook him as he saw the Germans beaten back, routed, no man may say. At the last echo of the cannon he disappeared. Whither had he gone ? This is what the people of Tiefenbach say :

At the time of which I speak, two strange beings—sisters—lived on the Bocksberg. One was called Little Kateline ; the other Tall Berbel. These two ragged creatures made their home in the cavern of Luitprand, so named, as old chronicles

aver, from the fact that the King of the Germani, before descending into Alsace, buried beneath its immense vault of red stone the barbarian chiefs who had fallen at Blutfeld. The hot spring, which always bubbles and streams from the middle of the cave, secured the sisters from the fierce cold of mountain winters, and Daniel Horn, of Tiefenbach, the wood-cutter, had the charity to close the main entrance from without with great heaps of broom and brushwood. At the side of the hot spring was another spring, cold as ice and clear as crystal.

Kateline always drank at this spring, and was not more than four feet in height ; but what she lacked in length she made up in rotund breadth ; and her wondering look, round eyes, and enormous throat, gave her the appearance of a meditative matronly hen. Every Sunday she bore an osier basket to the village of Tiefenbach, and the good people there filled it with cooked potatoes, loaves of bread, and sometimes, on holidays, with cakes and other remnants of their festivities. Then the poor creature would make her way back to the cave, breathless, laughing, chattering, rejoicing.

But Tall Berbel was ever careful not to drink at the cold spring. She was bony, fleshless as a bat, and had lost an eye ; her nose was flat, her ears large, and her single orb sparkled like a coal ; she lived upon the fruits of her sister's sallies. She never left Bocksberg. But in July, when the heat was greatest, standing upon the height, she shook a withered thistle over the grain of those who had not regularly filled Kateline's basket ; and fearful tempests, or hail, or swarms of rats or field-mice, ruined the budding harvest. The spells of Berbel were feared like pestilence ; she was everywhere known



as the *Wetterhexe*, or storm-witch, while little Kateline was esteemed the good fairy of Tiefenbach. In this way Berbel lived in idleness, and Kateline begged food for both.

Unfortunately for the two sisters, Yegof had for some years previously established his winter residence in the cavern of Luitprand. Thence he departed in the spring, to visit his numberless castles and to count his feudatories, as far as Geierstein in the Hundsruck. Every year, toward the end of November, after the first snows, he arrived with his raven—an event which the storm-witch always bitterly bemoaned.

“Again thy complaints,” he was wont to say, as he tranquilly installed himself in the most comfortable spot the cave afforded; “do you not both live upon my domains? I am very good to suffer two *valkyrs*,\* useless in the Valhalla of my fathers, to remain here.”

Then would Berbel, aroused to fury, overwhelm him with reproach and insult, and Kateline look offended; but he, careless of the storm he raised, would only light his old boxwood pipe, and relate his far-off wanderings among the souls of the German warriors, who, for sixteen centuries, lay buried in the cavern, calling them by name, and speaking to them as to men yet living. You may imagine with what delight Berbel and Kateline looked forward to the coming of the fool with his dismal tales.

But this year, Yegof had not come, and the sisters believed him dead, and duly rejoiced over the prospect of seeing him no more. Nevertheless, the *Wetterhexe* had observed the agitation in the valleys, the crowds of men, musket on shoul-

der, leaving Falkenstein and Donon. Surely, something strange had happened; and the sorceress, calling to mind that the preceding year Yegof had related to the spirits of his warriors how his countless armies would soon invade the land, felt a vague uneasiness. She would fain have learned the cause of the movement around her; but Kateline having made her tour the Sunday before, would not again budge from her home for an empire, and no one ever climbed to the cavern.

In this frame of mind Berbel came and went, wandered restlessly about the cave, growing hourly more uneasy and irritable. But during Saturday she had enough to think on. From nine o'clock in the morning, heavy and deep peals rang like thunder over the mountain side, and awoke the thousand echoes of the valleys; far away toward Donon rapid flashes crossed what sky appeared between the peaks; and as night approached, yet louder sounds rolled through every gorge, and the hollow voices of Hengst, of Gantzlée, Giromani and Grossmann replied.

“What can all this be?” asked Berbel of herself, “can the day of doom have come?”

Then returning to the cavern and finding Kateline huddled in a corner munching a potato, she shook her rudely and hissed:

“Idiot! hearest thou nothing? Fearest thou nothing? Carest thou for nothing but eating and drinking?”

She dashed the potato furiously to the ground, and sat herself trembling by the hot spring, which sent its grey vapors to the roof. Half an hour later, the darkness growing deeper, and the cold intense, she lighted a fire of brushwood, which threw its pale flashes over the vault of red stone, and pierced to the end of the cavern, where Kateline slept

\* Maidens of Odin, whom he sends to every battlefield to decide who shall fall and who shall be victorious. They also wait upon the heroes in Valhalla.

with her feet buried in a heap of straw, and her chin resting on her knees. Without, all noise had ceased. The storm-witch pulled aside the briars at the entrance, and gazed down the mountain side ; then she returned to her post by the fire, her thin lips set tightly together, and her eyelids closed ; she drew an old woolen coverlet over her knees, and seemed to sleep. No sound broke the stillness but the dripping of the condensed steam falling from the vault back to its source with a melancholy splash.

So lasted the silence for hours. Midnight was nearing, when suddenly the sound of footsteps, mingled with discordant noises, started Berbel from her slumber. She listened, and heard the cry of a human voice. She arose trembling, and, armed with a huge thorn branch, glided to the opening ; there, pushing aside the briars, she saw in the moonlight the fool Yegof advancing alone, but writhing as if in agony, and beating the air with his sceptre, as if thousands of invisible beings surrounded him.

"To the rescue, Roug, Bléd, Ad-elrick !" he shouted in tones that pierced the cold air like the clangor of an iron bell, his matted beard and hair waving the while, and his dog-skin cloak folded like a buckler around his left arm ; "to the rescue ! Follow me to the death ! See you not who are coming, cleaving the skies like eagles ? On, men of the red beards ! Crush this race of dogs ! Ah ! Minan, Rochart, are ye here ?"

And then he called with savage shouts, upon all the dead of Donon, defying them as if they were really there ; then he recoiled step by step, still striking the air, hurling curses, urging unseen armies to the fight, and struggling as if surrounded

by foes. A cold sweat poured from Berbel's brow, she felt her hair rise upon her head, and she would have fled ; but at the moment a strange murmuring arose within the cave, and, to her horror, she saw the hot spring boiling fiercely, and masses of vapor rising from it and advancing to the entrance of the cave.

Like phantoms the thick clouds came slowly on, and suddenly Yegof appeared, crying in a husky voice, "At last ye have heard me ! ye are come !"

With a bound he darted to the opening. The icy air filled the vault, and the vapors pouring forth, twisted and wreathed beneath the vast vault of heaven, as if the dead of to-day and those of long gone centuries had begun a never-ending conflict.

The pale moonbeams shed a weird light over Yegof's face and form, as he stood with flashing eyes and sceptre outstretched, and beard falling over his breast, saluting each phantom and calling it by name.

"All hail, Bléd ! Hail to thee, Roug ! and to ye all, brave warriors ! The hour which for centuries you have awaited is at hand ; the eagles are whetting their beaks ; the earth thirsts for blood ! Remember Blutfeld !"

Berbel's senses had almost left her ; fear alone kept her standing ; but soon the last clouds escaped from the cavern and melted in the limitless blue.

Yegof entered the vault and sat upon the ground near the hot spring, his head resting upon his hands, and his elbows on his knees, gazing with haggard eyes on the bubbling waters.

Kateline awoke sobbing, and the storm-witch, more dead than alive, observed the fool from the darkest nook of the cave.

"They have all arisen from their

graves," cried he suddenly; "all! all! not one remains behind. They will give life to the hearts of my young warriors, and teach them to despise death!"

He raised his face. A crushing sorrow seemed settled there.

"O woman!" he said, fixing his eyes upon the Wetterhexe with a wolfish glare, "O thou descendant of the Valkyrs, but who at the festal board hast never filled the deep cups of the warriors with mead, nor placed before them the smoking flesh of the boar Serimar, what canst thou do? Canst spin winding-sheets? To thy task then! Spin night and day, for thousands of bold warriors are stretched upon the snow. They fought valiantly. They did their work well, but the hour had not yet come. Now the ravens feed upon their flesh!"

Then in ungovernable fury, seizing his crown with both hands, and tearing it from his head, although with it came away handfuls of hair, he shouted:

"Accursed tribe! Will ye ever bar our way! But for ye we had long since conquered Europe; ay, we of the red beards had been masters of the world. And I humbled myself before this race of dogs! I asked his daughter of one of them, instead of bearing her off as the wolf does the lamb! Ah Huldrix! Huldrix! Listen, Valkyr," he suddenly added in a low tone, "listen!"

He raised his finger solemnly. The Wetterhexe listened; a blast arose without, and shook the old frost-laden forest. How often had the sorceress heard that sound before, during the long winter nights, without giving it a thought. Now, she was afraid.

And while she stood trembling, a hoarse cry smote her ear, and the raven Hans, sweeping beneath the

rock, flew in circles round and round the cavern, flapping his wings as if in terror, and croaking mournfully.

Yegof became pale as death.

"Vod! Vod!" he cried in despairing tones, "what has thy son Luitprand done to thee? Why choose him rather than another?"

And for some seconds he seemed to have swooned; but soon, as if carried away by a savage enthusiasm, brandishing his sceptre, he darted from the cavern.

Wetterhexe, standing in the opening, followed him with an anxious eye.

He strode straight onward, with outstretched neck, like a wild beast rushing at its prey. Hans flew before, and they disappeared in the gorge of Blutfeld.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

TOWARD two o'clock that night the snow began to fall, and at day-break it rested inches deep upon the men at the bivouacs.

The Germans had left Grandfontaine, Framont, and even Schirmeck, and black spots far away on the plains of Alsace showed where their battalions were in full retreat.

Hullin, roused at early dawn, inspected the bivouacs; he stopped for a few minutes to gaze at the plateau—the scene of Dives's charge at the cannon pointed down the mountain side, the partisans stretched around the fires, and the pacing sentries; then satisfied that all was well, he returned to the farm-house where Catherine and Louise were yet sleeping.

The gray morning was entering at the windows. A few wounded, whom the fires of fever had already seized, shrieked loudly for their wives and children. Then the hum of many voices arose, and at last

Catherine and Louise appeared, and saw Jean-Claude seated in a corner of a window ; ashamed to be thought more devoted to slumber than he, they hastened to bid him good morn-morning.

"Well!" said Catherine inquiringly.

"They are gone, and we are masters of the road."

This assurance did not seem sufficient for the old woman. She gazed through the windows, and saw the Austrians far off in Alsace. Still her face bore the impress of an indefinable uneasiness.

Between eight and nine o'clock, Father Saumaize, the priest of the village of Charmes, arrived. A few mountaineers then descended to the foot of the slope, and collected the dead who lay there so thick. Then a long trench was dug, to the right of the farm-house, in which partisans and Kaiserliks, in their blouses, their slouched hats, their shakos, and their uniforms, were ranged side by side. The good priest, a tall old man, with locks white as snow, read the ancient prayers for the dead in that rapid and mysterious voice which pierces the very depths of the soul, and seems to summon long-past generations to greet the new-comers to their realms—which calls so vividly to the hearts of the living thoughts of the darkness and terrors of the grave, and of the light and mercy beyond.

All day wagons and sleds kept carrying the wounded to their villages ; for Doctor Lorquin, fearing to increase their excitement, was forced to yield to their cries and prayers that they might again see their homes. Toward evening Catherine and Hullin found themselves alone in the great hall ; Louise had gone to prepare supper. Great flakes of snow still continued to fall without, and from

time to time a sled departed silently bearing its wounded owner buried in straw, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, leading a horse by the bridle. Catherine, seated at the table, folded bandages with an absent air.

"What ails you, Mother Lefevre?" asked Jean-Claude. "Ever since morning you have been sad and thoughtful. Is this your rejoicing over victory?"

The old woman looked up, and slowly pushing the linen from her, replied :

"True, Jean-Claude ; I am anxious."

"Anxious? About what? The enemy is in full retreat, and Frantz Materne, whom I sent to watch them, and all Pivrette's and Jerome's and Labarbe's couriers report that they are returning to Mutzig. Old Materne and Kasper, after having buried the dead, learned at Grandfontaine that not a white coat is to be seen toward Saint Blaize-la-Roche. All this proves that our dragoons of the Spanish wars gave them a warm reception on the Senones road, and they fear to be turned by way of Schirmeck. I see no reason for uneasiness, Catherine."

And Hullin gazed at her with a look of inquiry.

"You will laugh at me again, Jean-Claude," said she ; "I have had a dream."

"A dream!"

"Yes ; the same that I dreamed at Bois-de-Chênes."

Her voice grew louder, and, before Hullin could interrupt, she continued half angrily :

"Say what you will, Jean-Claude, a great peril hangs over us. Yes, yes, all this seems senseless, and is only a dream, but it was not a dream ; it was what had passed and what I saw again and

recognized in my sleep. Listen! We were as we were to-day—after a great victory—where I know not—in a sort of huge wooden hut, crossed by strong beams and defended by palisades. We were secure and careless. All whom I saw around me I knew. There were you, Marc Dives, Old Duchêne, and many others—old men long since dead—my father and old Hugo Rochart of Harberg, the uncle of him who has just died, all in gray blouses, and with long beards and bare necks. We were rejoicing and drinking from great vessels of red earth, when a cry arose, ‘The enemy are returning!’ And Yegof on horseback, his beard streaming in the wind, his crown surrounded with spikes, an axe in his hand, and his eyes glittering like a wolf’s, appeared before me. I rushed at him with a stake; he awaited me, and I saw no more. But I felt a sharp pain at my throat; a cold blast struck my face, and it seemed as if my head were swinging at the end of a cord. Yegof had hung it to his saddle and was galloping away.” The old woman ended her story in such a tone of belief that brave Jean-Claude shuddered.

There were a few moments of silence; then Hullin, rousing himself, replied:

“It was but a dream. I, too, often have horrible ones. It was the noise, the shrieks, the terror of yesterday tormenting you, Catherine.”

“No!” she answered firmly, as she resumed her work; “it was not that. In good truth, during the whole of the battle—even when the cannon thundered upon us—I feared nothing; I was sure we would be victorious, for that too I had seen. But now I fear!”

“But the Austrians have evacuated Schirmeck; all the line of the Vosges is defended; we have more

men than we need, and still more are arriving every moment.”

“No matter!”

Hullin shrugged his shoulders.

“Come, come, Catherine! You are feverish. Try to calm yourself and dispel such gloomy thoughts. I laugh at all these dreams as I would at the Grand Turk with his pipe and blue stockings. We have men, munitions, and defences, and these are better than the rosiest-colored dreams.”

“You mock me, Jean-Claude.”

“No; but to hear a woman of sound sense, of courage and determination, talk as you do, makes one indeed think of Yegof, who boasts that he has been living sixteen hundred years.”

“Who knows?” said the old woman obstinately. “He may remember what others have forgotten.”

Hullin proceeded to relate his conversation of the day before with Yegof, at the bivouac, thinking thus to disperse her gloom; but seeing that she was inclined to agree with the fool on the score of the sixteen centuries, the good man at length ceased, and paced the room with bowed head and anxious brow. “She is becoming mad,” he thought; “another shock, and her mind is gone.”

Catherine, after a silence, seemed about again to speak, when Louise tripped into the room, crying:

“Mamma Lefevre, Mamma Lefevre, a letter from Gaspard!”

Then the old woman, whose lips had been pressed tight together in her indignation at Hullin’s ridicule, lifted her head, and the sharp lines of her face softened.

She took the letter and gazing at the red seal, said to the young girl:

“Kiss me, Louise; it bears good tidings.”

Hullin drew near, glad that some thing had happened to distract Ca-

therine's thoughts, and Brainstein, the postman, his heavy shoes covered with snow and his hands resting upon his staff, stood with a weary and careworn air at the door.

Catherine put on her spectacles, opened the letter slowly, notwithstanding the impatient glances of Jean-Claude and Louise, and read aloud :

"This, my dear mother, is to inform you that all goes well, and I arrived Tuesday evening at Phalsbourg, just as they were closing the gates. The Cossacks were already on the Saverne side, and skirmishing was kept up all night with their advance. The next day a flag of truce summoned us to surrender the place. The commandant Meunier told the bearer to go and hang himself, and, three days after, a storm of shell and canister began to hail upon the city. The Russians have three batteries; but the hot shot do the most harm. They set fire to the houses and when the flames appear, showers of canister prevent our putting them out. The women and children keep within the blockhouse; the citizens fight with us on the ramparts. They are brave men, and among them are some veterans of the Sambre-and-Meuse, of Italy and Egypt, who have not forgotten how to work the guns. It makes me sad to see their grey moustaches falling on the cannon as they aim. I will answer for it, they waste no powder; but it is hard to see men, who have made the world tremble, forced in their old age to defend their own homes and hearths."

"Hard indeed," said Catherine, drying her eyes. "It makes my heart bleed to think of it."

She continued :

"The day before yesterday the governor decided to attack the tile-kiln. You must know that these Russians break the ice to bathe in

platoons of twenty or thirty, and afterward dry themselves there at the fire. About four in the afternoon, as evening was coming on, we made a sally through the arsenal postern, passing through the covered ways and filing along the path leading to the kiln. Ten minutes after, we began a rolling fire on it, and the Russians had scarcely time to seize their muskets and cartridge-boxes, and, half-dressed, to form ranks upon the snow. Nevertheless, they were ten times more numerous than we, and began a movement to the right, on the little chapel of Saint John, so as to surround us, when the guns of the arsenal opened a fire upon them, the like of which I never saw before, sweeping them down in long lanes. In less than a quarter of an hour they were in full flight to Quatre-Vents, without waiting to pick up their coats, their officers at their head, and round-shot from the town acting as file-closers. Father Jean-Claude would have laughed at their predicament. At night-fall we returned to the city, after destroying the kiln, and throwing two eight-pounders we captured into its well. So ended our first sortie. I write you from Bois-de-Chênes, which we have reached on a foraging expedition. The siege may last months.

"I should have told you that the Allies are passing through the valley of Dosenheim to Weschem, and flooding the roads to Paris by thousands. Ah! if God would only give the emperor the victory in Lorraine or Champagne, not one of them would return. But the trumpets are sounding the recall, and we have gathered a goodly number of oxen and cows and goats. We may have to fight our way back. Farewell, my dear mother, and Louise, and Father Jean-Claude. You are ever in my thoughts and my heart."

Catherine's eyes grew moist as she finished.

"What a brave fellow he is!" she murmured; "he knows only his duty. Well! well! Do you hear, Louise, how he remembers you?"

Louise threw herself into the old woman's arms, and Mother Catherine, despite the firmness of her character, could not restrain two great tears, which coursed down her furrowed cheeks; but she was soon herself again. "Come, come!" said she; "all is well. Come Brainstein, eat a morsel of bread and take a glass of wine, and here is a crown for your trouble; I wish I could give as much every week for such a letter."

The postman, well pleased at her bounty, followed her, and Jean-Claude hastened to question him as to the enemy's movements; but he learned nothing new, except that the Allies were besieging Bitche, and Lutzelstein, and that they had lost some hundreds of men in attempting to force the defile of Graufthal.

#### CHAPTER XX.

ABOUT ten o'clock that night Catherine Lefevre and Louise, after having bid Hullin good-night, retired to their chamber, which was situated over the great hall. In this room were two huge feather beds, with red and blue striped curtains rising to the ceiling.

"Sleep well, my child," said the old woman. "I can no longer bear up against my weariness."

She threw herself upon her bed, and in a few minutes was in a deep slumber. Louise did not delay following her example.

This lasted mayhap two hours, when a fearful tumult broke upon them.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted

fifty voices. "They are on us! To arms!"

Shots resounded, and the tramp of hurrying feet mingled with cries of alarm; but above all was heard Hullin's voice giving orders in short, resolute, ringing tones, and to the left of the farm, from the gorges of Grosmann rose a deep heavy murmur like that of an approaching storm.

"Louise! hearest thou, Louise?" cried Catherine.

"Yes, yes. Great Heaven! it is terrible?"

Catherine sprang from her bed.

"Arise, my child," she cried; "dress quickly."

The shots redoubled and the windows were lit up as if by constant flashes of lightning.

"Attention!" shouted the voice of Materne.

They heard the neighing of a horse without, and the rush of many feet below in the passage, the yard, and in front of the house, which shook to its foundations.

Suddenly shots were fired from the hall on the ground floor. A heavy step sounded on the stairs; the door opened, and Hullin, pale, his hair disordered and his lips quivering, appeared, bearing a lantern.

"Hasten," he cried, "we have not a moment to lose."

"What has happened?" asked Catherine.

The firing became louder and louder.

"Is this a time to explain?" he shouted. "Come on!"

The old woman covered her head with her hood and descended the stairs with Louise. By the fitful light of the shots, they saw Materne, bare-necked, and his son Kasper, firing from the doorway on the abatis, while ten others behind them loaded and passed the muskets to them. Three or four corpses, lying against the bro-

ken wall, added to the horrors of the fight, and thick smoke hung among the rafters.

As he reached the stairs, Hullin cried :

"Here they are, Heaven be thanked!"

And the brave fellows below shouted :

"Courage! courage, Mother Lefevre!"

Then the poor old woman, whose stout heart seemed at last broken, burst into tears. She leaned heavily on Jean-Claude's shoulder; but he lifted her like a feather and ran from the house, skirting the wall to the right. Louise followed, sobbing.

They could hear nothing but the whistling of bullets, or their dull thud as they flattened themselves on the rough east wall, scattering the plaster in showers, or as they hurled the tiles from the roof. In front, not three hundred paces distant, they saw a line of white uniforms, lighted up by their own fire in the black darkness. These the mountaineers on the other side of the ravine of Minières were assailing in flank.

Hullin turned the corner of the house; there all was darkness, and they could scarcely distinguish Doctor Lorquin, on horseback, before a sledge, swinging a long cavalry sabre in his hand and bearing two horse-pistols in his belt, and Frantz Materne, with a dozen men, the butt of his rifle resting on his foot and his lips foaming with rage. Hullin seated Catherine in the sledge and Louise by her side.

"Here at last!" cried the doctor, "God be thanked!"

And Frantz Materne added :

"If it were not for you, Mother Lefevre, you may be sure that not one of us would quit the plateau to-night; but for you—"

At this moment, a tall gaunt fel-

low, passed at full speed, shrieking as he ran :

"They are upon us! Every one for himself."

Hullin grew pale.

"It is the miller of Harberg," he muttered, grinding his teeth. "Traitor!"

Frantz said nothing, but brought his rifle to his shoulder, aimed and fired.

Louise saw the coward fling his arms in the air and fall face downward on the snow.

Frantz, with a strange smile, reloaded his piece.

"Comrades!" said Hullin; "here is your mother; she who gave you powder and food that you might defend your homes; and here is my child. Save them!"

And all answered :

"We will save them or die with them."

"And remember to warn Dives to remain at Falkenstein until further orders."

"We shall not fail."

"Then forward, doctor, forward," cried the brave old man.

"And you, Hullins?" asked Catherine.

"My place is here. Our position must be defended to the death."

"Father Jean-Claude!" cried Louise, stretching her arms toward him.

But he had already turned the corner; the doctor whipped up his horse; the sledge crunched the snow, and behind it Frantz Materne and his men, their rifles on their shoulders, strode on, while the roll and clatter of the musketry continued. The old mistress of Bois-de-Chênes, remembering her dream, was silent.

Louise dried her tears and threw a last long gaze on the plateau, which was lighted up as if by a fire. The horse galloped beneath the blows of the doctor, so that the mountaineers



of the escort could scarcely keep up with it; but it was long ere the tumult, the shouts of battle, the clatter and crash of the shots, and the whistling of the balls, cutting through the branches of the trees, and growing more and more indistinct, were heard no more; then all seemed vanished like a dream.

The sledge had reached the other slope of the mountain and darted like an arrow through the darkness. The tramp of the horse's hoofs, the hard-drawn breath of the escort, and from time to time the call of the doctor, "Ho, Bruno, old fellow!" alone broke the deep stillness.

A rush of ice-cold air, rolling up from the valley of the Sarre, bore from afar, like a sigh, the never-ending plaint of the torrents and woods. The moon broke through a cloud and looked down on the dark forests of Blanru, with their tall, snow-laden firs.

A few moments after, the sledge reached a corner of the woods, and Doctor Lorquin, turning in his saddle, cried:

"Now, Frantz, what are we to do? The path turns to the hills of Saint-Quirin, and here is another going down to Blanru. Which shall we take?"

Frantz and the men of the escort drew near. As they were then on the western side of the Donon, they began to catch glimpses once more of the German fusilade, and occasionally they heard the crash of a cannon-shot echo through the abysses.

"The path to the hills of Saint-Quirin," replied Frantz, "is shorter if we wish to stop at Bois-de-Chênes; we shall gain at least three quarters of an hour by it."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but we risk being taken by the Kaiserliks who now hold the defile of the Sarre. They are already masters of the heights, and they have doubtless sent

detachments to the Sarre-Ridge in order to turn Donon."

"Let us take the Blanru path then," answered Frantz; "it is longer, but safer."

The sledge descended the mountain side to the left, along the skirts of the wood. The partisans in single file, their rifles slung on their backs, marched upon the top of the slope, and the doctor, on horseback, in the narrow way, broke through the snow-drifts. Above hung the long fir branches, burying road and travellers in deep shadow, beyond which streamed the pale moonlight. The scene was picturesque and majestic, and under other circumstances Catherine would have wondered at its weird beauty, and Louise would not have failed to admire the long icicles glittering like spars of crystal where the moonbeams fell; but now their hearts were full of unrest and fear, and soon the sledge entered the deep gorge, whence they could see no light but that which flooded the mountain peaks. Thus they pushed on in silence until at length Catherine, rousing herself from the gloomy thoughts in which she seemed plunged, spoke.

"Doctor Lorquin, now that you have us at the bottom of Blanru, will you explain why we have thus been carried off? Jean-Claude seized me, threw me on this truss of straw, and here I am."

"Ho, Bruno!" cried the doctor.

Then he answered gravely:

"To-night, Mother Catherine, the greatest of evils has befallen us. It cannot be laid to Jean-Claude; for by the fault of another we have lost the fruit of all our blood and toil."

"By whose fault?"

"Labarbe's, who did not guard the defile of Blutfeld. He died afterward doing his duty like a man; but his death could not repair his fault; and if Pivrette does not arrive in time

to support Hullin, all is lost. We must then abandon the road and retreat."

"What! Blutfeld in possession of the enemy."

"Yes, Mother Catherine. But who would have thought that the Germans would have entered it? A defile almost impracticable for infantry, surrounded by pointed rocks, where the herdsmen themselves can scarcely descend with their flocks and goats? Well, they passed through it, two by two, turned Roche-Creuse, crushed Labarbe, and then fell upon Jerome, who defended himself like a lion until nine at night, but finally had to take to the woods and leave the road to the Kaiserliks. That is the whole story, and it is fearful enough. Some one must have been cowardly and treacherous enough to have guided the enemy to our rear—to have delivered us over bound hand and foot. O the wretch!" cried the doctor in a trembling voice; "I am not revengeful, but if ever he falls under my hand, how I will dissect him! Ho, Bruno! Ho, boy!"

The partisans still maintained their steady shadowy march, and no word was spoken.

The horse again began a gallop, but soon slackened his pace and breathed heavily.

Mother Lefevre was once more buried in thought.

"I begin to understand," said she at length; "we were attacked to-night in front and flank."

"Just so, Catherine; and, by good fortune, ten minutes before the attack, one of Marc-Dives's men—the smuggler Zimmer, an old dragoon—arrived at full speed to warn us. If he had not come, we were lost. He fell among our outposts after having passed through a detachment of Cosacks on the plateau of Grosmann. The poor fellow had received a terri-

ble sabre-thrust, and the blood was pouring from his wound."

"And what did he say?" asked the old woman.

"He had only time to cry, 'To arms! We are turned! Jerome sent me—Labarbe is dead—the Germans passed through Blutfeld!'"

"He was a brave man!" murmured Catherine.

"Yes, a brave man!" replied Frantz, drooping his head.

All became silent, and thus for a long time the sledge kept on through the narrow, winding valley. From time to time they were forced to stop, so deep was the snow, and then three or four mountaineers took the horse by the bridle and pulled him on.

"No matter," exclaimed Catherine, emerging from her reverie, "Hullin might have told me—"

"But if he had told you of the two attacks," interrupted the doctor, "you would not have come away."

"And who dare hinder my doing as I wish? If it pleased me to descend from this sledge, am I not free to do so? I had forgiven Jean-Claude—I repent having done so!"

"O Mother Lefevre!" cried Louise; "if he should be killed, while you speak thus!"

"She is right, poor child!" thought Catherine—

And she continued:

"I said I repent of forgiving him; but he is a brave man, to whom I can wish no ill. I forgive him with all my heart. In his place I would have done as he has done."

Two or three hundred yards further on, they entered the defile of the Rocks. The snow had ceased falling and the moon shone brilliantly from between two great black and white clouds. The narrow gorge, bordered by pointed rocks, seemed to unroll its length to their view, and on its

sides high firs rose, until lost in distance. Nothing broke the deep quiet of the woods ; human turmoil seemed indeed far away. So profound was the silence that they heard every step of the horse in the soft snow, and even his weary breathing. Frantz Materne halted from time to time, cast a glance over the dark mountain sides, and then hastened to overtake the others.

And valleys succeeded valleys ; the sled ascended, descended, turned to right and to left, and the partisans, with their cold blue bayonets fixed, followed steadily after.

Thus toward three in the morning they had reached the field of Brimbelles, where even yet may be seen an old oak standing in a turn of the valley. On the other side, to the left, in the midst of bushes white with snow, behind its little wall of loose stones and the palings of its little garden, the lodge of Cuny, the forester, began to outline itself against the mountain side, with its three beehives in a row on a plank, its old knotty vine climbing to the roof, and its little branch of fir hung over the door by way of sign ; for in that solitude Cuny joined to his avocation of forester that of innkeeper.

Here, as the road runs along the edge of a bank several feet above the field, and the moon was obscured by a thick cloud, the doctor, fearing lest the sledge should be overset, halted beneath the oak.

Another hour will see us to the end of our journey, Mother Lefevre," said he ; "so be of good cheer—we have now plenty of time."

"Ay," said Frantz ; "the worst is over, and we can breathe the horse."

The whole party gathered around the sledge, and the doctor dismounted. A few produced flint and steel to light their pipes, but nothing was said ; all were thinking of Donon.

Could Jean-Claude hold his own until the arrival of Pivrette ? So many painful thoughts weighed upon the mind of each that no one cared to speak.

They were some five minutes under the old oak when the cloud slowly passed away and the pale moonlight streamed down the gorge. But what is that yonder, between the two firs ? A beam of light falls upon it—upon a tall dark figure on horseback ; it is a Cossack with his lamb-skin cap, and long lance hanging backward under his arm, slowly advancing ; Frantz had already aimed, when behind appeared another lance, and another, and in the depths of the forest, under the deep blue sky, the little group saw only swallow-tailed pennons waving, lances flashing, and Cossacks advancing straight on toward the sledge, but without hurry, some looking around, others leaning forward in their saddles like people seeking something. They numbered more than thirty.

Catherine and Louise gazed upon each other. Another minute and the savages would be upon them. The mountaineers seemed stupefied. They could not turn the sledge in the narrow way, and on one side was the steep slope to the field, on the other, the steep mountain side. The old woman, in an agony of fear, seized Louise's arm and whispered in trembling tones :

"Let us fly to the woods !"

She tried to spring from the sled, but her shoe came off in the straw.

Suddenly, one of the Cossacks uttered a guttural exclamation which ran all along their line.

"We are discovered !" cried Doctor Lorquin, drawing his sabre.

Scarcely had he spoken, when twelve shots lit up the path. Wild yells replied. The Cossacks left the road and dashed with loose rein over

the field, fleeing like deer, to the forest lodge.

"There they go," cried the doctor; "we are safe!"

But the brave surgeon was too hasty in his conclusion; the Cossacks, describing a circle in their career, massed their force, and then, with lance in rest, bending over their horses' necks, came right on the partisans, shouting "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Frantz and the others threw themselves before the sledge.

It was a terrible moment. Lance grated against bayonet; cries of rage replied to curses. Beneath the old oak, through the branches of which only a few scattered moonbeams fell, rearing horses, with manes erect, struggled up from the field to the path, bearing barbarous riders with blazing eyes and uplifted arms, striking furiously, advancing, recoiling, uttering yells that might chill the stoutest hearts.

Louise and the old mistress of Bois-de-Chênes stood erect in the sledge, pale as death. Doctor Lorquin, before them, parried, lunged, and struck, crying the while:

"Down, down! Morbleu! Lie down!"

But they heard him not.

Louise, in the midst of the tumult, thought only of protecting Catherine, and Catherine—imagine her horror when she saw Yegof, on a tall, bony horse, among the assailants—Yegof, his crown upon his head, his unkempt beard and dogskin mantle floating on the wind, and a lance in his hand. She saw him there plainly, as if it were broad day, flourishing his long weapon not ten paces from her, and she saw his gleaming eyes fixed on hers.

The most resolute souls seem often utterly broken by the pursuit of a relentless and inflexible fate. What was to be done? Submit—yield to that

fate. The old woman believed herself doomed; she saw the mingled combat—men striking and falling in the clear moonlight; she saw riderless horses dashing over the field; she saw the attic window of the forger's lodge open, and old Cuny aim without daring to fire into the mass. She saw all these things with strange distinctness, but she kept repeating to herself, "The fool has returned; whatever may happen, he will hang my head to his saddle-bow. My dream is true—true!"

And indeed, everything seemed to justify her fears. The mountaineers, too feeble in numbers, began to give way. Soon, like a whirlwind, the Cossacks burst upon the road, and a lance's point passed through the old woman's hair, so that she felt the cold steel pass across her neck.

"O wretches! wretches!" she cried, as she fell to the bottom of the sledge, still holding, however, the reins in both hands.

Doctor Lorquin, too, had fallen upon the sledge. Frantz and the others, surrounded by twenty Cossacks, could render no assistance. Louise felt a hand grasp her shoulder—the hand of the fool, mounted on his tall steed.

At this supreme moment, the poor girl, crazed with fear, uttered a shriek of distress; then she saw something flash in the darkness; it was the barrels of Lorquin's pistols, and, quick as lightning, she had torn them from the doctor's belt. Both flashed at once, burning Yegof's beard, and sending their bullets crashing through the skull of a Cossack who was bending toward her. She seized Catherine's whip, and standing erect, pale as a corpse, struck the horse's flanks with all her might. The animal bounded from the blow, and the sledge dashed through the bushes; it bent to the right—to the left; then there was a shock;

Catherine, Louise, sledge and straw, rolled down the steep road-side in the snow. The horse stopped short, flung back on his haunches and his mouth full of bloody foam. He had struck against an oak.

Swift as was their fall, Louise had seen some shadows pass like the wind behind the copse. She heard a terrible voice—the voice of Dives—shout,

“Forward! Point! point!”

It seemed but an illusion—a mingled vision, such as at our latest hour passes before our glazing eyes; but as she rose, the poor girl doubted it not; sabres were clashing twenty paces from her, behind a curtain of trees, and Marc’s voice still rang on the night:

“Bravely, boys, bravely! No quarter!”

Then she saw a dozen Cossacks climbing the slope opposite, in the midst of the bushes, like hares, and through an opening beneath, Yegof flying across the valley, in the clear moonlight like a frightened bird. Several shots resounded, but they did not reach the fool; and standing erect in his stirrups while his horse kept on at his utmost speed, he turned in the saddle, shook his lance defiantly, and shouted a “Hurrah!” in a voice like that of a heron escaping the eagle’s talons. Two more shots flashed from the forester’s lodge; a rag flew from the fool’s waist, but he still held on his course, again and again hoarsely shouting his “Hurrah!” as he followed the path his comrades had taken.

And then the vision vanished.

When Louise again became conscious, Catherine was standing beside her. They gazed for a moment at each other, and then embraced in an ecstasy of joy.

“Saved! saved!” murmured Catherine, and they wept in each other’s arms.

“You bore yourself well and bravely,” said the old woman. “Jean-Claude, Gaspard, and I may well be proud of you.”

Louise trembled from head to foot. The danger passed, her gentle nature asserted itself, and she could not understand her courage of a few moments before.

Then, finding themselves more composed, they tried to reach the road, when they saw the doctor and five or six partisans coming to meet them.

“Ah! you needn’t cry, Louise,” said Lorquin; “you are a dragoon, a little Amazon. Your heart seems now in your throat, but we saw all. And, by the by, where are my pistols?”

As he spoke, the thicket separated, and tall Marc-Dives, his sabre hanging from his wrist, appeared, crying,

“Ha! Mother Catherine! What a time? What luck that I happened to be on hand! How those beggars would have plundered you!”

“Yes,” returned the old woman, pushing her gray hair beneath her hood, “it was indeed fortunate.”

“I believe you. Not more than ten minutes ago I reached Father Cuny’s with my wagon. ‘Do not go to Donon,’ said he; ‘for the last hour the sky above it has been red; they are fighting there!’ ‘Do you think so?’ said I. ‘*Ma foi!* yes,’ he replied. ‘Then Joson will go ahead as a scout, and we will empty a glass while we wait for his return.’ Scarcely had Joson started, when I heard shouts as if the fiends had broken loose. ‘What is the matter, Cuny?’ I cried. He did not know, so we pushed open the door and there saw the fight. Ha! we did not wait long. I was on Fox at a bound, and then, ‘Forward!’ was the word. What luck!”

“Ah!” said Catherine, “if we were

only sure that matters were going as well on Donon, we might indeed rejoice."

"Yes ; Frantz told me all about it ; something is always going wrong," answered Marc. "But here we are standing in the snow. Let us hope that Pivrette will not let his comrades be crushed, and let us empty our glasses which are yet half full."

Four other smugglers came up, saying that the villain Yegof was likely to return with a swarm of thieves like himself.

"Very true," replied Dives. "We will return to Falkenstein, since Jean-Claude so orders ; but we cannot bring our wagon with us ; it would hinder our crossing the country, and in an hour all those wretches will be upon us. But let us go to Cuny's. Catherine and Louise will not object to a cup of wine, nor will the others. It will put back your hearts in the right place. Ho ! Bruno !"

He took his horse by the bridle. Two wounded men were placed on the sledge. Two others killed, with seven or eight Cossacks, lay stretched upon the snow. They left them as they were, and all entered the old forester's house. Frantz was beginning to console himself for not being on Donon. He had run two Cossacks through the body, and the sight of the lodge put him in good humor. Before the door stood the wagon, laden with cartridges. Cuny came out crying,

"Welcome, Mother Lefevre. What a night for women to be out ! Be seated. What is going on yonder ?"

While they hastily emptied a bottle, everything had to be again explained. The good old man, dressed in a simple jacket and green knee-breeches, his face wrinkled and his head bald, listened with staring eyes, ever and anon clasping his hands as he cried,

"Great God ! good God ! in what days do we live ! We cannot travel the high roads without fear of being attacked. It is worse than the old stories of the Swedes !"

And he shook his head.

"Come," said Dives, "time presses ; forward !"

All went out ; the smugglers drove the wagon, which contained several thousands of cartridges and two little casks of brandy, three hundred paces off, to the middle of the valley, and there unharnessed the horses.

"Forward, forward !" cried Marc ; "we will overtake you in a few minutes."

"But what are you going to do with the wagon ?" asked Frantz. "Since we have not time to bring it to Falkenstein, we had better leave it under Cuny's shed than to abandon it in the middle of the road."

"Yes, and have the poor old man hung when the Cossacks return, as they will in less than an hour," replied Dives. "Do not trouble yourself ; I have a notion in my head."

Frantz rejoined the party around the sledge, who had gone on some distance. Soon they passed the saw-mill of Marquis, and struck straight to the right, to reach the farm-house of Bois-de-Chênes, the high chimney of which appeared over the plateau, three quarters of a league away. When they were on the crest of the hill, Marc-Dives and his men came up, shouting,

"Halt ! Stop a moment. Look yonder !"

And all, turning their eyes to the bottom of the gorge, saw the Cossacks caracoling about the wagon to the number of two or three hundred.

"They are coming ! Let us fly !" cried Louise.

"Wait a moment," replied the smuggler ; "we have nothing to fear."

He was yet speaking, when a sheet

of flame spread its purple wings from one mountain to the other, lighting the woods to their topmost branches, and the rocks, and the forester's lodge fifteen hundred feet below ; then followed a crash that shook the earth.

And while with dazzled eyes they gazed at each other, mute with horror, Marc's peal of laughter mingled in the sound that yet rang in their ears.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted; "I knew the beggars would gather round the wagon to drink my brandy, and that the match would have time to reach the powder. Do you think they will follow us further? Their limbs adorn the firs. So perish all of their kind who have crossed the Rhine!"

The entire party, partisans, the doctor, everyone, had become silent. So many fearful scenes, scenes which common life knows not, gave all food for endless thought. Each one murmured to himself, "Why must men thus torture, tear, ruin one another? Why should they thus hate each other? And what ferocious spirit urges

them to such deeds, if not the spirit of evil, the archdemon himself?"

Dives alone and his men were unmoved, and galloped on laughing and applauding what had been done.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the tall smuggler; "I never saw such a joke! I could laugh a thousand years at it."

Then he became gloomy, and said,

"Yegof is at the bottom of all this. One must be blind not to see that it was he who guided the Germans to Blutfeld. I would be sorry if he were finished by a piece of my wagon; I have something better in store for him. All that I wish is, that he may remain sound and healthy until I meet him some day in a corner of the woods. Let it be one, ten, or twenty years—only let it come! The longer I wait, the keener will be my appetite; good morsels are best cold, like wild-boar's cheek in white wine."

He said all this with a good-humored air; but those who knew him knew that beneath that lay danger for Yegof.

Half an hour after, all reached the field of Bois-de-Chênes.

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### INSCRIPTION ON A DOOR.

WRITTEN BY THEODULPHUS, BISHOP OF ORLEANS, A.D. 820.

PAUPERIBUS pateat, Præsul, tua janua semper,  
Cum miseris Christus intrat et ipse simul.  
Deque tuis epulis pascatur pauper egenus,  
Ut conviva queas lectus adesse Deo.

#### TRANSLATION.

Set wide thy portals ever to the poor,  
So Christ shall enter with them at thy door.  
And let the poor be feasted from thy board,  
So mayest thou, blessed, banquet with thy Lord.

C. E. B.

"POOR MARA!"

THE celebrated Rosenthal, in Germany, was the retreat where Goethe passed so many hours of leisure when a student. It was indeed a valley of roses, especially in early summer, when flowers are most abundant, and the tender green of the rich foliage is freshest and brightest. It was a lovely afternoon, but not sultry; a large awning was spread for temporary use; and just in the shade of a group of trees was set out a table with refreshments. A dozen seats were arranged round it, evidently for a small and select company. Ere long, carriages drove up, and some ladies alighted, and began to arrange the collation. Two of them were the wife and daughter of Doles, the musician; they brought flowers which they had gathered, and decorated the table, placing a wreath of roses and laurels over the seat destined to be occupied by their honored guest, no less a person than Mozart, who had come to give his last concert in Leipsic. The rest of the company soon joined them; and it would be interesting, had we space, to relate the conversation that formed the most delightful part of their entertainment. They were a few choice spirits, met to enjoy the society of Mozart in an hour sacred to friendship. There was no lack of humor and mirth; indeed, the composer would have acted at variance with his character had he not beguiled even the gravest by his amusing sallies; but the themes of their discourse were the musical masters of the world, and the state and prospect of their art.

"Oh! could we only entice you to live here," said one of the company to the great composer.

"No; the atmosphere does not suit me," replied Mozart; "the reserve would chill my efforts, for I live upon the love of those who suffer me to do as I please. Some other time, perhaps, I may come to Leipsic; just now Vienna is the place for me. By the way, what think you of Bonn?"

"You cannot think of Bonn for a residence?"

"Not I. Had you asked me where art had the least chance of spreading her wings for a bold flight—where she was most securely chained down and forbidden to soar, I should have answered, 'Bonn.' But that unpromising city has produced one of the greatest geniuses of our day."

"Who? who?" eagerly demanded several among the company.

"A lad, a mere lad, who has been under the tutelage of the elector's masters, and shocked them all by his musical eccentricities. They were ready to give him up in disgust. He came to me just before I left Vienna; modest, abashed, doubting his own genius, but eager to learn his fate from my lips. I gave him one of my most difficult pieces; he executed it in a manner so spirited, so admirable—carried away by the music, which entered his very soul, forgetful of his faint-heartedness—full of inspiration! 'Twas an artist, I assure you; a true and noble one, and I told him so."

"His name?"

"Louis von Beethoven."

"I know his father well," said Hiller.

"Then you know one who has given the world a treasure! For, mark me, railed at as he may be for



refusing to follow in the beaten path, decried for his contempt of ordinary rules, the lad Beethoven will rise to a splendid fame! But his *forte* will be sacred music."

The conversation turned to the works of Bach and Handel.

As the sun declined westward, the company rose and returned to the city. When they had left the grounds, a figure came forward from the concealment of the foliage, and walked pensively to and fro. He had heard most of the conversation unobserved. It was the artist Mara, a violoncellist of great merit—famous, indeed—but ruined by dissipation. His wife had left him in despair of reforming his intemperate habits; his friends had deserted him; all was gone but his love of art; and that had brought him to see the great Mozart.

"Well, well," he said to himself, "I have heard and know him now. His taste is the same with mine; he glories in Handel and old Sebastian. Ah! that music in my dream." He struck his forehead. "But I can keep nothing in my head; Mara—Mara—*non e peu com era prima!* If 'twere not for this vertigo, this throbbing that I feel whenever I strive to collect my thoughts and fix them on an idea; if I could but grasp the conception, oh! 'twould be glorious!"

The spirit of art had not yet left the degraded being it had once inspired; but how sad were the struggles of the soul against her painful and contaminating bonds!

"Why," resumed the soliloquist—"why was I not invited to make one among the company assembled here to welcome the great chapel-master? I, too, am a famous artist; I can appreciate music; the public have pronounced me entitled to rank among the first. But nobody will associate with Mara in the day-time!

It is only at night, at the midnight revels, where such grave ones as the director scorn to appear, that Mara, like a bird of evil omen, is permitted to show his face. Then they shout and clap for me, and call me a merry fellow; and I *am* the merriest of them all! But I do not like such welcome. I would rather be reasonable if I could, and the wine would let me. The wine! Am I a slave to that? Ha, a slave! Alas! it is so; wine is my master; and he is jealous of every other, and beats me when I rebel, till I cry mercy, and crouch at his feet again. Oh! if I had a friend strong enough to get me out of his clutches. But I have no friends—none, not even Gertrude. She has left me; and there is no one at home now even to reproach me when I come back drunk, or make a noise in the house over the table with a companion or two. Heinrich—no; he laughs and makes game of me like the rest. I am sick of this miserable life; I am tired of being laughed at and shunned; I will put an end to it all, and then they will say once again, 'Poor Mara!'"

With a sudden start the wretched man rushed away, and was presently hid among the branches of the trees. A whistle was heard just then, and a lad, walking briskly, followed, hallooing after him. He came just in time. A stream, a branch of the Pleysee, watered the bottom of the valley; Mara was about to throw himself into it in the deepest spot, when his arm was caught by his pursuer.

"What the mischief are you about?"

"Let me alone!" cried Mara, struggling.

"Do you mean to be drowned?"

"Yes; that is just what I want. I came here for that purpose; and

what have you to say against it, Friedrich?"

"Nothing, if your fancy runs that way," replied the lad, laughing; "only you have plenty of leisure for it hereafter, and just now you are wanted."

"Wanted?"

"Yes; I came to look for you."

"Who wants the poor drunkard Mara?"

"They want you at Breithoff's, to-night, at the supper given to Mozart after the concert; and you must bring your instrument; we are to have some rare fun. Come, if you are obedient, you shall go with me to the concert."

Mozart's concert! Surprised and pleased that some of his acquaintances had remembered him, Mara suffered himself to be led away by his companion.

The concert was a splendid one, and attended by all the taste and fashion of Leipsic. The orchestra was admirable, the singers were full of spirit and good humor, the audience delighted, the composer gratified and thankful. Mozart thanked the performers in a brief speech, and as soon as the concert was at an end was led off in triumph by the connoisseurs, his friends.

Magnificent beyond expectation was the entertainment prepared, and attended by many among the wealthy and the noble, as well as the most distinguished artists. The revelry was prolonged beyond midnight, and, as the guests became warmed with good cheer, we are bound to record that the conversation lost its rational tone, and that comical sallies and uproarious laughter began to usurp the place of critical discourse. They had songs from all who were musical; Mara, among the rest, was brought in, dressed in a fantastic but sloven-

ly manner, and made to play for the amusement of the company. When he had played several pieces, the younger guests began to put their practical jokes upon him, and provoke him to imitate the noises of different animals on his violoncello. Mara entered into all their fun, convulsing them with his grotesque speeches and gestures, drinking glass after glass, till, at last, he fell back quite overpowered and insensible. Then his juvenile tormentors painted his face and clipped his mustaches, and tricked him out in finery that gave him the look of a candidate for Bedlam, and had him carried to his own house, laughing to imagine what his sensations would be, next morning, when he should discover how ludicrously he had been disfigured. In short, the whole party were considerably beyond the bounds of propriety and sound judgment, Mozart included.

It was considerably after noon, the next day, that poor Mara, the victim of those merciless revellers, might be seen sitting disconsolately in his deserted home. He had no heart even to be enraged at the cruelties practised on him. Pale as death, his eyes sunken and bloodshot, his limbs shivering, sat this miserable wretch, dressed in the same mockery of finery which had been heaped upon him in wicked sport.

The door soon opened, and Mozart entered. At sight of the composer, Mara rose and mechanically returned his salutation. Mozart looked grave and sad.

"You are much the worse for last night's dissipation, my good fellow," said he.

"Ah Master Mozart!" said the violoncellist, with a faint smile, "it is too good of you to visit such a dog as poor Mara."

"I have something to say to you, friend," answered the composer, in a voice of emotion. "In the first place, let me thank you for your music, last night."

The bewildered artist passed his hand across his forehead.

"I say, let me thank you. It is long since I have heard such music."

"You were pleased with it?" asked Mara, looking up, while a beam of joy shot into the darkness of his soul.

"Pleased? It was noble—heart-stirring! I must own I did not expect such from you. I expected to be shocked, but I was charmed. And when you played the air from *Idomenio*—*sacré!* but it went to my soul. I have *never* had my music so thoroughly appreciated—so admirably executed. Mara, you are a master of your art! I reverence you!"

"You?" repeated the artist, drawing his breath quickly.

"Yes; I own you for my brother, and so I told them all, last night."

The poor man gave a leap and seized the master by both hands; rapture had penetrated his inmost heart.

"Oh! you make me very happy," faltered he.

"I am glad of it, for now I am going to say something painful."

Mara hung his head.

"Nay, I reproach myself as much as you. We both behaved ill, last night; we both forgot the dignity of the artist and the man."

Again the poor violoncellist looked bewildered.

"We forgot that such as we are set up for an example to the uninitiated, and yielded to the tempter wine! Art—our mother—has reason to blush for us."

"For me," cried Mara, deeply moved; "but not for you."

"Yes, for me," repeated Mozart, "and for all who were there. It was

a shameful scene. What," he continued, with rising indignation—"what would the true friends of art have thought of such beastly orgies, celebrated in her name? Why, they would have said, perhaps, 'These men are wild fellows, but we must let them have their way; we owe the fine music they give us to their free living; they must have stimulants to compose or play well.' No, no, no! it is base to malign the holy science we love. Such excesses but unfit us for work. I have never owed a good thought to the bottle. I tell you, I hate myself for last night's foolery."

"Ah master, you who are so far above me?" sighed Mara.

"And lo, here the wreck of a noble being!" said the composer, in a low voice and with much bitterness; then resuming: "Listen to me, Mara. You have been your own enemy, but your fall is not wholly your own work. You are wondrously gifted; you can be, you shall be, snatched from ruin. You can, you shall, rise above those who would trample on you now; become renowned and beloved, and leave an honored name to posterity. You have given me a lesson, Mara—a lesson which I shall remember my life long—which I shall teach to others. You have done me good—I will do something for you. Come with me to Vienna."

The poor violoncellist had eagerly listened to the words of him he so venerated—whom he looked on as a superior being. While he talked to him as an equal, while he acknowledged his genius, lamented his faults, and gave him hope that all was not yet lost, the spirit of the degraded creature revived within him. It was the waking of his mind's energies; the struggle of the soul for life against the lethargy of a mortal malady. Life triumphed! Mara was

once more a man ; but overcome by the conflict and by the last generous offer, he sank back, bowed his face upon his hands, and wept aloud.

"Come," cried Mozart, after a pause, during which his own eyes moistened—"come, we have no time to lose. I go out to-night by the evening post for Vienna ; you must accompany me. Take this purse, put your dress in order, and make haste. I will call for you at eight. Be ready then. Not a word more." And forcing a well-filled purse into his trembling hands, the master hastened away too quickly to hear a

word of thanks from the man he had saved from worse than death.

The great composer was early summoned from this and many other works of mercy and benevolence. But if this noble design was unaccomplished, at least good seed was sown, and Mara placed once more within view of the goal of virtuous hope. Rescued from the mire of degradation, he might, by perseverance, have won the prize ; if he did not, the fault was wholly his own. Whatever the termination of his career, the moral lesson is for us the same.

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#### DISCIPLINE.

A BLOCK of marble caught the glance  
Of Buonarotti's eyes,  
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,  
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,  
Smiling as he heard ;  
For, "I will make an angel of it!"  
Was the sculptor's word.

And soon mallet and chisel sharp  
The stubborn block assailed,  
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,  
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure ;  
The wak'ning eyes outshone ;  
And as the master sharply wrought,  
A smile broke through the stone !

Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair  
Escaped in floating rings ;  
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed  
The sweep of half-furled wings.

The stately bust and graceful limbs  
Their marble fetters shed,  
And where the shapeless block had been,  
An angel stood instead !

O blows that smite ! O hurts that pierce  
This shrinking heart of mine !  
What are ye but the Master's tools  
Forming a work divine ?

O hope that crumbles to my feet !  
O joy that mocks, and flies !  
What are ye but the clogs that bind  
My spirit from the skies ?

Sculptor of souls ! I lift to thee  
Encumbered heart and hands :  
Spare not the chisel ! set me free,  
However dear the bands.

How blest, if all these seeming ills  
Which draw my thoughts to thee  
Should only prove that thou wilt make  
An angel out of me !

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FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. B. WERNEKE.

THE TEACHINGS OF STATISTICS CONCERNING THE  
FREEDOM OF THE HUMAN WILL.

THE enemies of Christianity are, in our days, making war upon its dogmas more fiercely and more generally than at any previous period. Materialism—the teachings of which may be summed up in the following propositions: There exists no God as a spiritual, immaterial personality; there exists no spirit as a supersensible, self-existent, immortal substance—is finding its way into every rank of society. By clothing it in a popular garb, its advocates are meeting with no small degree of success in making converts to its errors, even among the working classes and the deluded *prolétaires* who have a dread of labor. Materialism no longer goes to the trouble of exhibiting itself in the guise of a well-connected philosophical system: it prefers the more insidious method of appearing only occasionally, in writings and speeches whose theme is of quite another nature. It puts on an appearance of science and of devotion to genuine progress; and herein consists its principal danger. When doctrines, opposed to faith, are secreted in works on natural science, and placed side by side with evident facts, there must necessarily result a strong temptation for the unwary to look upon them all as undeniable truths.

The science of *moral statistics* is one of those that have been most recently perverted to the purposes of materialism. The founder of this science is Quetelet, the celebrated

Belgian astronomer and statistician. He first observed that, by considering large masses of men during a long period, a certain uniformity in the manner of their accomplishment could be traced, in such voluntary acts as come under the observation of statisticians, more especially in marriages, suicides, and crimes. He even reached the conclusion that acts elicited under the influence of free-will occur with a greater degree of regularity than events which depend exclusively on the influence of physical causes. This discovery was pursued still further. Observations were made upon different nationalities, the results were compared, and upon their evidence it was thought justifiable to speak of a law of nature by which all human acts were supposed to be controlled. This new law could not but be hailed with pleasure by the disciples of materialism. They immediately took it up and adduced it as evidence in favor of their doctrines. It requires but a small amount of perception to see that, if all human acts are controlled by a law of nature, there cannot be any free-will. The denial of free-will implies the elimination of one of the essential faculties of the human soul, and it, at the same time, shakes Christianity to its foundation. For, if everything is subjected to an immutable necessity, sin and grace, redemption and sanctification, need no longer be mentioned.

It is well worth our while to sub-

ject the new doctrine, founded on the evidence of moral statistics, to an examination and to test its tenability. We propose to do this in the following pages. Before entering, however, into the assertions and inferences of the materialists, it will be expedient to state a few of the principal results of the science of moral statistics, so that the reader may see the method by which such unexpected and surprising conclusions have been reached, and may thus be enabled to form a judgment for himself.

A glance at the statistical tables which record the sum-total of marriages contracted in a single country reveals in reality that their number is nearly the same, year after year. Even in so-called anomalous marriages, that is, marriages in which a young man allies himself to a woman much older than himself and *vice versa*, as well as in marriages between widows and widowers, there seems to be a certain uniformity. Thus, if we take Belgium, with a population of about four and a half millions, we find the total number of marriages, from the year 1844 to the year 1853, running as follows: 29,326, 29,210, 25,670, 24,145, 28,656, 31,788, 33,762, 33,169, 31,251, 30,636. During the same years, the number of marriages between men of 30 years and under, with women of 30 years and under, stands thus: 13,024, 13,157, 11,578, 10,749, 12,642, 13,933, 14,440, 14,337, 13,488, 13,161. Anomalous marriages, between men of 30 years and less, and women of from 45 to 60 years, likewise evince a perceptible regularity during the same years: 129, 102, 118, 98, 101, 140, 130, 128, 104, 115. On the other hand, marriages between men of 60 years and over, and women of 30 years and under, during the same series of years: 41, 36, 33, 42, 44, 47, 49, 42, 39, 32. These figures

are sufficient for an illustration. The result is similar in the case of other countries.

If we consider the age at which marriage is contracted, we discover considerable uniformity in a single country, but wide differences in different countries. The following table exhibits what percentage of men and women contract marriages in the different countries, at the different ages indicated :

		Under 20.	20 to 25.	25 to 30.	30 to 35.	35 to 40.	40 to 45.
In England,	{ Men...	2	46	26	11	5	10
	{ Women	12	50	20	8	5	6
In France,	{ Men...	2	27	33	18	9	11
	{ Women	19	38	22	10	5	6
In Norway,	{ Men...	1	23	39	20	8	9
	{ Women	5	35	33	14	6	7
In Bavaria,	{ Men...	0	12	32	30	38	18
	{ Women	4	25	32	29	18	10

These figures show that in England 72 per cent of the men marry between the ages of 20 and 30 years ; in France, 60 per cent ; in Norway, 62 per cent ; in Bavaria, however, only 44 per cent. In England, 82 per cent of the women contract marriage at and under the age of 30 years, whilst in Bavaria the percentage is only 61. It is hardly to be supposed that what Quetelet calls *la tendance au mariage* (the tendency toward marriage) is less strong in Bavaria than in England: we may only infer that the conditions which render marriage practicable are more easily realized in England than in Bavaria, and a single glance at both these countries will show that such is really the case.

We shall now give a few figures from the statistics of suicide. The following table contains the annual aggregate of suicides, during a period of twenty years :

	France.	Belgium.	Denmark.	Austria.	Prussia.	Saxony.
1836.....	2340	189	241	...	1436	214
1837.....	2443	165	269	...	1502	264
1838.....	2586	167	292	534	1453	261
1839.....	2747	192	297	486	1474	246
1840.....	2752	204	261	550	1480	336
1841.....	2814	240	337	...	1630	290
1842.....	2866	220	317	587	1598	318
1843.....	3020	242	301	588	1720	420
1844.....	2973	235	283	...	1575	335
1845.....	3082	216	299	596	1700	338
1846.....	3102	247	376	611	1707	373
1847.....	3647	251	345	...	1852	377
1848.....	3301	278	305	...	1649	398
1849.....	3383	275	337	452	1527	328
1850.....	3596	...	349	454	1743	390
1851.....	3598	165	401	552	1816	402
1852.....	3676	150	426	637	2073	530
1853.....	3415	161	419	705	1942	431
1854.....	3700	189	393	770	2198	547
1855.....	3810	166	399	...	2351	568

Making all possible allowance for increased population in each of these countries throughout the space of twenty years, and for greater accuracy in the later records than in the earlier ones, it still remains incontestable that in civilized countries suicide is on the increase, and that this increase exceeds that of the population.

By taking the annual proportion to a million of inhabitants, we shall perceive that this crime is more frequent in some countries than in others. The following figures comprise the period from 1856 to 1860: In France, to one million of inhabitants, there occurred yearly 111 suicides; in Belgium, 47; in Denmark, 276; in Austria, 64; in Prussia, 122; in Saxony, 245; in Bavaria, 72; in Hanover, 137; in Würtemberg, 85; in Baden, 108; in Hesse, 134; in Mecklenburg, 162; in Nassau, 102; in Portugal, 7; in England and Wales, 65; in Hungary, 30; in Dalmatia, 11; in Europe generally, 84.

Very notable differences may be observed in these figures. The degree of intellectual culture and social refinement is about the same in Saxony as in Belgium, yet these two countries stand widely apart on the record of suicides, even if it be allowed that the estimate for Belgium is somewhat too low. There can be

no doubt that religion exercises a decided influence in this matter. Saxony is a Protestant country, whilst Belgium is Catholic. Similar divergences exist in favor of Austria when compared with Prussia, and of Bavaria compared with Hanover.

Suicides are far more frequent amongst Protestants than amongst Catholics. The latter possess in their faith far more remedies against temptation to suicide than the former are able to obtain from theirs. A Protestant despairs more readily than a Catholic.

These remarks apply only to countries at large. The great metropolises, which may properly be designated hot-beds of suicide, must be taken as exceptions, because in them practical religion easily dies out and cannot exercise its usual influence. In the year 1865, when Paris had a population of 1,863,000 inhabitants, there were 706 cases of suicide, that is, one to every 2638; in Vienna, with a population of 550,000 inhabitants, there were 110 cases, that is, one for every 5000; in London, with 3,000,000 inhabitants, there were 267, that is, one for every 11,715; and in New York, population 1,095,000, 36 cases of suicide, one to every 28,000 inhabitants. Accordingly, the greatest number of suicides is committed in Paris, where reign the highest degree of social culture and the most rigorous police surveillance, and the smallest number occurs in New York, the seat of the greatest social and political liberty.

We may here state, as a general rule, that high intellectual culture is not a preventive of suicide. Observation shows, on the contrary, that it is comparatively most frequent in countries where the enlightenment of the population has attained the highest point, and that it occurs far oftener in cities than in rural districts. This fact is unmistakable



evidence that moral improvement is not keeping pace with intellectual progress, and that governments, whilst furthering the latter with increasing zeal, are not bestowing sufficient care on the former. From the year 1826 to the year 1860, suicides increased 130 per cent in France, whilst the population increased but 13 per cent. This astounding circumstance has been looked upon as attributable to the advancement of industry and the progress of science and popular education; and no doubt justly, if we consider how much more frequently suicide is committed in the enlightened northern and eastern departments of France than in the less progressive southern and western.

Something similar is noticeable in Germany. Saxony and its neighboring provinces rank undeniably as high in general education as any state in Germany; but it is also to be remarked that they furnish the largest number of cases of suicide; whilst in the Tyrol, Old Bavaria, and other provinces of a lower grade of general education, the number is considerably less. And if, in the Catholic parts of the Rhenish provinces and in Westphalia, which are not behind Saxony in general culture, suicides are of less frequent occurrence, we are only justified in attributing the difference to the happy influence of the Catholic religion.

Quite a peculiar discovery from statistics, and one that at first thought is rather astonishing, is the fact that the number of suicides increases with the advance of age, and that the proportion appears to be equal in the two sexes. It seems that indifference about life and recklessness about the dread future become greater as the years of life pass by. This, however, may be psychologically accounted for without in-

venting for the purpose a *general law*, according to which suicides are supposed to be apportioned to the various ages of human life.

We will now cast a glance at the statistics of crimes. Accurate records upon this subject, published in England, Belgium, and France during a series of years, afford us ample material for this investigation. Similar records, commenced at a later period, have been kept in the Netherlands, in Bavaria, in Baden and other states; and since 1854, the Prussian Ministry of Justice has, every second or third year, published a thorough report of the proceedings of the criminal courts of that kingdom. It is impracticable, however, to establish a comparison between different countries on this point, as very notable differences exist between them with respect to their laws and their administration of justice. We are consequently compelled to confine our observations to one country. We choose Prussia as it was before 1866, because its various provinces present a variety of forms of religion, nationalities, degrees of education, industry, and commerce, which affords an excellent opportunity for instituting comparisons. Moreover, the same code is everywhere in use, excepting in the Rhenish provinces, where the Napoleonic is established.

The following table exhibits the number of criminals, with their religious professions, as arraigned before the criminal courts of Prussia from 1855 to 1862:

	Accused.	Evangelicals.	Catholics.	Jews.
1855.....	8089	4743	3246	84
1856.....	8722	5116	3509	87
1857.....	6260	3658	2493	105
1858.....	4995	3038	1870	81
1859.....	5192	3083	2024	85
1860.....	5283	3164	2028	88
1861.....	5720	3305	2319	88
1862.....	5690	3382	2327	76
Average ..	6244	3686	2477	86

On an average, from eighteen to nineteen per cent of the accused were every year pronounced not guilty. It might naturally be expected that, in the case of special crimes, the ratio of those acquitted to those condemned would vary greatly. Thus, of 100 accused of theft, an average of 6 was acquitted; of serious injury done to the person, an average of 25; of murder, about 16; of violation of official obligations, about 36; of perjury, upward of 41.

By calculating what proportion of the accused from 1859 to 1862 belonged to each of the above-mentioned religious denominations, we find that of the Jews there was one accused for every 2978 inhabitants; one Catholic for every 3087, and one Protestant for every 3415. Hence, the accused were most numerous amongst the Jews; least numerous amongst the Protestants. The unfavorable position here assigned to the Catholics is accounted for by the fact that large figures refer to the eastern provinces of Prussia, which are inhabited in a great measure by Catholic Slaves, with little culture and very much impoverished. A considerable difference is observable in the provinces. The average of a period of four years (1859-1862) counts 1 accused for every 2345 in Silesia, 2503 in Posen, 2853 in Brandenburg, 3101 in Prussia proper, 4056 in Pomerania, 4436 in Saxony, 4863 in Westphalia, 5095 in the Rhenish province.

The eastern provinces present a sadder condition than the western. Unfortunately the statistical tables give us no information concerning the nationality of the accused. But, if we confine our investigation to Rhineland and Westphalia, where the population is purely German, the result will be found altogether in favor of Catholicity. The census of

these two provinces, including Hohenzollern, amounted in 1861 to 1,474,520 Protestants and 3,313,709 Catholics. During a term of five years, (1858-1862,) 1463 Evangelicals and 3138 Catholics appeared before the tribunals, making 1 for 5035 Evangelicals and 1 for 5280 Catholics. Whence we infer that nationality, want of education, and poverty produce effects in the eastern provinces which cannot be found where Catholics and Protestants are on an equality in those respects.

The comparison seems to be specially favorable to the Catholic provinces when the infliction of punishment upon the guilty is considered. For great offences, the punishment is penitentiary; for less offences, imprisonment. Now, although in 1855 the number of accused was much greater amongst the Catholics than amongst the Protestants, nevertheless there was but one penitentiary culprit for 8430 inhabitants in Rhineland and Westphalia, whilst in the Protestant provinces there was 1 for 4179. Hence, the number of penitentiary culprits in these latter being double argues likewise greater crimes.

The foregoing statistics of criminals, considered with respect to creed, enable us to form a conclusion in regard to the influence of the particular form of religion upon the dispositions of men. Amongst Catholics, the crimes peculiar to youth seem to predominate, whilst amongst Protestants they are the crimes of mature and of advanced age.

The former appear to decrease with the advance of intellectual culture and improvement in temporal welfare, whilst the latter, on the contrary, appear to become more numerous.

Further figures might be given showing that the majority of crimi-

nals belong to the laboring classes, and that the incentives to crime are want and absence of training amongst the working people, and dissipation and luxury in higher ranks of society. We will, however, content ourselves with what has been stated, and proceed to discuss the conclusions which materialists draw from such data.

At the present day, materialists conclude, from such facts and figures as these, that the volition of man is not free. They pretend that it is impossible to explain the regularity with which acts, seemingly voluntary and deliberate, are elicited, unless we accept the conclusion that free will is a mere fiction of the imagination, and that science inevitably forces us to the conviction that all human acts depend on what they designate a law of nature. They say that such a degree of order in the occurrence of human acts could not possibly result from the unbiassed power of self-determination. They reject the distinction between nature and man as a being partly spiritual, and consider him as a purely material product of nature, subjected, like animals, plants, and minerals, to general laws, without the power of exercising the slightest influence on his own destiny. And this outcry against free-will is raised by men in every department of science, by naturalists, philosophers, historians, physicians, and jurists. Says Buckle, in his *History of English Civilization*, speaking of the evidences of moral statistics :

"In certain conditions of society a large proportion of men *must* put an end to their own existence. Such is the general law. The special inquiry as to who is to commit the crime depends, of course, upon particular laws, which, in their united energies, must obey the general law to which they are subordinate. And the force of the higher law is so irresistible that neither the attachment to life nor the dread of the fu-

ture can to any degree hinder its execution."

Dankwart declares boldly :

"Man is not a free agent. He is just as little responsible for any of his deeds as a stone which, in obedience to the law of gravitation, falls upon one's head. The criminal act was the necessary development of a law of nature."

What are we to say in reply to these attacks? Are the facts of statistics really so decisive and convincing as to compel us to abandon the time-honored dogma of Free-Will, to which the noblest and loftiest minds of all ages have so tenaciously adhered? Can those imposing arrays of figures operate in us to the conviction that, when a man contracts marriage, commits a crime, puts an end to his own life, or performs any other act, he necessarily follows a universal law of nature, and cannot, therefore, be held responsible for his deed? Do the acts of men enter into the economy of nature like ebb and flow of tide, day and night, summer and winter? It is not our purpose to enter into deep philosophical disquisitions on free-will. Its materialist adversaries ignore all philosophical speculation. They occupy themselves exclusively with *facts*—visible, palpable facts—and upon this vantage-ground we intend to oppose them. Our task, then, in the present instance, is to demonstrate that the conclusions drawn from the given premises are unwarranted and erroneous; that the *regularity* in the recurrence of certain acts can be satisfactorily accounted for by *other* causes, without having recourse to a mysterious *law of nature*; and lastly, that there are many facts which, even without free-will, are problems not less difficult to solve.

In examining the method by which our adversaries draw inferences from facts, we shall find that their

logic is in contradiction to all the laws of correct thinking. "Not all acts are free, therefore some acts are not free," is a proper conclusion; "but some acts are not free, therefore all acts are not free;" who would admit such a conclusion? As an illustration, let us take another example from statistics. According to the testimony of statistics, of 908,000 families in Belgium, only 89,630 were in good circumstances in the year 1857. 373,000 were in a very straitened condition; 446,000 were in downright misery. In all probability, the same relative situation may be found existing through a series of years. Now, what would the enemies of free-will say to the following reasoning: "In Belgium, the masses are in poverty, therefore all Belgians are poor; affluence does not exist at all in Belgium"? Is not the following reasoning of theirs identically the same: "In marriages, suicides, crimes, and other human acts, the influence of free-will is imperceptible, as shown by statistics; therefore, these acts are *not* free; therefore, the influence of free-will is impossible in *all* acts; there is no free-will at all"? We might even, for argument's sake, grant—which, of course, we do not—that the above-mentioned acts are not free, without thereby doing away with free-will in numberless other human acts.

But this is not the only logical blunder made by our opponents. They infer from the *deed* to the *volition*. "The deed is not free, therefore neither is the volition." Do the deed and the volition always correspond so perfectly that we may, under all circumstances, infer from the former to the latter? The very fact that in trials before courts extenuating circumstances are so strongly insisted upon, is proof positive that the deed and the volition

are not always identical. It is a long way from deliberation to decision, and from decision to execution. We may not more infer from the deed to the volition than from the volition to the deed. How absurd to infer from the volition to the deed! And should the reverse be more logical?

What does experience show—in trials, for example? A man is murdered, for instance. In one case, the evidence shows that the murderer had harbored his dark design for years, until finally a favorable moment presented itself for the execution. In another case, it will appear that, in a casual quarrel, a man dealt a mortal blow to another, perhaps even to his friend, *without intending to do it!* The criminal courts of all countries present multitudes of such instances. It is the statistician's province to note the deed, but not the volition; and hence, sound logic will never permit inferences in regard to the volition to be drawn from statistical facts.

Let us now examine the foundation on which arguments against the freedom of man's will are based. This foundation is the *regularity* with which the aforesaid acts have been observed to recur, as if within the range of a higher and wider law. How have statisticians discovered this regularity? Evidently only by summing up facts as they took place within a period of some duration, and over an extensive range of territory, a process by which the actual differences were entirely put out of sight. We learned above that, from 1855 to 1862, a yearly average of 6244 criminals was arraigned before the criminal courts of Prussia. But particular years fall wide of this average figure. Thus, in 1856, the number was 8722, that is, 2500 more than the average; in 1858, the number was 4995, that is, more than 1300 less than the average;

and the total of the difference of these years, 3800. It would seem that this might as truthfully be called *irregularity* as *regularity*. If, in Prussia, crimes are merely the necessary consequences of a natural law, and of political and social circumstances, can it be reasonably believed that these underwent so great a change in the space of two years that the number of crimes was diminished by one half? It is impossible to draw from such premises conclusions strong enough to uproot convictions planted as deeply in the human breast as is that of the freedom of man's will. External circumstances may indeed have undergone changes within two years, still these changes are not sufficient of themselves to account for such variations in statistical figures as we have above quoted. These can be accounted for only by taking into consideration the freedom of the human will, which may be influenced, in a measure, by external circumstances, but not *necessarily* controlled.

But grant that a certain regularity is perceptible in human acts. Undoubtedly 8722 and 4995 come nearer to the average figure, 6244, than would 1200 and 500. Still the regularity may be explained without subjecting all human acts to the influence of a law of necessity. It is on account of the point of view from which statisticians examine facts that their *regularity* appears so remarkably great, and their differences so immaterially small. We will illustrate what we mean by a comparison. By standing on the brink of a river, we hear the plashing and perceive the motion of its waters. By going to a mountain-top, at a distance from the stream, we neither hear a sound nor observe a motion. Now, could we, whilst standing on the mountain-top, reasonably say, "Before, as we stood

on the brink of the stream, we *imagined* that the water was in motion and produced a sound; but in this elevated position, from which we see the stream for miles, we discover that we were mistaken; the stream is evidently silent and without motion"? Where lies the mistake in this instance? and where the truth? Is not the case of the statistician the same? If, viewing things from his elevated stand-point, he fails to recognize the free-will of the individual, is the cause to be found in the absence of all free volition, or is it not rather owing to his having taken too high a stand-point? In order to obtain correct information concerning the material creation, we must enter into details, and carefully examine single specimens; hence the importance of the microscope in natural sciences. And why shall we pass by the individual altogether, and generalize our observations, when we undertake the study of moral phenomena? Surely, there can be no reason for proceeding thus. No man looking from a high tower upon a flock of sheep can expect to obtain accurate knowledge of their animal nature and conformation.

Quetelet, the founder of the science of moral statistics, and its most talented representative, expresses himself as follows upon the question at issue: "I do not believe that, in view of such evidences, the freedom of the human will can be denied. I only think that it is greatly limited, and, in social affairs, plays the *rôle* of an accidental cause. Accordingly, by not considering individual cases, and by taking things summarily and in bulk, it will appear that the influences of accidental causes neutralize each other in such a manner as to let none but real causes, in virtue of which society exists, appear. The Supreme Being has wisely put limits

to our moral powers, as well as to the physical, in order to hinder man from encroaching upon his eternal laws. The possibility of founding a science of moral statistics, and of drawing useful inferences from it, depends mainly on the fact that, as soon as observations are made upon a *large number of individuals*, the human will retires and manifests no perceptible influence."

The action of the free-will of man is, in reality, confined within very narrow limits. The less a man knows, the fewer must be the objects of his volition and of his desire. Most men have, in this respect, but a very narrow range. It is the poor and the illiterate who everywhere compose the bulk of the population, and it is this bulk precisely that the statistician is obliged to consider. The *power of execution* is still more limited. For executing, ability and means are required, which, however, in innumerable instances, are found insufficient. But even though the will and the power to execute be limited, freedom of volition may still exist. For we speak of the freedom of a merely *human* will, and man is by nature a *limited*, not an infinite, being. The freedom of man's will can be made available only within the limits placed about the individual. The individual can *will* only that which he has knowledge of, and do that which he has the means to do. Nero once wished that the whole Roman people had but one head, that at a single blow he might strike it off. It was simply the wish of a tyrant gone crazy. It is pretty nearly the same with free-will as with unencumbered bodily motion. We have it in our power to wander in every direction upon the globe, but the globe itself we cannot leave. It revolves about the centre of the planetary system, and carries us with

it in its career. In the same manner can we possess freedom of volition and of *doing*; but step beyond the limits of our nature we cannot, and for this very reason, says Quelelet, does the influence of free-will disappear when larger groups become the object of observation.

The transition from the will to the deed depends on the objective possibility of accomplishing the deed. External circumstances must be considered; at times they are favorable, at times again they are unfavorable. Any man can elevate his thoughts to God. The will becomes the deed forthwith. But raising his hands in prayer is quite another thing. This can be done only by a man who has the free use of his members. We may infer from a glance at the statistics of marriages and crimes, how much the execution of the will depends upon external circumstances. We quoted above that, among every 10,000 inhabitants, there are usually 87 marriages in Prussia, 82 in Saxony, and only 66 in Bavaria. Now the question arises, Is there less inclination to marriage amongst young people in Saxony and Bavaria than in Prussia, or does the law of necessity, supposed to control such events, cease to be in force when it reaches the boundaries of Bavaria? Not at all. The difference is simply this. In Prussia it only requires two parties, a bride and a groom, for a marriage contract, whilst in Bavaria it requires three, a bride, a groom, and a functionary of the police department, and, as everybody knows, it is harder for three to come to an agreement than for two. Besides these legal hinderances, there are many others that oppose the will to marry. We have only to look about to notice them. One man may have the will to marry, but cannot find a suitable match; another may not be able to

obtain the consent of his parents ; a third may not have a sufficient livelihood ; a fourth may be prevented from marriage by war, by sickness or any other cause. They all may have the will to get married, but external circumstances do not permit it.

External circumstances exert a similar influence upon crimes. Statistics show that five times more men than women are arraigned for crimes. Are we to suppose hence that women are so much better than men ? Hardly. The number of women criminaly disposed cannot surely be much less than that of men ; but women want the ability, the means, and the adventurous spirit necessary to carry out their evil designs. In years of famine, as the number of marriages decreases, that of theft increases. In France, in 1846, a year of plenty, 31,768 persons were convicted of larceny. In 1847, a year of scarcity, the figure rose to 41,626, and the year after, it fell again to 30,000. Similar facts might be quoted for England. What becomes of the *law of nature* in presence of such evidences ? Starvation is something exceedingly *natural*, if you will ; but if a man prefers starving to stealing, he will not be dragged before the tribunals. In 1836 and 1837, there was great distress in England, during which many died of starvation. Many had not the *will* to prolong their lives by stealing, many others had not the chance. No statistical record can acquaint us with the ratio of those who had not the will, to those who had not the chance ; whence we are authorized to argue that no inference can be drawn from such records regarding the *will* of men.

It is incontestable that the individual is greatly influenced by the social, moral, religious, domestic, and intellectual circumstances in which he

happens to be placed. Still it cannot be conceded that these circumstances do away with the freedom of man's will. True enough, men permit themselves to be controlled, in a great measure, by the circumscribed relations of private life, but they do so for the very purpose of remaining in those relations. There are many cases in which men see no motive for withdrawing from under the influence of existing circumstances. Sacrifices are even made to existing circumstances in order that they may continue the same. As for instance, in the case of tax-paying. We may complain loudly of the burden of taxes, still we pay them. Should we have a mind not to pay them, we leave the country for another less oppressed. The man that remains pays his taxes *unwillingly* indeed, yet *of his own free-will*. Unwillingness does not preclude free-will.

The narrower the circumstances, the more limited the education, the lower the rank of a man, the greater are his efforts to accommodate himself to circumstances ; and *vice versa*, the greater his wealth and the higher his education, the more independent is he.

In European countries, a son usually adopts the profession of his father. The son of a farmer becomes a farmer, and the son of a mechanic becomes a mechanic. Statisticians might easily adduce imposing columns of figures to prove this, and the enemies of free-will might call it a law of necessity. Yet what multitudes of exceptions are there not ? Thousands submit to the circumstances that surround them at their birth, nevertheless there will always be a few who will not submit. These will struggle and push their way into the highest positions of life.

When nature and natural laws are alone in operation, and there is no

interference on the part of man, natural circumstances continue the same during centuries. At the present time the Amazon river presents about the same appearance as when the first white men paddled their frail canoe along its luxuriant banks. The hand of man has made but few changes. But within the same space of time the Mississippi and its tributaries have undergone the most astonishing changes. Flourishing towns now occupy the former pasture-ground of the buffalo, and where the alligator once held undisturbed possession, are now to be seen golden acres of corn and snowy fields of cotton. It would be hard to recognize in the Germania of Tacitus the Germany of the present day. Soil and climate have both undergone changes. Were men controlled by laws of necessity like the rest of creatures, they never would have been able to effect these modifications of physical nature. There is a principle in man which other creatures want. Together with understanding, he is endowed with a free-will whose action is always perceptible where man engages in an unusual struggle with nature.

Much ado is made about the influence of the social, domestic, and religious condition of the masses upon the individual. It is said that his action is necessarily directed and controlled by this influence. But we would know who creates these particular conditions—who brings them about — and who changes them? Everybody knows that elephants are very sagacious animals. But the elephants employed nowadays in India for the chase and other purposes are not a whit more sagacious nor a whit less stupid than those which King Porus employed in the war against Alexander the Great, 2000 years ago. Had elephants been endowed with understanding and

free-will, they would, in all probability, have made some little progress within 2000 years. We never speak of intellect, morals, and religion when animals are the subject of consideration; we only speak of their natural condition, and this circumstance alone shows that we must not look upon man as a mere part of material nature, under the same necessary laws. So far as the body is concerned, he belongs to material nature, and undergoes its influence; but, as to the spirit, he rises above nature, and for this very reason, enters into a contest with nature, and triumphs. The fertile marshes of Holland and Friesland are not a gift from the ocean, but man has wrested them from the ocean; they are the creation of his mind and invincible strength of will.

We several times before made mention of the happy influence of Catholicity upon its adherents. Most Catholics, it is true, belong to the communion by virtue of their descent from Catholic parents, and, thus far, this may be called a natural circumstance. But this same circumstance is brought about by the deliberate and free will of thousands of persons who in England, Germany, and America are annually returning to the old church. Somebody might perhaps imagine a "conversion-law," according to which a certain number of Protestants must inevitably become Catholics every year.

It seems to us that the science of moral statistics has been turned against the dogma of free-will, chiefly because statisticians have directed their attention to such facts only as are most immediately under the control of external circumstances. Had they selected other facts, the result would not have led men so easily to form conclusions opposed to the freedom of the human will. We will



give an example. France is a Catholic country. There are 35,000,000 of Catholics in France. It is customary amongst Catholics to go to confession. We suppose it would not be putting the figure too high if we said that about 100,000,000 confessions are heard annually in France. Every statistician will readily grant that in France, and in every Catholic country, the aggregate of the confessions will be nearly alike for different years—and that the proportions of men and women, and the variances for the different seasons, months, days, etc., will present a decided appearance of regularity. Now, would Buckle be ready to say: "In the present condition of France, one hundred millions of confessions must take place every year. This is the general law. The particular inquiry as to who is to go to confession depends, of course, on special laws whose united forces must, however, obey the general laws to which they are subordinate. And the force of the general law is so irresistible, that neither fear of the priest nor the impenitence of man can exert the slightest influence for the hinderance of its action"? We are inclined to think the materialistic historian would have hesitated a while before ranging confession under the *economy of nature*.

Before concluding, there are two more facts which we beg permission simply to state. Materialists believe in facts. They say that there is no effect without a cause, and that the effect corresponds with the cause. Now, it is an undeniable fact, that every man that has attained the use of reason believes his *will* to be free. How will materialists account for this fact? The belief in the freedom of the will is an effect

—the effect of what?—of real necessity? We thought the effect should correspond with the cause. For centuries men have believed their will free, and for centuries criminals have been held responsible for their deeds, and have been punished — and lo! now the statistician does away with free-will altogether! It is plain that this mode of blotting out free-will is merely a cunning but erroneous piece of calculation.

The second fact is this: As often as a reaction follows upon a period of greater political and social freedom in a state, it has been remarked that at once the number of births decreases and that of deaths increases. It was the case in France in 1854, and in Prussia in 1855. From this fact we infer that liberty is the atmosphere that suits the nature of populations best, and furthers their increase most. If this is the case, can we, in consequence of the mistaken evidences of statistics, refuse individual man the faculty of free-will, which must be the basis and condition of every other kind of liberty? Certainly not.

One more observation. The free-will of man is one of the fundamental dogmas of Christian, and in particular, of Catholic faith. We have seen what can be advanced against it on the evidence of moral statistics. But the case of statistics is like that of many other sciences. Its results, at first, appear opposed to Catholic faith, and the enemies of the church begin to shout with joy at the victory of "Science over Superstition." But when more closely inspected, the new facts and developments are not only nowhere in contradiction to faith, but are often found to agree with and even to aid in substantiating it.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE JENNA.

THE VOLUNTEERS FOR PIUS IX.

BOTH from Rome and France these men have earned a radiant crown of merit ;

As they drew their sword of fire, all hell, with trembling, saw its flashings.  
What their name? One—Christians ! Fear no more when such have come  
to guard thee,  
Throne and home of Pius !

On they came, those boasters, fed by Rapine, armed by drivelling Folly,  
Eager to profane with blood-stained hands the apostolic altar.  
They were met. And now, as ever, at thy gates, O holy City !  
Hate by Love is conquered.

At thy pure and sacred majesty they dared, O holy Pontiff !  
Dared to mock with cries defiant ; and like wolves for blood were thirsting—  
Thine ! No, never ! Thou hast drunk enough of Suffering's bitter chalice.  
Father ! look—thy children !

These for thee have gladly quitted wives and mothers, home and country :  
When the clamorous dastards cried, "Down with the Pope !" then these,  
uprising,  
Clutched their arms, and shoulder unto shoulder marched. "Fear not !"  
they shouted,  
"We will come and save thee !"

In their faces gleamed the sacred fire that burns in breasts of Frenchmen !  
If but one of them should fall—for thee the boon of life disdaining—  
From their country's borders there would rise upon the morrow morning  
Thousands to avenge them.

Only that one day, at least, the Christian phalanx—serried closely,  
So that heart may beat to heart—could know that thou hast gazed upon  
them ;  
Only that the Holy Church in prayer their names will once remember,  
Death they gladly welcome.

Holy Father, keep thy double sceptre and thy stainless glory !  
Rome is spared to thee and thou to Rome. Not yet, O sacred exile !  
Heaven will claim thee soon enough, and then, bereaved of thy dear presence,  
We shall be the exiles.

Yes ; the Christian world has sworn that thou from Rome shalt not be driven,

As a gage it sends these dauntless heroes forward to thy rescue.

Look upon them. Mark that steady tread, those eyes that flash forth victory.  
Raise thy hand and bless them !

On to triumph, cavaliers of Christ ! Yea, Lord, for thee they conquer,  
When they overcome the enemies of him who represents thee.

Count *this* faithful band, O Thou who in thine hour of dereliction  
Saw all thine desert thee !

You whose dear and sacred memory is upon our hearts engraven—

You, who were the elder brethren of this youthful band of heroes—

You, who bore the white cross banner till the hands of all fell lifeless  
At Castelfidardo—

You were there ! And more than one of these beheld your glorious spirits  
Hovering o'er them as they proudly fell and yielded up their life-blood,  
Waiting with the crowns and palms prepared for such as should be honored  
So to die and conquer.

Happy ye, O chosen ones ! your death is fruitful. Ever passing  
Through the world the Church broadcasts her seed in sadness ;  
Harvesting in turn with overflowing hands upon the places  
Sown with blood of martyrs.

Mothers, wives, they come not back, the nearest, dearest that have left you !  
Weep ! *He* also wept. But ponder well the words that *He* has spoken :  
“ Greater love no man may show for him he loves than dying for him.”  
Even thus they loved Him !

Weep ! but sing a song of triumph as the bitter tears are flowing.  
Blest are ye who, in his temple, humbly kneeling at the altar,  
There can offer him a sacrificial incense of such sorrow  
With such glory mingled !

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## CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

## NUMBER FOUR.

## THE BLESSED TRINITY, OR MULTIPLICITY IN THE INFINITE.

## GENERAL IDEA OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

CATHOLIC doctrine admits that the most pure, simple, and undivided unity of the Godhead lies in its nature; but that this most simple nature is terminated by three real, distinct subsistences or persons, who form the only true and living Infinite. How this answer affords the solution of the problem will be seen in the course of this treatise, in which we shall endeavor to develop the idea of the church in a scientific form. But, before we proceed to analyze it, we feel obliged to develop it in a cursory manner, in order to enable the reader to follow us in the analysis to which it will be subjected.

We say, then, that the essence of God, absolutely simple, is terminated by three real, distinct, opposite subsistences, which are a primary unbegotten activity, a begotten intelligibility, an aspired goodness; all three in a state of personality. For this primary, unborn activity in the state of personality, in whom the whole Godhead resides, by understanding himself, begets a most faithful conception of himself, an intellectual utterance, a word or *logos*. Now, the nature or essence of intellectual conception or *logos*, consists in being the object conceived in the state of intelligibility. It follows, then, that the conception of the primary activity, in whom the fulness of the Godhead resides, is, in consequence, the Godhead itself in the state of intelligibility, whilst the conceiver is the Godhead itself, in the state of intel-

ligent activity. Under this last respect, to wit, of intelligent activity and of intelligibility, the conceiver and the conception are necessarily related to each other; a relation which arises from an opposition of origin, since the conceiver, as such, originating the conception, is necessarily opposed to it, and the conception, as such, by being conceived, is necessarily opposed to the conceiver. In this sense they are necessarily distinct from each other. It follows from this that each one has a concreteness of his own, a termination or a state, by whatever name it may be called; which concreteness is incommunicable to the other, and hence each one has the ownership of himself, and therefore is a person. For the first is the whole Godhead under the termination of unborn intellectual activity, which termination is strictly his own and incommunicable. The second is the fulness of the Godhead, under the termination of intelligibility or conception, which belongs to him alone, and is likewise incommunicable. But because in both resides the whole identical Godhead, though under a distinct, opposite, and relative termination, they are both one and the same God.

God conceiver and God conceived are, then, in nature and essence, one and the same; whilst as the conceiver and the conceived, they are two distinct persons; and in this sense, there is a necessary duality in the infinite. This duality is brought

into harmony and unity by the production of a third termination, the Holy Ghost. The conceiver and the conceived necessarily love each other. This is the result of a metaphysical law of the act of intelligence, including subject and object; since to intelligence an object produces an inclination or attraction in the subject toward it. Now the two persons in the Godhead intelligence each other; therefore they love each other. It is, again, the nature of love that the object loved should abide in the subject loving, in a state of feeling or an actively attractive state, a state which human language cannot utter. The best expression we can find is, that the object should abide in the subject in the capacity of beatifying it. The Godhead, under the termination of conceiver, loves the Godhead under the termination of conceived; and, *vice versa*, the Godhead, under the termination of conceived, loves the Godhead under the termination of conceiver. The result of this operation is a third termination of the Godhead—the Godhead under the termination of love, goodness, or bliss, proceeding from the other two terminations, the conceiver and the conceived. This new termination being distinct from the two former, and opposed to them, inasmuch as it originates from them, is consequently its own, incommunicable to the others, and hence a person. But as it is the same identical Godhead, under the termination of love, the three are but one and the same God. Without these terminations or triplicity in the Infinite, the God cannot exist or live. For what is a being without the knowledge of himself and without love? What is life but action? and action without a term originated is a contradiction in terms. The Godhead must, then, intelligence and love himself. The re-

sult of this are three terminations in the Godhead; a primary, unbegotten activity, a begotten intelligibility, an aspired goodness. That these three terminations do not break the unity of the Infinite will be manifest from the analysis to which we shall subject them.

We shall now proceed to vindicate the personality of the three terminations against a class of disguised pantheists—disguised even to themselves—that is, the Unitarians.

Why should these three terminations in the Godhead be persons? Could not the Godhead understand and love itself without supposing three personalities?

We answer that without the admission of three persons in the Godhead, we should necessarily fall into the pantheistic theory concerning God.

The Unitarians will concede to us that God must understand and love himself. Without this he were inconceivable. Now, we beg the Unitarians to tell us what this intelligence and love are? Are they only passing and transient acts or modifications, or are they faculties and attributes? What are they?

Besides essence and nature, which includes substance, our minds cannot conceive any other categories than the following:

- 1st. Attributes or perfections.
- 2d. Faculties.
- 3d. Acts of the faculties or modifications.
- 4th. Subsistence and personality.

Now, excluding subsistence and personality, the understanding and love of the Godhead must be either an attribute or faculty, or a transient act, or both of these together.

The Unitarians may demur at so many distinctions; but we would beg them to observe that when we see the most sacred dogmas, nay, the

very pivot of knowledge, attacked by a flimsy and proud philosophy, we have a right to descend into the depths of science, and ask of the flimsy and boastful philosophy what it means when it attacks so sweepingly and so confidently. This remark has been forced from us by reading the following words of Channing: "We believe in the doctrine of God's unity, or that there is one God, one only. To this truth we give infinite importance, and we feel ourselves bound to take heed lest any man spoil us of it by vain (?) philosophy. This proposition, that there is one God, seems to us exceedingly plain. We understand by it that there is one being, one mind, one person, one intelligent agent, and one only, to whom underived and infinite perfections and dominion belong. We conceive that these words could have conveyed no other meaning to the simple and uncultivated people, who were set apart to be the depositories of this great truth, and who were utterly incapable of understanding those hair-breadth distinctions between being and person, which the sagacity of other ages has discovered."

We have read very few passages of other authors in which we find as much magisterial tone, sweeping assertion, profound ignorance of true philosophy, confusion worse confounded, as in these few lines of Channing.

Is it possible that Dr. Channing should call a hair-breadth distinction, that which lies between essence and nature, and personality? We suspect that the distinction between these terms being so nice, Dr. Channing never apprehended it; and without this elementary apprehension of the most fundamental notions of ontology, Dr. Channing should have kept his peace, and never have writ-

ten a book touching mysteries, held and defended even unto death by thousands of the sublimest, the profoundest, and the most universal geniuses of Christianity; such men as S. Athanasius, S. Justin, S. Irenæus, S. Hilary, S. Augustine, S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostom, S. Jerome, S. Fulgentius, S. Thomas, Bossuet, Fénelon, Pascal, Leibnitz, etc. Before the testimony of such intellects, even the self-assurance of Dr. Channing should have hesitated. Dr. Channing, then, along with all those who hold his opinion, will be kind enough to tell us what they mean by God being one mind, one person, one intelligent agent. Are these things attributes, faculties, or acts? Let us define the terms, that the distinction which exists between them may be more manifest. An attribute or perfection is a partial conception of our minds, of a certain nature, and more particularly of the Infinite. The idea of the infinite implies all perfections. But as our limited minds cannot apprehend all that is contained in that idea at one intellectual glance, we are forced to apprehend it partially, and to divide it mentally, and to consider each side apart. The ideas or notions corresponding to all these apprehensions of the infinite, we call perfections or attributes. But let it be distinctly understood; ontologically, that is, in the order of reality, they do not exist out of, and are not distinct from, the essence of the Infinite. A faculty is the capacity of development in a being. An act is the transition from capacity into movement. Now, before we close with the Unitarians, we shall give the definition of individuality and personality as carefully and intelligibly as we can.

That last termination or complement of a being, which makes it a unit, *in se*, separated or at least dis-

tinct from all other beings, which makes it *sui juris* and incommunicable to all others, constitutes what ontology calls individuality. To illustrate this definition, let us suppose our body in the two different states to which it is subject, when it is united to our soul, and when it is separated from it. It is evident that when my body is yet united to the soul, it is a corporal substance, but not an individuality, because it has none of those elements necessary to constitute individuality. It is not a unit *in se*, neither is it separated from any other being, because it is united to the soul, and hence it is communicable; and above all, it is not *sui juris*, since the soul possesses it as its most intimate and most subordinate organ and instrument. Let us take the other state of our body, when the soul has left it.

By this very fact, the body becomes an individuality, that is to say, a unit *in se*, distinct and separated from any other being, *sui juris*, and incommunicable. So true is this, that should that body in such a state, undergo any change, or do what we might improperly call an action, that change or action would be attributed to it, and to it alone.

For instance, suppose that body should fall and crush by its weight some living creature, we should say that body has killed that creature, because it *is* an individuality; whereas, suppose that same body, possessed of the soul, falling at night out of bed, should kill by its weight that living creature, we could no longer say that body has killed, but we should say that man fell last night out of his bed, and killed, for instance, his child; because the union of the body with the soul as its most intimate organ, deprives it of its individuality, and consequently of solidarity.

Personality adds to individuality the element of intelligence, and consequently of self-consciousness.

A person, therefore, is a substance, possessed of intelligence and self-consciousness, forming a unit *in se*, and hence being distinct from all others, having the ownership of himself, *sui juris*, and being the principle of imputability for all his actions.

If these notions, on which depend the whole field of ontology, which are the foundation of morality, of all social and political rights of man, on which the very bliss and ultimate perfection of man rest—if such notions are hair-breadth distinctions, we thank God that we are endowed with intelligence enough to apprehend them; else, were a man to-morrow to force us into slavery, on the plea that we are only things, and not persons, we should be at a loss how to stop him, not being able, like Channing, to apprehend our own personality, that supreme gift which makes us feel master and owner of ourselves and accountable for our actions.

Having premised these notions, we say the Unitarians, who grant that the Infinite is endowed with intelligence and will, must admit one of these three things: either the intelligence and will are perfections or attributes, or they are faculties, or they are persons. If they admit them to be perfections, they divide the Infinite; if they admit them to be faculties, they fall into pantheism.

This is what we are going to prove in the following propositions.

First proposition: If intelligence and will were admitted to be mere perfections in God, the admission would imply a division in God and a breaking up of the Infinite.

Before we proceed to prove this proposition, we premise that in the argument we take intelligence and

will in action, and not in potentiality; in other words, we take them as acts, and not as faculties.

The reason is because, as we shall prove, there can be no faculties or potentiality in the Infinite. This premised, we lay down the undoubted ontological truth that between intelligence in act and the conception or interior *logos*, the result of intelligencing, there is and must be a real distinction. In other words, the intellect in act and the conception of the intellect necessarily imply a duality.

The reason of this is evident. First, because between the intellect in action and conception there is necessarily an opposition. The intellect in act, is such, inasmuch as it is not conception, and *vice versa*. Now, a real opposition implies, necessarily, a real distinction. Again, the conception or interior *logos* is to the intellect in action as the effect is to its cause, or, better, as the consequence is to its principle.

If, therefore, there were no real distinction between the intellect and the conception, there would be no real distinction between the effect and its cause, the principle and its consequence. Hence, thinking and thought are necessarily distinct. What is true of the act of thinking and of thought is true of the will and its *volition*, for the same reason. Hence it is evident that the intellect in action, thought or the conception, the will in action and its volition, are necessarily distinct by their very ontological nature and relation. It follows, then, that if we admit them to be mere perfections of the Infinite, we would imply a real distinction in the essence of the Infinite, in other words, a duality of essence; because a perfection in the Infinite is identical with essence, since we have said that perfections have no real exist-

ence *in re*, and are only partial conceptions of our minds, which cannot take in the Infinite at one intellectual glance.

Intelligence in action and conception, therefore, being considered as perfections, would be identical with the essence; and they requiring, in force of their metaphysical nature, a real distinction, the distinction would fall upon the essence of the Infinite. Any one versed in ontology will perceive this truth at a glance. Hence, Unitarians cannot say that the intelligence and the conception of the intelligence, the will and love in the Infinite, are mere perfections, without admitting a real distinction in the essence of the Infinite, and thus admitting a multiplicity of Infinities, which is absurd.

Second proposition: If Unitarians rank the intellect and thought, the will and its volition, of the infinite among faculties, they then fall into pantheism.

Ontology, as we have said, defines a faculty to be a force of development by union with its object.

Its notion implies three elements:

1. A force residing dormant in a being.
2. An object.
3. A union of the force with the object, to render the development actual.

Applying this idea to the subject in question, every one can see at a glance that a faculty cannot be predicated of the Infinite without falling into pantheism.

For it would be to admit in God a force of development, a capacity of unfolding, of actualizing himself.

Now, every faculty of development necessarily begins, from the minimum degree of actuality, to travel by progressive stages of unfolding to an indefinite maximum of progression. Hence, in the supposition, we should



be forced to admit that God started from the minimum of life and action, and that he travelled through numberless stages of development, and will travel indefinitely through higher stages in the direction of a maximum of progress never to be attained. Now, this is almost verbatim the pantheistic theory of Hegel.

Every one who has read Hegel will have observed that his idea of the Infinite coincides perfectly with the above. For he starts from a minimum of reality, the *Being, Idea, which*, through a necessary interior movement, becomes matter, organism, animality, intelligence, etc.

It would not do for Unitarians to say that the argument does not apply to their system, since they admit a substance already existing and perfect as to being, only endowed with faculties. For, in the supposition, they would admit a finite, not an infinite being.

In a finite being we can conceive one already perfect in the order of existence, with faculties or force of accidental development. But we cannot say the same of the Infinite. The positive infinite, so to speak, is essentially actuality itself; hence, perfection itself, all terms which exclude and eliminate every possibility of development. If it be not that it must be the Infinite of pantheism, a mere abstraction and unreality.

From what we have said, we conclude :

First, that the mystery of the Trinity is essentially necessary to the idea of God ; that there can be no conception of Infinite actuality but through the supposition of three distinct terminations of the same essence.

Secondly, that Unitarians are absolutely powerless before pantheism ; nay, that their system is disguised pantheism ; and that by holding fast only to the unity of God, they sap the very foundation of the reality of the Infinite.

The Infinite is essentially living. A living God is essentially conceiving himself by intellect. A subjective conception necessarily implies an objective conception. These two are absolutely and necessarily opposed to each other, and hence, really distinct. Again, a living God, who necessarily conceives himself, necessarily loves himself through his conception. Again, subjective love necessarily implies an objective love, and the two are essentially opposed, and hence distinct.

Thus we have three real distinct relations in the Infinite, a conceiver, a conception, and love.

On the one hand, these three relations cannot be either perfections or faculties ; on the other, they cannot be denied of the Infinite without destroying the very idea of the Infinite. It follows, then, that they should be three terminations of the same essence.

The act of intelligence in God is so actual and perfect as to be in the very same state of personality intelligence itself. The production of this act is also so actual and perfect as to be conception itself, a personality distinct from the first. Love, the necessary production of both the intelligence and the conception, is also so actual and perfect, as to be love itself in a state of personality, three distinct subsistences of the same one infinite essence.

## HEREMORE-BRANDON; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN the beautiful dawn Dick awoke, hardly remembering where he was, and almost frightened at the wonderful absence of many noises which had never before failed to greet his waking. Not knowing whether it were very late or very early, Dick took the safest view of the subject, and hurriedly dressed himself; then, cautiously opening his door, he looked out to see if there was any sign to guide his further movements. All was silent around him; but the hall door stood wide open, letting in a square of golden sunshine at the foot of the stairs. He went carefully and noiselessly down, and found himself, when he reached the porch, in a flood of glorious light. The flowers that hung above the porch were sparkling in it, for the dew was yet fresh on all the world; a thousand birds were carolling songs of exultation from every tree, while the cool, fragrant morning air came to him in the freshest, purest breezes that ever were known.

Even the pebbles, from which the sun had not yet kissed away a single dew-drop, were sparkling like jewels as Dick approached them on his way to the little rustic gate under the evergreen arch. He stood leaning over it a long time, looking down the cool, shadowy lane, his heart joining in the joyous morning hymn of nature, for the first time heard.

He was standing by the gate, enjoying all, when new voices reached his ears—human voices—and the children all at once came rushing from the garden at the back of the house, in a tumult of delight, sur-

rounding him almost before they were aware of his presence, so intent were they upon their mission to the village.

"Me doing to the 'tore!" exclaimed little Trot, rubbing her hands. "Me dot a pocket."

Which double hint Dick took at once by putting pennies in the "pocket," much to her delight and the older ones' annoyance.

"For shame, Trot!" said Will, "that's as bad as asking; and you can't go to the store either; you'll get wet, the grass is all wet. 'Tan't no good for girls; you stay home."

Whereupon Trot rubbed her brown little fists in her eyes, and loudly bewailed her misery in being only a girl, showing also that she had a will of her own that by no means acknowledged this big boy as its lord and master. Dick attempted to show him that whereas Trot's dress was already a finger deep with wet from the long grass through which she had been tramping all the morning so far, it couldn't make much difference if it got a little wetter. But Will was firm, and Trot inappeasable, until, much to our hero's relief, the noise brought out Rose, who was greatly ashamed of Trot for making "such a time before the strange gentleman," and very firmly decided for Will. In some magic way she sent the boy portion unencumbered by any of the weaker sex, on their way rejoicing, found something for the girls to do, and took Trot's hand so resolutely that not a sob was ventured by that small maiden, so that there was again peace in the land.

Then came breakfast, with a fur-

ther display of clean calico, a great deal of laughing and merry talk, but in a less leisurely way than at tea, for the day's work was before not behind them. Breakfast finished, the children, our hero, Rose, and Rose's bosom friend, Clara Hays, were sent off to pick berries in the woods. Half the morning they were in getting started ; for everybody spoke at once, and everybody hurried and detained everybody else. There were at least a dozen false starts. As soon as seven got to the gate, Trot and Minnie were reported missing ; no sooner were Trot and Minnie secured, than some one else was out of the way. But at last they got fairly off, and went down the lane in great glee ; the children swinging their pails and baskets in advance, and running back every two minutes to give some valuable information about the road or the woods or the berries, or something equally important. Rose, Clara, and Dick brought up the rear in a manner that showed they had a becoming sense of the responsibility thrown upon them as the elders of the party.

What they did all day in the woods, how many brooks they crossed, who fell in and was fished out with much laughter ; how little Trot got in everybody's way, and ate the others' berries as fast as they were picked ; how the children met other children on the road ; how often all parties rested, and teased each other, and compared the quantity each had picked ; and whether Dick, who had soon got over his awkwardness, put his berries into Clara's pail or into Rose's basket, I am not able to relate. I only know they returned at evening very noisy and very tired ; and that Rose had a larger stock than any other one of the whole party ; and that as she

took off her broad-brimmed straw hat, and pushed back the moist curls from her face, this young lady did not go up at once to wash off the purple berry stains from her hands, and to put on the pretty blue muslin with its tiny bit of lace around the neck, but lingered to hear the children, each interrupting the other, until they were nearly all talking at once, tell Mr. and Mrs. Stoff's and Mrs. Alaine the day's adventures. Dick, too, had somewhat to relate, and glanced at Rose while he told it, although it was only what the children had told twice over already, how Mr. Dick—it had come to that with the children—didn't know a turkey from a goose, and had called things by their wrong names all day ; whereat Rose laughed with the rest, and then ran up to bathe her glowing cheeks in time to help get tea.

When she came down, she found the children in the same eager excitement, following the two women from kitchen to cellar, from the closet to the table, still telling about the big snake they were sure they had seen run across the path just before them, and the rabbits, and what Minnie had said, and Will had done, and Charley had thought ; to all which the listeners gave an attentive ear, laughing when there was need, and surprised at the proper moment. At tea, the day in the woods continued to furnish food for animated discussion, and neither Rose nor Dick looked as if the subject were a tiresome one.

"And how did my little Trot get along?" asked Uncle Carl ; but Trot, who was tired, and cross, and impatient for her piece of cake, made no answer.

"Trot tumbled into the water," said Will ; "she always tumbles in."

Then Trot who couldn't bear to be

teased, looked as if she were about to cry, but was appeased by a word or two from Rose, and Carl asked who pulled her out.

"Oh! I did," answered Will readily; "I and Mr. Dick."

"I see that Mr. Dick is very good to you," said Mrs. Stoffs, with a kind smile toward our hero, who colored and looked his delight.

"I don't think we can get along without Mr. Dick any more, can we?"

The children declared they could not, and Dick was as pleased as if he had just taken a degree; but Rose said nothing about the matter.

Well, that was a merry, merry week; there were so many things needed, and such long walks were required through the woods, and over the hills, and even down to the beach, in order to procure them, while every errand took all day to perform, that Dick learned to walk on the soft grass without stumbling; even to loiter slowly along by Rose's side, not often looking to see where he placed his feet; and the children were such good tutors that he learned the names of the birds and animals and insects that came in his way, and knew where there had been the best cherries in the spring, where there would be the best place for nutting in the fall, and when the grapes would be ripe, "If only he could be here!"

If only he could be here! But a week is only a week, and it will end, if it has a life-time in its seven days. The last day had come, and they all knew it; there had been a better dinner. "Mr. Dick's last dinner with us, you know," they had said to each other; and something more than sweet-cakes and peaches for tea, for "to-morrow Mr. Dick will not be here." But, for all their consideration, Mr. Dick hardly knew

that night if he were eating sweet-cakes or bitter bread.

It was a very quiet evening that followed the last tea at Carlton. The children were more silent than usual; even Trot was not proof against the indescribable feeling that settles over a group from which one is about to take his departure. She climbed into Dick's lap, and—an uncommon thing with that restless maiden—did not offer to leave her position all those long twilight hours. When Miss Brandon rode by—as I forgot to state she did at twilight every evening—her beautiful pony, her long dress, her hat with its drooping feather, her veil fluttering in the evening breeze, her buff gauntlets, and her silver-handled riding-whip—things which had set the whole flock in commotion before—were hardly commented upon. When Mr. Irving, so tall and princely, left her side for a moment, and, coming close to the gate, called after Will, it was found Rose had forgotten the usual bouquet of flowers for the ladies, and had to beg the gentleman to wait. Rose felt very guilty; but Dick endeavored to console her by saying that, without doubt, Mr. Irving was glad to have a little more time with such a beautiful young lady as Miss Brandon; and then fell to praising Miss Mary vehemently—how beautiful she was, how gracious and pleasant to all, and yet always remembering she was a grand young lady. Rose thought it very easy to be good and pleasant when people are rich and beautiful; and then Dick tried to comfort her again, and perhaps with better success than before; for her only answer was a silent act of contrition for the envious thought that had flitted across her mind. Then, still in silence, she cut the flowers that she could hardly more than guess at in the gathering

twilight. Dick was silent, too ; and yet there was a great deal he would like to have said, even though he little suspected that all he had so far made clear to her was that Miss Brandon was to him like an angel in a picture, or a heroine in some old romance, and that, beside her silent act of contrition, poor little Rose's heart had given one great throb, and had then made an act of resignation beside. But Dick found voice to ask for a good-by flower, which Rose gave ; and it may be there were spoken then a few words of more solemn meaning, such as will come when two people, young and fresh, find their skies suddenly glowing above them, and their hearts full of grateful praise to God, who has made life so sweet. And it may be that little Rose, who said her prayers so regularly for all sinners and for all who are tempted, said a few broken, bashful words, exhorting Dick to goodness even in the midst of the "snares of the great city," and that he eagerly caught the words as they fell, promised her never to forget them, and inwardly made a quick cry for God's grace to let him die then rather than do aught to offend him who had showered such blessings upon him. It may be, too, that Rose—the simple-hearted maiden—was sure he would never break the promise, and that their good-by there was a request and a promise each to pray for the other. But if so, it was not said in long paragraphs, with flowing periods ; for Rose was too conscientious to detain Mr. Irving a moment longer than needful.

But I am afraid Rose had to make another act of contrition that night ; for when Will brought her the money for the flowers—the garden was her own—she would not take it, but told him to divide it among the children, himself, of course, included. Dick

thought it very generous of her ; but I have my own opinion about that. Too soon for all the last "good-nights" were said, and Dick knew he had spent out his last evening in Carlton for who could tell how long ? Yet his dreams were not sad. If he did not actually believe he was riding on a splendid great horse, by the side of a fair damsel on a white pony, down the shadowy lane, into the broad road of the future ; that he had given Carl a home for life, and a load of toys to the children, with, perhaps, an uplifting of his heart, and a readiness to bear whatever life should bring him worthy of a faithful Christian, I think it was something "very like it."

The next morning there was a hurried breakfast, after which they all went to the little yellow station-house to see him off, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs until the train was out of sight. A little longer, and they had returned in a rambling procession home, each with some remembrance of him to tell the other, while he was in the city at work once more, but as a different Dick Heremore from the one who had said good-by, not without emotion, to his slovenly landlady.

#### CHAPTER V.

WHEN Christmas came around again, and made the first break in the routine of his life after his ever-memorable visit to the country, Dick, now no longer a follower at a distance of that Sunday morning crowd, but a devout and well-instructed Catholic, to whom all the glory and grandeur of the Christmas lights and flowers, the music and the bells, were no longer mysteries ; after hearing the grand high mass—not the only one he had heard that day—turned down Fourteenth street, ac-

cording to the custom of many years, in order that he might pass the Brandons' house, which had ever held a charm for him, since on its broad steps he had first seen the beauty and loveliness of charity. But he was not thinking just then of Miss Brandon, nor of his newsboy days, nor yet of the fast approaching hour when he should present himself at Carl Stoffs's table, in a quarter of the city very different from this, where he was to eat his piece of Christmas turkey. His thoughts, I am afraid, will seem wild ones; but he was young, it was Christmas-day, he had just come from that glorious mass, and the world seemed so small and easy to conquer to one who had heard the "glad tidings," so that he may be forgiven for dreaming, in a less prosaic and unspiritual manner than I can tell you, of a time when he would eat his Christmas dinner neither at a boarding-house nor at another man's board, but would carve his own Christmas turkey, at his own table. Of whatever he was thinking, he did not fail to notice the house, and to glance upward when he came to the stoop where he—was it really he, that rough, shaggy, ragged little newsboy, ignorant and dirty?—where he had, for the first time in his hard young life, heard a voice address him kindly; and his glance changed to a steady gaze of surprise when his eye caught a name on the door-plate that was not Brandon. He looked at the number—that was all right, but the old name was gone. He was perplexed, and walked absently backward and forward for several moments.

"Then Mr. Stoffs was right," he said, "and he" (meaning Mr. Brandon) "has had to come down a peg or two, or he would not have given up his house at this season. I

wonder where they have gone now."

He remembered, at this moment, that none of the family had been at Ames & Harden's during the whole fall, and that he had not seen Miss Brandon since she and Mr. Irving had ridden down the lane for the flowers that Rose had forgotten to have ready at the usual hour. It so happened that, remembering the neglected flowers, why they had been forgotten, and how the negligence had been repaired, Dick's thoughts strayed from the graceful figure of the beautiful lady, who had seemed to him more magnificent and gentle than a vision, and turned to another figure, not tall nor stately—to another face, not grand nor graciously sweet.

But when he met Mr. and Mrs. Stoffs, almost the first words he said were,

"I went by the house on Fourteenth street to-day, and Mr. Brandon's name was off the door. I had not heard of their going away."

"It's long ago, though," said Mr. Stoffs.

"Is it any difficulty made them leave their old house?" asked Dick.

"There's been no end of difficulties," answered the German, puffing out great clouds of smoke between every sentence. "Things were bad enough last summer, and when Mrs. Brandon died—"

"Mrs. Brandon dead!" exclaimed Dick.

"Oh! I forgot that was after you left; it was quite an excitement. The horses ran away one night—those same stylish bays of which she was so proud—when she and her daughter were returning from some party, and she was dead before morning."

"And Miss Brandon?" Dick could hardly ask, his terror of the answer was so great.

"Miss Brandon," answered Mr.

Stoffs in a formal way, and puffing out greater clouds of smoke than ever, "Miss Brandon was ill for some days, and they were afraid would never get over the shock ; your fine ladies are so nervous !"

"Miss Brandon is not that kind," said Dick hastily, vexed by the contemptuous tone of his friend's remark. "And I don't believe fine ladies are any more—more—fussy than others."

"I suppose you know them well enough to be a certain judge," said Carl, who seemed in a very ugly humor.

"Of course I don't know one in the world," answered Dick, with considerable animation and a deeper color in his face. "But I can't see the good of always running down people, just because they happen to be richer than ourselves."

"Hush ! now," interposed Mrs. Stoffs, as her husband was about answering, "or no dinner shall you have this day. I will not let you two quarrel."

"You were going to tell me about Mr. Brandon's difficulties," suggested Dick very gently, after both he and Mr. Stoffs had assured their peacemaker that they were never in better humor toward each other. "You were going to tell me about Mr. Brandon's difficulties."

"Yes. His wife she died, and it was found he had used all her money and had lost it, as he had his own ; there was a failure and everything was sold out, and so—there's an end of him."

"Did he leave New-York ?"

"I don't know. Who asks what has become of a one-time rich man after the bubble has burst ?"

"I think I heard he wanted some situation to start life again," said Mrs. Stoffs. "Poor man !"

Mrs. Stoffs was right. Mr. Bran-

don had tried to start again ; but he had been a hard man in his days of prosperity, and an unfaithful man, or he would not be as he was now ; and so, many who heartily pitied him and his family for their fall, and who would willingly have given them assistance out of their own pockets, did not feel justified in giving him a position that could be better filled by some man in whom they could trust. Thus among all his rich friends, not one of whom felt unkindly toward him, there was none to push him a plank with which to save himself from drowning.

Dick had learned all that his hosts could tell, and knowing well how fearfully rapid is a man's fall when once he is over the precipice of failure, his heart was heavier than it had ever been for troubles of his own. He sought to sustain his part in the conversation, feeling that a silent guest seems selfish and ungrateful, and tried to laugh as heartily at his friend's jokes as ever ; but it was not without an effort, and his friends were keen and saw that he was troubled.

"I do not like it," Carl grunted in his deepest tones, that Christmas night after Dick had gone and the children were asleep ; "I do not like it."

"You must not think too hardly of him," answered Mrs. Stoffs, who, with that sort of perception women obtain when they become wives, knew her husband referred to Dick's troubled manner, the anxious way in which he had asked about Miss Brandon, and his hot resenting of Carl's careless words. "You are too hard on him," said Mrs. Stoffs, not because she did not equally dislike it all, but because there would be no conversation between them if old married folks were always to agree.

"Fine ladies, indeed !" muttered

Mr. Stoffs, puffing away harder than ever. "Miss Brandon—what for should he care if Miss Brandon was hurt, more than for any other lady?"

"She is poor enough now," said Mrs. Stoffs musingly. "It would not be so strange now;" and under her breath she sighed, "Poor Rose!"

"Not that he has one thought of such a thing," Carl went on consistently; "you women always get such ideas into your heads."

Mrs. Stoffs, being an experienced wife, raised no question about the ownership of the "ideas," whatever they were, but sat looking into the fire for a long time before she spoke again, and then it was to say, "After all, I am glad we were too poor to have Rose come up for Christmas."

"If she would not be satisfied with what we had, so am I," grumbled Mr. Stoffs.

"I was not thinking of that," answered his wife mildly.

"I know Heremore's never such a fool as to be thinking of one so much above him as Miss Brandon," remarked Mr. Stoffs.

"She is not above him now that they are poor," answered his wife.

"It isn't the money that made the difference," said Carl rather impatiently, "it's the habits that money gives. That's what is the matter. Miss Brandon may not be half worthy of him, and yet he would be mad to think of her; it is misery when people marry out of their rank, misery to both."

"But if they love each other?" suggested his wife.

"That only makes the matter worse; he knows not her ways. She has a language that is not his; if they did not care, they could go their own ways, and seek their own. I think Heremore is a great fool; I do!"

"I don't believe he has a thought

of such a thing," said Mrs. Stoffs; but there was a manifest question in her voice.

"If he has, he'll rue the day he thought of it first," said her husband emphatically; and there the conversation ended; but when Mrs. Stoffs wrote again to Mrs. Alaine, which she did not do for some time—for to write a letter was an event in the honest woman's life—she thought proper to give her sister a hint of that which they had observed; and Mrs. Alaine, in her turn, thought proper to convey the hint, in the form of information, to Rose, who, however, answered readily,

"Love Miss Brandon? Well, mamma, and why shouldn't he?"

"Because Miss Brandon is not in the same class of life that he is, dear."

"I am sure Mr. Heremore is better off than her father is now," urged Rose; "for he has a regular salary, and Mr. Brandon has nothing left, and nobody will give him any place."

"No doubt, my child; but it is not money that makes the difference. Miss Brandon has her ideas of life now just as she had them when she was rich; and Mr. Heremore is what he is, and would not be different if he were suddenly made a millionaire."

So Rose said no more.

While Mr. and Mrs. Stoffs were thus disturbed about him, Dick, unconscious of any cause he had given for their disquietude, was walking slowly and thoughtfully home. "Where was that little Mary with her fair hair and gentle smile this cold Christmas night?" was the question he kept putting to himself. It was a clear, bright night, with the moon shining on the pavements and the frozen earth, not at all such a night as that during which he had



slept by her father's steps, and there was no fear that her fair head was shelterless ; but still it was very sad to think of her, whose Christmas days had been such pleasant ones, in mourning for her mother, and perhaps in troubles such as those which men hear, but shudder to see, clouding the girlish youth that is so short, and should be so sunny.

"With God's help I'll find them out before to-morrow night if they are in this city," said Dick to himself, and then walked on more rapidly.

And he kept his word, though not without much trouble ; and within twenty-four hours he stood in front of the wretched boarding-house to which poverty and sickness had already reduced the family that, a few months before, had never dreamed of the meaning of want.

But though he had found them out and stood before their door, Dick had done and could do nothing to lessen their trouble. Mr. Brandon had not seemed more unapproachable when, a rich man, he scowled and said hard words to the ill-dressed errand-boy—than he now did to the simple clerk, though Dick himself was richer now than was the once rich merchant. Miss Brandon was, in his eyes, now no less a lady, belonging to a sphere far above him, than she had been when, in all the glory of wealth, youth, and beauty, he had seen her ride down to the Stoff's cottage to buy flowers for her hair. It seemed to him greater presumption for him to think of approaching her now than it would have been then, so he passed and repassed her door, grieved for her trouble, but more grieved, if possible, that he, with his youth and strength, should be powerless to give her one grain of comfort. How often and often, as he had watched her—she all

unconscious of him and his grateful reverence—in her days of prosperity, had he dreamed of her as like some damsel of olden romance in sore distress, and thought that never had knight rushed more joyously or more potently to the rescue than he would to hers. Now his dream had come to pass—she was a damsel in sore distress ; but where was his prancing steed, his burnished armor, his ready lance ? Then, as he smiled in remembrance of his boyish fancy, he suddenly thought of Mr. Irving, the gentleman—just a boy's ideal of a gallant knight—whom he had seen so often with Miss Brandon in the country. He recollected well the manly bearing of that "perfect gentleman," whom he and Rose had looked upon as a veritable Sir Launcelot ; he had seen many an act of "gentle courtesy" shown in a grave, tender way, to the fair lady by whose side he always rode ; and where was he now that that fair lady needed her knight as never before ?

There was nothing morbid or bitter about Dick. When he asked himself that question, it was with no thought of the common judgment pronounced upon "summer friends." He recognized Mr. Irving's right to aid and comfort the family of his former host. He knew that he had wealth, position, character, and, of course, ample influence, and not for an instant doubted that he would use every means in his power to befriend Mr. Brandon, if only for the sake of that beautiful daughter whom he so evidently admired. Where, then, was Mr. Irving ? If he had been here, all this could not have happened. But as Dick asked himself this, it did not occur to him that Mary thought as he thought : if Mr. Irving had been here, all this would not have happened.

At last Dick, fully convinced that

he would be guilty of no presumption in speaking his mind to Mr. Irving on this subject, cheerfully turned his steps homeward, and resolved that the first moment he had of his own should be spent in seeking Mr. Irving, and informing him of what he could not now be aware of, the downfall of the Brandons. For the fall of the Brandons, as he heard from one or two who knew, had been very great, very rapid, and, it was feared, was not yet completed. Mr. Brandon had never held his head up since his failure, but dragged around, shabbily dressed, querulous and half-sick, dejected and clearly miserable. His two sons had been given very poor situations, on very niggardly pay, by a relative in another city, who, having always been odiously cringing to Mr. Brandon when he had money, seemed to delight now in heaping humiliations upon his sons. So great a crime it was in his eyes to be better bred, better educated, and more kindly cared for than were his own rude, blustering, ignorant boys. If only

Fred and Joe had been taught whence come adversity and prosperity, doubtless these humiliations would have been crowns of glory for them ; but theirs had been only a vague, dreamy sort of faith, which they never suspected had any application to their real life. I dare say they were very idle, useless, self-conceited and aggravating boys ; but I can't help feeling sorry for them in their troubles. Miss Brandon, Dick was told, had not recovered her strength since the accident, and however well she might have been, with all her accomplishments, could not have done more than she was now doing : giving music-lessons to a few persons residing near her new home.

But all hope of seeing Mr. Irving faded the first thing the next day ; for Dick's questions brought the unwelcome information that he had left home in October for two years' travel in Europe, and Dick, of course, could not presume to write to him.

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#### PORTER'S HUMAN INTELLECT.\*

THIS formidable volume is, unless we except Professor Hickok's work on *Rational Psychology*, the most considerable attempt that has been made among us to construct a philosophy of the human understanding. Professor Porter is able, patient, industrious, and learned. He knows the literature of his subject, and has no lit-

tle facility and fairness in seizing and setting forth the commanding points in the views and theories of others ; but, while he shows great familiarity with metaphysical and psychological questions, and some justness and delicacy as an analyzer of facts, he seems to us to lack the true philosophical instinct, and that synthetic grasp of thought which seizes facts in their principles and genetic relations, and reduces them to a dialectic whole, without which one cannot be a philosopher.

\* *The Human Intellect ; with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul.* By Noah Porter, D.D., Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. New-York : Scribner & Co. 1868. 8vo, pp. 673.

The professor's book is a hard book for us to read, and still harder for us to understand. Its mechanical aspect, with three or four different sizes of type on the same page, is repulsive to us, and prejudices us against it. It is not absolutely dull, but it is rather heavy, and it requires resolution to read it. It has nothing attractive or enlivening, and it deals so much with particulars and details that it is difficult for the reader to carry what he reads along in his memory. Even when we have in our minds what the author actually says, it is not easy to understand it, or determine which of several possible meanings he adopts. Not that his language, though seldom exact or precise, and disfigured occasionally by needless barbarisms, and a terminology which we hope is not yet in good usage, is not clear enough for any one accustomed to philosophical studies, nor is it that his sentences are involved and hard to be construed, or that his statements, taken as isolated statements, are not intelligible; but it is hard to determine their meaning and value from his point of view, and in relation to his system as a whole. His book is composed of particulars, of minute and not seldom commonplace observations, without any perceptible scientific reduction to the principle which generates, co-ordinates, and explains them.

It is but fair to the professor to say, in the outset, that his book belongs to a class of books which we seldom read and heartily detest. It is not a work of philosophy, or an attempt even to give us a science of things in their principles and causes, their progress and destiny, but merely a *Wissenschaftslehre*, or science of knowing. Its problem is not what is or what exists; but what is knowing, how do I know, and how do I

know that I know? With all deference to the Fichtians, we venture to assert that there is and can be no science of knowing separate from the science of things, distinct from and independent of the subject knowing. We know, says all that, we know that we know, says. He who knows, knows that he knows; and if one were to doubt that knowing is knowing, we must let him doubt, for we have only knowing with which to prove that knowing is knowing.

We can by no possible anatomical dissection of the eye, or physiological description of its functions, explain the secret of external vision. We are told that we see not external objects themselves, but their pictures painted by the light on the retina, and it is only by them that we apprehend visible objects. But suppose it so, it brings us no nearer to the secret of vision. How do we see the picture? How by means of the picture apprehend the external object? Yet the man who sees knows he sees, and all that can be said is, that to elicit the visual act there must be the visive subject, the visible object, and the light which mediates between them and illuminates them both. So is it with intellectual vision. We may ascertain some of the conditions under which we know, but the knowing itself is to us an inexplicable mystery. No dissection or possible inspection of the soul can explain it, or throw the least light on it. All that can be said is, that to the fact of knowledge, whatever its degree or its region, there must be the intellective subject, the intelligible object, and the intellectual light which places them in mutual relation and illumines alike both subject and object. Having said this, we have said all that can be said. Hence works intended to construct the science of science, or

knowledge, are not only useless, but worse than useless ; for, dealing with abstractions which have no existence in nature, and treating them as if real, they mislead and perplex the student, and render obscure and doubtful what without them is clear and certain.

Professor Porter is a psychologist, and places all the activity in the fact of knowledge on the side of the soul, even in the intuition of principles, without which the soul can neither exist, nor think, nor feel. His purpose in his Introduction is to establish the unity and immateriality—spirituality, he says, of the soul against the materialists—and to vindicate psychology not only as a science, but as an inductive science. With regard to the unity and immateriality of the soul, we hold with the professor, though they are not provable or demonstrable by his method ; and we recognize great truth and force in his criticisms on materialism, of which we have to deplore in the scientific world, and even in popular literature, the recrudescence. That psychology is, in a secondary sense, a science, we do not deny ; but we do deny that it is either “the *prima philosophia*,” as the professor asserts, or an inductive science, as he endeavors to prove.

All the inductive sciences are secondary sciences, and presuppose a first science, which is strictly the science of the sciences. Induction, the professor himself maintains, has need of certain first principles, or *a priori* assumptions, which precede and validate it. How can psychology be the *prima philosophia*, or first philosophy, when it can be constructed only by borrowing its principles from a higher or prior science ? Or how can it be the first philosophy, when that would suppose that the principles which the inductive sciences demand to validate the inductive process are contained in and derived

from the soul ? Is the professor prepared to maintain that the soul is the first principle of all the sciences ? That would imply that she is the first principle of things, of reality itself ; for science is of the real, not of the unreal. But this were pure Fichteism, and would put the soul in the place of God. The professor would shrink from this. He, then, must have made the assertion that psychology is the *prima philosophia* somewhat hastily, and without due reflection ; unless indeed he distinguishes between the first principles of science and the first principles of things.

The inductive sciences are constructed by induction from the observation and analysis of facts which the soul has the appropriate organs for observing. But psychology is the science of the soul, its nature, powers or faculties, and operations ; and if an inductive science, it must be constructed by induction from psychical facts observed and analyzed in the soul by the soul herself. The theory is very simple. The soul, by the external senses, observes and analyzes the facts of the external world, and constructs by induction the physical sciences ; by her internal sense, called consciousness, she observes and analyzes the world within herself, and by way of induction from the facts or phenomena she observes, constructs psychology, or the science of herself. Unhappily for the psychologist, things do not go so simply. To this theory there are two grave objections: First, the soul has no internal sense by which she can observe herself, her acts or states in herself ; and second, there are no purely psychical facts to be observed.

The professor finds the soul's faculty of observing the facts of the internal world in consciousness, which he defines to be “the power by which

the soul knows its own acts and states." But consciousness is not a power or faculty, but an act of knowing, and is simply the recognition of the soul by the soul herself as the subject acting. We perceive always, and all that is before us within the range of our percipient powers ; but we do not always distinguish and note each object perceived, or recognize the fact that it is we who are the subject perceiving. The fact of consciousness is precisely in the simple perception being so intensified and prolonged that the soul not only apprehends the object, but recognizes itself as the subject apprehending it. It is not, as the professor maintains at great length in Part I., a presentative power ; for it is always a reflex act, and demands something of memory. But the recognition by the soul in her acts as the subject acting is something very different from the soul observing and analyzing in herself her own powers and faculties.

The soul never knows herself in herself ; she only recognizes herself under the relation of subject in her acts. Recognizing herself only as subject, she can never cognize herself as object, and stand, as it were, face to face with herself. She is never her own object in the act of knowing ; for she is all on the side of the subject. She cannot be on one side subject, and on the other object. Only God can be his own object ; and his contemplating of himself as object, theologians show us, is the Eternal Generation of the Son, or the Word. Man, St. Thomas tells us, is not intelligible in himself ; for he is not *intelligens* in himself. If the soul could know herself in herself, she could be her own object ; if her own object, she would suffice for herself ; then she would be real, necessary, self-existent, independent being ; that is to say, the soul would be God.

We deny not that the soul can know herself as manifested in her acts, but that she can know herself in herself, and be the object of her own thought. I can not look into my own eyes, yet I can see my face as reflected in the glass. So the soul knows herself, and her powers and faculties ; but only as reflected from, or mirrored in, the objects in conjunction with which she acts. Hence the powers and faculties are not learned by any observation of the soul herself, but from the object. The soul is a unit, and acts always as a unit ; but, though acting always in her unity, she can act in different directions, and in relation to different objects, and it is in this fact that originates the distinction of powers and faculties. The distinction is not in the soul herself, for she is a unit, but in the object, and hence the schoolmen teach us that it is the object that determines the faculty.

It is not the soul in herself that we must study in order to ascertain the faculties, but the soul in her operations, or the objects in relation with which she acts. We know the soul has the power to know, by knowing, to will, by willing, to feel, by feeling. While, then, the soul has power to know herself so far as mirrored by the objects, she has no power to observe and analyze herself in herself, and therefore no power of direct observation and analysis of the facts from which psychology, as an inductive science, must be constructed.

But there are no such facts as is assumed to be observed and analyzed. The author speaks of objects which are purely psychical, which have no existence out of the soul herself ; but there are and can be no facts, or acts, produced by the soul's own energy alone. The soul, for the best of all possible reasons, never acts alone, for she does not exist alone.

"Thought," says Cousin, "is a fact that is composed of three simultaneous and indissoluble elements, the subject, the object, and the form. The subject is always the soul, [*le Moi*,] the object is something not the soul, [*le non-Moi*,] and the form is always the relation of the two." The object is inseparable from the subject as an element of the thought, but it exists distinct from and independent of the soul, and when it is not thought as well as when it is ; otherwise it could not be object, since the soul is all on the side of the subject. The soul acts only in conjunction with the object, because she is not sufficient for herself, and therefore cannot suffice for her own activity. The object, if passive, is as if it were not, and can afford no aid to the fact of thought. It must, therefore, be active, and then the thought will be the joint product of the two activities. It is a grave mistake, then, to suppose that the activity in thought is all on the side of the soul. The soul cannot think without the concurrent activity of that which is not the soul. There is no product possible in any order without two factors placed in relation with each other. God, from the plenitude of his being, contains both factors in his own essence ; but in creatures they are distinct from and independent of each other.

We do not forget the *intellectus agens* of St. Thomas, but it is not quite certain what he meant by it. The holy doctor does not assert it as a faculty of the soul, and represent its activity as purely psychical. Or if it be insisted that he does, he at least nowhere asserts, implies, or intimates that it is active without the concurrence of the object ; for he even goes so far as to maintain that the lower acts only as put in motion by the higher, and the terrestrial by the celestial. Hence the *præmotio*

*physica* of the Thomists, and the necessity in conversion of *prævenient* grace—*gratia præveniens*.

But even granting that there is the class of facts alleged, and that we have the power to observe and analyze them, as, in the language of Cousin, "they pass over the field of consciousness," we cannot by induction attain to their principle and causes ; for induction itself, without the first principles of all science, not supplied by it, can give us only a classification, generalization, an hypothesis, or an abstract theory, void of all reality. The universal cannot be concluded, by way of induction, from particulars, any more than particulars can be concluded, by way of deduction, from the universal. Till validated in the *prima philosophia*, or referred to the first principles, without which the soul can neither act nor exist, the classifications and generalizations attained to by induction are only facts, only particulars, from which no general conclusion can be drawn. Science is knowledge indeed ; but the term is generally used in English to express the reduction of facts and particulars to their principles and causes. But in all the secondary sciences the principles and causes are themselves only facts, till carried up to the first principles and causes of all the real and all the knowable. Not without reason, then, has theology been called the queen of the sciences, nor without warrant that men, who do not hold that all change is progress, maintain that the displacement, in modern times, of this queen from her throne has had a deleterious effect on science, and tended to dissipate and enfeeble the human mind itself. We have no philosophers nowadays of the nerve of Plato and Aristotle, the great Christian fathers, or the mediæval doctors, none of whom ever dreamed of separating theology

and philosophy. Even the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a grasp of thought, a robust vigor of mind, and a philosophic insight into the truth of things and their higher relations that you look in vain for in the philosophers of the eighteenth century and of our own. But this by the way. When things are at the worst, they sometimes mend.

Psychology, not psychologism, is a science, though not an inductive science, nor a science that can be attained to by the study of the soul and her phenomena in the bosom of consciousness. The psychologists—those, we mean, who adopt the psychological method, a method seldom adopted before the famous *cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes—seem incapable of comprehending that only the real is cognizable, and that abstractions are not real but unreal; and therefore that the first principles of science must be real, not abstract, and the first principles of things. Thus Professor Porter appears to see no real connection between them. True, he says, (p. 64,) "Knowledge and being are correlatives. There must be being in order that there may be knowledge. There can be no knowledge which is not the knowledge of being. Subjectively viewed, to know implies certainty; objectively, it requires reality. An act of knowing in which there is no certainty in the agent, and no reality in the object, is impossible in conception and in fact." This would seem to assert that only being can be known, or that whatever is known is real being, which is going too far and falling into ontologism. Only being is intelligible *per se*; but existences which are from being and participate of being, though not intelligible in or by themselves, since they do not exist in and by themselves, may yet be

really known by the light of being which creates them. We know *by* being, as well as being itself.

But be not alarmed. The professor's being, the only object of knowledge, his reality without which there is no cognizable object, is nothing very formidable; for he tells us, in smaller type, on the same page, that "we must distinguish different kinds of objects and different kinds of reality. They may be *formed by the mind, and exist* [only] *for the mind that forms them*, or they may exist in fact and space for all minds, and yet in each case they are equally objects. Their reality may be mental and internal, or material and external, but in each case it is equally a reality. The thought that darts into the fancy and is gone as soon, the illusion that crosses the brain of the lunatic, the vision that frightens the ghost-seer, the spectrum which the camera paints on the screen, the reddened landscape seen through a colored lens, the yellow objects which the jaundiced eye cannot avoid beholding, *each as really exists* as does the matter of the solid earth, or the eternal forces of the cosmical system." The "eternal forces" of the cosmical system can be only God, who only is eternal. So the illusions of fancy, the hallucinations of the lunatic, and the eternal, self-existent, necessary being whom we call God, and who names himself I AM THAT AM, SUM QUI SUM, are alike being, and equally real!

The learned author tells us elsewhere that we call by the name being beings of very different kinds and sorts, owing to the poverty of our language, which supplies but one name for them. He will permit us to say that we suspect the poverty is not in the language. We have in the language two words which serve us to mark the precise difference be-

tween that which is in, from, and by itself alone, and that which exists in, from, and by being. The first is *being*, the other is *existence*. Being is properly applied only to God, who is, not Supreme Being, as is often said, but the one only being, the only one that can say, I AM THAT AM, or QUI EST ; and it shows how strictly language represents the real order that in no tongue can we make an assertion without the verb TO BE, that is, only by being, that is, again, only by God himself. Existence explains itself. Existences are not being, but, as the *ex* implies, are *from* being, that is, from him in whom is their being, as Saint Paul says, "For in him we live, and move, and are," "*vivimus, et movemur, et sumus*." Reality includes being and all that is from and by being, or simply being and existences. Nothing else is real or conceivable ; for, apart from God and what he creates, or besides God and his creatures, there is nothing, and nothing is nothing, and nothing is not intelligible or cognizable.

Dr. Porter understands by reality or being only what is an object of knowledge, or of the mind in knowing, though it may have no existence out of the mind, or, as say the schoolmen, *a parte rei*. Hence, though the soul is certain that the object exists relatively to her act of knowing, she is not certain that it is something existing in nature. How, then, prove that there is anything to correspond to the mental object, idea, or conception? In his Second Part, which treats of the representative power, he tells us that the objects represented and cognized in the representation are purely psychical, and exist only in the soul and for the soul alone. These, then, do not exist in nature ; they are, in the ordinary use of the term, unreal, illusory, and chimerical, as the author himself confesses. If

the object of knowledge can be in any instance unreal, chimerical, illusory, or with no existence except in and for the soul itself, why may it not be so in every instance, and all our knowledge be an illusion? How prove that in any fact of knowledge there is cognition of an object that exists distinct from and independent of the subject? Here is the *pons asinorum* of exclusive psychologists. There is no crossing the bridge from the subjective to the objective, for there is no bridge there, and subject and object must both be given simultaneously in one and the same act, or neither is given.

Dr. Porter, indeed, gives the subjective and what he calls the objective, together, in one and the same thought ; but he leaves the way open for the question, whether the object does or does not exist distinct from and independent of the subject. This is the difficulty one has with Locke's *Essay on the Understanding*. Locke makes ideas the immediate object of the cognitive act ; for he defines them to be "that with which the mind is immediately conversant." If the soul can elicit the cognitive act with these *ideas*, which it is not pretended are things, how prove that there is any real world beyond them? It has never been done, and never can be done ; for we have only the soul, for whose activity the *idea* or concept suffices, with which to do it, and hence the importance to psychologists of the question, How do we know that we know? and which they can answer only by a paralogism, or assuming the reality of knowledge with which to prove knowledge real.

For the philosopher there is no such question, and nothing detracts so much from the philosophical genius of the illustrious Balmes as his assertion that all philosophy turns on the question of certainty. The



philosopher, holding that to know is to know, has, after knowing, or having thought the object, no question of certainty to ask or to answer. The certainty that the object exists in nature is in the fact that the soul thinks it. The object is always a force or activity distinct from and independent of the subject, and since it is an activity it must be either real being or real existence.

The error of the author, as of all psychologists, is not in assuming that the soul cannot think without the concurrence of the object, or that the object is not really object in relation to the soul's cognitive power, but in supposing that the soul can find the object in that which has no real existence. He assumes that abstractions or mental conceptions, which have no real existence aside from the concrete or reality from which the mind forms them, may be real objects of the soul in the fact of knowledge. But no abstractions or conceptions exist *a parte rei*. There are white things and round things, but no such existence as whiteness or roundness. These and other abstractions are formed by the mind operating on the concretes, and taking them under one aspect, or generalizing a quality they have in common with all concretes of their class, and paying no heed to anything else in the concrete object. But these abstractions or general conceptions are cognizable and apprehended by the mind only in the apprehension of their concretes, white or round things. They are, as abstracted from white things or round things, no more objects of thought or of thought-knowledge than of sensible perception. We speak of abstractions which are simply nullities, not of genera and species, or universals proper, which are not abstractions but real; yet even these do not exist apart from

the individual. They and their individuals subsist always together in a synthetic relation, and though distinguishable are never separable. The species is not a mere name, a mere mental conception or generalization; it is real, but exists and is known only as individualized.

The unreal is unintelligible, and, like all negation, is intelligible only in the reality denied. The soul, then, can think or know only the real, only real being, or real existences by the light of real being. If the soul can know only the real, she can know things only in their real order, and consequently the order of the real and of the knowable is the same, and the principles of the real are the principles of science. The soul is an intelligent existence, and the principles, causes, and conditions of her existence are the principles, causes, and conditions of her intelligence, and therefore of her actual knowledge. We have, then, only to ascertain the principles of the real to determine the principles of science. The principles of the real are given us in the first verse of Genesis: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and in the first article of the Creed, "I believe in one God, maker of heaven and earth, and all things visible and invisible." Or, as stated in strictly scientific terms, as affirmed in intuition, Being creates existences. The real and necessary being given in the scientific formula or intuition is indeed God; but this is not intuitively known, and can be known only discursively or by contemplation and reflection. We must not, then, in stating the first principles of the real, and of knowledge as given in intuition, use the term God, but being. We know by intuition being, but do not by intuition know that being is God. Hence the mistake of those who say we have in-

tuition of God, or know by intuition that God is. We have intuition of that which is God, but not that what is given is God. Ontology is a most essential part of philosophy ; but exclusive ontologists are as much sophists as are exclusive psychologists.

The first principles of reality are being, existence, and the creative act of being; whence the ideal formula or judgment, Being creates existences. This is the *primum* in the real order. All that is real and not necessary and self-sufficing being must be from being ; for without real uncreated being there can be nothing, and existences are something only in so far as they participate of being. Things can exist from being, or hold from it, only by virtue of its creative act, which produces them by its own energy from nothing, and sustains them as existent. There is only the creative act by which existences can proceed from being. Emanation, generation, evolution, which have been asserted as the mode of procession of existences, give nothing really or substantially distinguishable from being. Existences, then, can really proceed from being only by the creative act, and, indeed, only by the free creative act of being ; for necessary creation is no creation at all, and can be only a development or evolution of being itself. In theological language, then, God and creation include all the real ; what is not God is creature or existence, and what is not creature or existence is God. There is no reality which is neither God nor creature, no *tertium quid* between being and existence, or between existence and nothing. The *primum* of the real is, then, the ideal formula or divine judgment, *Ens creat existentias*, for it affirms in their principle and their real relation all that is and all that exists. This formula is a proper judgment, for it has all the terms and

relations of a judgment, subject, predicate, and copula. Being is the subject, existences is the predicate, and the creative act the copula, which at once unites the predicate to the subject and distinguishes it from it. It is divine, because it is *a priori*, the *primum* of the real ; and as only the real is intelligible or knowable, it must precede as its principle, type, and condition, every judgment that can be formed by an existence or creature, and therefore can be only the judgment of God affirming his own being and creating the universe and all things, visible and invisible, therein.

Now, as the soul can only know the real, this divine judgment must be not only the *primum* of the real, but of the knowable ; and since the soul can know only as she exists, in the real relations in which she stands, and knows only by the aid of the object on which she depends for her existence and activity, it follows that this judgment is the *primum scientificum*, or the principle of all real or possible science.

Is it asked, How is this known or proved, if not by psychological observation and analysis? The answer is, by the analysis of thought, which discloses the divine judgment as its idea, or necessary and apodictic element. This is not psychologism nor the adoption of the psychological method. Psychologism starts from the assumption that thought, as to the activity that produces it, whatever may or may not be its object, is purely psychical, and that the ontological, if obtainable at all, is so by an induction from psychological facts. The first assumption is disproved by the fact just shown, that thought is not produced or producible by the psychical activity alone, but by the joint action of the two factors subject and object, in which both are affirmed. The other as-

sumption is disposed of by the fact that what is found in the analysis of thought is not particular facts or phenomena from which the first principles are concluded by way of induction, which could give us only a generalization or abstraction, but the first principles themselves intuitively given.

Philosophers generally assert that certain conditions precedent, or certain ideas *a priori*, are necessary to every fact of experience or actual cognition. Kant, in his masterly *Critik der reinen Vernunft*, calls them sometimes cognitions, sometimes synthetic judgments, *a priori*, but fails to identify them with the divine judgment, and holds them to be necessary forms of the subject. Cousin asserts them and calls them necessary and absolute ideas, but fails to identify them with the real, and even denies that they can be so identified. Reid recognized them, and called them the first principles of human belief, sometimes the principles of common sense, after Father Bouffier, which all our actual knowledge presupposes and must take for granted. Professor Porter also recognizes them, holds them to be intuitively given, calls them certain necessary assumptions, first truths or principles without which no science is possible, but fails to identify them with the divine judgment, and seems to regard them as abstract principles or ideas, as if abstractions could subsist without their concretes, or principles ever be abstract. We deny that they are abstract ideas, necessary assumptions, or necessary forms of the understanding or cognitive faculty, and hold them to be the principles of things, alike of the real and the knowable, without which no fact exists and no act of knowledge is possible. They cannot be created by the mind, nor formed by the mind operating

on the concrete objects of existence, nor in any manner obtained by our own mental activity; for without them there is no mind, no mental activity, no experience. Dr. Porter, after Reid, Kant, Cousin, and others, has clearly seen this, and conclusively proved it—no philosopher more conclusively—and it is one of the merits of his book. He therefore justly calls them intuitions, or principles intuitively given; yet either we do not understand him, or he regards them as abstract truths or abstract principles. But truths and principles are never abstract, and only the concrete or real can be intuitively given. Those intuitions, then, must be either real being or contingent existences; not the latter, for they all bear the marks of necessity and universality; then they must be the real and necessary being, and therefore the principles of things, and not simply principles of science. Dr. Porter makes them real principles in relation to the mental act; but we do not find that he identifies them with the principles of the real. He doubtless holds that they represent independent truths, and truths which are the principles of things; but that he holds them, as present to the mind, to be the principles themselves, we do not find.

Dr. Porter's error in his Part IV., in which he discusses and defines intuitions, and which must be interpreted by the foregoing parts of his work, appears to us to be precisely in his taking principle to mean the starting-point of the soul in the fact of knowledge, and distinguishing it from the principle of the real order. He distinguishes between the object *in mente* and the object *in re*, and holds that the former is by no means identical with the latter. He thus supposes a difference between the scientific order and the real, and

therefore that the principle of the one is not necessarily the principle of the other. This is to leave the question still open, whether there is any real order to respond to the scientific order, and to cast a doubt on the objective validity of all our knowledge. The divine judgment, or ideal formula, we have shown, is alike the *primum reale* and the *primum scientificum*, and therefore asserts that the principles of the two orders are identical, and that the scientific must follow the real, for only the real is knowable. Hence science is and must be objectively certain.

The intuitive affirmation of the formula, being creates existences, creates, places the soul, and constitutes her intelligent existence. The author rightly says every thought is a judgment. There is no judgment without the copula, and the only real copula is the copula of the divine judgment or intuition, that is, the creative act of being. Being creating the soul is the principle of her existence; and as we have shown that she can act only as she exists, the principle of her existence is the principle of her acts, and therefore of her knowing, or the fact of knowledge. There is, then, no thought or judgment without the creative act for its copula. The two orders, then, are united and made identical in principle by the creative act of being. The creative act unites the acts of the soul, as the soul itself, to being.

The difficulty some minds feel in accepting this conclusion grows out of a misapprehension of the creative act, which they look upon as a past instead of a present act. The author holds that what is past has ceased to exist, and that the objects we recall in memory are "created a second time." He evidently misapprehends the real character of space and time. These are not existences, en-

tities, as say the scholastics, but simple relations, with no existence, no reality, apart from the *relata*, or the related. Things do not exist in space and time; for space and time simply mark their relation to one another of coexistence and succession. Past and future are relations that subsist in or among creatures, and have their origin in the fact that creatures as second causes and in relation to their own acts are progressive. On the side of God, there is no past, no future; for his act has no progression, and is never *in potentia ad actum*. It is a complete act, and in it all creatures are completed, consummated, in their beginning, and hence the past and the future are as really existent as what we call the present. The Creator is not a *causa transiens*, that creates the effect and leaves it standing alone, but a *causa manens*, ever present in the effect and creating it.

Creation is not in space and time, but originates the relations so-called. The creative act, therefore, can never be a past or a future act, an act that has produced or that will produce the effect, but an act that produces it always here and now. The act of conservation, as theologians teach, is identically the act of creation. God preserves or upholds us in existence by creating us at each instant of our lives. The universe, with all it contains, is a present creation. In relation to our acts as our acts or our progressiveness toward our final cause or last end, the universe *was* created and will remain as long as the Creator wills; but in relation to God it is created here and now, and as newly created at this moment as when the sons of the morning sang together over its production, by the divine energy alone, from nothing; and the song ceases not; they are now singing it. There is noth-

ing but this present creative act that stands between existences and nothing. The continuity of our existence is in the fact that God creates and does not cease to create us.

We have only to eliminate from our minds the conceptions that transport the relations of space and time to the Creator, or represent them as relations between Creator and creature, where the only relation is that of cause and effect, and to regard the creative act as having no relations of space and time, to be able to understand how the divine judgment, intuitively affirmed, is at once the principle of the real and of the scientific, and the creative act, the copula of being and existence, is the copula of every judgment or thought, as is proved by the fact already noted, that in no language can an assertion be made without the verb *to be*, that is, without God.

Dr. Porter, engaged in constructing not the science of things, but a science of knowing—a *Wissenschaftslehre*—has apparently been content with the intuitions as principles or laws of science, without seeking to identify them with the real. He is a doctor of divinity, and cannot intend to deny, with Sir William Hamilton and the Positivists, that ontology can be any part of human science. The Positivists, with whom, in this respect, Sir William Hamilton, who has finished the Scottish school, fully agrees, assert that the whole field of science is restricted to positive facts and the induction of their laws, and that their principles and causes, the ontological truths, if such there be, belong to the unknowable, thus reducing, with Sir William Hamilton, science to neuroscience. But though Dr. Porter probably holds that there is an ontological reality, and knows perfectly well that it cannot be concluded from psychical phenomena, either by

way of induction or of deduction, he yet seems unable or unwilling to say that the mind has in intuition direct and immediate apprehension of it. The first and necessary truths, or the necessary assumptions, as he calls them, which the mind is compelled to make in knowing particulars, such as "what is, is," "the same thing cannot both be and not be at the same time," "whatever begins to exist must have a cause," etc., are, in his doctrine, abstract ideas, which, though they may represent a reality beyond themselves—and he tries to prove that they do—are yet not that reality itself. These ideas he states, indeed, in an abstract form, in which they are not real; but they are all identified in the ideal formula, or divine judgment, which is not an abstract but a real, concrete judgment. He holds them to be intuitions, indeed; but intuition, in his view, simply stands opposed to discursion, and he makes it an act of the soul immediately affirming the object, not the act of the object immediately affirming itself by its own creative act. Till being, in its creative act, affirms itself, the soul does not exist; and the intuitive act is that which creates it, and creates it intelligent. The intuition cannot, then, be the act of the soul, unless you suppose the soul can act without existing, or know without intelligence. If we make intuition the act of the soul, and suppose the necessary truths intuitively given are abstractions or representative ideas, how can we know that there is any reality represented by them? The old question again: How pass from the subjective to the objective?—from the scientific to the real?

The doctrine of representative ideas comes from the scholastics, and most probably from the misapprehension of their philosophy. Plato maintained that we know by

similitude, which similitude he called *idea*. No doubt, Plato often means by *idea* something else ; but this is one of the senses in which he uses the term. This idea, with the peripatetics, becomes in sensibles the phantasm, in intelligibles the intelligible *species*. The intelligible *species* was assumed as something mediating between the soul and the intelligible object. But though they asserted it as a medium, they never made it the object cognized. In their language, it was the objectum *quo*, not the objectum *quod*; and St. Thomas teaches expressly that the mind does not terminate in the *species*, but attains the intelligible object itself. In this magazine for May, 1867, in an article entitled "An Old Quarrel," we showed that what the scholastics probably had in mind when they spoke of the intelligible *species*, is adequately expressed by what we, after the analogy of external vision, call the light, which illuminates at once the subject and object, and renders the one cognitive and the other cognizable. This light is not furnished by the mind, but by being itself light, and the source of all light, present in every fact of knowledge in the creative act.

The Scottish school has made away with the phantasms, and proved that, in what our author calls sense-perception, we perceive not a phantasm, but the real external object itself ; but in the intelligible or supersensible world, this direct apprehension of the object Dr. Porter appears not to admit. He consciously or unconsciously interposes a *mundus logicus* between the mind and the *mundus physicus*. The categories are with him abstract relations, and logic is a mere formal science. This is evident from Part III., in which he treats of what he calls "thought-knowledge." But the ca-

tegories are not abstract forms of thought, but real relations of things ; logic is founded in the principle and constitution of things, not simply in the constitution and laws of the human mind. Its type and origin are in being itself, in the Most Holy Trinity. The creative act is the copula of every strictly logical judgment. The Creator is logic, the *λόγος*, or, as Plato would say, logic in itself, and therefore all the works of God are strictly logical, and form, *mediente* his creative act, a dialectic whole with himself. Whatever does not conform to the truth and order of things is illogical, a sophism ; and every sophism sins against the essence of God, as well as against the constitution of the human mind. Psychologism is a huge sophism ; for it assumes that the soul is being, and can exist and act independently when it is only a created, dependent existence ; that it is God, when it is only man. Satan was the first psychologist we read of. Ontologism is also a sophism of very much the same sort. Psychologism asserts that man is God ; ontologism asserts that God is man. This is all the difference between them, and they terminate at the same point. Existences cannot be logically deduced from being, because being, sufficing for itself, cannot be constrained to create either by extrinsic or by intrinsic necessity. Existences are not necessarily involved in the very conception of being, but are contingent, and dependent on the free-will of the Creator. God cannot be concluded by induction from psychological facts ; for the universal cannot be concluded from the particular, nor the necessary from the contingent.

Both the ontological *primum* and the psychological must be given intuitively and in their real synthesis, or no science of either is possible. The

mind must take its starting-point and principle of science from neither separately, but from the real synthesis of the two, as in the ideal formula. The attempt to construct an exclusively ontological or an exclusively psychological science is as absurd and as sophistical as the attempt to express a judgment without the copula, or to construct a syllogism without the middle term. The real copula of the judgment, the real *medius terminus* that unites the two extremes of the syllogism, is the creative act of being.

All Gentile philosophy failed, because it failed to recognize the creative act. Outside of Judaism, the tradition of creation was lost in the ancient world. In vain will you seek a recognition of it in Plato or Aristotle, or in any of the old Gentile philosophers. In its place you find only emanation, generation, or formation. The error of the Gentiles reappears in our modern philosophers, who—since Descartes detached philosophy from theology, of which it is simply the rational element—are endeavoring to construct science and the sciences without the creative act, and if they escape pantheism or atheism, it is by the strength of their faith in revelation, not by the force of their logic. Dr. Porter really attempts to construct the philosophy of the human intellect, unconsciously certainly, on purely atheistic or nihilistic principles; that is, without any principles at all. He, of course, believes in God, believes that God made the world; but most likely he believes he made it as the watch-maker makes a watch, so that when wound up and started it will go of itself—till it runs down. This is a very wide-spread error, and an error that originates with so-called philosophers, not with the people. Hence we find scientific men in large num-

bers who look upon the world God has made as a huge machine; and now that it is made, as independent of him, capable of going ahead on its own hook, and even able to bind him by its laws, and deprive him of his freedom of action, as if it were or could be anything but what he at each moment makes it. He ought, as a doctor of divinity, to understand that there can be no science without the efficacious presence of God, who created the soul, and none without his presence creating it now, and by his light rendering it intelligent. To construct science without God in his creative act as the principle, is to begin in sophism and end in nihilism.

We need hardly say that, in asserting the divine judgment or ideal formula as the principle of all science, and as the necessary and apodictic element of every fact of knowledge, we do not pretend that the mind is able in the first moment of intellectual life to say to itself, or to others, God creates existences. This is the real formula which expresses in principle the entire real order, but it is the formula to which the principles given in intuition are reduced by reflection. There are a large number of minds, and among them our illustrious Yale Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics, who do not recognize the identity of being with God, or are aware that the intuition is of that which is God. A still larger number do not distinguish the so-called necessary ideas from the contingent objects of experience cognizable only by them, and very few, even among professors of philosophy, ever identify these ideas—the necessary, the universal, the eternal, and the immutable—with real being, or reflect that they cannot subsist as abstractions, and that the universal, the

eternal, the immutable, the necessary, of which we have intuition in all our mental acts, is and must be real, necessary, universal, eternal, and immutable being, that is to say, God himself. Few reflect far enough to perceive that in intuition the object is real being; and the number of men who distinctly recognize all the terms of the formula in their real relation is a very small minority, and every day growing smaller.

But the intuition is not, as Dr. Porter supposes, of ideas which lie latent or dormant in the mind till occasion wakes them up and calls them into action; but they are the first principles, or rather the principles from which the mind proceeds in all its intellectual acts. They are intuitively affirmed to the mind in the creative act, and are ever present and operative; but we become aware of them, distinguish them, and what they imply or connote, only by reflection, by contemplating them as they are held up before the mind, or sensibly represented to it, in language. Though the formula is really the *primum philosophicum*, we attain to it, or are masters of what is really presented in intuition, and are able to say, being is God, and God creates existences, only at the end of philosophy, or as its last and highest achievement.

The principles are given in the very constitution of the mind, and are present to it from its birth, or, if you will, from the first instant of its conception; but they are by no means what Descartes and others have called *innate ideas*. Descartes never understood by *idea* the intelligible object itself, but a certain mental representation of it. The idea was held to be rather the image of the thing than the thing itself. It was a *tertium quid* somewhere between real and unreal, and was re-

garded as the medium through which the mind attained to the object. In this sense we recognize no ideas. In the fact of knowledge, what we know is the object itself, not its mental representation. We take *idea* or the ideal in the objective sense, and understand by it the immediate and the necessary, permanent, immutable object of intuition, and it is identical with what we have called the *primum philosophicum*, or divine judgment, which precedes the mind's own activity. Hence we call that judgment the "ideal formula." With this view of idea or the ideal, analogous, at least, to one of the senses of Plato, from whom we have the word, it is evident that the Cartesian doctrine of innate ideas, which was afterward changed to that of innate faculties, cannot find in us an advocate.

The formula is ideal and apodictic, but it is not the entire object of the cognitive act. It is that which precedes and renders possible experience, or what Kant calls synthetic judgments *a posteriori*. We have said the soul can know only as she exists, and that whatever object she depends on for her existence must she depend on for her acts, and it enters into all her thoughts or facts of knowledge. The soul depends for existence on God, on humanity and nature. In the formula, we have only the ideal principle of man and nature, and therefore the ideal formula, while it furnishes the principle and light which render knowledge possible, does not supersede experience, or actual knowledge acquired by the exercise of the soul and her faculties. Here the soul proceeds by analysis and synthesis, by observation and induction, or deduction, according to the nature of the subject. We do not quarrel with the inductive sciences, nor question their utility; we only maintain



that they are not sciences till carried up to the principles of all real science presented to the mind in intuition. Induction is proper in constructing the physical sciences, though frequently improperly applied ; but it is inapplicable, as my Lord Bacon held, in the construction of philosophy ; for in that we must start from the ideal formula, and study things in their principles and in their real synthesis.

We have got through only the author's Introduction, yet that has brought up nearly all the salient points of his entire volume. Here we might stop, and assuredly should stop, if we had no higher object in view than to criticise its author, or

simply to refute his psychological method. We believe one of the first steps toward arresting the atheistical or pantheistical tendency of the age, and of bringing the mind back to truth and the logic of things, is to set forth and vindicate sound philosophy, the philosophy which in substance has always been preserved in the Christian church. To use up an author or to denounce a false system is a small affair. The only solid refutation of error is in presenting the truth it impugns. As there are several questions of importance raised by the author on which we have hardly touched, we propose to return to the book and consider them at our earliest convenience.

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## THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

[WE republish the following article from *The American Educational Monthly*, with the permission of the editor, on account of the importance of the subject, the intrinsic value of the article, and to aid in giving it a wide circulation. ED. C. W.]

It would be wholly superfluous to address an argument to any portion of the American people upon the absolute necessity of popular education. Upon that point there is no diversity of opinion. The fundamental principles of our social system rest upon it as a corner-stone ; such as, that government derives all of its authority, under God, from the consent of the governed ; the people possess the

sovereignty ; public officers are only public servants ; the multitude rules by representation ; Congress, the President, and the Courts are the people—without the people they have no existence ; constitutions and laws are but the well-ordered expression of the public will, at all times revocable, in an orderly manner, and binding upon each citizen as the will of all, unless the popular decree be against the law of God, when, of course, it binds no man's conscience. Hereditary rights, class privileges, ancient social divisions, and distributions of power have all disappeared, or rather, have never existed here. Even in Colonial times, the Crown was almost a myth, and cast but a

shadowy reflection into the deep waters of the Hudson and the Mississippi, as they rolled on to the sea from the illimitable forests where the moccasined hunter was then as free as the Red Indian had been for unrecorded centuries. The Revolution of '76 changed the government, but really left the cardinal points of our American civilization very much as it found them. In fact, our political education is traceable back to the days of Alfred and Edward the Confessor; for the Norman king gave us no concession in Magna Charta which was unknown to Saxon liberty. In our Republic we have only drawn out these principles to their extreme conclusions. We have gone back to the original hypothesis, that society is an association of equal rights for mutual protection; and that power, under God, belongs to the whole body of corporators—that is, the multitude. From this postulate we are obliged to pass immediately to the axiom that there can be no fit administration of power without knowledge. Knowledge may be acquired in several ways. The most direct and impressive is experience. Alcuin was master of books; but Charlemagne was master of men. The great emperor could not read, but he possessed the wisdom to govern. "Who shall say that he was not "educated" in the highest sense of that vague term? And yet, it is very clear that knowledge gained only by the slow accretions of experience will not answer the wants and rapid movements of such a republic as ours in the age of steam and electricity. Each generation must be trained from the cradle, and made to possess, enlarge, and transmit to its successor all the accumulated knowledge of its predecessor. As no atom of matter perishes, but is for ever recombining and reproducing; so every true idea and sound

moral sentiment must be made the inheritance of society, and never cease to exert its power for good among men. Not that moral truth can ever change; for it is now precisely what it has been from all eternity; nor is it better understood by the divine to-day, than it was by Moses when he came down from the mountain; but the multitude may be made more fully to comprehend and reverence it. Christianity, although specially revealed and miraculously propagated, did not suddenly conquer and civilize barbarous peoples. It has been eighteen hundred years struggling with the powers of darkness and the corruption of the human heart; and yet, alas! how very, very far removed are not even the most polished nations from the severe standard of Christian perfection! See the tyrannies, the oppressions, the cruelties, the wars, the pride, the luxury, the folly and deceit which fill the fairest parts of the earth with mourning, and drag mankind down into the slough of sin and sorrow! To be sure, there is a certain stereotyped class of saints and philosophers who cry aloud, "Compare our enlightened era with the rude times of the crusaders; or place the nineteenth alongside of the ninth century; and let the celestial light of our civilization shine down into the abysses of monkish superstition!" We shall, nevertheless, refuse to close our eyes to those stupendous sins which have supplanted the violent crimes of our ancestors. We shall see how their robber-sword has been put aside for our forger's pen; how their wild foray has given place to our gigantic stock speculation or bank swindle, which sweeps widows and orphans, by the ten thousand, into utter poverty and despair; how their fierce lust has been civilized into the decorous forms of the di-

voiced courts ; how their bold grasping of power has been changed into the arts of the whining demagogue ; how their undisguised plunder of the public treasure in times of civil commotion has been superseded by the adroit peculation and covert bribery of our times of peace ; how their courageous, rude anger has vanished before the safer and more efficacious process of concealed hatred, nestling, like the scorpion, among the roses of adulation. We certainly shall be obliged to remember these things, to the great reproach of our times, and in serious dread of the future ; and we shall feel anxious to go to work to find the cause and the remedy. We are all agreed that education, that is, knowledge and moral training, cannot be dispensed with for an hour—that no nation can be governed safely, much less govern itself at all, without a clear head and a sound heart—that, if governed as a dumb brute, it will kick against the pricks, fly in the face of its hard master, and dash out its foolish brains against the stone wall ! It will sing the *Marseillaise* and cover its garments with the blood of kings and aristocrats ; until, having spent its fury, it will return to its crust and shout “Vive l’Empereur !” Should it attempt to govern itself, it will become the prey of the infamous men who are the spawn of its own passions. Without knowledge, the nation is either a silent sepulchre, where all hopes are buried, or a raging sea, where they are quickly wrecked. Knowledge, then, *it must have*. But *what* knowledge ? Shall we say, knowledge of the arts ? Ask Phidias and Praxiteles if the arts saved Greece ! Shall we say, polite literature ? Ah ! let the mournful chorus of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides give utterance to the sad cries of those old pagan hearts for a higher virtue than the

sublimest tragedy could teach them ! Shall it be the eloquence of the orator or the wisdom of the legislator ? We shall hear in the Philippics how vainly the master of orators appealed to a degenerate race, and we shall read in the closing annals of Athens and Sparta how utterly the wisdom of Solon and Lycurgus had failed to save polished and warlike states from the penalty which God has affixed to the crimes of nations. Shall we take refuge in human philosophy ? Socrates and the divine Plato had cast off the degrading superstitions of paganism, and had proclaimed to their intellectual countrymen the eternity and unity of God, and the immortality of the soul of man. They had most earnestly enjoined upon them the sanctity of all the natural virtues—temperance, industry, patience, courage, honesty, benevolence, patriotism, continence, filial duty, conjugal fidelity ; but what did their philosophy avail ? Why did it not save the Grecian states ? They went down into the night upon which no sun ever again shone ! Their Roman conquerors seized upon the rich treasures of their knowledge. The Senate listened with rapture to the wisdom of the old Hellenic sages translated by Cicero into the noble Latin tongue. Virgil and Livy sought to inspire the Roman heart with grand ideas borrowed from the Greek masters. What did it all avail ? The Roman republic had practised the natural virtues as fully as unregenerated man is capable of doing by the power of vigorous and cultivated reason. What did it avail ? They, too, went down into the tomb of dead nations ; and a few broken columns remain to mark the seat of their world-wide empire ! It is very manifest, then, that intellectual culture, even when carried to the highest development of which men are capable, can

never subdue their passions, nor enable them to uphold the civilization to which they may have attained in the freshness of their national life. If this were not so, then we could not clearly perceive the necessity of the Christian revelation. If man was self-sustaining, he would not require the arm of God to lean upon. The apothegm of the Greek sage, "*Know thyself*," was a dead letter. It was precisely to teach a man how to know himself that our Saviour came. And this is the whole knowledge! No poetry, oratory, history, philosophy, arts, or sciences could teach that, else the world would have learned it four thousand years ago, and the primitive races would not have perished. Even under the Christian dispensation, and in very modern times, men and nations have failed to know themselves, because they turned their backs on Christ and placed their hopes in human science and natural virtue. And so we have seen an enlightened nation in our day deify humanity, refuse to adore God, and prostrate itself before a harlot, as the high-priestess in the apotheosis of Reason! We have seen an antichristian conspiracy, formed of the most learned, eloquent, witty, and fascinating men of modern Europe, exerting the highest arts of genius to repaganize the world. We have seen science, rudely torn from religion, waging an insane war against the peace of society. That terrific phase of blasphemous infidelity has passed from our immediate view; but has it left nothing more dangerous behind? We think it has. The mass of mankind shrank with horror from the defiant blasphemy of Voltaire; and they recoiled with alarm from the ruin caused by his teachings. We love liberty; but we dread license, anarchy, chaos. Man is, also, naturally religious. Long after he had forgotten the traditions of the patri-

archs and had lost God in the night of heathen idolatry, he still clung to

"The instinct of old reverence!"

and his wretched soul yearned after its Creator.

The false worship of Greece and Rome was the inarticulate cry of a lost people for that true worship which was promised to the Gentile at the appointed time. False and hideous as it was, who will not say that it was far preferable to atheism? It was only when the Epicurean philosophy had destroyed the faith of those people, that they cast off all moral restraint, and were swept away in the torrent of their vices. Man is naturally religious; and therefore the world will not long patiently tolerate the presence of blatant infidelity. *The danger is not there.* He who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, knows very well that mankind is more easily seduced under the forms of virtue than by gross sin. His incarnate agents on earth know this too. Hence we find all the world covered over with gossamer nets of seduction! The press teems with books and journals, not confessedly infidel, yet working in the interests of infidelity; fanning the passions and exciting the morbid sensibilities of youth; teaching religious indifference under the pleasing garb of liberality; holding up the discipline of the church as hostile to personal freedom; depicting the doctrines and ceremonies of the Christian religion as trammels upon mental activity and intellectual progress; arraying the laity against their pastors; insisting that to be a humane man, an honest and industrious worker, a faithful friend, a good husband and father, a patriotic citizen, is to be all and to do all that the highest Christian morality can require or the welfare of the human race demand;

asserting that the specific dogmas of the Christian faith, with perhaps one or two exceptions, are not essential, and may be rejected without concern ; receiving with indifference and polite complacency either the divinity or the humanity of Christ ; and accepting him as a God-Saviour, a man-prophet, or a harmless, self-deluded impostor, as your fancy may please to dictate ; in a word, deifying man, and making this world, with its wealth, its pleasures, its pride and pomp, its power and magnificence, its civilization and nationalities, the sole object of his anxiety and love. Such, we say, is the growing evil of this nineteenth century, which is so scornful of the "dark ages ;" an evil infinitely more subtle and destructive than the rage or gibes of Voltaire. This poison has gone through the chilled blood of renegade old men, destroying the religious vitality which had sustained their faith from the baptismal font to the very edge of the grave ; how must it not, therefore, affect the hot veins of inexperienced youth, whose generous impulses are their greatest peril ! See how, in those European revolutions gotten up by avowed enemies of religion, the students of the universities flock to the standards of infidelity, with the seductive cry of "*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity !*" They enlist, with enthusiasm, under what they believe to be the consecrated banner of inalienable human rights—their young, sympathetic hearts are justly moved by the sufferings of the toiling millions caused by unequal laws—their sense of justice and human brotherhood is outraged at the sight of domineering classes who monopolize the blessings of government—they see very clearly all the existing wrongs, but they do not see the practicable and wise remedies ; and when they hear prudent voices counselling patience, and re-

minding them that the evil works of centuries, like old forest trees, have deep roots, and cannot be rudely torn out of the bosom of society without endangering its life, they cry out in their enthusiasm, "These are the voices of the enemies of the people, the voices of priests and aristocrats, away with them to the guillotine !" Only too late do they experience the retribution which God invariably visits upon those who presumptuously seek to drive the chariot of his Providence !

Not one word of what we have said is inapplicable to our own land. We live, move, and have our whole being in the midst of these same perils. Steam, electricity, commerce, and emigration have made us a part of the great European family. Every throb of their heart is felt in our own bosom. We are of their blood and civilization. We have their laws and their religion. We are nurtured by their science and literature. From us they have received more thorough ideas of democratic freedom, but from them we have derived all else that constitutes the intellectual life of man. It would be the height of folly in us to despise the lessons of their experience. Our children should be carefully instructed in all of it. They have a difficult task to perform in perpetuating our institutions as they were shaped by the fathers of the Republic. They must be well trained in the knowledge necessary for that purpose. From what has already been said it will be at once understood that we do not mean human science alone, *nor principally*. The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord.

This brings us to the consideration of the immediate subject of this article ; which can now, we think, be briefly stated ; inasmuch as the foundation has been properly laid, if our

views are correct as to the principles which we have presented.

Enlightened rulers all over Europe have been profoundly impressed with the lessons of this and the last century. It was once believed by monarchs that to enlighten their subjects would be to imperil their thrones. It is now very clearly seen that "the divinity which doth hedge a king" has long ceased to be an oracle to the people. The French emperor erects his dynasty upon popular suffrage. Hereditary right has come down from its ancient pedestal to accept from the people the confirmation of its authority. It is now too evident for further doubt that no ruler can rule modern nations by any appeal to the mausoleum of his ancestors. The garish light of the sun has penetrated every royal tomb, and has altogether annihilated the mystery which once filled the hearts of nations with awe and unquestioning obedience. Public opinion now rules the ruler. Kings and their ministers have now to elect between intelligent and virtuous opinion on the one hand, or revolutionary passions on the other. The wisest of them, therefore, are hastening to educate the people; and they are striving above all things to make such education distinctly *Christian*, and not simply *moral*; for they well remember the fate of all nations who have staked their salvation upon the sufficiency of the natural virtues. While kings are doing this to preserve the shadow of their royalty from the aggressive spirit of the age, we, in this chosen land, are doing or aiming to do the same thing, in order that we may rear successive generations of virtuous and enlightened heirs to the rich inheritance of our constitutional democratic freedom. Ours should be much the easier task; as we labor for no dynasty, but strive only to make a na-

tion capable of self-preservation. We are no less in earnest than the kings; and we may surely examine their work and see what is good in it. The kings tried the pagan idea of intellectual culture adorned with the glittering generalities of moral philosophy; and they added to it the maxims of the Christian gospel, whenever that could be done without getting entangled in the conflicting creeds of the numerous sects. The school was like Plato's lecture-room, only that the sacred voice of the evangelist was heard occasionally in such passages as do not distinctly set forth faith and doctrine, about which the scholars could differ. Sectarianism, as it is called, had to be excluded, of course, in a mixed system of popular education, wherein freedom of conscience was conceded to be a sacred right and proselytism was disavowed. The result was twofold: first, tens of thousands of children were deprived of distinct religious instruction and doctrinal knowledge; and secondly, in countries where the Roman Catholic population was large, though in a minority, other tens of thousands were left without secular education, because their parents would not permit them to be brought up in habits of indifferentism, which means practical infidelity, or trained in knowledge hostile to their religious faith. Prussia, though she is the very embodiment and representative of Protestant Europe, soon came to the conclusion that this would not do—that education must be Christian—that it must be doctrinal and conducive to religious practices—that, as all could not or would not believe alike, each should have full opportunity to be reared in his own faith, to learn its doctrines and to fulfil its duties and discipline—and, therefore, that enlightened government established the denominational

system, giving to each creed practical equality before the law, a separate school organization, (wherever numbers made it practicable,) and a ratable share of the public school-fund ; reserving to the government only a general supervision, so as to secure a faithful application of the public money, and to enforce a proper compliance with the educational standard. The public schools are organized so that every citizen shall obtain the complete education of his child, in the faith and practice of his own church. All difficulties have disappeared, and perfect harmony prevails.

In France, by the last census, the population was thirty-seven millions, divided about as follows : 480,000 Calvinists, 267,000 Lutherans, 30,000 of other Protestant sects, and 73,000 Jews ; the remaining thirty-six millions being either practically or nominally Catholic. Although the dissenters from the national faith are less than one million, that government has provided for them, at the public expense, separate primary schools, where each sect is at full liberty to teach its own doctrines. There are likewise three seminaries for the higher education of Lutherans and Calvinists.

Austria also supports schools, colleges, and universities for a Protestant minority.

The British Government has likewise adopted the same principle of public education for the Catholics and the Protestant dissenters of England ; while, with her traditional and malignant hatred of the Irish people, she still denies them the justice which she extends to all of her other subjects, at home or in the colonies, even to the Hindoos and Moham-medans of her Indian empire !

And thus the most powerful and enlightened nations have decided that Christian civilization cannot be

maintained upon pagan ideas ; and that the safety of every commonwealth depends upon the Christian education of the people. They have also clearly seen that *doctrines, discipline, morals*, and "*the religious atmosphere*," must be kept united, and made to penetrate and surround the school at all times ; and that, however greatly the Christian denominations may differ from each other, or even err in their belief, it is far better for society that their youth should be instructed in some form of Christian doctrine, than be left to perish in the dreary and soul-destroying wastes of deism. Experience has proved to them that moral teaching, with biblical illustrations, as the piety of Joseph, the heroism of Judith, the penitence of David, will not suffice to establish the Christian faith in young hearts, or to quiet the doubts of inquiring minds. The subtle Gibbon, mocking the cross of Christ, will confront the testimony of the martyrs with the heroes of pagan history. Voltaire did the same for the French youth of the last century, to their destruction. No. The experience of wise governments is this : that *morals* must be based upon *faith*, and faith made efficient in deeds of practical virtue ; for faith worketh by charity. And another experience is this, which is best given in the very words of the eminent Protestant statesman and historian, M. Guizot : "*In order to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. I do not simply mean by this, that religious instruction should hold its place in popular education and that the practices of religion should enter into it ; for a nation is not religiously educated by such petty and mechanical devices ; it is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and*

*that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour ; it is a faith and a law, which ought to be felt everywhere, and which after this manner alone can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our minds and our lives."*

The meaning of which is, that not a moment of the hours of school should be left without the religious influence. It is the constant inhalation of the air which preserves our physical vitality. It is the "*religious atmosphere*" which supports the young soul. Religion cannot be made "*a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour.*" It will not do to devote six days in the week to science, and to depend upon the Sunday-school for the religious training of the child. M. Guizot is right. The enlightened governments of Europe have accepted his wisdom and reduced it to practice in their great national school-systems.

Now, the Catholics of the United States have said no more than that ; have asked no more than that ; and yet, a wild cry of anger has been raised against them at times, as though they were the avowed enemies of all popular education. They pay their full quota of the public taxes which create the school-fund, and yet they possess, to-day, in proportion to their wealth and numbers, more parochial schools, seminaries, academies, colleges, and universities, established and sustained exclusively by their own private resources, than any other denomination of Christians in this country ! Certainly this is no evidence of hostility to education ! And why have they made these wonderful efforts, these unprecedented sacrifices ? It is because they believe in the truth uttered by M. Guizot. It is because they believe

in the truth established by all history. It is because they believe in the truth accepted and acted upon by enlightened men and governments of this age. It is because they know that revealed religion is to human science what eternity is to time. It is because they know that the salvation of souls is more precious to Christ than the knowledge of all the astronomers. It is because they know that the welfare of nations is impossible without God. And yet, they fully understand how religion has called science to her side as an honored handmaid ; how learning, chastened by humility, conduces to Christian advancement ; how the knowledge of good and evil (the fruit of the forbidden tree) may yet be made to honor God, when the sanctified soul rejects the evil and embraces the good. Therefore the Catholic people desire denominational education, as it is called.

That is the general view of the question ; but there is a particular view, not to be overlooked, and which we will now briefly consider.

The most marked distinction between pagan and Christian society is to be found in the relations which the state bears to the family. Scarcely was the Lacedæmonian boy released from his mother's apron-string, when the state seized him with an iron hand. The state was thenceforth his father and his mother. The sanctities and duties of the family were annihilated. Body and soul, he belonged to the Moloch of Power. Private conscience was no more than a piece of coin in circulation ; it was a part of the public property. Christ restored the family as it existed in Adam and Eve. Christian civilization denies that the state can destroy the family. The family is primary ; the father the head ; the mother the



helpmate ; the children in subjection, and for whom the parents shall give an account to the Father in heaven. The Christian state has no authority, by divine or human appointment, to invade this trust. It has, therefore, no mission either to coerce conscience or to dictate the education of it. It is the duty of the state in every way to facilitate, but it cannot arbitrarily control the mental and moral training of the people's children. That right and that responsibility are domestical, and belong to the parent.

Now, the Catholic parent is aware that there are between his creed and all others the widest and most irreconcilable differences, and that it is impossible to open the New Testament, at almost any page, without forthwith encountering the prime difficulty. To read the Bible, without note or comment, to young children, is to abandon them to dangerous speculation, or to leave them dry and barren of all Christian knowledge. In mixed schools there is no other recourse ; because it is impossible to make any comment upon any doctrinal teaching of Christ and his apostles, without trenching upon the conscientious opinions of some one or other of the listeners. "The Father and I are one ;" "The Father is greater than I ;" here at once we have the Unitarian and the Trinitarian at a dead-lock ! "This is my body ;" "It is the spirit which quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing ;" here we have the primitive Lutheran, who believed in the real presence, (*consubstantially*), and his Calvinistic coadjutor in reform squarely at issue ! "Unless you be born again of water and the Holy Ghost," etc. ; here we have the Baptist and the Quaker very seriously divided in opinion. Nevertheless, widely as they differ the one from

the other, there is a fundamental assimilation between all the Protestant sects, which may render it possible for them to unite in one educational organization ; and yet, we find many of the most enlightened and earnest among the Protestant clergy of America now zealously advocating the denominational system, such as we find in the European countries above referred to. They believe that education should be distinctly based upon doctrinal religion ; and they are liberal enough to insist, that, by natural right, as well as by the constitutional guarantees of our free country, no doctrine adverse to the faith of a parent may lawfully be forced or surreptitiously imposed upon his child. It is well known, however, that, between the Catholic faith and all Protestant creeds, there is a gulf which cannot be bridged over. It would, therefore, be simply impossible to adopt any religious teaching whatever in mixed schools without at once interfering with Catholic conscience. No such teaching is attempted, as a general rule, we believe, in the public schools of the United States ; and hence we have only a vague announcement of moral precepts, the utter futility and barrenness of which we have already alluded to. Catholics, agreeing with very many enlightened and zealous Protestants, believe that secular education administered in that way is not only vain, but eminently pernicious ; that it is fast undermining the Christian faith of this nation ; that it is rapidly filling the land with rationalism ; that it is destroying the authority of the Holy Scriptures ; that it is educating men who prefix "Reverend" and affix "D.D." to their names, the more effectually to preach covert infidelity to Christian congregations ; that, instead of the saving morality of the gospel of

Christ, which rests upon revealed mysteries and supernatural gifts, it is offering us that same old array of the natural virtues or qualities which pierced, like broken reeds, the sides of all heathen nations. And more than this, Catholics know by painful experience, that history cannot be compiled, travels written, poetry, oratory, or romance inflicted upon a credulous public, without the stereotyped assaults upon the doctrines, discipline, and historical life of their church. From Walter Scott to Peter Parley, and from Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, to the mechanical compilers of cheap school-literature, it is the same story, told a thousand times oftener than it is refuted; so that the English language, for the last two centuries, may be said, without exaggeration, to have waged war against the Catholic Church. Indeed, so far as European history is considered, the difficulty must always be insurmountable; since it would always be impossible for the Catholic and Protestant to accept the same history of the Reformation or of the Papal See, or the political, social, and moral events resulting from or in any degree connected with those two great centres and controlling causes. Who could write a political history of Christendom for the last three hundred years and omit all mention of Luther and the Pope? And how is any school compendium of such history to be devised for the use of the Catholic and Protestant child alike? And if history be philosophy teaching by example, shall we expel it from our educational plan altogether? Or shall we oblige the Protestant child to study the Catholic version of history, and *vice versa*? Certainly, it is quite as just and politic to oblige the one as the other! Shall the "majority" control this? Who gave

"majority" any such power or right? With us, the "majority" controls the "state;" and we have seen that the "state" becomes a usurper when it attempts this! We are quite sure that, if the Catholics were the "majority" in the United States, and were to attempt such an injustice, our Protestant brethren would cry out against it, and appeal to the wise and liberal examples of Prussia and England, France and Austria! Now, is it not always as unwise, as it is unjust, to make a minority taste the bitterness of oppression? Men governed by the law of divine charity will bear it meekly, and seek to return good for evil; but all men are not docile; and majorities change sides rapidly and often in this fleeting world! Is it not wiser and more politic, even in mere regard to social interests, that all institutions, intended for the welfare of the people, should be firmly based upon exact and equal justice? This would place them under the protection of *fixed habit*, which in a nation is as strong as nature; and it would save them from the mutations of society. The strong of one generation may be the weak of the next; and we see this occurring with political parties within the brief spaces of presidential terms. Hence we wisely inculcate moderation and justice in political majorities, under the law of retribution.

Profoundly impressed with these views, and impelled by this commanding sense of duty, our Catholic people have created a vast network of schools over the country, *at a price* which the world knows little of—the sacrifice which the poor man makes, who curtails the wheaten loaf that he may give to his child the spiritual bread! Ah! how many humble cottages and dreary tenement-houses

could testify to that! There are six millions of them here now ; and still they come, from the deserted hearths beyond the seas. They are upright, industrious, and love the new land like the old ! In war, they shoulder the musket ; in peace, they are found filling every avenue of labor and enterprise. They contribute millions to the public revenue, and hundreds of millions to the productive industry of the country. Their own welfare and the highest interests of the country demand that their children and their children's children should be well instructed in secular learning, and thoroughly grounded in moral and religious knowledge. As we have shown, they cannot avail themselves of the public school system, as now organized, though they contribute largely to its support by their taxes. *They do not desire to interfere with that system*, as it seems at present to meet the wants, or at least the views, of their Protestant fellow-citizens ; and they are, therefore, *not* "opposed to the common schools" in the sense in which they have been represented to be. They simply ask that they may be allowed to participate in the only way open to them, that is, by the apportionment to them of a ratable part of the fund, in aid of their existing schools, and of such others as their numbers, in any given locality, may properly enable them to establish, subject to the limited supervision of the state, as we have before explained. We need go no further than Canada to witness this system operating harmoniously and to the best advantage. The argument generally used against it is, that this would destroy the unity and efficiency of the whole. Why is it not so in Prussia, Austria, France, England, and the British Colonies ? Besides, the Catholic populations in this country are very much aggrega-

ted, as in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, and in the large agricultural settlements throughout the North-Western States. Certainly, in such localities there could be no difficulty. It is contemplated by the school law that all these are to be educated. Then, why can they not be permitted to organize separate schools, as in the countries referred to ? Such organization would be an integral part of the whole system ; and the cost would be precisely the same. In fact, we learn from the Reports of Assistant Superintendents Jones and Calkins, made to Hon. S. S. Randall, the City Superintendent, and also from his Report made to the Hon. Board of Education, in December, 1866, that the school room provided in the city of New York (especially in the primary department) is altogether inadequate ; and yet we know that tens of thousands of Catholic children could easily be cared for, if the means were afforded those who, even now, with the scantiest resources, are erecting parochial schools all over the city.

It would be impossible in a brief article to enter into details. Our purpose has been rather to set this question before a liberal public in its great leading aspects, as we are quite willing to trust to the wisdom and experience of our legislators to devise the proper plan and specifications. They will be at no loss for precedents. The statute-books of half a dozen countries may be consulted profitably. All we ask is, that this momentous question may be candidly considered and justly and generously disposed of. We hope that the day has gone by when such a question as this shall be met with passionate declamation or the obsolete cry of "no popery." Disraeli has failed

to stem the tide of popular reform in England by reviving the insane clamor of Lord George Gordon. The world has outgrown such narrow bigotry. Vital questions, affecting the conscience and the rights of multitudes of men, and deeply involving the welfare of nations, must henceforth be settled by calm and just decisions. Christendom will tolerate

nothing else now. And surely, this free and wise Republic will not be the last to put into practice those principles of equality before the law, justice, and generous confidence in human nature, which it published to all the down-trodden nationalities of the earth, almost a century ago, over the signatures of Hancock, Livingston, and Carroll of Carrollton.

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## THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OF AUGUST 18, 1868.

A REPORT ADDRESSED BY M. JANSSEN TO THE MARSHAL OF FRANCE, PRESIDENT OF THE BUREAU OF LONGITUDES.

CALCUTTA, November 3, 1868.

M. LE MARÉCHAL ET MINISTRE :

I have the honor of addressing to you, as President of the Bureau of Longitudes, my report on the eclipse of the 18th of last August, and upon some subsequent observations, which led me to the discovery of a method of observing the solar protuberances when the sun is not eclipsed. I will beg you to have the kindness to communicate this to the Bureau.

I have the honor to be, etc. etc.,

JANSSEN.

MR. PRESIDENT :

I had the privilege of writing to you on the 19th of September last, to give you a brief account of my expedition. I am now able to furnish you with a more complete report of my observations during the great eclipse of the 18th of August.

The steamer of the Messageries Impériales, in which I left France, landed me, on the 16th of July, at Madras, where I was received by the

English authorities with great courtesy. Lord Napier, the governor of the province, gave me passage to Masulipatam upon a government boat. Mr. Grahame, an assistant collector, was sent with me to remove any difficulties which I might meet with in the interior.

On arriving, I had to select my station.

A chart of the eclipse shows that the central line, after crossing the Bay of Bengal, enters the peninsula of India at Masulipatam, and crossing the great plains formed by the delta of the Kistna, passes into a hilly country, containing several chains of mountains, on the frontier of the independent state of Nizam. After receiving and considering much information on the subject, I determined to choose the city of Guntoor, situated on this central line, half-way between the mountains and the sea. I thus avoided the sea-fogs, very frequent at Masulipatam, as well as the clouds which often hang about lofty peaks.

Guntoor is quite an important place, being the centre of a large cotton trade. This cotton comes mostly from Nizzam, and is shipped to Europe from the ports of Cocanada and Masulipatam. Several French merchants, with their families, live at Guntoor ; they are descended, generally speaking, from those ancient and numerous families which in former times were the glory of our beautiful Indian colonies.

My observatory was at the residence of M. Jules Lefaucheur, who was so kind as to place at my disposal all the first story of his house, which is in the highest and best part of the city. The rooms of this first story communicated with a large terrace, upon which I erected a temporary structure suitable for the observations intended.

The instruments were several achromatic lenses of six inches aperture, and a Foucault telescope of twenty-one centimetres. The former were all mounted upon one stand. The general movement was given by a mechanism constructed by Messrs. Brunner Bros., which enabled one to follow the sun by a simple rotation.

The apparatus was furnished with finders of two and two and three quarter inches aperture, which were themselves good astronomical glasses. In spectral analysis, these finders have a peculiar importance ; for by means of them the precise point of the object under examination is known, to which the slit of the spectroscope in the principal telescope is directed. It is therefore necessary that the cross-wires, or in general the sights placed in the field of the finder, should correspond with great exactness with the slit of the spectral apparatus, and I had, of course, taken great care to secure this essential point. Special micrometers were also provided, to measure rap-

idly the height and angle of position of the protuberances. As for the spectroscopes, I had chosen them of different magnifying powers, so as to answer to the different requirements of the various phenomena. Finally, the apparatus carried, at the eye-piece end, screens of black cloth, forming a dark chamber, in order to preserve the sensibility of the eye.

Besides these instruments, intended for the principal observations, I had brought a full set of very delicate thermometers, made with great skill by M. Baudin ; also some portable spy-glasses, hygrometers, barometers, etc. Thus I was able to turn to account the kindness of MM. Jules, Arthur, and William Lefaucheur, who offered their services for the subsidiary work. M. Jules, who is a good draughtsman, undertook to sketch the eclipse. An excellent telescope, of three inches aperture, furnished with cross-wires, was assigned to his use ; he practised with it the representation of the expected phenomena by means of artificial imitations of eclipses. The thermometric observations were given to M. Arthur, who was also directed to ascertain the brilliancy of the protuberances and of the corona at the moment of totality, by a very simple photometric process.

I was assisted in my own operations by M. Redier, a young subaltern, whom the commander of the steamer *L'Imperatrice* had supplied to me. The services of M. Redier, who has excellent observing qualities, were very useful to me.

The time which remained before the eclipse was employed in preliminary study and practice, which served to familiarize us with the handling of our instruments, and suggested to me various improvements in them.

The day approached, but the weather did not promise to be favorable. It had rained for some time all along the coast. These rains were considered as extraordinary and exceptional. Fortunately, they moderated gradually before the 18th; and on that day the sun rose unclouded, and dimmed only by a mist out of which it soon passed; and at the time when our telescopes showed us that the eclipse began, it was shining with its full splendor.

Every one was at his post, and the observations immediately commenced. During the first phases some thin vapors passed before the sun, which interfered somewhat with the thermometric measurements; but, as the moment of totality approached, the sky became sufficiently clear.

Meanwhile the light diminished sensibly, surrounding objects appearing as if seen by moonlight. The decisive moment was near, and we waited for it with some anxiety; this anxiety took nothing from our powers of observation, it rather stimulated and increased them; and it was, besides, fully justified by the grandeur of the spectacle which nature was preparing for us, and by the consciousness that the fruits of our thorough preparations and of a long voyage would depend on the use now made of a few minutes.

The solar disc was soon reduced to a narrow bright arc, and we redoubled our attention. The slits of the spectroscopes were kept precisely upon the part of the moon's limb where the last light of the sun would be seen, so that they would be directed to the lower regions of the solar atmosphere at the moment of contact of the discs.

The total obscuration occurred instantaneously, and the spectral phenomena also changed immediately

in a very remarkable manner. Two spectra, formed of five or six very bright lines—red, yellow, green, blue, and violet—occupied the field in place of the prismatic image of the sun which had just disappeared. These spectra, about one minute (of arc) long, corresponded line for line, and were separated by a dark space in which I could see no lines.

The finder showed that these two spectra were caused by two magnificent protuberances which were now visible on each side of the point of contact. One of them, that on the left, was more than three minutes (or one tenth of the sun's diameter) in height; it looked like the flame of a furnace, rushing violently from the openings of the burning mass within, and driven by a strong wind. The one to the right presented the appearance of a mass of snowy mountains, with its base resting on the moon's limb, and enlightened by a setting sun. These appearances have been carefully drawn by M. Jules Lefaucheur. I will therefore only remark before quitting the subject, which I shall have to treat subsequently under a special aspect, that the preceding observation shows at once:

1st. The gaseous nature of the protuberances, (the lines being bright.)

2d. The general similarity of their chemical composition, (the spectra corresponding line for line.)

3d. Their chemical species, (the red and blue lines of their spectrum being no other than the lines C and F of the solar one, and belonging, as is well known, to hydrogen gas.)

Let us now return to the dark space which separated the spectra of these protuberances. It will be remembered that, at the moment of the total obscuration, the slits were tangent to the solar and lunar discs, and were therefore directed toward the circumsolar regions immediately

above the photosphere, in which regions M. Kirchhoff's theory places the atmosphere of vapors, which produces by absorption the dark lines of the solar spectrum. This atmosphere, when shining by its own light, should, according to the same theory, give a reversed solar spectrum, that is to say, one composed entirely of bright lines. This is what we were expecting and trying to verify, and it was to make the proof decisive that I had used so many precautions. But we have just seen that only the protuberances gave positive or bright-line spectra. Now, it is very certain that, if an atmosphere formed of the vapors of all the substances which have been found in the sun really existed above the photosphere, it would have given a spectrum at least as brilliant as that of the protuberances, which were formed of a gas much less dense and less luminous. It must, then, be admitted that, if this atmosphere exists, its height is so small that it has escaped notice.

I must also add that this result did not much surprise me; for my investigations on the solar spectrum had led me to doubt the reality of any considerable atmosphere around the sun, and I am more and more inclined to think that the phenomena of elective absorption, ascribed by the great physicist of Heidelberg to an atmosphere exterior to the sun, are due to the vapors of the photosphere itself, in which the solid and liquid particles forming the luminous clouds are floating. This view is not merely in harmony with the beautiful theory on the constitution of the photosphere which we owe to M. Faye, but even seems to be a necessary deduction from it.

In fine, the eclipse of the 18th of August appears to me to show that the formation of the solar spectrum cannot be explained by the theory

heretofore admitted, and I propose a correction to this theory as above indicated.

To return to the protuberances. During the total obscuration, I was much impressed by the extreme brilliancy of their spectral lines. The idea immediately occurred to me that they might be seen even when the sun was unobscured; unfortunately the weather, which became cloudy after the eclipse, did not allow me to try the experiment on that day. During the night, the method and the means presented themselves clearly to my mind. Rising the next morning at three, I prepared for these new observations. The sun rose quite clear; as soon as it had risen from the haze of the horizon, I began to examine it, placing the slit of the spectroscope, by means of the finder, upon the same place where, the day before, I had seen the protuberances.

The slit, being placed partly on the solar disc and partly outside, gave, of course, two spectra, that of the sun and that of the protuberances. The brilliancy of the solar spectrum was a great difficulty; I partially avoided it by hiding the yellow, the green, and the blue portions, which were the most brilliant. All my attention was directed to the line C, dark for the sun, bright for the protuberance, and which, coming at a rather faint part of the spectrum, was seen with comparative ease.

I had not examined the right hand or western part of the protuberant region long when I suddenly noticed a small bright red line, forming an exact prolongation of the dark line G of the sun. Moving the slit so as to sweep methodically the region which I was exploring, this line remained, but changed its length and its brilliancy in the different parts, showing

a great inequality in the height and brightness of the various parts of the protuberance. This examination was resumed at three different times, and the bright line always appeared in the same circumstances. M. Redier, who assisted me with much interest in these experiments, saw it as well as I, and soon we could even predict its appearance by merely knowing what region we were examining. Soon after, I ascertained that the line F showed itself simultaneously with G.

In the afternoon, I returned to the region examined in the morning ; the bright lines again showed themselves, but they indicated great changes in the distribution of the protuberant matter ; the lines broke up sometimes into isolated fragments which would not unite with the principal one, notwithstanding the shifting of the slit. This suggested the existence of scattered clouds formed during the forenoon. In the region of the great (or left hand) protuberance, I found some bright lines, but their length and arrangement showed that great changes had also occurred here.

These first observations already showed that the coincidence of the lines G and F was real, and that hydrogen was certainly the most important element in these circumsolar masses. They also established the rapidity of the changes which these bodies undergo, which cannot be perceived during the short duration of an eclipse.

The following days, I availed myself of all the opportunities allowed by the weather to apply and perfect the new method, at least as far as was permitted by the character of the instruments, which had not been constructed to suit this new idea.

Observing very attentively the lines of the protuberances, I have some-

times noticed that they penetrated into the dark lines of the solar spectrum, showing thus that the protuberance extends over part of the sun's disc. This result was naturally to be expected ; but the interposition of the moon has always made its proof impossible during eclipses.

I will also detail here an observation made on the 4th of September at a favorable time, which shows how rapidly the protuberances change their form and position.

At 9h. 50m., the examination of the sun showed a mass of protuberant matter in the lower part of the disc. To determine its shape, I used a method which may be called chronometric, since time is employed in it as the standard of measure.

In this method, the telescope is placed in a fixed position, so chosen that by the diurnal movement of the sun all parts of the region to be explored shall come in turn into the field of the spectroscop ; and at determinate times the length and situation of the spectral lines successively produced are noted.

The time occupied by the sun's disc in passing before the slit gives the value of a second of time in minutes of arc. This, combined with the length of the lines estimated in the same unit, gives the means for a graphic representation of the protuberance.

The application of this method to the study of the solar region just mentioned as seen on this occasion, showed a protuberance extending over about thirty degrees (or one twelfth) of the sun's circumference, ten of which were east of the vertical diameter, and twenty west. Near the extremity of the western part, a cloud was lying, distant one and a half minutes, or one twentieth of the sun's diameter, from its limb. This cloud, about two minutes long and



one high, was parallel to the limb. One hour afterward, a new drawing showed that the cloud had risen rapidly, and taken a globular form. But its movements soon became still quicker; for ten minutes later, at eleven o'clock, the globe was enormously extended in a direction perpendicular to the limb and to its previous position. A little mass of matter was also detached from the lower part, and hung between the sun and the main body of the cloud. Thick weather coming on prevented further observations.

To resume our remarks. Considered in regard to its principle, the new method is based upon the difference of the spectral properties of the protuberances and of the photosphere. The light of the latter emanates from solid or liquid particles, which are incandescent, and is incomparably brighter than that of the former; so that these have hardly been visible hitherto, except during eclipses. But the case is quite altered when we use the spectra of these bodies. For the solar light is spread over the whole extent of its spectrum, and thus much weakened; while that of the protuberances, on the contrary, is condensed into a few lines whose intensity bears some proportion to that of the corresponding solar ones. Hence their lines are quite easily seen in the field, together with those of the sun, though their ordinary images are entirely effaced by the dazzling light of the photosphere.

Another very fortunate circumstance for the new method comes to the support of the one just mentioned, namely, that the bright lines of the protuberances answer to the dark ones of the solar spectrum. Hence they are not only more easily seen in their own proper field, outside and on the edge of the solar

spectrum, but they can even be followed into the interior of the latter, and by this means the protuberances can be traced upon the globe of the sun itself.

As regards the determination of chemical composition, the methods followed during total eclipses always carried with them some uncertainty; since, in the absence of the sun's light, graduated scales had to be employed to fix the position of the lines. The new method enables us to compare the two spectra directly.

As to the results obtained during the brief period in which this method has been used, they are as follows:

1st. That the luminous protuberances observed during total eclipses belong unquestionably to the circum-solar regions.

2d. That these bodies are mainly or entirely composed of incandescent hydrogen gas.

3d. That they are subject to movements of which no terrestrial phenomenon can give us any idea; since, though they are masses of matter having several hundred times the volume of the earth, they change completely their form and position in the course of a few minutes.

Such are the principal facts arrived at. I hope, notwithstanding the state of my eyes—fatigued by protracted experiments upon the subject of light—that I shall be able to continue my labors, and have the honor of submitting the results to the Bureau.

In conclusion, I will add, that I have also had an opportunity to continue my researches on the spectrum of the vapor of water. The climate of India, which is very moist at present, is quite favorable to these investigations. I am inclined to attribute to this spectrum a continually increasing importance. The whole series of my observations here, and

at Paris has made me confident of an elective action upon all the solar rays as far as the extreme violet, though in the latter such an action

is much more difficult to establish with certainty. These experiments will form the subject of a separate communication.

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## WHO SHALL TAKE CARE OF THE POOR?

### FIRST ARTICLE.

THE duty of caring for the poor, which Christ laid upon his church, has been assumed in modern times by the civil power ; and governments have sought, by legislative enactments and political machinery, to fill the place of those ecclesiastical charities which disappeared in the convulsions of the sixteenth century. It is needless to say that their attempts have failed, and that the problem, "Who shall take care of the poor?" is still, in all Protestant countries, practically unsolved. We feel, therefore, that no apology is necessary for entering upon its discussion here, and that any light which may be thrown upon the subject by ourselves or others will tend to elucidate one of the most perplexed and difficult social questions of the present age.

There are certain fundamental principles which any examination of this subject, from a Christian point of view, must assume, and in accordance with which all Christian theories and practice concerning it must proceed.

These principles may be thus briefly stated :

I. That the care of the poor involves upon those who continue the mission of Christ in the redemption of mankind and accept and obey his command, "Feed my flock;" upon

those whose discipline of character, at once personal and corporate, enables them to help the helpless, to reform the vicious, and to conciliate the dangerous, while their organization affords a guarantee of persistence in these good works and of the proper use of the means confided to them ; in a word, upon those who combine the attributes of a providence at once universal and discerning, with equity in administration and energy in execution.

II. That the principle of action, by which this work alone can be effected, is what may be termed "absorbent substitution," that is, the voluntary assumption of poverty out of practical sympathy with the poor.

III. That the legitimate effect of this action is to encourage, aid, and guide the poor to help themselves, and to infuse into them that love for their neighbor which, by this mediation, becomes reciprocal.

IV. That the established means by which this work must be performed are, first : The church in her collective capacity ; second, the orders of charity ; third, the variously constituted beneficial societies ; fourth, the hand of private Christian charity, the latter of which, in the discussion of this question as a public one, does not, however, enter into our

consideration. The three first mentioned are often found united in the same community: the church, represented by the congregation, containing Sisters of Charity or Mercy, and also assistant orders of pious persons, who, though bound by no vows, work in the world and aid the other orders with their purse and influence. Still, those who take the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and who, in organized communities, devote themselves to works of charity, must be regarded as the most perfect organs of this Christian work. And these become thus voluntarily poor, self-denying, and exclusive, because not only is the healthy soul fortified and preserved in spiritual power by privation of the pleasures of the senses, but poverty itself becomes ennobled by the assumption, and its degradation disappears.

Treating these principles, for the present, as self-evident, we now inquire:

Who are *our* poor, and how shall they be cared for?

Upon this question, the Catholic Church cannot limit her providential mission or assume a sectarian attitude. While preaching, by example, to the pious and humane of every creed, the zeal of active charity, she must extend her benefits to all those who need and seek her, without favor or distinction. This she must do to be consistent with her own historic record, and to fulfil the behest of her Lord.

Wherever Christian faith and love exist, "by their works ye shall know them." Charity is the test of the Catholic faith. Our Douay Catechism says that "the first fruit of the Holy Ghost is charity." Then it tells us what charity means, in the language of its effects, namely, "To feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to visit and ransom

captives, to harbor the harborless, to visit the sick, to bury the dead:" a very matter of fact definition, but which implies that,

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The practice of charity alone can reconcile mankind by dissipating schism, and by thus re-establishing their union, secure the triumph of the Christian church over the world.

This universal unity of spirit employs in its methods of action many distinct organs and corresponding varieties of function, and the time-honored maxim, *Una fides, una domus*, "One faith, one house," and the obedience to constituted authority, bind in the circle of good-will those orders which, though each adopts a particular rule and special use, amicably co-operate in their separation, like the branches of the same vine.

Whatever principles of action experience has sanctioned in Catholic charities, commend themselves alike to all Christians.

"Why is it," asks Mrs. Jameson, "that we see so many women, carefully educated, going over to the Catholic Church? For no other reason than for the power it gives them to throw their energies into a sphere of definite utility, under the control of a high religious responsibility."

To each of the notable aspects of human affliction corresponds, in the history of Christendom, one or more orders consecrated to its relief, and, far from being confined to mere palliative expedients, organic efforts toward the radical cure of our social evils have been developed under the influence of the Catholic Church.

Distinctive characters of the Catholic orders, though not confined to them, are celibacy and community of property. A bond of union purely spiritual dissolves and replaces those

ties which develop the personality of the individual.

No fair comparison can be instituted between Catholic and Protestant orders of charity, for the simple reason that marriage and the family, which perpetuate secular estates by entail or inheritance, or seek, in the exchange of love, an earthly heaven, act as effectual dissolvents on religious orders consecrated to a special work. The vitality of the Episcopalian charities, St. John's and St. Luke's, is now undergoing this experiment, to-wit: Can the requisite number of efficient nurses and officers be maintained without binding vows? Can the service of the order be organized with influences that shall counterpoise the temptations of worldly vanities and interests, the powerful attraction of the sexes, and the honorable ambition of becoming one's self a focus of social radiation?

Of course, it is not necessary to the effectiveness of a given service that it should always be rendered by the same individuals; but numbers avail not without discipline; and, while relays and successions are allowed, they must not be too frequent. The sacrifice of personal liberty, to a certain extent, is indispensable to the order and efficiency of co-operative charity. Hence it is not surprising that the first attempts in England to constitute Episcopalian orders of charity should generally have failed. This impulse was due to the humiliating lesson of the Crimean war, when Sisters of Charity and Mercy flocked from all Europe to the assistance of the French sick and wounded, when similar orders of the Greek Church came to befriend the afflicted Russian soldiers; but the English were perishing miserably, until their unlooked-for succor by the intervention of

Miss Florence Nightingale and her heroic band.

The necessity thus apprehended, to fall back on the institutions of Catholicity, has recently occasioned the formation of orders, who take the vow of chastity, poverty, and obedience. Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of the *Contemplative Life* may be seen in London, repairing to chapel through deserted streets in the early morning hours. Will such vows, unsanctioned by the public opinion of Protestant countries, be really binding? How has it proved at Valle Cruce?

Oppressed and alarmed by the increase of pauperism, and the worse than inefficiency of her poor-rates and secular measures of pauper-relief, England now feels that she has committed something near akin to suicide in the destruction of her religious orders. No longer "merry and wise," her political economists are splitting hairs to find just what pittance may suffice to keep the poor from dying of hunger without making them more comfortable than others whose pride refuses alms, so as not to set a premium on idleness.

"The notion popularized by Cobbett," says Herbert Spencer, arguing the question, "that every one has a right to a maintenance out of the soil, leaves those who adopt it in an awkward predicament. Do but ask them to specify, and they are set fast. Assent to their principle; tell them you will assume their title to be valid; and then, as a needful preliminary to the liquidation of their claim, ask for some precise definition of it; inquire what is a maintenance. They are dumb! Is it, say you, potatoes and salt, with rags and a mud cabin? or is it bread and bacon, in a two-roomed cottage? Will a joint on Sundays suffice? or does the demand include meat and malt,

liquor daily? Will tea, coffee, and tobacco be expected? and if so, how many ounces of each? Are bare walls and brick floors all that is needed? or must there be carpets and paper-hanging? Are shoes considered essential? or will the Scotch practice be approved? Shall the clothing be of fustian? If not, of what quality must the broadcloth be? In short, just point out where, between the two extremes of starvation and luxury, this something called a maintenance lies. How else shall we know whether enough has been awarded, or whether too much? One thinks that a bare subsistence is all that can fairly be demanded. Another hints at something beyond. A third maintains that a few of the enjoyments of life should be provided for. And some of the more consistent, pushing the doctrine to its legitimate result, will rest satisfied with nothing short of community of property."

What this argument renders most apparent is, the necessity for an umpire, or mediatorial power, between collective society and the individual or family requiring aid, a power sympathetic alike with those who have more, and with those who have less, than necessity demands, and whose social position shall derive, from a source superior to either, a *prestige* which will inspire confidence in its discretion and give a certain authority to its decisions. If personal beneficence or corporate guarantees suffice for the relief of sufferers, or to obtain for those able and willing the opportunity of suitable employment, the mediatorial power will not interfere. If, on the other hand, appeal be made to it, it may act either by the exercise of its own faculties, or as the trustee of social goods; a mutual intelligence bureau of higher grade than our ordinary business offices. Such a function the Catholic

Church and its orders of charity fulfilled in England, and may yet fulfil in America.

Mr. John Stuart Mill well observes, that the state cannot undertake to discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving indigent. It owes no more than subsistence to the first, and can give no less to the last. Since it must provide subsistence for the criminal poor while undergoing punishment, not to do the same for the poor—who have not offended—is to give a premium to crime. Guardians and overseers are not fit to be trusted to give or withhold other people's money according to their verdict on the morality of the person soliciting it, and it would show much ignorance of the ways of mankind to suppose that such persons, even in the almost impossible case of their being qualified, will take the trouble of ascertaining and sifting the past conduct of a person in distress, so as to form a rational judgment on it. Private charity can make these distinctions, and, in bestowing its own money, is entitled to do so according to its own judgment.

It is admitted to be right that human beings should help one another; and the more so in proportion to the urgency of the need. In all cases of helping, we distinguish the consequences of the assistance itself, and the consequences of relying on the assistance. The former are generally beneficial, but the latter for the most part injurious; so much so, in many cases, as greatly to outweigh the value of the benefit. There are few things more mischievous than that people should rely on the habitual aid of others for the means of subsistence, and unhappily there is no lesson which they more easily learn. The problem to be solved is, how to give the greatest amount of needful help with the smallest en-

couragement to undue reliance on it. Energy and self-dependence are, however, liable to be impaired by the absence of help as well as by its excess. It is even more fatal to exertion to have no hope of succeeding by it than to be assured of succeeding without it. When the condition of any one is so disastrous that his energies are paralyzed by discouragement, assistance is a tonic, not a sedative. It braces instead of deadening the active faculties, always provided that the assistance is not such as to dispense with self-help by substituting itself for the person's own labor, skill, and prudence, but is limited to affording him a better hope of attaining success by those legitimate means. This accordingly is a test to which all plans of philanthropy should be brought, whether intended for the benefit of individuals or of classes, and whether conducted on the voluntary or the government principle.

Overlooking the spiritual forces which religious charity brings to bear in elevating the moral tone of character, Mr. Mill finds the foregoing principles well applied by the English Poor-Law of 1834, because, while it prevents any person, except by his own choice, from dying of hunger, it leaves their condition as much as possible below that of the poorest who find support for themselves. Mr. Mill's logic here seems to arrive at the *reductio ad absurdum*; for the state of these poorest of the working poor, whom pride forbids to claim pauper relief, is too distressing for charity, acting only below that level, to be of any avail. Usually inclined to the most liberal and humane views, Mr. Mill has here given way to a Protestant prejudice, which regards as ill-advised the more whole-souled Catholic style of charity. The following extract from De Vere's work

shows the contrast, and affords a good answer to this overcautiousness about doing too much. All depends upon the spirit in which charity is bestowed; it should be cordial, not humiliating and distressing:

"Most of the Sisters are from the class of servants and needle-women; but there are many who, having been brought up to enjoy all the comforts and even elegances of life, have willingly renounced all to make themselves the humblest servants of the poor, to wash, and cook, and *beg* for those who have been beggars all their lives. The secret of all this lies in this, that the Sisters see, in their poor, Jesus Christ himself, to wait on whom must be their highest glory. From this, then, springs the most delightful interchange of feeling between the Sisters and their pensioners; for these poor people reverence with the liveliest gratitude those who seem to them as the angels of God sent to redeem them from all their misery and wretchedness, to comfort their bodies, and enlighten their souls. The change wrought in the old people after they have been with the Sisters a little while, is said to be most remarkable. From being fractious, complaining, and idle, they grow cheerful and contented in the highest degree, and every one is anxious to do something to contribute to the common stock. '*Our houses, our Sisters,*' they say—a type of the perfect union which reigns amongst them. Everything is done by the Sisters to cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness; they are treated as children, and every opportunity is embraced of making them a little festival. The beautiful simplicity of childhood seems to return in all its fulness to these poor creatures, whose lives have been spent in vice and misery. From a state approaching to brutality, they revive even to gaiety. Well may they say as they do, 'We never were happy until we came here.' On great occasions they sing and dance, and the Sisters join with them. When the anniversary of the house of Rouen was lately celebrated, the old woman who had been the first pensioner was crowned as the queen of the day, and her lowly seat decked with flowers, whilst her aged companions cheered her with the heartiest good will.

"The tender regard with which the Sisters cherish the poor on whom they wait, calls forth the best feelings of their hearts, so long dead to every human charity. They respond by the most refreshing cordiality; but truly hearts could not resist the winning

kindness with which they are invariably treated. One little incident may illustrate how above all selfish considerations the law of kindness prevails: One old woman was anxious to be received among the 'Little Sisters' somewhere in France. Her case well deserved the privilege, but the old woman insisted on bringing also into the house her hen and her sparrow. Without these companions, she would not enter; she would rather forego the advantage offered to her. The old woman, her hen, and her sparrow were all admitted together, anything rather than lose an opportunity of doing good.

"Selfishness cannot long exist where such examples of self-denial are ever present in these Sisters. They take the worst of everything for themselves. Even in the longest established houses there are no chairs except for the old people; the Sisters 'sit upon their heels.' A Jesuit father, on one day visiting one of the houses, found the Sisters just sitting down to dinner. They had nothing to drink out of but odd and broken vessels, mustard-pots, jam-pots, etc.; all in such a dilapidated condition that the good father hastened off the very first penitent, who came to him for confession, with an injunction to buy a dozen of glasses and send them to the house of his '*Petites Sœurs*.' Such is their voluntary poverty!

"Every time a house is opened, so soon as a sufficient number of poor are collected, a retreat is preached. The fruits of these retreats, in those who have been so long absent from the sacraments, is wonderful. Thus the house is furnished with those who serve to set a good example to all those who are afterward admitted.

"Nothing can exceed the gratitude of these poor creatures when reconciled with God. They embrace the Sisters with tears. 'It is seventy-five years since I drew near to God,' said one; 'and now I am going to receive him to-morrow.' A poor barber who had lost the use of his hands through rheumatism, and, being unable to exercise his profession, had fallen into such a state of destitution that he was thankful to accept an asylum in one of the houses of the 'Little Sisters,' was observed, after his confession, to be looking at his hands. 'What are you doing?' was asked of him. 'I am looking at the finger of God,' he replied. This spirit of resignation and gratitude is nearly universal, and the Sisters are not without their consolation even in this world."

To the special ministry of the Sisterhoods of Charity have been assigned the sick, infirm, and aged

poor, whom all regard as proper objects of relief and pious care. We have shown, in our October number, how well they satisfied alike the Christian and the economic need. Mrs. Jameson, in the work there referred to,\* has strongly contrasted the conditions of the "English work-house system" (which is the same as ours) with the religious management not only of the sick-poor, but also of the criminal and most degraded classes. Take, for instance, the Austrian prison at Neudorf. This prison is an experiment which as yet had only had a three years' trial when Mrs. Jameson visited it, but had already succeeded so well, both morally and economically, that the Austrian government was preparing to organize eleven others on the same plan. It began by the efforts of two humane ladies to find a refuge for those wretched creatures of their own sex who, after undergoing their term of punishment, were cast out of the prisons. They obtained the aid of two Sisters of a religious order in France, devoted to the reformation of lost and depraved women. Government soon enlarged their sphere of action, and confided to them the administration of a prison, penitentiary, and hospital, with several buildings and a large garden.

"In its management, I found more than two hundred criminals, separated into three classes. The first class consisted of desperate characters, the refuse of the prisons at Vienna, who are brought under a strong armed guard, bound hand and foot. Their appearance was either stupid, gross, and vacant or frightful from the predominance of evil propensities. The second class, drafted from the first, were called the penitents, and showed, in the expression of their countenances, an extraordinary change from the newly arrived. They were allowed to assist in the house, to cook and to wash, and to work in the garden, which last was a great boon. There were more than fifty of these, and they were, at least, humanized. The

\* *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant.*

third class were the voluntaries who, when their term had expired, preferred remaining in the house and were allowed to do so. Part of the profit of their work was retained for their benefit.

"Twelve women, aided by three chaplains, a surgeon, and a physician, none of whom resided in the establishment, managed the whole. They had dismissed the soldiers and police-officers, finding that they needed no other means of constraint than their dignity, good sense, patience, and tenderness. There was as much of frightful physical disease as there was of moral disease, crime, and misery. Two Sisters acted as chief nurses and apothecaries. The ventilation and cleanliness were perfect. When I expressed my astonishment that so small a number of women could manage such a set of wild and wicked creatures, the answer was, 'If we want assistance, we shall have it; but it is as easy with our system to manage three hundred as one hundred or as fifty. The power is not in ourselves, it is granted from above.' Here men and women were acting together; and in all the regulations, religious and sanitary, there was mutual aid, mutual respect, and interchange of experience; but the Sisters were subordinate only to the chief civil and ecclesiastical authorities; the internal administration rested with them."

The "Little Sisters of the Poor" have inspired the following remarks, which apply to many other orders actively engaged in works of charity:

"Their records demonstrate that religious institutions do, effectually and cheaply, what the clumsy and lifeless machinery of the state does at an enormous cost and peril, with a very questionable preponderance of gain over loss. Charity is a religious work, and these orders are specially qualified, as religious, to lead the charity of the country; they have a special vocation and a supernatural aim; they unite the strongest motives for individual exertion with the highest development of the co-operative system; they are free from the impediments of other parties; what they give establishes no legal or political right, yet it recognizes a moral claim and provides for a human want. In addressing the statesmen of this country, we can prove that one thousand dollars a year, thus wisely spent in well-organized charity, goes twice as far as two thousand dollars a year spent with a blundering alternation of prodigality and cruelty, such as characterizes

the management of our secular charities. Organic bodies contain within themselves a principle of endless adaptation. The church, herself an organic body, is the fruitful mother of all such organizations as the moral needs of man require; nor is there any reason to doubt that she can help the modern pauper as readily as the captives, the lepers, and the laborers in mines for whom her mediæval orders worked. 'The recent institution of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' derives a peculiar interest from the mode in which it approaches that special trial of modern society, pauperism, and it may, with the divine blessing, advance from its present humble beginning to enterprises which, alike on the ground of theology and of sound political economy, are beyond the efforts of the most beneficent governments now existing.'"

The gospels abundantly attest the loving and tender behavior of Christ toward the poor and the afflicted of every class. It is important to note how lively and loyal is the tradition of this conduct in the Christian church, from its earliest periods to our own day. It was a favorite turn in the mediæval legends of charity that our Lord should reveal himself, even in the body, to those who had, for his love, consoled some poor object of compassion. It is written of St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, that she kept always near her, and herself served, thirteen sick poor, in memory of Christ and the twelve apostles.

"Among the sick was a poor little leper named Helias, whose condition was so deplorable that no one would take charge of him. Elizabeth, seeing him thus abandoned by all, felt herself bound to do more for him than for any other; she took and bathed him herself, anointed him with a healing balm, and then laid him in the bed, even that which she shared with her royal husband. Now it happened that the duke returned to the castle whilst Elizabeth was thus occupied. His mother ran out immediately to meet him, and when he alighted she said, 'Come with me, dear son, and I will show thee a pretty doing of thy Elizabeth.' 'What does this mean?' said the duke. 'Only come,' said she, 'and thou wilt see one she loves much better than thee.' Then, taking him by the hand, she led him to his chamber and to his bed, and



said to him, 'Now look, dear son, thy wife puts lepers in thy bed without my being able to prevent her. She wishes to give thee leprosy, thou seest it thyself.' On hearing these words, the duke could not repress a certain degree of irritation, and he quickly raised the covering of his bed; but, at the same moment, the Most High unsealed the eyes of his soul, and, in place of the leper, he saw the figure of Jesus Christ crucified extended on his bed. At this sight he remained motionless, as did his mother, and began to shed abundant tears without being able at first to utter a word. Then, turning round, he saw his wife, who had gently followed in order to calm his wrath against the leper. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'my dear, good sister, I pray thee often to give my bed to such guests. I shall always thank thee for this, and be thou not hindered by any one in the exercise of thy virtue.' Then he knelt and prayed thus to God, 'Lord, have mercy upon me a poor sinner. I am not worthy to see all these wonders.' \* \*

For the many illustrations of the wonderful diffusion of benevolence in the early ages of the Christian church, in contrast with the truculent spirit of the contemporaneous paganism, see Rev. Dr. Manahan's *Triumph of the Catholic Church*, etc.

We recall here the mention of John, Patriarch of Alexandria, who asked of his clergy a register of all the poor and destitute in that city. "Go," said he, "and get me a full list of my masters."

From the Theodosian code, it appears that the church owned large vessels, employed either in bringing to some dioceses provisions for their own flocks, or in sending help to the most afflicted communities, from Egypt even unto Gaul.

"The Cenobites, or Monks of the Desert," says St. Augustine, "used to freight these ships of charity with grain, obtained by them in exchange for the mats and baskets which they manufactured." The vast hospital, founded by St. Basil, of Cappadocia, near Cæsarea, is called by St. Gre-

gory "a new city built for the sick and poor."

Hospitals were so great an innovation on the customs of the ancient classic world, that the Emperor Julian, surnamed "The Apostate," tried in vain to introduce them. Repelling the Christian doctrine, he was sensible of the influence of Christian charity, and would fain have engrafted on the pagan stock this fruit of another dispensation.

Why are the poor and afflicted especially given in charge to the church, and why does the Christian see them with quite other eyes than those of mere benevolence? Why is Christ identified, in his birth and companionship, with the poor? Why are the most suffering classes the first objects of his care and mediation?

If it is written that "He who shall give to one of my disciples only so much as a cup of cold water in my name, shall not lose his reward," it is also written that the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, the prisoner, are all our brethren in Christ. It is by virtue of that susceptibility, which the exercise of charity develops in us, that we become consciously "members one of another in the body of Christ."

Jesus Christ came to awaken in humanity a conscience including our neighbor, a conservative instinct embracing the relations of the individual with the species, unlimited by family, clan, or nation; and which transcends the analysis of a Malthus, a Locke, or a La Rochefoucauld.\*

The suffering persons or classes are the atoms, the organs, or the

\* That Sister of the Poor, whom you pass in the street with her basket, and perhaps look down upon as on a creature of inferior grade, is living closer to the heart of universal love, is deeper in celestial wisdom than the proud philosopher; leads a life more heroic in its abnegation and humility than the general with his bloody laurels. This is so, because the divine influx of life moulds the will and the affections, and moves the bowels of compassion long before the brain matures its schemes of action.

\* Montalembert, *Life of St. Elizabeth*.

local points where the life of humanity is threatened or compromised; thither, with unwonted energy, must its vital resources be directed; and how directed? Here we find the contrast between the spirit of Christ and that of pagan or schismatic countries. Ignoring the true unity of man, paganism merely suppressed the effects of misery by suppressing the person of the miserable. It did not consider that the spirit of cruelty, developed or encouraged in this elimination, is itself a living cause and propagator of human misery. Religious sympathy alone could quicken the intelligence to this perception, and find something precious in the life of the wretch rescued from his wretchedness; find beneath the rags, the dirt, and the chains, beneath ignorance, the vices, and diseases, that "a man's a man for a' that." Again, Christianity discerned precious discipline of virtue in the exercise of charity, and practised it no less for the sake of the giver than that of the receiver. This is a practical commentary on the axiom of human unity or solidarity, anticipating the fuller light which may be expected from a knowledge of our ulterior destinies.

Wherever the church has nobly filled her part as the social conscience of Christendom, (a function for which the confessional so well adapts her,) she has been the intelligent mediator between those who need to give or to serve, and those who are really in need; she has maintained a social equilibrium while averting the jealousies and hatreds of classes, and by her enlightened and judicious distribution has prevented charity from ministering to vices and imposture.

"The *poor* ye shall have always with you." The worst prejudices only will interpret this saying of our

Lord so as to discourage our efforts to eliminate, from the condition of the poor, its actual vices, disgraces, and miseries. This once effected by means, the success of which experience has verified, there remains an honorable poverty due to the disinterested devotions of science, art, and social affections, in which the love of our neighbor, under divers forms, absorbs cupidity and the cares of self-preservation. The church has always encouraged vows of voluntary poverty, and directed the zeal which animated them to Christian uses. She has permitted the rich to expiate their crimes by sharing their fortunes with the poor, even by soliciting alms for them; and we are told that Roman nobles have been seen, during this very year, thus begging in the streets of Rome.

To a noble poverty belong the first years, and often the whole life, of the inventor, of the true artist, of all whose originality of conception or fidelity to the ideal transcends prudential economy. We may glance but in passing at that "Bohemia," where floating wrecks mingle in disorder with germinal forces of the social future. In proportion as the constitution of societies shall be perfected in kind and useful labors, those in whose characters friendship predominates, whether attached to holy orders like the Trappists and Sisters of Charity, or simply members of the church of Christ, will content themselves with the common *minimum*, and work in their elected spheres without care for any other material compensation. To such has Christ said: "Take no care what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed," etc. "Consider the lilies," etc. We shall not confound these noble poor with paupers, a term which comprehends indifferently the victims of

misfortune, of vice, and of disease ; deficient in faculties either corporeal or mental, or in consistency of purpose, principle, and will. *Pauperism* is not to be regarded as a state of suffering to which the Christian should be resigned ; far from being an expiation of sin, it is not only humiliation, but degradation and perversion, and owes its parasite existence to the absence or decline of Christian life.

The Catholic Church commenced an exterminating war on pauperism in those fraternal associations which sprang from the breath of the Saviour, and which its religious orders have never intermitted. Disbanded by the persecutions of the Roman empire, they rallied to works of charity ; and, gradually obtaining spiritual ascendancy over Europe, organized agriculture and the arts of peace. In the sixth century, the Benedictines and Columbans reclaimed the soils of Europe from their wilderness, and their peoples from the worst of barbarism.

The monasteries and convents, considered from the point of view of political and social economy, were agricultural, scientific, and domestic associations, with fields, gardens, and orchards, libraries, laboratories, and workshops, provided with all the means and facilities known in their age and country for the subjection of nature's resources to the progressive evolution of humanity. Fusing the nobles and the people, absorbing, in the sentiment of our common fatherhood in God and brotherhood in Christ, the invidious distinctions of caste, reconciling again in their administration the behests of spiritual culture with the exigencies of material existence and refinement of taste in letters and the arts, the monastic orders were for Christendom a most benign providence. Their charities never have been limited to the neces-

sities of mere subsistence, like the secular dolings out of *so-called* modern charity. Hearts must respond to the needs of hearts, and brains to those of brains ; in other words, the organization of Christian charity essentially embraces social life and education, intellectual and moral culture, as well as the conditions of labor, of remuneration, of lodging, of clothing, and nourishment, comprised in the guarantee of access to the soil. By separating the material from the spiritual elements of charity, Christendom retrogrades into paganism ; less brutal, less ferocious, the economic (?) workhouse system is colder and still more inhuman than those methods of summary destruction by which Greece removed her supernumerary helots, or Rome her infirm poor.

"It is not without a mingled shame and fear," says Mrs. Jameson, of the English workhouse, "that I approach this subject. Whatever their arrangement and condition, in one thing I found all alike—the want of a proper moral supervision.

"The most vulgar of human beings are set to rule over the most vulgar ; the pauper is set to manage the pauper ; the ignorant govern the ignorant ; every softening or elevating influence is absent or of rare occurrence, and every hardening and depraving influence continuous or ever at hand. Never did I visit any dungeon, any abode of crime or misery, in any country, which left me the same crushing sense of sorrow, indignation, and compassion—almost despair—as some of our English workhouses. Never did I see more clearly what must be the inevitable consequences where the feminine and religious influences are ignored ; where what we call charity is worked by a stern, hard machinery ; where what we mean for good is not bestowed but inflicted on others in a spirit not pitiful, nor merciful, but reluctant and adverse, if not cruel. Perhaps those who hear me may not all be aware of the origin of our parish workhouses. They were not designed as penitentiaries, although they have really become such. They were intended to be religious and charitable institutions, to supply the place of those conventual hospitals and charities which, with their revenues, were suppressed by Henry VIII.

"The epithet 'charitable' could never be applied to any parish workhouse I have seen. Our machine-charity is as much charity, in the Christian sense, as the praying-machines of the Tartars are piety.

"These institutions are supported by a variable tax, paid so reluctantly, with so little sympathy in its purpose, that the wretched paupers seem to be regarded as a sort of parish locusts, sent to devour the substance of the rate-payers; as the natural enemies of those who are taxed for their subsistence, almost as criminals; and I have no hesitation in saying that the convicts in some of our jails have more charitable and more respectful treatment than the poor in our workhouses. Hence, a notion prevails among the working-classes that it is better to be a criminal than a pauper—better to go to a jail than to a workhouse.

"Between the poor and their so-called guardians, the bond is anything but charity.

"A gentleman who had served the office said to me: 'I am really unfit to be a poor-law guardian; I have some vestige of humanity left in me!' Under these guardians, and in immediate contact with the poor, are a master and a matron, who keep the accounts, distribute food and clothing, and keep order. Among them some are respected and loved, others hated or feared; some are kindly and intelligent, others of the lowest grade. In one workhouse the master had been a policeman, in another the keeper of a small public-house, in another he had served in the same workhouse as porter. The subordinates are not of a higher grade, except occasionally the school-master and school-mistress, whom I have sometimes found struggling to perform their duties, sometimes quite unfitted for them, and sometimes resigned to routine and despair.

"In the wards for the old and the sick, the intense vulgarity, the melancholy dullness, mingled with a strange license and levity, are dreadful. I attribute both to the utter absence of the religious and feminine element.

"But is there not always a chaplain? The chaplain has seemed to me in such places rather a religious accident than a religious element. When he visits a ward to read and pray once a week, perhaps there is a decorum in his presence; the oaths, the curses, the vile language cease; the vulgar strife is silenced, to recommence the moment his back is turned. I remember one instance in which the chaplain had requested that the poor, profligate women might be kept out of his way. They had, indeed,

shown themselves somewhat obstreperous and irreverent. I saw another chaplain of a great workhouse so shabby that I should have mistaken him for one of the paupers. In doing his duty, he would fling a surplice over his dirty, torn coat, kneel down at the entrance of a ward, hurry over two or three prayers, heard from the few beds nearest to him, and then off to another ward. The salary for this minister for the sick and poor was twenty pounds a year. This, then, is the religious element; as if religion were not the necessary, inseparable, ever-present, informing spirit of a Christian charitable institution, but rather something extraneous and accidental, to be taken in set doses at set times. This is what our workhouses provide to awaken the faith, rouse the conscience, heal the broken spirit, and light up the stupefied faculties of a thousand unhappy, ignorant, debased human beings congregated together.

"Then as to the feminine element in a great and well-ordered workhouse, under conscientious management, (to take a favorable specimen,) I visited sixteen wards, in each ward from fifteen to twenty-five sick, aged, bedridden, or helpless poor. In each ward all the assistance given and all the supervision were in the hands of one nurse and a helper, both chosen from among the pauper women supposed to be the least immoral and drunken. The ages of the nurses might be from sixty-five to eighty years; the assistants were younger.

"The number of inmates under medical treatment in the year 1854 in the London workhouses was over 50,000, (omitting one, the Marylebone.) To these there were 70 paid nurses and 500 pauper nurses and assistants, (not more than one fifth of the number requisite for effective nursing, even if they were all able nurses.)

"As the unpaid pauper nurses have some additional allowance of tea or beer, it is not unusual for the medical attendant to send such poor feeble old women as require some little indulgence to be nurses in the sick wards."

Such is the standard of qualification, and as for their assistants, Mrs. Jameson found some of them nearly blind and others maimed of a limb. She remembers no cheerful faces; their features and deportment were melancholy, or sullen, or bloated, or harsh, and these are the nurses to whom the sick poor are confided!

"In one workhouse the nurses had a penny a week and extra beer; in another the allowance had been a shilling a month, but recently withdrawn by the guardians from motives of economy. The matron told me that while this allowance continued, she could exercise some control over the nurses, she could stop their allowance if they did not behave well; now she has no hold on them! They all drink. Whenever it is their turn to go out for a few hours, they come back intoxicated, and have to be put to bed in the wards they are set over!"

Mrs. Jameson speaks of bribery as the only means by which some of the bedridden patients could obtain help.

"Any little extra allowance of tea or sugar, left by pitying friends, went in this way. One nurse made five shillings a week by thus fleecing the poor inmates. Those who could not pay this tax were neglected, and implored in vain to be turned in their beds. The matron knows that these things exist but has no power to prevent them; she knows not what tyranny may be exercised in her absence by her deputies, for the wretched creatures dare not complain, knowing how it would be visited upon them."

In some workhouses many who can work will not; in others the inmates are confined to such labor as is degrading, such as is a punishment in prisons, which excites no faculty of attention, or hope, or sympathy, which contemplates no improvement, namely, picking oakum, etc., and this lest there should exist some kind of competition injurious to tradesmen.

As to the "out-door relief" at certain workhouses, Mrs. Jameson says it was distributed to creatures penned up for hours in foul air, who waited sullenly for the bread doled out with curses. She complains again here of the system which brings a brutal and vulgar power to bear on vulgarity or brutality, the bad and defective organization to bear on one bad and defective, "so you increase and multiply and excite, as in a hot-bed, all the material of evil instead

of neutralizing it with good, and, thus leavened, you turn it out on society to contaminate all around."

Rev. J. S. Brewer, a workhouse chaplain, in his lectures to ladies on practical subjects, writes of the insensible influence which the mere presence of ladies, their voice, their common words, their ordinary manners, their thoughts, all that they carry unconsciously about them, can exercise on the poor; but this applies to real ladies, cultivated, gentle, well-born, well-bred. There are no people more alive to gentle blood and gentle manners than the English poor. He confirms in other respects the preceding remarks of Mrs. Jameson, and says of the children:

"The disorderly girls and boys of our streets are mainly the produce of the workhouse and the workhouse schools. Over them the society has no hold, because they have been taught to feel that they have nothing in common with their fellow-men. Their experience is not of a home or parents, but of a workhouse and a governor, of a prison and of a jailer."

Nature exhibits two contrasted methods for controlling that *tendency to increase of population beyond a due proportion to the means of subsistence*, which seems to justify in the eyes of some political economists the partial destruction of the species by war. One of these methods is extermination; the other, elevation. Malthus says, in substance: I would share all my having with the poor. I would proclaim this the duty of the rich, were it possible, by even enforcing and continuing the most liberal distribution of goods, while all were working faithfully to increase the yield of the earth as fast as the mouths that consume it would multiply; but extensive observation and experience proves that, the easier life is made for the poor, the faster they increase; this increase is at a ratio so much greater than the means of

subsistence are capable of reaching, that we should soon be all paupers unless we restrain each local population within the ratio of its provisions.

Malthus understood that high-toned character and uncommon force of will were essential to the perfection of such restraint. He invokes the influence of the church and of education to this effect. One step further, however, in the filiation of ideas would have led him to perceive a supreme harmony in the equilibrium between population and subsistence, arising out of the perfection of organic types and individual characters; so that *quality is the cure of quantity*.

If it be true, as travellers affirm, that in Europe the *temperate* are divided from the *intemperate populations* by a curve which, commencing at the eastern extremity of France, intersects Berlin and terminates at Sevastopol, being the northern limit of the vine-growing countries; then, *a fortiori*, will the greatest temperance be found among peoples whose refinement not only rejects distilled liquors but the coarser qualities of wine, and will have either the very best or none.

This law is universal. Compare the order of mammifers, a high type like man or the elephant, with a low type like the rabbit or mouse. Species are more prolific with each grade in their descent. Now compare the order of mammifers with the order of fishes, passing through the birds and reptiles, embracing all vertebrate animals; still the lower are more prolific, and consequently more subject to destruction. Now compare the vertebrate type with the insect, passing through the articulate. Still the same increase of numerical ratio down the scale of life; and when we reach polyps and plants, every section, every bud, may become a complete

organism, and multiplication takes place by several methods at once—seeds, tubers, roots, suckers, buds, etc. Follow this law in the science of breeding. Even among fish, the fat and well-conditioned breed but slowly, and “ponds of misery” are kept for breeding carps. The history of the *turf* verifies similar facts in the physiology of the horse.

We no longer wonder that the hovels of the suffering poor should swarm with children; but the analogies of the animal kingdom encourage us to believe that social and industrial procedures, which convert these children into Christians and launch them in the path of a general prosperity, will itself tend to reduce the ratio of their increase by a method more expedient than those of war, pestilence, or famine.

In conclusion: If the first of these natural methods of checking population be adapted to the world of the *fall*—a world of selfishness and sin—the other method is adapted to the world of the redemption—a world of Christian co-operation and love of our neighbor. By the first method, population is reduced so effectively that the most agreeable portions of the earth's surface remain almost untouched by human culture. When, by the triumph of true religion, wars and their consequences cease to vex humanity, population may increase until it covers the area of the habitable globe, without danger of starving itself, without sinking into pauperism. The numerical population of the world may increase while its actual ratio of propagation is diminished, and is harmonized with its capacity of production. Such is the logic of charity, which in relieving suffering aims at the spiritual elevation of character and the permanent protection of mankind.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF LOUISIANA: THE AMERICAN DOMINATION. By Charles Gayarré. New York: William J. Widdleton. 1866.

This is a handsome 8vo volume of 693 pages, of which 250 are devoted to the story of the defence of New Orleans by General Jackson, and 60 pages to a sketch of leading public events from 1816 to 1861. The first chapter opens thus:

"On the 20th of December, 1803, the colony of Louisiana had passed from the domination of Spain into that of the United States of America, to which it was delivered by France after a short possession of twenty days, as I have related in a former work," (*History of Louisiana, Spanish Domination.*)

It is to be regretted, we think, that this relation of the cession is not given in the volume before us. The causes, the antecedents, the inevitable necessity of the cession, are all practically American, and, therefore properly the subject for the opening chapter of the "American Domination."

We have not seen Mr. Gayarré's preceding volume, but presume he has well told the story of the cession. It is an interesting one. Martin's *History of Louisiana* was very meagre on that point, and gave, if we remember correctly, little else than the text of the treaty. True, Martin's book was completed some forty years ago, when the author had not at hand the materials that now exist. Barbé Marbois's work was not then published.

The "American Domination," we venture to suggest, should have opened with at least a sketch or *résumé* of the state of facts immediately preceding the cession—the condition of trade between the Upper Mississippi and New Orleans, the order of Morales, (October, 1802) closing the river, the supposition throughout the West that the action of

Morales was authorized by the French government, the excitement caused by it, etc. etc.

The Mississippi to be closed!

It would be difficult at this day to convey an idea of the consternation and indignant anger of the inhabitants of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys at the announcement. The country was in a blaze of excitement. Meetings were held, resolutions passed, and, what was more significant, rifles were repaired, powder purchased, and knives sharpened.

When Germany, a few years since, sang and shouted

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien Deutschen Rhein,"

war may or may not have been imminent; but when the hunters of Kentucky and the backwoodsmen of Ohio swore, as they picked their flint-locks, "They sha'n't have the Mississippi!" the oath meant business. In their eyes the free navigation of the Father of Waters is a part of every Western man's heritage,\* and when he clears a farm in the great valley, the right freely to carry his produce down to the mouth of the Mississippi is to him simply what the lawyers would call an *easelement*, passing with the title to his acres.

Prominent on Mr. Gayarré's pages stands out the figure of Claiborne, Governor of Louisiana from 1804 to 1816. We rise from the perusal of Mr. Gayarré's book with a higher estimate than ever of this distinguished man.

Calm, prudent, wise, temperate, and magnanimous, Claiborne is one of the most admirable characters in American history. When a virulent libel was published against him, on which the attorney-general thought it his duty to

\* "No power in the world shall deprive us of this right."—*Petition to Congress.*

institute suit, Claiborne wrote him a noble letter requesting him to stop the prosecution, (p. 227.) "An officer whose hands and motives are pure," he said, "has nothing to fear from newspaper detraction, or the invectives of angry and deluded individuals. My conduct in life is the best answer I can return to my enemies. It is before the public, and has secured, and will, I am certain, continue to secure me the esteem and confidence of that portion of society whose approbation is desirable to an honest man. The lie of the day gives me no concern. Neglected calumny soon expires; notice it, and you gratify your calumniators; prosecute it, and it acquires consequence; punish it, and you enlist in its favor the public sympathy."

The story of the heroic defence of Fort Bowyer is well and spiritedly told by Mr. Gayarré, and that of the defence of New Orleans, in the various skirmishes and battles that for weeks preceded the grand culminating victory of January 8th, is, for the first time, clear and intelligible to us. Here Mr. Gayarré gives us several pages of nervous and picturesque writing. His description of "the night before the battle," and of the brave but disastrous charge of the British troops upon the American line, is excellent in spirit and in detail.

Mr. Gayarré explodes the popular story of the cotton-bale fortifications. There were none. "Some bales of cotton had been used to form the cheeks of the embrasures of our batteries, and notwithstanding the popular tradition that our breastworks were lined with it, this was the only one," etc. etc. (p. 456.)

The account of the two colored battalions which rendered such excellent service is interesting, as also Mr. Gayarré's comments on the celebrated British countersign of "Beauty and Booty."

Mr. Gayarré's history closes with a long paragraph, somewhat in the same dithyrambic vein that marks the pages of his first volume of Louisiana. He has, however, greatly improved both in style and judicious arrangement of matter, and, combining many of the best qualities of the historian with great ap-

titude of research and study, has undoubtedly made a mark in literature, his state may well be proud of, even though she be amenable to the reproach conveyed by the author at page 391.

It appears that, in 1814, Governor Claiborne advised one David McGee in regard to some literary work of the latter: "A love of letters has not yet gained an ascendancy in Louisiana, and I would advise you to seek for your production the patronage of some one of the Northern cities."

"How bitter," comments Mr. Gayarré, "is the thought that it is true! How hard it is for the veracity of the Southern historian to admit that, even in 1864, a judicious and frank adviser would be compelled to say to a man of letters, in the language used by Claiborne in 1814, "I would advise you to seek for your production the patronage of some one of the Northern cities"!"

MEMORIALS OF THOSE WHO SUFFERED FOR THE FAITH IN IRELAND in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. By Myles O'Reilly, B.A., LL.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 462.

An elegant volume, containing biographies of the martyrs of the Reformation in Ireland, which we intend to notice at length in a future number.

LECTURES ON THE LIFE, WRITINGS, AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE. By J. B. Robertson, Esq. London: John Philp. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau Street, New York.

In this volume, Professor Robertson, as an extremely conservative monarchist, and as an enthusiastic admirer of what he calls the "old temperate monarchy," best typified in modern politics by the government of England, the native land of the lecturer, treats of the history of the life, writings, and times of Edmund Burke, the most illustrious Irishman of the eighteenth century,



and, in purely civil affairs of all times, from a monarchical point of view ; and makes his lectures, which he seems to have designed for a biography of the greatest of British orators and statesmen, really the medium of an exposition of his own peculiar doctrines and opinions in the political relation, with such incidental notices of the immortal Burke as were deemed pertinent to the illustration and enforcement of the political speculations of the gifted lecturer, who appears to live and move in utter awe of "the spirit of revolution," and in utter detestation of "the sovereignty of the people" and of "the republic." The book is of value chiefly as showing how the complex affairs known as constituting the modern world are viewed by an Englishman of fine culture, eloquent expression, and very conservative instincts and sympathies.

The book is got out in Mr. Philp's best style ; the paper, type, and binding are faultless.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for the year of our Lord 1869.

This work is published in the same style as heretofore, and is, we presume, about as correct as can be expected of such a publication. There is one improvement, however, which *could* be made at the expense of *one cent* a copy, namely, to sew the book instead of *stitching* it. The way it is now bound, several pages are defaced by the large holes punched through the book.

A PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL METHOD OF LEARNING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By A. Biarnoï. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1868.

Of all the systems hitherto devised to facilitate the study of the French language, and at the same time offer to the student a method which, in its development, will prove attractive to him, we are inclined to think the present one by M. Biarnoï is in many respects to be preferred.

The idea in the invention of most of the modern systems is a good one: to give the pupil words and phrases before he is taught the rules for their grammatical construction. This is the design proposed by our author, and after an introductory article on pronunciation he gives us at once a sentence. "On nous dit que le Sultan Mahmoud, par ses guerres perpétuelles, au dehors et sa tyrannie à l'intérieur, avait rempli les états de ses ancêtres de ruine et de désolation ; et avait dépeuplé, l'Empire Persan." This sentence is thoroughly analyzed, which gives him occasion to explain: 1. Transposition and contractions of pronouns. 2. The gender and number of substantives. 3. Formation of the feminine of adjectives. 4. Of the plural of adjectives. 5. Place, elision, and contraction of the article. 6. Forms of negation. 7. Possessive pronouns. 8. Possessive, demonstrative, and indefinite adjectives, with many grammatical relations of all these. This is followed by an original set of rules to find French words to express what we know in English, how to form verbs out of substantives, and to determine, without a dictionary, the conjugation to which each of these verbs belongs.

Again we have more phrases, accompanied by running explanatory notes, and the whole couched in a familiar conversational style which cannot fail of fixing the attention and impressing the memory of the student.

The latter half of the work, under the title Recapitulation, takes up the parts of speech in more regular order.

We confess that for young beginners we would prefer a certain amount of study in the admirable work of Dr. Emile Otto, as revised by Mr. Ferdinand Bôcher for English students, before taking up the method of M. Biarnoï. The latter supposes a considerable advance in the knowledge of the English language, and he is compelled at the very outset to make use of words and phrases which, to youthful pupils, might need explanation fully as much as the corresponding ones in French. But for students in our colleges, who have already some notion of English or Latin grammar, we think this gramm

M. Biarno is one of the best, and in many respects better than any that have come under our notice.

TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL. I. IT DOES PAY TO SMOKE. II. THE COMING MAN WILL DRINK WINE. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

It was hardly possible that Mr. Parton's attack on the "smokers and drinkers" of this generation should pass without a reply. Mr. Fiske has sprung into the lists, while yet the gauntlet of the challenger has scarcely reached the ground, and has begun the battle with a force and vigor which, to say the least, must temporarily startle his opposers. Scientifically, he appears to have the advantage. There is very little of assertion; very much of authority and argument about him. His manner of dealing with the sweeping statements of his adversary is more effective than courteous. His theory of the value of alcohol and tobacco, as stimulants for daily use, is certainly plausible, and must be welcome to all who either smoke or drink, or who aspire to do so. Physiologically, also, it appears sound, and in accordance with the latest therapeutical discoveries. But it will be indeed a task of difficulty to lead Mr. Parton, or his sympathizers, into the belief that either smoking or drinking are profitable to mankind; a task equalled only by that of bringing smokers and drinkers to observe that golden mean of temperance which even Mr. Fiske admits to be of indispensable necessity.

But whatever may be the scientific merits of Mr. Fiske's treatise, we can but feel that, morally, he is on the losing side. The advantages and disadvantages of tobacco and alcohol are to be estimated by their effect upon mankind at large, as mankind uses and will use them, and not by the medical influence they exercise when taken by the proper persons, in proper quantities, at proper times. Many things are *per se* useful and beneficial which, *as used*, are sources of great injury and destruc-

tion. Some of these can scarcely be used as they ought by man in general, but become, almost inevitably, the cause of ruin and disorder. To this class we believe that tobacco and alcohol belong. Experience seems to teach that their abuse necessarily follows from their use, and that, whatever their peculiar beneficial properties, they have been, and still are, among the worst enemies of man. For this reason we regret to see any argument put into the mouths of smokers and drinkers, whereby they can quiet their own consciences or beguile others into self-indulgence; and we feel that it were safer and better that the nerve-power of the individual should waste a little faster, and the stimulus be denied, than that the misery and wretchedness which tobacco and alcohol have already occasioned should find either an increase or an apology.

A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES: Being the Reflections and Recollections of a Member of the Profession. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

But for one fault this were a charming book. There is a freshness and genial warmth about it which is very welcome to the heart of any one who has ever been "a boy." The keen appreciation of the "boy nature," of the "boy aspirations," of the "boy troubles," which the dominie, whose experience is here narrated, seems to have possessed, gives a rare relish to his sketches, and makes his book almost a story of the reader's own youth and school life. For these merits it will be read not once only but often, and will serve both to maturity and age as "a tale of the times of old—a memory of the days of other years."

The fault of which we speak is the tone of religious sentimentalism which runs through the whole book, and crops out in various flings at positive religious faith, and in innumerable expressions of an unhealthy, mawkish, self-congratulating piety. Latitudinarianism is bad enough, but when it reaches to the open contempt of dogma, and elevates the undisguised conceit which despises all

authority and law above the humility which acknowledges some truth outside its own conclusions, it becomes the worst possible kind of teaching both for boys and men. It is difficult to realize that the writer of the substance of this book should also be the author of these dangerous and disagreeable sentimentalisms.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With several first-class full-page Engravings of Historical Scenes, designed by Henry Doyle, and engraved by George Hanlon and George Pearson; together with upward of One Hundred Woodcuts, by eminent artists, illustrating Antiquities, Scenery, and Sites of Remarkable Events; and three large Maps, one of Ireland, and the others of Family Homes, Statistics, etc. 1 vol. 8vo. Nearly 700 pages, extra cloth. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau street. 1869.

We are glad to see this new and improved edition of this excellent history of Ireland. The first edition we noticed at length, on its appearance, some months ago; but the demand for it was so great that it was soon exhausted. The distinguished authoress, (Sister Mary Frances Clare,) having made several additions and improvements, presents us with a finely illustrated volume, worthy of a place on the shelves of every library, public or private, in America.

It is very important that the people of the United States should study the history of Ireland intelligently. They have, as a people, too long neglected it; and all the greater portion of them know about Ireland and her history is that which they have learned out of their school-books, and vitiated novels. In fact, our public men, writers and speakers alike, have not thought it worth their while to read Ireland's history; it was, to many of them, a country beneath

their notice, *except to slander*, by quoting her history from the biased writers of England. But those times are passed. We now have good histories enough. Besides, there is no country of Europe that has sent so many of her people to populate this country; her children or their descendants are to be found in every town and hamlet from Maine to Oregon. It is therefore incumbent on *all* American citizens, native or adopted, to study the history of that

"Isle of ancient fame,"

whose history is almost as old as that of Judea. We trust that those who have not yet done so will now procure a copy of this work. Apart from its intrinsic merits, which are manifold, there is another which is of some importance. It is sold for the benefit of the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, Ireland, which institution gives education to hundreds of poor Irish children.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

From IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co.: Analysis of Civil Government: including a topical and tabular arrangement of the Constitution of the United States. Designed as a class-book for the use of Grammar, High, and Normal Schools, Academies, and other institutions of learning. By Calvin Town, send, Counsellor-at-Law. New York. 1869.

From LEE & SHEPARD: Gloverson and His Silent Partners. By Ralph Reder. 1869.—Words of Hope. "That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1869.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.: A Few Friends, and how they Amused Themselves. A tale in nine chapters; containing descriptions of twenty pastimes and games, and a fancy dress party. By M. E. Dodge, author of Hans Brinker and The Irvington Stories. 1869.

From D. & J. SADLER & Co.: Songs of Ireland and other Lands; being a collection of the most popular Irish sentimental and comic songs. 1 vol. 18mo.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York: Essays on the Progress of Nations, in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population, etc. By Ezra C. Seaman. 1 vol. 12mo.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York: Mental Science; a Compendium of Psychology, and the History of Philosophy. By Alexander Bain, M.A. 1 vol. 12mo.

THE  
CATHOLIC WORLD.

A  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF  
GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

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VOL. VIII.

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# THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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VOL. VIII., No. 48.—MARCH, 1869.

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## AN APOSTOLIC LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

THE letter of the Holy Father which we publish below, in Latin and English, together with one from Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, have just been received from Rome. The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and those persons especially who have taken an active interest in, and have generously contributed to, the establishment of the Paulist Congregation, the Publication Society, and other associated works, will doubtless feel gratified and encouraged by the approving words with which the Holy Father has deigned to give them his sanction and apostolic blessing. These gracious words of the Vicar of Jesus Christ ought to encourage us all to redoubled efforts for the advancement of our holy religion, and such, we trust, will be their influence.

ADMODUM R. D. :

Cum Sanctissimus Dominus Noster non levi inter quibus afficitur acerbitates jucunditate ex pluribus nunciis acceperit, D. Tuam per Catholicos ephemerides curam omnem impendere ad religionis nostræ sanctissimæ studium fovendum, ad falsas doctrinas refellendas, et ad hujus Apostolicæ Sedis jura tuenda, aliquid suæ paternæ dilectionis testimonium voluit exhibere. Pergratum proinde erit D. Tuæ literas Sanctitatis suæ hisce adjectas reperire, quibus factum iri confido ut majori usque studio et alacritate inceptum opus prosequareis.

VOL. VIII.—46

VERY REVEREND SIR :

Inasmuch as the Sovereign Pontiff, our Holy Father the Pope, amid his many afflictions, has received great joy at hearing, through many different sources, that your Reverence is taking such great care to spread the knowledge of our most holy religion through Catholic publications, adapted to refute false doctrine and to defend the rights of this Apostolic See, he has desired to give you a testimony of his paternal affection. Accordingly, it will be most pleasing to your Reverence to receive, together with this, the letter of his Holiness, by which I trust you



Cui quidem benevolæ, quam Sanctissimus Pater erga Te testari voluit, voluntati propensionis meæ significationes addens, Deum precor ut D. Tuæ fausta quæque largiatur.

Romæ, ex Aed. S. Cong. de Prop. Fide, die 5 Januarii, MDCCCLXIX.

D. TUÆ.

Addictissimus,

AL. C. BARNABO, PR.

may be encouraged to pursue the work you have undertaken with still greater zeal and alacrity.

Adding to the sentiments of good will which the Holy Father declares toward you, the expression of my own regard, I pray God that He may grant to your Reverence every kind of prosperity.

Rome, Office of the S. Cong. of the Propaganda, January 5th, MDCCCLXIX.

Most affectionately,

AL. C. BARNABO, PR.

DILECTO FILIO, I. T. HECKER, PRESBYTERO AC RECTORI MISSIONARIORUM COLLEGII A S. PAULO NUNCUP., NEO-EBORACUM.

PIUS, PP. IX.

DILECTE FILI, salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem. Gaudemus, Dilecte Fili, te tui propositi memorem voce scriptisque constanter adlaborare propagandæ Catholicæ religioni dissipandisque errorum tenebris ; ac tibi gratulamur ex animo de incrementis, quæ initis a te operibus accessisse discimus. Scilicet confertæ illæ conciones, ubi Catholicam exposuisti doctrinam, quæque tui desiderium ita fecerunt aliis, ut ad nobiliores ac frequentiores inviteris ; existimatio, quam apud ipsos dissentientes ephemeridi tuæ CATHOLIC WORLD eruditio et perspicuitas compararunt ; aviditas qua passim expetuntur editi a Societate Catholica, per te coacta, libelli ; novi sodales, qui culturæ a te susceptæ fines latius porrecturi, dant familiæ tuæ nomen ; alumni tandem, qui in idem opus, se tibi tradunt excolendos, totidem sunt amplissimi fructus et deserti testes zeli solertiæque tuæ, ac cœlestis illius favoris, quo cœpta tua fœcundantur. Quod sane facile intelliges quam jucundum Nobis con-

TO MY BELOVED SON, I. T. HECKER, PRIEST AND SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY CONGREGATION OF ST. PAUL, NEW YORK.

PIUS IX., POPE.

BELOVED SON, health and apostolic benediction. We rejoice, beloved son, that you, mindful of your purpose, labor continually, by your word and writings, to spread the Catholic religion, and to scatter the darkness of error ; and We heartily congratulate you upon the increase which, as We have been informed, the works undertaken by you have received. Undoubtedly those thronged assemblies where you have set forth the Catholic doctrine, and have thereby excited in others such a desire to hear you, that you are invited to address audiences still larger and more notable ; the esteem which your periodical, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has, through its erudition and perspicuity, acquired, even among those who differ from us ; the eagerness with which the tracts and books of The Catholic Publication Society, established by you, are everywhere sought for ; the new associates who enroll themselves in your congregation to extend more widely the good work you have undertaken ; finally, the students

tingere debeat, qui id potissimum optamus, ut evangelium nunciatur omni creaturæ, ut sedentes in umbra mortis ad viam salutis adducantur, ut demum destructis erroribus universis, ubique veritatis regnum constitutur, in quo justitia et pax se invicem osculantes, humanæ familiæ reddant ordinis tranquillitatem jamdiu a monstrosis opinionum commentis abactam. Dum itaque studia tua, et eorum, qui tibi opere, subsidio, ingenio opitulantur, libentissime commendamus, maximas Deo gratias agimus, quod ipsis obsecundare voluerit; eumque rogamus, ut gratiæ suæ virtute, novos tibi jam currenti veluti stimulos addat, aliosque atque alios adjutores tibi conciliet, qui tecum industriam viresque suas conferant in commune Christiani populi bonum. Cœlestis vero favoris auspicem, et paternæ nostræ benevolentiae testem Apostolicam Benedictionem tibi tuæque Missionariorum familiæ peramanter impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum  
die 30 Decembris, 1868, Pontificatus  
Nostri Anno XXIII.



who offer themselves to you to be educated for the same work, all these are so many abundant fruits and eloquent witnesses of your zeal and skill, and of the divine favor through which your undertakings are made fruitful. You will easily understand, of course, how gratifying this must be to Us, who desire, above all things, that the gospel should be preached to every creature; that those who sit in the shadow of death should be brought into the way of salvation; that, in fine, all errors being destroyed, the reign of truth should be everywhere established; in which justice and peace, kissing each other, may restore to the human family the tranquillity of order, so long banished by the extravagances of error. While, therefore, We most cordially commend your zealous efforts, and those of your associates who contribute to the success of the same by their labor, their gifts, or their talents, We give especial thanks to God that He has condescended to second them, and We pray Him that, by the power of His grace, He may stimulate still more your already strenuous exer-

tions; and may give you more and more associates who, with you, shall bestow their industry and strength on the common good of the Christian people. And as a token of the divine favor, and an evidence of Our paternal good will, We impart most affection-

ately to you, and to your congregation of missionaries, Our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 30th of December, 1868, in the twenty-third year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS IX., POPE.

## THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS.\*

THE first series of the Essays which compose these two stout volumes appeared as long ago as 1846, and has now been revised, amended, and enlarged, and, after being long out of print, republished in connection with a second collection similar in character and general design. Mr. Seaman's purpose has been to inquire into the principal causes of the welfare of nations, such as morality, education, personal and political liberty, commercial, mechanical, and agricultural development, and those natural conditions of climate and geographical position which man has no power to modify, and to show how these causes have operated at various times and in various countries. To the adequate treatment of so vast a theme, there should be brought the labor of a life-time, the learning of a ripe scholar, and the intellect of a philosopher. Mr. Seaman, we must frankly say, has brought neither of the three. He has attempted what not one man in a thousand would be wise to attempt; and if he has failed, he has at any rate failed in very respectable company. The essays are crude and fragmentary. They lack a sustained train of thought and logical connection; they are encumbered with commonplaces and repetitions; and the statistical and historical illustrations with which they are thickly interwoven have the disadvantage of being borrowed from sources that convey no weight of authority. Citations from incompetent witnesses carry no

force, but rather weaken the effect of an author's statements.

The fundamental fault of Mr. Seaman's work is not its raggedness, however; but it is the misapprehension, with which he starts, of the meaning of his subject. He understands "Progress" merely as material prosperity. "Civilization" means nothing in his mind but "Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population." That people is the most advanced which owns the most money and wears the best clothes. The destiny of man is commerce and manufactures. The end of civil society is the acquisition of wealth. Liberty is good because it leaves man free to invent telegraphs and railroads. Government is good because trade would be impossible without it. Education is valuable because it stimulates production and regulates industry. Religion is respectable because it develops the intellectual faculties, and teaches us to restrain the appetites whose free indulgence would undermine the constitution or injure our fellow-man. We do not mean to say that Mr. Seaman teaches these doctrines in so many words. He does not know that he teaches them at all. If he ever sees this article, he will no doubt be shocked at our interpretation of his argument. Yet, pushed to their fair and by no means remote conclusions, these are the teachings to which his essays amount. He seems to forget that man was created to know and love God and promote the divine glory, and that is the highest state of civilization in which he most perfectly fulfils the end of his creation. There is no true progress except toward this

\**Essays on the Progress of Nations, in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population.* By Ezra C. Seaman. First and Second Series, 12mo. pp. 645, 659. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

end. There is no real prosperity, where this heavenly destiny is lost sight of. There is no education which keeps it not constantly in view. Mr. Seaman treats religion merely as an agency for the development of civilization, whereas it is the very essence of civilization itself. He thinks of the worship of God as a useful mental exercise, which sharpens a man's wits and makes him keener at a bargain. One who has practised his brain in theological controversy must of necessity be the clearer-headed when he has to decide between free-trade and protection, or calculate the rate of exchange and the fluctuations of stocks. But theology is not worship. Religion is a matter of the affections as well as the intellect. The unlettered peasant can praise God, and is bound to praise God, no less than the scholar. A purely intellectual religion could not be of divine origin, since it would only be suitable for a small minority of the human race; it could not be the great business of every man's life, as religion must be, if it is worth anything at all. "Happiness, in a future world as well as in this," says Mr. Seaman, "is the sovereign good of man, and constitutes the end and chief purpose of his existence." That statement may pass if you understand happiness to consist in the promotion of the divine glory; but not if you place it in bank-notes and steam-engines. These seem to be the goal of progress in our author's eyes, and he looks at nothing beyond them.

With his false conceptions of the nature of society and religion, it is not surprising that Mr. Seaman should thoroughly misapprehend the work and purpose of that divinely organized church to which we owe all the true civilization there is in the world, and all the progress we have ever made. The only thread of thought which can

be clearly discerned running through his essays, is the idea that Catholicism is the great enemy of civilization. We wish it were quite as clear by what line of argument he purposes to prove it. In one chapter, the church is an enemy to education because she does not teach the people enough. In another she is the enemy of free thought because she teaches them too much. Now her offence is neglect, now it is overmuch care. We don't see how it can be both.

"A part," he says, "and one of the most efficient parts of government in all civilized countries, consists in the education of the people." And he argues the necessity of education from the fact that "the great mass of mankind . . . are guided by imitation, precedent, and the instruction of others." They have very few ideas except those which are put into their heads by better educated people, or are derived directly from the senses. "Such people in all countries are under the influence and control . . . of the aristocracy, the clergy, the members of the learned professions, and the military and civil officers of government." The policy of the pope and the priesthood, he complains, is to retain the masses in a state of ignorance. "The Bible is kept from them; they are denied the right to read, and exercise their own individual judgments in matters of religion, but must allow their priests to read, think, and judge for them, and to form their opinions; and no efforts are made by the priests to establish common schools, or to teach the common people anything beyond the catechism, and the ceremonies and dogmas of religion, and absolute, unconditional submission in all things to their priests and rulers. Their whole efforts in matters of education are directed to founding colleges and

high-schools, for training up young men for the priesthood, and instructing and breathing their opinions into the children and youth of the aristocracy and the wealthy classes." Now, before we go any further, let us prick a few of the mistakes in this paragraph. There are so many we hardly know how to begin.

1. The Bible is *not* kept from the common people. It is freely circulated in the vernacular, and our current English version is older than the translation of King James. From the time, in fact, when Bishop Uphilas in the fifth century translated the Bible into the Gothic tongue, down to our own day, it has been the constant practice of the church to supply the faithful with correct translations of the Holy Scriptures. The use of false and garbled versions is indeed forbidden; but that is another matter altogether.

2. Catholics are *not* forbidden to read (!), nor do their priests claim the right to read and think for them, or to form their opinions. Mr. Seaman's statements on these points are so preposterous that in his cooler moments we suppose he is sorry for having made them.

3. Efforts have *always* been made by our clergy to establish schools for the common people. The first work of the parish priest after he has built his church is to build a school-house. The free education of the children of the poor has the next place in his care to the service of the altar. There is not a step in the whole system of education, from the alphabet-class to the highest university cursus, to which the Catholic Church does not devote the labor of some religious order or congregation, blessed and sanctioned and assisted by the supreme Pontiff. She does not confine, she never has confined, her solicitude to theological studies or

the education of the rich. Teaching the poor has been the chosen labor and chief glory of hundreds of her saints, and is now the crowning work of many a flourishing order, such as the Sisters of Charity, the Brethren of the Christian Schools, and similar organizations, the prime object of which, be it remarked, is the education not of the upper classes but of the mass of the population. The Jesuits are more celebrated for their colleges and higher seminaries than for rudimentary schools; but they too have their primary classes in all places where there is both need and opportunity for them; and even in their colleges where every student is supposed to pay for his education, a system of gratuitous instruction is pursued with a delicate secrecy designed to spare the poor scholar any possible mortification. Of course it is chiefly "the masses" who profit by this hidden charity. Even Mr. Seaman himself, in another part of his book, interrupts his censure of religious orders in general by a confession that many of the communities of monks and nuns have done good by devoting themselves to the education of the young: if he had not confessed it, indeed, he must have been a marvel of ignorance or dishonesty. With the history of the common-school agitation led by Bishop Hughes in New York so fresh in mind, he must be a bold partisan who would deny our anxiety to keep in the very van of educational progress. The Catholic demand for a share of the school fund was in reality a demand for the admission of our parochial schools to the common school system of the State. We were ready, nay anxious, to carry out the State programme of instruction to its fullest extent, and admit the State inspectors and examiners to scrutinize our operations whenever

they saw fit. But sectarian bigotry has imposed a double tax upon our efforts for the education of our children, and rather than we should teach them about God opposes our teaching them anything at all. We do the best we can. We pay our tax for the support of the schools we do not approve ; we pay another voluntary tax for such parish schools as our poverty can afford ; and if these are too small to receive our children and too poor to do as much for them as they would be glad to do, the fault is not ours but the law's, which deprives us of the aid to which we are justly entitled from the common fund. One thing is clear to every dispassionate observer : the Catholics do twice as much for education as any other denomination—nay, do that which no other denomination would think of attempting. A state system of gratuitous instruction is often referred to as one of the exclusive boons of Protestantism. Well, in how many of the great countries of the world, besides our own, is such a system known? Only in France and Austria, which are Catholic, and in Prussia and Scotland, which are Protestant. Protestant England has done less for popular education, and has consequently a more grossly ignorant peasantry than any other country on the globe equally advanced in general civilization. Her great universities and grammar-schools are the relics of Catholic foundations. The half a million of pounds annual income which they enjoy is drawn from Catholic endowments, perverted from their ancient uses ; and it is estimated that not more than three-fifths of this sum is actually made available for educational purposes in any way whatever. So shamelessly have these legacies of the ancient faith been misapplied, that there are masters drawing large salaries for presiding

over schools which have no scholars, and a few years ago it was found that the teachers of 708 inferior schools and 35 grammar-schools signed their returns with a mark ! Of late the government has made efforts for a reform, and the various dissenting sects have also done a great deal in the establishment of denominational schools ; but no general system of popular instruction has yet been devised. Popular education in fact is a purely Catholic idea, almost as old as Christianity itself, and the germ of the modern common-school system was in the bosom of the ancient church. "After the introduction of Christianity," says *The American Cyclopædia*, (art. "Common Schools,") "and its accession to power, the duty of the authorities to educate the young was speedily recognized by the bishops and clergy. The object of this education was of course their training in the doctrines of Christianity, but it was the first recognition of the duty of giving instruction to the masses. As early as A.D. 529 we find the council of Vaison recommending the establishment of public schools. In 800 a synod at Mentz ordered that the parochial priests should have schools in the towns and villages, that 'the little children of all the faithful should learn letters from them. Let them receive and teach these with the utmost charity, that they themselves may shine for ever. Let them receive no remuneration from their scholars, unless what the parents through charity may voluntarily offer.'" A council at Rome in 836 ordained that there should be three kinds of schools throughout Christendom : episcopal, parochial in towns and villages, and others wherever there could be found place and opportunity. The Council of Lateran in 1179 ordained the establishment of a grammar-school in every cathe-

dral for the gratuitous instruction of the poor. This ordinance was enlarged and enforced by the Council of Lyons in 1245. Thus originated the popular or common school as an outgrowth of the Christian Church." A council of the 16th century speaks of schools in the priests' houses, and the decretals abound in mention of popular instruction as one of the first duties of the clergy and one of the traditional and most ancient glories of the church. "If the important knowledge of reading and writing was spread among the people," says the socialist philosopher St. Simon, "it was owing to the church." If that knowledge, during the political and social disorders of the middle ages became so difficult of attainment that only a favored few could acquire it, it was the church alone who kept the sacred flame of learning alive in the schools and the cloisters, maintained the great universities and grammar classes in the midst of the most turbulent periods; and when society crystallized again into order, brought forth the treasure of knowledge which she had guarded so long, and gave it to the world.\* Nearly all the most famous institutions of learning in Europe are of Catholic foundation. Rome is especially well provided with schools, and the Roman College gives free instruction in the classics and the sciences. And in the face of all these facts—knowing as he must know if he has studied the "progress of nations" with a particle of intelligence, that the Catholic Church has been the most munificent patron of learning the world ever saw—Mr. Seaman has the sublime effrontery to say that "no effort has ever been made in any Catholic country to educate the mass of the people or any of the common

classes, except some few selected by the priests, to be educated and trained for the ministry," and that "the great body of Catholics seem to be studiously kept in profound ignorance, that they may be managed and governed the more easily"! It seems to us it would be a good and a just thing if the penalties against malpractice by which the law protects the medical profession from ignorant charlatans could be extended to the profession of literature. There is a graceful compliment to the literature of the Catholic Church in Matthew Arnold's essay on "The Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment." For the benefit of Mr. Seaman and his class we cite the passage nearly at full length:

"In spite of all the shocks which the feeling of a good Catholic has in this Protestant country inevitably to undergo, in spite of the contemptuous insensibility to the grandeur of Rome which he finds so general and so hard to bear, how much has he to console him, how many acts of homage to the greatness of his religion, may he see if he has his eyes open! I will tell him of one of them. Let him go, in London, to that delightful spot, that Happy Island in Bloomsbury, the reading-room of the British Museum. Let him visit its sacred quarter, the region where its theological books are placed. I am almost afraid to say what he will find there, for fear Mr. Spurgeon, like a second Caliph Omar, should give the library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of the Abbé Migne, lording it over that whole region, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. Protestantism is duly represented, indeed; Mr. Panizzi knows his business too well to suffer it to be otherwise; all the varieties of Protestantism are there; there is the library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, learned, decorous, exemplary, but a little uninteresting; there are the works of Calvin, rigid, militant, menacing; there are the works of Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch thistle, valiantly doing duty as the rose of Sharon, but keeping something very Scotch about it all the time; there are the works of Dr. Channing, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where every one has some culture, and where superiorities are discountenanced

\* See *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* for February, 1869: art. "The Ignorance of the Middle Ages."

—the flower of moral and intelligent mediocrity. But how are all these divided against one another, and how, though they were all united, are they dwarfed by the Catholic leviathan, their neighbor! Majestic in its blue and gold unity, this fills shelf after shelf and compartment after compartment, its right mounting up into heaven among the white folios of the *Acta Sanctorum*, its left plunging down into hell among the yellow octavos of the *Law Digest*. Everything is there, in that immense *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*, in that *Encyclopédie Théologique*, that  *Nouvelle Encyclopédie Théologique*, that *Troisième Encyclopédie Théologique*; religion, philosophy, history, biography, arts, sciences, bibliography, gossip. The work embraces the whole range of human interests; like one of the great middle-age cathedrals, it is in itself a study for a life. Like the net in Scripture, it drags everything to land, bad and good, lay and ecclesiastical, sacred and profane, so that it be but matter of human concern. Wide-embracing as the power whose product it is! a power, for history, at any rate, eminently *the Church*; not, I think, the church of the future, but indisputably the church of the past, and in the past, the church of the multitude.

"This is why the man of imagination—nay, and the philosopher, too, in spite of her propensity to burn him—will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. The mention of other religious bodies, or of their leaders, at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type as their adherents; the mention of Catholicism suggests no such special following. Anglicanism suggests the English Episcopate; Calvin's name suggests Dr. Candlish; Chalmers's, the Duke of Argyll; Channing's, Boston Society; but Catholicism suggests—what shall I say?—all the pellmell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays. This abundance the Abbé Migne's collection faithfully reflects. People talk of this or that work which they would choose, if they were to pass their life with only one; for my part, I think I would choose the Abbé Migne's collection. *Quicquid agunt homines*—everything, as I have said, is there."

But Mr. Seaman complains, not only that the Catholic Church neglects to teach the people, but that she neglects to let them alone. Not only has she never had any schools, but she has had too many schools.

She has taken no care of education, and moreover she has meddled officiously with popular instruction when she ought to have confined herself to masses and sermons. The clergy, being for long ages the only teachers of letters, science, philosophy, and religion, acquired an influence over men's conduct and opinions which can only be regarded as unfortunate. Yet, a little while ago, he said that in all conditions of society the majority of mankind are ruled by the thoughts and instructions of others, and that education is one of the most important parts of government. Is it better that this tremendous influence should be exerted by the wisest and most virtuous class, or by those who are eminent only because they are the most powerful? If any set of men are to mould the opinions of the rest, should they not be the men who are best qualified by study and by sacred pursuits to exercise that function with intelligence and sincerity? We believe that when the child passes from the hands of the parent, its best guides are the servants of the church who have devoted themselves to the training of the young in order that they may do good to their fellow creatures and give glory to God. Mr. Seaman would entrust this sacred duty to pot-house politicians, who covet office for the sake of gain. The theory of a paternal government, which watches over all our relations in life, and rears children to be good citizens, may be all very well; but we know what governments are in practice, and petty office-holders are the last men we should want to trust with moulding the opinions of society. There is something too demoralizing in the means by which they generally get their places; and, after they have got them, how many are fit for them? It is the duty of govern-



ment to promote education and general culture, that is very true ; but *how* this ought to be done is another question. Mr. Seaman says the proper way is to remove children from the influence of the two institutions which God has designed for their guides and educators—the family and the church—and to put them under the control of place-hunters, who may possibly have a special talent for instruction, but are just as likely to be fools and rogues. But he has no arguments to support his opinions, and it is not worth while to answer sheer dogmatism.

Mr. Seaman is not satisfied with once gravely declaring that “in all Roman Catholic countries education by means of schools and books is confined to the wealthy classes,” and then blaming the priests for interfering with the secular studies of the people instead of confining themselves to religious teaching ; asserting that the Church has “usurped the whole domain of metaphysics and philosophy,” and yet that she has never done anything for education at all ; praising the Presbyterians of Scotland for making schools a part of their religious establishment, so that the young might be instructed “in the principles of religion, grammar, and the Latin tongue,” and upbraiding the church because centuries earlier she had done the same thing ; but he returns time and again to the same misstatements and the same contradictions. During the Dark Ages, he says, coming back again to the Bible question, “the Scriptures were in the possession of those only who were learned in the dead languages. *They had never been translated into any of the modern languages.* A good explanation of this remarkable fact may possibly be that the modern languages, at the period to which Mr. Seaman refers,

had not yet taken a literary form. He probably means to say that the sacred books had not been translated into the vernacular of any people. If he does, he makes a great mistake. In the first place, the Latin Vulgate was by no means a sealed volume. That version had been made expressly to render the Scriptures accessible to all. The tongue into which it was turned was the one most generally understood by whoever had education enough to read any book at all ; and during the so-called Dark Ages, Latin was still in common use all over the continent of Europe. It was not then a dead language, so far as books were concerned, though in the conversation of common life it had passed out of use. Moreover, as we have already seen, translations of the Bible into other languages were made as fast as those languages took shape. Translations of the New Testament were made very early into all the tongues then spoken by Christians. Portions of the Scriptures were turned into Saxon by Adhelm, Egbert, the Venerable Bede, and others, between the 8th and 10th centuries ; and there was a complete English version as early as 1290, that is to say, 90 years before Wycliffe’s, which Hallam erroneously calls the earliest. The first book printed at Guttenberg’s press was a Latin Bible, and in Italy, under the very eye of the church, there were translations in use in the 15th century. The popular fable that Luther first threw open the sacred book to the world is one of the most mischievous falsehoods in history.

On almost every page we find errors hardly less monstrous. “Not one valuable invention, discovery, or improvement,” says Mr. Seaman, “during the last three centuries and a half, has originated where the human mind has been subject to Ca-

tholicism . . . and the same may be said of jurisprudence, government, and science, as well as the useful arts." The impudence of this assertion is enough to take away one's breath. France, then, has done nothing for the arts or for science, Catholic Germany has done nothing, Belgium has done nothing, Italy has done nothing. Nay, more; if the Church for three hundred and fifty years has blighted material progress, if the Catholic clergy during that time have, as our amazingly ignorant author declares, "restrained the human mind from the prosecution of new discoveries in natural science under pretence that the new opinions promulgated were contrary to Scripture, and therefore impious and heretical," how does it happen that the world made any discoveries at all before that period? Why, does Mr. Seaman forget that the art of printing itself, the greatest invention of all time, dates from that "dark age" when the power of the Church was at its height, and Luther had not yet arisen, and that its first use was in the service of the sanctuary? Does he forget that Copernicus was a Catholic priest? that some of the most brilliant of modern discoveries in the positive sciences, in astronomy, in medicine, in natural philosophy, have emanated from Catholic Italy and France, and that the science of jurisprudence, to which he especially refers, owes more to those two countries and Germany than to all the rest of the world? The case of Galileo, to which of course he alludes, has so recently been examined in two elaborate articles in this magazine that we need give but little space to it here. It is enough to say that although the Florentine philosopher was forbidden to wrest Scripture to the support of his theory, and was censured for his disobedience of a

solemn obligation to let theology alone and confine himself to science, the Church stood throughout his patron and protector, and the Pope and the Cardinals were the most zealous among his disciples. Mr. Seaman's statement that "when Galileo taught in Italy the Copernican system of astronomy as late as the year 1633, it was decided by the POPE and a COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC CARDINALS AND BISHOPS" that the doctrine was absurd and heretical, and he was "consigned to the *dungeons* of the INQUISITION and compelled to recant and abjure his opinions in order to save his life," (the capitals and Italics are Mr. Seaman's,) is a plain up-and-down falsehood. There is no justification of it in any reputable history. "The Pope and a council of Catholic Cardinals and Bishops" never pronounced any judgment whatever either upon Galileo or his doctrines, and never had anything to do with the affair. The judgment, such as it was, expressed merely the opinion of the "qualifiers," or examiners of the Inquisition—an irresponsible committee attached to a civil tribunal, whose report carried no theological weight, and no more represented the doctrine of the Church, or the sentiments of Pope, Cardinals, and Bishops than the Munchausenisms of Mr. Seaman represent the sober verdict of history. The Church is not to be reproached for the blunders of her individual members. Moreover, Galileo never was consigned to the "dungeons of the Inquisition," and never was in peril of his life.

The course of Mr. Seaman's argument leads him to a sketch of the constitution and history of the church, and here he wanders in such a maze of error, that it is bewildering to follow him. He tells us that the Pope and the bishops have the most

absolute and unlimited power over the inferior clergy, sending them wherever they choose, and appointing and removing them at pleasure, and that the Pope exercises similar authority over the bishops. Has our learned historian ever heard of such a thing as *canon law*, which secures to the inferior clergy a perfect immunity from arbitrary interference by their superiors, and which is in force all over the Christian world, except in new countries, where the church is yet too young to complete her organization? He tells us that the church invented and upholds the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and teaches that the people are bound to submit passively under all circumstances, and that no amount or continuance of oppression and tyranny can justify resistance or rebellion in any case whatever. All history contradicts this statement—contradicts it so plainly that we can hardly account for the author's temerity. If we had the patience to read his book straight through, we should probably find him on some other page blaming the Popes for encouraging rebellion and insurrection. As it is, he declares that "this tyrannical and despotic doctrine . . . is the work of the clergy of a comparatively modern period, and as late as the year 1682 the University of Oxford, in England, adopted it." We presume Mr. Seaman is aware that Oxford University in 1682 was *Protestant*. He tells us that the Catholic Church is a cruel and persecuting church, and refers to the penal statutes against heresy, which were in force in England, from the 14th to the 16th century, and under which, during the reign of Queen Mary, "several hundred persons were burned;" but he seems not to know that *all* denominations, in those cruel times, persecuted one another

impartially; that Henry VIII. had set Mary the example, and Elizabeth was a worthy follower of her father and Calvin and the continental reformers were as bad as "bloody Mary," and even the Protestant settlers of America had little conception of the principle of religious freedom, until it was taught them by the Catholics of Maryland. He declares that the persecution of heretical sects during the 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries, and the tyranny of the ecclesiastical aristocracy were the actual causes of the decline of the Roman empire. This is too much! Why, the commencement of the decline dates from the second century, and the Roman ascendancy was entirely overthrown by the middle of the fourth; and during this period of decay, the church had no power in the state, but was herself persecuted and driven into the darkness of caverns.

We have spoken our mind plainly about this book, because we think it is one of a class that deserve no mercy. A man who sets himself to write history without consulting even the ordinary sources of historical information commits an offence against truth and against society. Ignorance does not excuse him. Ignorance in such a case is a crime. Of course we do not suppose that Mr. Seaman intentionally makes false statements. But he makes random statements which the slightest examination would have satisfied him were false. He was bound to undertake such an examination, and not having done it, he bears the responsibility of the falsehood. The passage we have already cited about Galileo is a good example of what we mean. There is no color of authority for the erroneous version of the case which Mr. Seaman gives. He could only have evolved that story out of a vague im-

pression that the Pope and the Cardinals had done some very cruel and illiberal thing to the philosopher ; and he must have put it into the words he used, because he considered those words effective in representing the action of the church in a black aspect. But the errors are very serious ones. They amount to the assertion that the church has declared a scientific fact to be a theological heresy. If this were true, the church would be no church. Not being true, the words amount to a gross slander. If Mr. Seaman, having been educated in a prejudice against Catholics, and believing that they are cruel and vindictive people who ought to be excluded from good society, should

print a pamphlet, charging the Archbishop of New York and his Vicar-General, and the editors of *The Tablet* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD with a conspiracy to torture or murder the Rev. Dr. Prime, the fact that he thought it probable the accusation *might* be true, would be no justification, and would not save him from the consequences of a libel suit. The author who is guilty of slander in writing the history of the past, cannot be mulcted in damages like the criminal who carelessly destroys a private character ; but he deserves to be placed in the pillory of moral criticism and to be held as a literary outlaw.

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### THE SILENT CLOCK.

ITS sounds were hushed by weeping love,  
A sad heart bade it cease to move,  
And one long hour of sorrow prove.

A heart and it did beat their last,  
A trembling hand before it passed,  
And endless silence on it cast.

A spectre from the silent lands,  
A shadow of life's grief it stands,  
Still pleading with uplifted hands,

Whose awful stillness seems to say ;  
Here was the closing of his day—  
Here was the loosing of the clay.

Forget not one, of old so dear,  
Lift up your hearts for him in prayer  
As we are ever lifted here.

It shames the soul—that silent clock,  
 Its mournful muteness seems to mock  
 The love we thought no years could shock.

Our sighs and tears of fond distress  
 Have changed to smiles of happiness—  
 It stands unchanged, dumb, motionless !

GERALDINE.

## WHO SHALL TAKE CARE OF OUR POOR?

### NO. II.

THE point of view in which we propound this problem is that of the adequacy of the Christian Church, by its organic institutions, to counteract, in America, those social and political aberrations which, in the eastern hemisphere, have developed and maintained the scourge of pauperism. On this question, history is prophecy ; an incomplete prophecy, yet containing all the principles of action which a plastic intelligence and fresh inspiration from its fountain life may enable the church to adapt to our present exigencies.

Under myriad forms and faces, pauperism is the sphinx that devours every society which cannot, within a certain time, find its solution, unless wars have anticipated its fate.

Result of international wars, and source of intestine wars—those irruptions of organized crime—pauperism is the ulcer on the leg of civilization which betrays the impurity of its blood.

It behoves us on the threshold of this inquiry to distinguish between accidental impoverishment, and pauperism as an organic malady, which develops, as in Great Britain, *pari*

*passu* with population and even with the increase of wealth.

An earthquake devastates Peru, prostrates its cities and destroys its harvests : its inhabitants suffer the greatest privations, but having ready access to the soil in that prolific climate, little or no chronic pauperism will result. The white population of our immense South has been recently reduced by war to an extreme distress. Flanders, Germany, France, the most prosperous countries of Europe, have been scourged still more severely ; yet industrious generations suffice to efface the trace of war. Pestilences, which decimate the population of a country, yet respect property, and do not pauperize the survivors, but the contrary ; for they have freer access to the means of production. But why is it that Great Britain—the old monarch of the seas, with her predatory grasp on the neck of the Indies, with all her stupendous machinery of production, and fearing no enemy from abroad—is rotting with pauperism amid peace and wealth, perishing like an old eagle, condemned to starvation by the excessive curvature of his overlap-

ping beak? Behold our mother country, she whose laws and institutions we are now in the main reproducing, she whose crimes against charity we reorganize by exposing our soil to the cupidity of speculators, whose pauperism we inherit by emigration, and whose fate we must share, as certainly as the same causes produce the same effects, unless we reform in our youth.

One hope, one faith, one path of social salvation, remains for us both and for all the world—namely, co-operative Christian association, that, baffling pride and greed, restores to the workman the produce of his work, and renders the practical love of our neighbor the means of satisfaction for our own needs, whether of the senses or the soul. Now, Rochdale and its kindred co-operative enterprises, whose success is so encouraging in England; the masons and other artisan associations of Paris, like the trades co-operations of Barcelona and the old Italian cities; even the Hanseatic League, so monastic in its discipline—all proceed in direct line from the Columbans, the Cistercians, and other religious orders of the Benedictine group, who initiated the agricultural Christianity of Europe. The seed sown in the mediæval heart did not rot amid that dissolution of society which is called the *Reformation*. It has survived the oppressions of aristocracy and capital no longer tempered by monastic orders; it has survived the internecine competition of our modern *proletariat*; and now the same organic type, under new names, puts forth its leaf, buds, blooms, and fruits.

“If we look,” says Balmes, “at the different systems which ferment in minds devoted to the study of pauperism and its remedies, we shall always find there association under

one form or another. Now, association has been at all times one of the favorite principles of Catholicity, which, by proclaiming unity in faith, proclaims unity in all things. If we examine the religious institutions characteristic of Europe in its darkest period of ignorance, corruption, and social dissolution, we observe that the monks of the west were not content with sanctifying themselves; from the first they influenced society. Society had need of strong efforts to preserve its life in the terrible crisis through which it had to pass. The secret of strength is in the union of individual forces, in *association*. This secret has been taught to European society as by a revelation from heaven.”

Sufficient attention has not perhaps been paid to the merit of the industrial organization, introduced into Europe from the earliest ages, and which became more and more diffused after the twelfth century. We allude to the trades-unions and other associations, which, established under the influence of the Catholic religion, had pious foundations for the celebration of their feasts, and for assisting each other in their necessities.

We must recognize here that highly effective organizations of labor had taken root in Europe, either by the initiative of the religious orders, (to whom the north owed its civilization,) or in the congenial atmosphere of Catholicity; that in this organization, co-operation, the Christian spirit, had supplanted or prevented internecine competition, the secular spirit; that this system of labor rendered pauperism impossible and elevated the working classes to a plane of virtue, of dignity and prosperity elsewhere unattained; that it had conquered and kept its ground against feudal oppression and aggression, by

a series of bloodless battles in which wisdom and patience, self-control and forethought, perseverance and the love of honorable uses, vindicated the political superiority of the Christian principle; finally that it possessed within itself vigorous reproductive or propagative forces, and had indeed become the manifest destiny of Europe at that epoch when schism in the church sowed everywhere hatreds and discord, and denatured civilization, substituting the ideal of individualism for that of solidarity. Hence, incoherence and destructive competition alike in the market as in the church. For labor, its result is pauperism; for piety, despair.

Besides the religious motives which brought property into the hands of the monks, there is another title, remarks Balme, which has always been regarded as one of the most just and legitimate. The monks cultivated waste lands, dried up marshes, constructed roads, restrained rivers within their beds, and built bridges over them. Over a considerable portion of Europe, which was in a state of rude nature, the monasteries founded here and there have been centres of agriculture and the arts of social life. Is not he who reclaims the wilderness, cultivates it, and fills it with inhabitants, worthy of preserving large possessions there?

The religious and moral influence of the monks contributed greatly, in early European epochs, to the respect of property as well as persons against attacks which were so frequent in the turbulent ages succeeding the overthrow of the Roman empire by barbarian nations, that in some countries almost every castle was a den of robbers, from which its chief overlooked the country and sallied forth to collect spoils.

The man who is constantly obliged to defend his own is also con-

stantly led to usurp the property of others: the first thing to do to remedy so great an evil was to locate and fix the population by means of agriculture, and to accustom them to respect property, not only by reasons drawn from private interest, but also by the sight of large domains belonging to establishments regarded as inviolable, and against which a hand could not be raised without sacrilege. Thus religious ideas were connected with social ones, and they slowly prepared an organization which was to be completed in more peaceable times.

It is to the protection afforded to farmers by the monasteries in retired places that we owe the dissemination of the people in rural districts, which would have been otherwise impossible. Those who have lived in a country convulsed by war, like our South, can best appreciate this.

Mallet (*History of the Swiss*, vol. i. p. 105, a Protestant authority) tells us that "the monks softened by their instructions the ferocious manners of the people, and opposed their credit to the tyranny of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war, and grievously oppressed their neighbors. On this account the government of monks was preferred to theirs. The people sought them for judges, (that is, as umpires.) It was a usual saying that it was better to be governed by the bishop's crosier than the monarch's sceptre."

The kindness and charities performed by the religious orders, remarks Cobbett, (*History of the Protestant Reformation*,) made them objects of great veneration, and the rich made them in time the channels of their benevolence to the poor. Kings, queens, princes, princesses, nobles, and gentlefolk founded monasteries and convents, that is, erected the buildings and endowed them with

estates for their maintenance. Others—some in the way of atonement for their sins, and some from a pious motive, gave while alive, or bequeathed at their death, lands, houses, or money to monasteries already erected. So that in time the monasteries became the owners of great landed estates; they had the lordship over innumerable manors, and had a tenantry of prodigious extent, especially in England, where the monastic orders were always held in great esteem, in consequence of Christianity having been introduced into the kingdom by a community of monks.

One of the greatest advantages attending the monasteries in the political economy of the country was that they of necessity caused the revenues of a large part of the lands to be spent on the spot whence those revenues arose. The hospitals and all the other establishments of the kind had the same tendency, so that the revenues of the land were diffused immediately among the people at large. We all know how the state of a parish changes for the worse when a great land-owner quits his mansion in it, and leaves that mansion shut up, and what an effect this has upon the poor-rates. What, then, must have been the effect of twenty monasteries in every county, expending constantly a large part of their incomes on the spot? If Ireland had still her seven hundred or eight hundred monastic institutions, there would be no periodical famines and typhus fevers there; no need of sunset or sunrise laws shutting the people up at night to prevent insurrections; no projects for preventing the increase of families; no schemes for getting rid of a "*surplus population*;" no occasion for the people to live on third-rate potatoes—not enough, at that; for their nakedness, their hun-

ger, their dying of hundreds with starvation, while their ports are crowded with ships carrying provisions from their shores, and while an army is fed in the country, the business of which army is to keep the starving people quiet.

Sir Walter Scott thus exposes the nonsense of the "economists on the non-influence of absenteeism." In the year 1817, when the poor stood so much in need of employment, a friend asked the Duke of Buccleugh why his grace did not prepare to go to London in the spring? By way of answer, the duke showed him a list of laborers then employed in improvements on his different estates; the number of whom, exclusive of his regular establishments, amounted to nine hundred and forty-seven men, who, with those whose support depended on their wages, would reckon several thousand; many of whom must have found it difficult to obtain subsistence had the duke not foregone the privilege of his rank in order to provide with more convenience for them. The result of such conduct is twice blessed, both in the means which it employs and in the end which it attains in the general economy of the country. This anecdote forms a good answer to those theorists who pretend that the residence of proprietors on their estates is a matter of indifference to the inhabitants of the district. Had the duke been residing and spending his revenues elsewhere, one-half of these poor people would have wanted employment and food, and would probably have been little comforted by any metaphysical arguments upon population which could have been presented to their investigation.

"Many such things may be daily heard," says Howitt, "of the present Duke of Portland."

The monks, whose religious cha-



racter gave them an extraordinary security, as they were the first restorers of agriculture, so they were the first improvers of our gardens. Their long pilgrimage from one holy shrine to another, through France, Germany, and Italy, made them early acquainted with a variety of culinary and medicinal herbs and various fruits, and amongst the ruins of abbeys we still find a tribe of plants that they have naturalized.

Lingard, writing of the consequences of the "*Reformation*," tells us that "within the realm poverty and discontent generally prevailed. The extension of inclosures, and the new practice of letting lands at rack-rents, had driven from their homes numerous families whose fathers had occupied the same farms for several generations, and the increasing multitudes of the poor began to resort to the more populous towns in search of that relief which had been formerly distributed at the gates of the monasteries. The reformation preachers of the day—Knox, Lever, Gilpin, Latimer—avow that the sufferings of the indigent were treated with indifference by the hard-heartedness of the rich ; while, in the pursuit of gain, the most barefaced frauds were justified, robbers and murderers escaping punishment by the partiality of juries or corruptions of judges. They tell us that church-livings were given to laymen or converted to the use of the patrons," etc.

In dealing with that shameful *pauperism*, the annual reports of which ring in the ears of the British government—"mene, mene, tekél, upharsin," which presaged the fall of Babylon—it behoves us to distinguish the victim poor and the *fighting poor*. The fighting poor exasperate the evils of poverty by ineffective insurrections against the organized government of the rich. Protesting

against injustice and maladministration by strikes, which they cannot sustain, and which soon leave them at the mercy of the employers they have defied, they provoke the severity of the laws by disorderly conduct, by poaching, robbery, arson, etc., necessitating the maintenance of a numerous and rigorous police, and even of standing armies. These withdraw great numbers from productive industry, and double the expenses of government, which must, at last, be borne by the working classes, however indirect the methods of taxation. It is true that the aristocracy in command of armies could enrich England by the spoil of India, or Spain by that of Mexico and Peru ; but these ill-gotten gains have cursed alike the robber and the robbed. No country has ever maintained a real prosperity except by home production and the contentment of its producing classes. The *fighting poor*, not organized in armies under the discipline and pay of governments, but remaining an integral part of the people, are intimately leagued with the *victim poor* by family ties, and even by the imminence of a common fate, since a wound, a fit of illness, a fraud, the prolonged lack of work, or other misfortune, may depress them into pauperism. This class of poor is the most dangerous element of a nation, and costs in waste and in precautions a great deal more than the sum expended in pauper relief. An administrative method which conciliates this class with the rich, with the established government and public order, is evidently master of the situation. This end has been achieved by the religious organization of labor.

What the Catholic Church once did for England, under military feudalism, she can do again, and more,

because the present financial and industrial feudalism is pacific in its tendencies and susceptible of being harmonized with the interests of the church and of labor by co-operative association ; whereas the former feudalism existed for war, was essentially opposed to the spirit of Christianity, to the honor of productive industry, and the prosperity of the people.

Now, what is cure for Great Britain may be prevention for America, which undergoes, like England, the yoke of industrial feudalism. Allowing for the category of accidents, for relief needed by the infirm, etc., vastly the larger proportion of pauperism remains to be prevented by opportune employments, of which the soil serves as the basis. Let the religious orders reacquire everywhere, by all legitimate means, the control of large bodies of land, which they shall withhold from speculation, which they shall either administrate by leases or by direct culture, and on which they shall establish the arts of fabrication. Then they may subdue the world with its own weapons, commanding capital and labor, conciliating them in Christian action, and producing wealth without sacrificing the producer to the product. They would lease farms or hire workmen according to local and temporary expediency, but in either case they would constitute, as of old, a bulwark between the people and speculators, and they would reattach the masses by intimate household ties. This begins as of old with the voluntary assumption of social burdens, especially with the care of the sick and infirm. By organizing a high order of attractive social life at its rural institutions, where it is so much easier to find healthful work for either sex and every age, the church will counteract that destructive fascination which the city now

exerts over the country-folk. In restoring and upholding an order of yeomanry, subject to its general administration of agriculture, but free in a scope of action sufficient to content them, within a predetermined plan, the Catholic Church would counterpoise the present league of the Church of England with its aristocracy, as its corporate philanthropies would counterpoise the corporate selfishness of simple business firms.

Pursuing the noble initiative which the Jesuit order took in the work of education, especially in Paraguay, it remains for the church to second the views of American legislation in the foundation of art and labor-schools, or agricultural and polytechnic institutes, for the support of which public lands were appropriated in 1842, although Minnesota alone has had the wisdom to protest against the malversation of this fund to the comparatively sterile work of our common schools.

It is not by any means an unreasonable assumption that, after a few years of experience and discipline for the teachers, art and labor-schools, embracing all the departments of rural and domestic economy with religious and social training, may be made self-supporting. From that day their popularity will be assured, and pauperism will be well-nigh eradicated, together with the vices and crimes which it engenders. The diploma of such an institution might confer either a lease of land or an appointment to some office of social use and profit. The administration of the schools and charities of the church would supply a great many such places.

We shall not ask whether it be not expedient and just to oblige every family, in so far as it may be competent, to provide for its own poor, be-

cause modern civilization has not the patriarchal basis, the family has no such collective unity or substantial existence among us, as formerly in Palestine, or still in the Arab *douar*. At most can the family be held responsible for its minors, since its authority does not extend beyond this class; but we remark that the largest proportion of pauperism is due to the neglect of efficient education during the years of minority; so that with the actual population of the world, and even in the most thickly settled countries, there need be no such thing as pauperism, if the productive energies of the whole people received during childhood and youth a practical direction; while the diplomas of our labor and art-schools conferred valid titles to the use of the soil or other means of remunerative employment. If to organize such education for the children of poor families be regarded as beyond the province of our governments or secular powers, how much more extravagant must this seem for the children of the rich, who are, however, exposed every day to become poor, and whose wasteful idleness subtracts so much from the possible resources of mankind? Is it not self-evident that the influence of reli-

gious organizations has every advantage over secular authority in reforming education while rendering it universal? At once personal and corporate, they can take an initiative which is refused to governments or which governments decline. Now, as in the middle ages, in civilized as in savage or barbarous states, they can restore to labor its religious honor, they alone can successfully combat the idleness and vices of fashionable dissipation, they can substitute the arbitrament of Christian equity for that of fire and sword, and while pouring oil on our troubled waters, they can teach by example as well as by precept, those wholesome restraints which prevent the increase of a local population faster than the means of its subsistence.

If pauperism in this country is chiefly exotic, it is none the less real, and none the less afflictive or disastrous. If an obvious remedy exist in our vast tracts of unoccupied land, it is so much the more urgent to organize while directing the tide of emigration by the spirit of Christianity. By colonizing emigrants under the guidance of religious orders we obviate the twofold evils of their pauperism and their isolation.

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## THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY EDWARD, EARL OF DERBY.

It is our custom, or that of our time, to decry classical education. We have a right to do so, no doubt, if our unfavorable judgment regarding it is based upon a correct and intelligent estimate of its value, as a method of training the youthful mind and of disciplining the intellect by

the exercise of its nascent power upon works of model taste and unrivalled elegance. Submitting classical education to this test, we cannot glibly join in the outcry against it of those who see in it only a process for acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin words, of no earthly use to the

possessor or to anybody else. Neither, on the other hand, would we, upon such test, accept it as the only canon of liberal education, to the exclusion of others that may serve the purpose of instruction with more practical advantage.

We would fain offer Earl Derby's translation of the *Iliad* as an example, according to our notion, of the practical process to be followed in studying the classic authors in order to profit by their beauty, and of the gifts the mind receives from the cultivation of classic literature. Not a poet himself, the noble lord has imbibed into his own plastic mind the conceptions of the "sovereign poet" in all their poetic beauty and serene grandeur, and reproduces them for the English reader, shapely moulded, not distorted nor disfigured. We shall not enter into a comparison of his translation with that of Pope or Cowper, neither shall we discuss the fitness of the metre he has adopted. His own translation, if argument were wanted, would compel us to agree with him that he has selected that metre best suited for rendering the Homeric poem into English verse, and we give him our hearty accord in his condemnation of the English hexameter—a lumbering rhythm, not inaptly compared, by some author, to the noise of pumpkins rolling on a barn-floor. We shall merely show, by a few extracts, how he has succeeded in reproducing the conceptions of the poem, and how happily he has caught, without imparting any admixture of modern sentiment, the flowing style in which the poet pours forth, as it were, without drawing breath, his grand melodious strain. His translation is not a dead cast, but a copy, and a copy instinct with life. His task was not an easy one; and when we reflect upon his

life and eminent station, we cannot help thinking that to ordinary men the difficulty would be much enhanced thereby. Still, it redounds the more to the honor of English scholarship and English statesmanship, that the foremost among its orators and statesmen, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has borne a large share of the weighty affairs of a vast empire; who by his talents has helped to solve the thousand vexed questions of modern politics and reform, could, during leisure, withdraw his mind from the absorbing interests of the political arena, and allow it to repose on the sublime naturalness of the *Iliad*, and float in placid unison with the serene grandeur of Homer's song. Though the translation is truly Homeric, yet, wrought as it is with spirit and genius, it bears in it something of the mind it springs from. The reader will not fail to discover in the echo of the *Iliad*, so faithfully reflected in its purity, natural freshness, and vigor, something of that splendid eloquence heard amid strife as angry and as fierce as raged between Agamemnon and Achilles.

In giving quotations, we shall omit those finer passages that are familiar to most readers, such as those well-known passages of the Third Book, with their beautiful similes, that describe the Greeks assembling and passing in review before their leaders. On these many a youthful and full-grown bard has tried his skill; but never have we seen them so beautifully rendered as in the translation before us. We select for our readers, first, that picture in the Fourth Book, in which all the raging elements of battle are thronged together—the maddening vengeance, the wrath, the fury of hostile ranks in the horror of collision—and which commences with the description of

"Discord unappeased, 504  
 Of blood-stained Mars the sister and the friend;  
 With humble crest at first, anon her head,  
 While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies.  
 The gage of battle in the midst she threw,  
 Strode through the crowd and woe to mortals  
 wrought,  
 When to their midst they came, together rushed 510  
 Bucklers and lances, and the furious might  
 Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield  
 Clattered in conflict; loud the clamor rose.  
 Then rose two mingled shouts and groans of men  
 Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood, 515  
 As when descending from the mountain's brow,  
 Two wintry torrents from their copious source  
 Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet  
 Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,  
 Their weight of flood; on the far mountain side 520  
 The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose  
 The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts."

Nothing can give a better idea of the power of the translator than the manner in which he has compressed this passage, with its bewildering throng of elements, into the same number of lines as the original. We miss none of the simple grandeur, none of the *directness*, none of the even, rapid movement so characteristic of Homer. There is no importation of what belongs not to Homer into it, no amplification, no turning aside from the object, or indirectness in introducing and depicting every incident in the picture. It is Homer's strain; grand, rapid, and simple.

A few lines further on we have one of those beautiful images by which the poet has a fondness for describing the fall of his young heroes. Depicting the death of the stripling Simoisius, he sings:

"Prone in the dust he fell; 552  
 As some tall poplar, grown in marshy mead,  
 Smooth-stemmed, with boughs up-springing toward  
 the head."

Again of young Gorgythion, in the Eighth Book:

"Down sank his head, as in a garden sinks  
 A ripened poppy charged with vernal rains; 350  
 So sank his head beneath his helmet's weight."

And of Asius, in the Thirteenth Book:

"He fell as falls an oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or lofty pine."

These passages are placed together as containing some of the poet's fa-

vorite and beautiful images, and as showing how happy the translator has been in rendering them with truthfulness to their natural grace.

Earl Derby is not less successful in reproducing the deep tenderness and moving pathos that form a conspicuous feature of the *Iliad*. We quote from the Sixth Book, from the affecting scene between Hector and Andromache; but, instead of Andromache's words, so well known through Pope's translation, we give the answer of the noble Hector, the hero of the *Iliad*, in which, with soul-felt tenderness, he seeks to console his desponding wife:\*

"Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as  
 these 512  
 My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should  
 blush  
 To face the men and long-robed dames of Troy,  
 If, like a coward, I could shun the fight.  
 Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth  
 So far forget, whose boast it still has been  
 In the forefront of battle to be found,  
 Charged with my father's glory and mine own.  
 Yet in my inmost soul too well I know 520  
 The day must come when this our sacred Troy,  
 And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,  
 Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.  
 But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,  
 Nor Hecuba's, nor royal Priam's woes, 525

\* To illustrate what we mean by the directness, simplicity, and even rapid movement of Homer's verse, we cite here from a popular English poet an extract which, though not a parallel to the above, is somewhat kindred; it is the first at hand, and will serve our purpose.

"Trust me, whatever fate my soul may gall,  
 Thou at thy woman's choice shall ne'er repine.  
 Trust me, whatever storm on me may fall,  
 This man's true heart shall ward the bolt from  
 thine.  
 Hark, where the bird from yon dark ilex breathes  
 Soul into night—so be thy love to me;  
 Look, when around the bird the ilex wreathes  
 Still sheltering boughs, so be my love to thee!  
 O dweller in my heart! the music thine;  
 And the deep shelter—wilt thou scorn it? mine."

It will be observed, in reading these exquisite lines, how complex is the web of thought; how the artist, as it were, lingers to work into it embroidery of words and images borrowed from foreign objects. In Homer there is nothing but the natural artless flow of feeling; the even movement, as it springs from the soul, is not crossed by shadow or image from any other object, nor does it diverge this way or that to borrow of other sources in metaphor or comparison, tone, color, or pathos. The movement in Homer is natural, direct, even, rapid; and yet this natural, simple, deep gush of feeling presents to us a most truthful, touching, and expressive picture of a soul overwhelmed with tender love and sorrow commingled, but facing the stern task of duty.

Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,  
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,  
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,  
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away  
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek. 530  
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,  
Condemned to ply the loom, or water draw  
From Hyperëia's or Mëssais' fount.  
Heart wrung, by stern necessity constrained,  
Then they who see thy tears perchance may say, 535  
'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they  
fought  
On plains of Troy, was Ilium's bravest chief!'  
Thus may they speak, and thus thy grief renew  
For loss of him who might have been thy shield  
To rescue thee from slavery's bitter hour. 540  
Oh! may I sleep in dust ere be condemned  
To hear thy cries and see thee dragged away."

The opinion of Lord Derby's oratory, entertained on this side of the Atlantic, may tempt those who admire it to think that in this translation his splendid eloquence and vigorous language would have their fitting scope in depicting the scenes of camp and field, in transmitting, lifelike, those angry encounters in the councils of gods and men; but, that the most tender and delicate tones of human feeling are not alien to his speech, is amply proved by the lines we have quoted. The same deep chord of feeling is struck by the words and modulations of this beautiful passage that vibrates in the pathetic language and melody of the Ionian bard.

We add another of those magnificent incidents of the *Iliad*, where the struggle of warriors on the very brink of battle is so grandly described by the poet. In the Thirteenth Book, the Greeks, closely massed under the Ajaces,

Waited the Trojan charge, by Hector led;  
Spear close to spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,  
Buckler to buckler pressed, and helm to helm,  
And man to man, the horse-hair plumes above,  
That nodded on the warriors' glittering crests,  
Each other touched, so closely matched they stood.  
Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn  
The spears, in act to hurl; their eyes and minds  
Turned to the front and eager for the fray.  
On poured the Trojan masses; in the van  
Hector straight forward urged his furious course:  
As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed  
Detached, and by the wintry torrent's force  
Hurled down the cliff's steep face, when constant  
rains  
The massive rock's firm hold have undermined,  
With giant bounds it flies; the crashing sound

Resounds beneath it, still it hurries on,  
Until, arriving at the level plain,  
Its headlong impulse checked, it rolls no more;  
So Hector, threatening now through ships and  
tents  
Even to the sea to force his murderous way,  
Anon, confronted by that phalanx firm,  
Halts close before it."

This truly fine passage is the perfection of Homeric poetry. We doubt if pen or brush has ever produced a picture abounding so much in life and action. The marvellous combination of objects presented to view in these lines, each heightening the effect of the other, and all blending into one tumultuous action, stirred by the fiery spirit of war, gives us a grand and terrific picture. In reading it, with almost the noise and din and the fray of warring men ringing in the words employed in the translation, we feel as if we had never before been enabled, by any English version, to enter into the full spirit of Homer himself.

We give a last quotation from the closing scene of the poem, where the cry of mourning Troy is raised over the lifeless body of its brave defender. The wail of his wife and of his mother has been heard; but there remains one other, the beautiful Helen, whose fatal charms had deluged the plains of Troy with blood, had inflicted on the lifeless hero on whom she now gazes in sadness many a day of toil and many an hour of pain, and now had crowned the heap of Ilium's sorrows with this last scene of woe. Her words, of love commingled with self-reproach, are the highest tribute the poet could pay, in his closing verse, to the hero whom, throughout his song, he endows with all the noblest traits of son, of patriot, of brother, and of husband.

"Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!  
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,  
Who bore me hither—would I then had died!  
But twenty years have passed since here I came  
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee 895:  
I heard one scornful, one degrading word.

And when from others I have borne reproach,  
 Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives  
 Or mother, (for thy sire was ever kind  
 Even as a father,) thou hast checked them still  
 With kindly feeling and with gentle words:  
 For thee I weep, and for myself no less;  
 For through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,  
 None kindly look on me, but all abhor."

In the portions of Lord Derby's translation we have here given, we have not selected what are universally regarded as the most beautiful passages of the poem. We have selected such passages as from their crowded incidents, their bewildering throng of objects, their rapid succession of scenes or deep and tender pathos, appeared to us the most difficult for the translator to reproduce. We doubt if there be a student of Homer who will fail to find them a transcript of the poet's meaning, with almost literal exactness, as well as a copy of the genius and spirit of the poem. We had purposed selecting some passages which would give our readers a sample of his manner of rendering the Homeric epithets. The beauty of the few occurring in the above extracts will not escape them. Students of Homer are aware how constantly he appends distinctive epithets to persons, things, and places. To translate these wherever they occur would give a strange, unnatural cast to the poem. The English language, not like the plastic Greek, could not bear along the burden of them; besides, many of them would require an awkward paraphrase, which would only add words, not

vividness or distinctness, to the thought of the poet. Lord Derby has wisely and discriminately dealt with these; when he renders them, he does so with so much exactitude and expressive force, that we feel rise within us, at this late hour, a sigh of regret that we had not at our hand his version of them, when we were students of Homer. In reading the translation through, we cannot say where we would have an epithet added that has been omitted, or where we would have stricken it out where it has been preserved. We said that the translation is a copy of the *Iliad*—a copy produced with genius and spirit. It will be read with pleasure by the classical scholar, to whom it will recall in their freshness and grandeur the scenes of that poem which charmed him in years long past. It will be welcomed by the general reader, who has not before tasted the charms of Homer's song, and who will gratefully acknowledge it as a new treasure to the storehouse of English literature. In it—and in the life of the noble author, whose devotedness to classical literature could not have lived through his busy political life, did he not in his own inward consciousness ever find the great benefit and elegant pleasure he had gained from it—is furnished for the public at large the strongest argument we know against banishing classical education from our schools and colleges.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

LINES

WRITTEN BY THEODULPHUS, BISHOP OF ORLEANS, A.D. 820, IN A COPY OF  
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, TRANSCRIBED BY HIS OWN HAND.

LIGHT of God's law ! divesting earth of gloom,  
More white than snows, more bright than starry skies,  
Beneath whose radiance good and virtue bloom—  
From whom all error flies.

Blest word of God ! gift of that wisdom, whence  
Springs life and light ! what worth exceeds thy worth ?  
Word that excels all words in sound and sense  
As heaven excels the earth.

Whate'er of wonders human arts have taught  
Have here their fountain—hence derive their force ;  
Of all the grand achievements of man's thought  
Here wells the living source.

By day, by night here meditate, here school  
To holiness thy hands, and lips, and soul :  
Thou rulest others—be this book the rule  
That shall thyself control.

This sharer of thy couch—joy of thine eyes,  
Clasped in thy arms and on thy knees shall rest ;  
Thy watcher when soft slumber on thee lies—  
Thy earliest morning guest.

Be not for knowledge only thy desire ;  
In virtue's presence learning's light is dim :  
Deeds and not words the Almighty will require—  
Yet offer both to him.

By ceaseless study learn, by actions teach,  
Untiring seek for Wisdom's pathway here.  
This meditate, a light thy heart will reach,  
And make all fair and clear.

Who walks a tangled forest's briery way  
By frequent treading makes it broad and plain.  
And what the quick mind wins from day to day,  
Slow study doth retain.

C. E. B.



FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

## THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

## CHAPTER XXI.

JEROME of Saint-Quirin had made good his retreat upon the farm-house.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentries, as the party approached.

"People of the village of Charmes," replied Marc-Dives in his voice of thunder.

They were recognized and allowed to pass.

The house was silent; a sentinel with shouldered arms paced in front of the barn, where thirty partisans were sleeping upon the straw. Catherine, at sight of the great dark roofs, the old sheds, the stables, the ancient dwelling where her youth had passed, where the peaceful and laborious lives of her father and her grandfather had tranquilly glided away, the home which she was perhaps about to leave for ever, felt a terrible pain at her heart; but she spoke not of it, and springing from the sledge, as she had often done before on her returning from market, she said:

"Come, Louise, we are home at last; thanks to God."

Old Duchene had pushed open the door, crying,

"It is Madame Lefevre!"

"Yes, it is we. Any news from Jean-Claude?"

"No, madame."

Then every one entered the huge kitchen.

A few coals yet glowed upon the hearth, and, under the immense, overhanging chimney-piece, Jerome of Saint-Quirin was seated in the shadow, in his great-coat; his long-

pointed red beard hanging on his breast; his thick staff between his knees, and his rifle leaning against the wall.

"Ha! good morning, Jerome!" cried the old woman.

"Good morning, Catherine!" answered the grave and solemn chief of Grossmann. "You come from Donon?"

"Yes. Things are going ill there, my poor Jerome. The Kaiserliks attacked the farm-house when we left the plateau. We could see only white coats on every side. They began to cross the abatis—"

"Then you think Hullin will be forced to abandon the road?"

"It is possible, indeed, if Pivrette does not come to his assistance."

The partisans had neared the fire. Marc-Dives bent over the coals to light his pipe; as he rose, he cried:

"Jerome, I ask only one thing of you; I know that they fought well where you commanded—"

"They did their duty," interrupted the shoemaker; "sixty men lie stretched on the side of Grossmann, who will bear witness to it on the judgment-day."

"Yes; but who guided the Germans? They never could find of themselves the pass of Blutfeld."

"It was Yegof—the fool Yegof," replied Jerome, and his gray eyes, surrounded with deep wrinkles and thick white lashes and brows, glittered through the darkness.

"Are you very sure of it?"

"Labarbe's men saw him ascend, leading the others."

The partisans gazed at each other with angry looks.

At the same moment, Doctor Lorquin, who had remained without to unharness his horse, pushed open the door, crying :

"The battle is lost ! Here are our men from Donon. I have heard Lagarmitte's horn."

It is easy to imagine the feelings with which this news was received. Every one thought of parent, friends, whom perhaps he was never more to see, and all who were in the kitchen and the barn rushed at once to the fields. Then Robin and Dubourg, posted as sentries, cried :

"Who goes there?"

"France !" replied a voice.

And despite the distance, Louise, recognizing her father's voice, would have fallen had not Catherine supported her.

Presently a great number of steps echoed upon the frozen snow, and Louise, no longer able to contain herself, cried in a trembling voice :

"Father Jean-Claude !"

"I am coming," replied Hullin ;  
"I am coming."

"And my father?" cried Frantz, rushing to the sabot-maker.

"He is with us, Frantz."

"And Kasper?"

"He has received a little wound, but it is nothing : you will see them both."

Catherine threw herself into Hullin's arms.

"O Jean-Claude ! what a happiness it is to see you again !"

"Ay," replied he in a low tone ;  
"there are many who will never again see those they love."

"Frantz !" cried old Materne ;  
"hallo ! this way."

And on all sides, in the darkness, men sought each other, pressed each other's hands and embraced. Others

called aloud for "Vielau" or "Sapheri," but no voice replied.

Then the calls grew hoarse, strangled, and finally ceased. The joy of some and the grief of others were in horrible contrast. Louise wept hot tears in Hullin's arms.

"Ah ! Jean-Claude," said Mother Lefevre ; "you have much to learn of your daughter. Now I will tell you nothing, but we were attacked—"

"Yes, we will talk of it by and by. Time presses," interrupted Hullin. "The Donon road is lost ; the Cossacks may be here at daybreak, and we have yet many things to do."

He entered the farm-house. All followed. Duchene had just thrown a fagot upon the fire. Those faces, black with powder, but still breathing the fire of battle ; those garments, torn by bayonet-thrusts, some of them bloody, advancing from darkness into the full light, offered a strange spectacle. Kasper, whose handkerchief was bound around his forehead, had received a sabre-cut ; his bayonet, blouse, and high blue cloth gaiters were stained with blood. Old Materne, thanks to his imperturbable presence of mind, came safe and sound from the fray. The remnants of the two troops of Jerome and Hullin were thus united. They showed the same fierce countenances, animated by the same energy and desire for vengeance, save that the last, worn-out with weariness, sat wherever they might find room—on the fagots, the hearth—with their heads bowed upon their hands, and their elbows resting on their knees. The others looked around, unable to realize that Hans, Juson, Daniel, had disappeared for ever, and exchanging questions followed by long periods of silence. Materne's two sons held each other by the arms, as if each feared he would lose his brother, and their fa-

ther, behind them, leaning against the wall, gazed on with looks of delight.

"They are there ; I see them," he seemed to say. "And they are famous fellows, and both have escaped." The good man coughed, and when some one came to speak to him about Pierre, or Jacques, or Nicolas—of a son or a brother—he replied at random, "Ay, ay, there are a good many stretched out yonder ; but what would you have ? War is war. Your Nicolas did his duty. Be consoled." And then he thought, "My boys are out of the scrape, and that is the principal thing."

Catherine set the table with Louise. Soon Duchene, returning from the cellar with a cask of wine upon his shoulder, placed it on the sideboard. He opened it, and each of the partisans presented his glass, or cup, or pitcher, to the purple fountain, which gave back the leaping flames on the hearth in a thousand reflections.

"Eat and drink !" cried the old mistress of the house. "All is not yet ended ; you will yet need strength. Frantz, hand me down those hams. Here are bread and knives. Be seated, my children."

Frantz, with his bayonet, roasted the hams at the fire.

Benches were brought forward ; the men sat down, and ate with that keen appetite which neither present grief nor thought of future evil can make mountaineers forget. But all this did not keep sorrow from the hearts of these brave fellows, and sometimes one, sometimes another, would stop, drop his fork, and leave the table, saying,

"I have had enough."

While the partisans thus recruited their strength, their chiefs met in the neighboring hall to make their last determinations relative to the defence. There were seated round the table,

lighted by a tin lamp, Doctor Lorquin—his great dog Pluto near him, watching with uplifted muzzle ; Jerome in the recess of a window to the right ; Hullin at the left, very pale. Marc-Dives, with his elbow on the table and cheek resting in his hand, sat with his back to the door, and showed only his brown profile and one of the ends of his long moustache. Materne alone was standing, as was his habit, leaning against the wall behind Lorquin's chair, his rifle resting upon his foot. A murmur of voices came from the kitchen.

When Catherine, who was called by Jean-Claude, entered, she heard a sort of groan which made her tremble. It was Hullin speaking.

"Do you think," he cried, in a burst of wild grief, "that the fate of those brave sons, those white-haired fathers, moved not my heart ? Would I not gladly have died a thousand times that they might live ? You know not the woes with which this night has overwhelmed me. To lose life is but little ; but to bear alone the burden of such a trust !"

He was silent, but his trembling lip, the tear that coursed slowly down his cheek, showed how heavily that trust weighed upon him, in a position where conscience itself hesitates and seeks support. Catherine noiselessly seated herself in the large arm-chair on his left. After a few moments' pause, Hullin proceeded more calmly :

"Between eleven o'clock and midnight, Zimmer came crying that we were turned ; that the Germans were coming down from Grossmann ; La-barbe was crushed ; Jerome could hold out no longer. He said no more. What was to be done ? Could I retreat—abandon a position which had cost us so much blood—the Donon road, the way to Paris ? I were a wretch indeed to do so ; but I had only three hundred against the four thousand at

Grandfontaine, and I know not how many descending the mountain. But cost what it might, I determined to hold out ; it was our duty to do so. I thought that life is nothing void of honor ; we might all die, but never would it be said that we yielded the road to France ! Never, never, never !”

His voice again trembled, and his eyes filled with tears as he added :

“We held it—for more than two hours—my brave boys held it. I saw them fall ; they died crying, ‘God save France !’ When the battle began, I sent word to Pivrette. He, with fifty men, came up—too late ! too late ! The enemy flanked us right and left ; they held three fourths of the plateau, and we were driven among the firs toward Blanru, their fire crashing into our bosoms. All that I could do was to collect the wounded who could yet drag themselves along, and place them under the escort of Pivrette ; a hundred men joined him. I kept only fifty to occupy Falkenstein. We cut through the Germans, who tried to cut off our retreat. Happily the night was dark, otherwise not one of us would have escaped. We are here, and all is lost. Falkenstein alone remains, and we are reduced to three hundred. Now we must try who will dare the bitter end. I tell you that my burden presses heavily upon me. While the Donon road was to be defended, our duty was clear ; every man’s life belonged to his country : but that road is lost ; ten thousand men would be needed to regain it, and even now the enemy are entering Lorraine. What is to be done ?”

“Resist to the last !” replied Jerome.

“To the last !” repeated the others.

“Is this your counsel, Catherine ?” asked Hullin.

“Ay !” cried the old woman, with a glance of unconquerable determination.

Then Hullin, in firmer tones, laid his plan before them :

“Falkenstein is our point of retreat. There is our arsenal ; there are our munitions ; the enemy knows this, and will attempt to storm it. We must all be there to defend it ; the eyes of all our countrymen must see us ; they will say that Catherine Le-fevre, Jerome, Materne and his sons, Hullin, Doctor Lorquin, are there ; that they will not lay down their arms. This will revive the drooping courage of all who have hearts to feel for their country. Pivrette will remain in the woods ; his force increasing day by day. The land will be covered with Cossacks, with robbers of every kind ; and when the enemy’s army has entered Lorraine, at my signal Pivrette will fling himself between Donon and the road, and the laggards scattered through the mountains will be caught as in a net. We can also watch our chance to carry off their wagons, harass their reserves ; and if fortune favors, as we hope, when those Kaiserliks are beaten by our troops in Lorraine, we can cut off their retreat.”

All rose, and Hullin, entering the kitchen, made this simple speech to the mountaineers :

“My friends, we have determined to resist to the last. Nevertheless each one is free to do as he pleases, to lay down his arms and return to his village ; but those who seek vengeance will join us ! They will share our last morsel of bread and divide our last cartridge.”

The old wood-cutter, Colon, rose and replied :

“Hullin, we are all with you ; we began the fight together, and together we will end it.”

“Ay, ay !” cried every voice.

"This is your resolution? Then listen! Jerome's brother will take command."

"My brother is dead," interrupted Jerome; "he lies on the side of Grossmann."

There was a moment's silence, and then Hullin continued:

"Colon, you will take command of all who remain, except those who formed the escort of Catherine Lefevre. I retain them with me. You will rejoin Pivrette in the valley of Blanru."

"And our munitions?" cried Marc-Dives.

"I have brought my wagon with me," said Jerome. "Colon can supply himself from it."

"Let them take the sledge too," cried Catherine. "The Cossacks are coming, and they will steal everything. Our people must not go away empty-handed; let them take with them oxen, cows, and goats—everything; for whatever they take is so much won from the enemy."

Five minutes after, the farm-house was a scene of pillage. The sledge was loaded with hams, smoked meats, and bread; the cattle driven from the stables; the horses harnessed to the great wagon, and soon the train began its march, Robin at the head, blowing his horn, and the partisans behind pushing at the wheels. When they had disappeared in the woods, and silence suddenly succeeded the tumult, Catherine, turning round, saw Hullin behind her as pale as a corpse.

"Well, Catherine," he said; "all is finished. We will begin the ascent."

Frantz, Kasper, and the men of the escort, Marc-Dives and Materne, awaited them in the kitchen, resting on their arms.

"Duchene," said the good old woman, "go down to the village;

they must not ill-treat you on my account."

The old servant, shaking his white head, replied with eyes full of tears:

"I might as well die here, Madame Lefevre. It is fifty years since I came to this house. Do not force me away; that would kill me."

"As you will, my poor Duchene," answered Catherine, much affected. "Here are the keys of the house."

The old man seated himself on a stool by the hearth, with eyes fixed and lips parted like one in some sad dream.

The others started for Falkenstein. Marc-Dives, on horseback, his long blade hanging from his wrist, formed the rear-guard. Frantz and Hullin, on the left, reconnoitred the plateau, and Jerome, on the right, the valley; Materne and the men of the escort surrounded the women. Strange! At every threshold, at every window of the village of Charmes appeared faces, young and old, gazing with curious eyes at the flight of Mother Lefevre, and evil tongues were not wanting. "Ah! driven from your nest at last," they cried. "You would meddle with what did not concern you!"

Others muttered aloud that Catherine had been rich long enough, and that all had their turn. As for the labor, the wisdom, the kindness of heart, the thousand virtues of the old mistress of Bois-de-Chênes, the patriotism of Jean-Claude, the courage of Jerome and the three Maternes, the unselfishness of Doctor Lorquin, the devotion of Marc-Dives—about all these things no one had a word to say: their owners were beaten!

#### CHAPTER XXII.

At the bottom of the valley of Bouleaux, two musket-shots from the village of Charmes, the little troop be-

gan slowly to ascend the path leading to the ancient *burg*. Hullin, remembering how he had taken the same path when he had gone to buy powder of Marc-Dives, could not repress his grief. Then, notwithstanding his visit to Phalsbourg, the sight of the wounded from Hanan and Leipsic, the story of the old sergeant, he despaired not; he kept all his energy alive, and never doubted the success of the defence. But now all was lost; the enemy were descending upon Lorraine, and the mountaineers flying. Marc-Dives rode along the wall in the snow; his great horse, accustomed to the journey, neighing, lifting his head and then dropping it beneath his chest. The smuggler turned from time to time to throw a glance at the opposite field of Bois-de-Chênes. Suddenly he cried:

"Ha! the Cossacks are showing themselves."

At this exclamation the entire party halted to look around. They were already high above the village, and even the farm. The gray winter dawn was scattering the morning vapors, and in the hollows of the mountain side they saw a number of those wild horsemen, pistol in hand, slowly approaching the old house. They were separated like skirmishers, and seemed to fear a surprise. A few moments after, others followed from the valley of Houx, then others, and still others, all alike standing up in their stirrups to see further. The first, passing the farm-house and seeing nothing to fear, flourished their lances and turned half-way round. The rest came up at a gallop, like rooks following one of their number that rises in the air as if perceiving some prey. In a few seconds the farm was surrounded, and the door pushed open. Another minute and the windows flew out, shattered to pieces; furniture, mat-

tresses, linen followed from every side of the house at once. Catherine, with lips pressed tightly together, gazed calmly at all this destruction. For a long while she said nothing; but suddenly seeing Yegof strike Duchêne with the shaft of his lance, and drive him from the house, she could not restrain a cry of indignation.

"The wretch! coward! to strike a poor old man who can no longer defend himself. Ah villain! if I had thee here!"

"Come, Catherine," said Jean-Claude; "we have seen enough, and the sight does us no good."

"You are right," she replied; "let us go. I cannot bear it."

As they ascended, the air grew keener. Louise, the child of the gypsies, with a little basket of provisions on her arm, clambered at the head of the troops. The blue sky, the plains of Alsace and Lorraine, and at the verge of the horizon those of Champagne, the boundless immensity of space wherein sight was lost, inspired an enthusiasm in all. They seemed to have wings, to pierce the blue air like those great birds that glided from the tree-tops over the abysses, uttering their free and fearless cries. All the wretchedness of the world beneath, its injustice and its suffering, were forgotten. Louise saw herself a child on the back of her mother—that poor wandering gypsy—and thought, "I have never since been happier; never had less of care; never laughed so much, sang so gayly, and yet we often lacked bread. Ah! those dear days gone!" And the words of old songs rang in her ears.

As they neared the great red rock, crusted with its white and black stones, and hanging over the precipice like the tower of some grand cathedral, Louise and Catherine

paused in ecstasy. Above, the sky seemed yet deeper ; the path cut in the rock yet narrower. The valleys stretching on till lost in distance, the boundless woods, the far-off lakes of Lorraine, the blue ribbon of the Rhine—all the glorious scene filled them with emotion, and the old woman said thoughtfully :

“Jean-Claude, He who lifted this rock to heaven, whose hand hollowed these valleys, who scattered these forests, those thickets, and even these little mosses upon his earth, will surely render us what we deserve.”

While they gazed thus, standing upon the forest terrace of rock, Marc had led his horse to a neighboring cavern, and returned on foot, saying, as he climbed before them.

“Be careful ; you may slip.”

At the same time he showed them, to the right, the blue precipice, with the tops of the fir-trees so far down that they seemed at its base. All were silent until they reached the terrace where the vault began. Then they breathed more freely, and saw in the middle of the passage the smugglers Brenn, Pfeifer, and Toubac, with their great grey cloaks and black slouched hats, seated by a fire which stretched all along the rock. Marc accosted them :

“Here we are ! the Kaiserliks are victorious. Zimmer was killed last night. Is Hexe-Baizel above ?”

“Yes,” answered Brenn ; “she is making cartridges.”

“They may save us yet,” said Marc. “Keep your eyes open, and if any one ascends, fire on him.”

The Maternes halted at the edge of the rock, and the three tall men, with their hat-brims turned up, their powder-horns at their sides, their rifles on their shoulders, and their muscular limbs, and feet firmly planted on the point of the rock, stood, a strange group, against the

blue of the abyss. Old Materne, with outstretched arm, pointed far, very far away, to an almost imperceptible white spot among the firs, saying :

“Do you recognize that, my boys ?”

And all three gazed with half-closed eyes.

“It is our house,” replied Kasper.

“Poor Magre del !” said the old hunter ; “how uneasy she must have been for the last week ; how often has she prayed for us !”

Marc-Dives, who led the party, uttered a cry of surprise.

“Mother Lefevre,” said he, stopping short, “the Cossacks have set fire to your house !”

Catherine heard this news clamly, and walked to the edge of the cliff. Louise and Jean-Claude followed her. At the bottom of the abyss stretched a great white cloud, through which shone what seemed like a spark. That was all ; but from time to time the breeze blew aside the smoke and the fire appeared ; the two high gables, standing darkly out from the flames, the ruined barn and the blazing stables ; then all again was hidden.

“It is nearly finished,” said Hulin in a low tone.

“Yes,” replied the old mistress of the burning dwelling ; “forty years of toil and care are there turning to smoke. But no matter ; they cannot burn my good lands—my fine meadows of the Eichmath. We will begin to labor once more ; Gaspard and Louise will restore all that mischief. I am content. I repent of nothing I have done.”

At the end of a quarter of an hour, millions of sparks arose, and all the buildings fell—all save the dark gables. The party again clambered up the path ; and as they reached the highest terrace, the sharp voice of Hexe-Baizel was heard :

"You, Catherine!" she cried; "I never thought that you would come to see me in my poor den."

Baizel and Catherine Lefevre had been school-girls together; there was but little ceremony between them.

"Nor I," replied the latter; "but in misfortune one is glad to find a companion of one's childhood."

Baizel seemed touched.

"Whatever is here is yours, Catherine," she cried. "Everything."

She pointed to her poor stool, her broom of green twigs, and the five or six logs on her hearth. Catherine gazed on all in silence for a few moments, and then said:

"They are not very grand, but they are substantial, and the Cos-sacks will not easily burn your house."

"No, they will not burn it," laughed Hexe-Baizel; "they would need all the trees in the county of Dabo to only warm the walls. Ha, ha, ha!"

The partisans, after many toils and dangers, felt the want of repose. Each man hastened to place his musket against the wall and stretch himself on the floor. Marc-Dives opened the door of the inner cavern for them, where they were at least sheltered, and then sallied forth with Hulin to examine the position.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

ON the rock of Falkenstein, high in the blue air, rises a round tower, the base of which is broken and sunken. This tower, covered with brambles, hawthorn, and myrtle, seems old as the mountain itself; it has survived French, Germans, and Swedes. Its stones and mortar have become a solid mass, from which it is almost impossible to break the smallest fragment, and the whole structure wears a gloomy air of mystery which bears back the mind to

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ages long past—ages which have no place in the memories of man. Here was Marc-Dives wont to lie in ambush when the wild geese flew south—if he had nothing better to do; and here sometimes at night-fall, when their flocks pierced the fogs and swept round in a broad circle before going to rest, would he bring down two or three of their number—a feat which rejoiced the heart of Hexe-Baizel, who wasted no time in preparing them for the spit. Here too, in autumn, did Marc often set snares among the bushes, where the thrushes loved to perch; and to crown all, the old tower served him as a storehouse for his winter's stock of wood. How often was Hexe-Baizel, when the northern gales blew fierce, and the crashing of branches and groans of the neighboring forests rose like the dashing of a tempest-tost ocean—how often then was Hexe-Baizel almost torn from that old tower and hurled to the opposite Kilberi! But her long fingers held fast to the vines, and the wind only flapped her coarse hair about her head.

Dives, perceiving that his wood, covered with snow and wet with every rain, gave more smoke than flame, made a roof of planks for his storehouse; and the smuggler relates that, while laying the rafters, he found a screech-owl white as snow, blind and feeble, but provided with field-mice and bats in abundance. For this reason he called it the "Grand-mother of the country," supposing that all the other birds fed it on account of its extreme old age.

Toward evening the partisans—placed on the lookout on every terrace of the rock—saw white uniforms appear in the surrounding gorges. Masses of men debouched from the depths on all sides at once, showing an intention to blockade Falkenstein.



Marc-Dives seeing this, became thoughtful. "If they surround us," said he musingly, "we cannot procure provisions; we must surrender or die of hunger."

The enemy's staff were plainly seen on horseback around the spring of the village of Charmes. There a stout officer was observing the rock through a long field-glass; behind him was Yegof, to whom he turned from time to time to question. The women and children of the village looked on at some distance away, as if enjoying the scene, and five or six Cossacks caracoled about. The smuggler could bear no more; he took Hullin aside.

"Look," said he, "at that long line of shakos glistening along the Sarre, and nearer, those others running like hares through the valley. They are Kaiserliks, are they not? Well, what are they going to do, Jean-Claude?"

"They are going to surround the mountain."

"That is clear. How many men do you think they have?"

"From three to four thousand."

"Without counting those in the open country. Well, what would you have Pivrette do with his three hundred men against that mass of vagabonds? I put the question frankly, Hullin!"

"He can do nothing," replied brave Jean-Claude simply. "The Germans know that our munitions are at Falkenstein; they fear a rising after they enter Lorraine, and wish to secure their rear. The enemy's general sees that he cannot overcome us by force; he has decided to reduce us by famine. All this, Marc, is surely true; but we are men; we will do our duty; we will die here!"

There was a moment's silence. Marc-Dives knit his brows, but seemed not at all convinced.

"We will die?" he repeated. "I do not see why we should die; that idea did not enter our heads; there are too many people who would be glad of it if we did."

"What would you do?" asked Hullin shortly; "do you want to surrender?"

"Surrender!" cried the smuggler: "do you take me for a coward?"

"Then explain."

"This evening I start for Phalsbourg. I risk my neck passing through the enemy's lines; but I would rather do that than fold my arms and die of hunger. I will enter the city the first sortie that is made, when I will try and reach a gate. The commandant, Meunier, knows me; I have sold him tobacco for the last three years. He, like you, served in Italy and Egypt. I will show him the state of affairs. I will see Gaspard Lefevre. I will fix matters so that they will probably give us a company. If we only get a uniform, we are saved—do you see, Jean-Claude? All of our brave people who are left will join Pivrette, and, in any case, they can deliver us. That is my idea; what do you think of it?"

He gazed at Hullin, whose fixed and gloomy eye disturbed him.

"Is it not our only chance?"

"It is an idea," replied Jean-Claude at length; "I do not oppose it."

And looking the smuggler straight in the eyes, he said:

"Will you swear to do your utmost to enter the city?"

"I swear nothing," answered Marc, his brown cheeks flushing. "I leave here all I possess—my wife, my goods, my comrades, Catherine Lefevre, and you, my oldest friend! If I do not return, I shall be a traitor; but if I return, you will explain your demand, Jean-Claude; we will

clear up this little account between us."

"Marc," said Hullin, "forgive me. I have suffered too much; I was wrong; misfortune has made me distrustful. Give me your hand. Go; save us; save Catherine; save my child! I say now to you, that our only hope lies in you."

Hullin's voice quivered. Dives softened, but he said:

"Very well, Jean-Claude; but in such a moment you should not have spoken so. Never let us again speak of it! I will leave my body on the way or I will return to deliver you. I will start to-night. The Kaiserliks already surround the mountain. No matter; I have a good horse, and I was always lucky."

At six o'clock darkness had fallen on every peak. Hundreds of fires flashing in the gorges showed where the Germans were preparing their evening meal. Marc-Dives descended, groping his way. Hullin listened for a few seconds to his comrade's footsteps, and then turned, buried in thought, to the old tower, where he had established his headquarters. He lifted the thick woolen curtain which closed the entrance, and saw Catherine, Louise, and the others gathered round a little fire, which lighted up the grey walls. The old woman, seated on an oaken block, her hands clasped around her knees, gazed fixedly at the flame, her lips set tightly together, and her face seemingly tinged with a greenish tint in its extreme pallor. Jerome, standing behind Catherine, his folded arms resting on his staff, touched the slimy roof with his otter-skin cap. All were sad and disheartened. Hexe-Baisel, who was lifting the cover of a great pot, and Doctor Lorquin, scraping the old wall with the point of his sabre, alone kept their accustomed looks.

"Here we are," said the doctor, "returned to the times of the Triboci. These walls are more than two thousand years old. A fine quantity of water must have flowed from the heights of Falkenstein and Grossmann through the Sarre and the Rhine since fire was made before in this tower."

"Yes," replied Catherine, as if awakening from a dream, "and many besides us have here suffered cold, hunger, want. Who knows how many? And when a hundred, or two or three hundred years shall have passed, still others may here seek shelter. They, like us, will find the walls cold and the floor damp. They will make a little fire, and gazing on each other as we now gaze, will ask, Who suffered here before us, and why did they suffer? Were they pursued, hunted as we have been, that they would fain hide themselves in such a miserable den? And then they will think of by-gone years, and no one may answer them!"

Jean-Claude drew near. In a few moments, raising her head she said, as she looked at him:

"Well, we are blockaded; the enemy seeks to reduce us by famine."

"True, Catherine," replied Hullin. "I did not expect that. I counted on an attack; but the Kaiserliks are not yet so sure of us as they imagine. Dives has just started for Phalsbourg. He knows the commandant; and if they only send a hundred men to our succor—"

"We must not rely on it," interrupted the old woman. "Marc may be captured or killed; and even should he succeed in making his way through their lines, how could he enter Phalsbourg? You know the city is besieged by the Russians."

All remained silent.

Hexe-Baisel soon brought some

soup, and the party formed a circle around the great smoking pot.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

CATHERINE LEFEVRE came forth from the ruin at about seven o'clock in the morning. Louise and Hexe-Baizel were yet sleeping; but day—the brilliant day of the mountains—already flooded the valleys. Far below, through the blue depths, forests, gorges, rocks, were outlined like the mosses and pebbles of a lake beneath its crystal waters. Not a breath stirred the air, and Catherine, as she surveyed the grandeur of the scene, felt a sense of peaceful calm—of repose, greater even than that of sleep, steal over her. “Our miseries, our unrest, and our sufferings are but of a day,” she thought. “Why disturb heaven with our groans? Why dread the future? All these things endure but a moment. Our complaints are as those of a butterfly when the leaves fall; they do not keep winter away. Time must end for all; we must die that we may be born again.”

Thus mused the old woman, and she no longer feared what might happen. Suddenly a murmur of voices filled her ears; she turned and saw Hullin with the three smugglers, all earnestly talking, on the opposite side of the plateau. They had not seen her, so deeply did the subject of their conversation interest them.

Old Brenn, at the edge of the rock, with a short, black pipe between his teeth, his cheeks wrinkled like a withered leaf, short nose, grey moustache, bleared eye-lids, half-closed over reddish-brown eyes, and long great-coat sleeves hanging by his sides, gazed at the different points Hullin was showing them among the mountains; and the other two, wrap-

ped in their gray cloaks, stepped forward or backward, shading their eyes with their hands, in deep attention.

Catherine walked toward them, and soon she heard:

“Then you do not think it possible to reach the foot of the mountain?”

“No, Jean-Claude; there is no way of doing so,” answered Brenn; “those villains know the country thoroughly, and all the paths are guarded. Look! there is the meadow of Chevreuils along that lake; no one ever even thought of watching it; but see, they are there. And yonder, the pass of Rothstein—a mere goat-path, where a man is scarcely seen once in ten years—you see a bayonet glisten behind the rock, do you not? And there, where I have climbed for eight years with my sacks without ever meeting a gendarme, they hold that too. Some fiend must have shown them the defiles.”

“Yes,” cried tall Toubac, “the fiend Yegof.”

“But,” said Hullin, “it seems to me that three or four stout men might carry one of those posts.”

“No; they are supported by each other; and the first shot fired would bring a regiment upon us,” replied Brenn. “Besides, if we got through, how could we return with provisions? It is impossible!”

There were a few moments of silence.

“Nevertheless,” said Toubac, “if Hullin wishes it, we will try all the same.”

“Try what?” cried Brenn. “To lose our lives trying to escape, and leave the others in the toils? But it is all the same to me; if the others go, I will. But as for talking about returning with provisions, I say it is impossible. Which path will you take going, and which returning?”

Promises will not do here ; we must act up to them. If you know a way, tell us. For twenty years I have beaten the mountain with Marc. I know every path and pass for ten leagues around ; but I see none open now except through the air."

Hullin turned, and saw Mother Lefevre a few paces away, listening attentively.

"You here, Catherine!" he exclaimed. "Our affairs wear an ugly look."

"Yes ; I understand. There is no way of getting a supply of provisions."

"Provisions!" said Brenn, with a strange smile. "Do you know, Mother Lefevre, for how long we are supplied?"

"For a fortnight, at least," replied Catherine.

"For a week," said the smuggler, shaking out the ashes of his pipe on his nail.

"It is true," said Hullin. "Marc-Dives and I believed that an attack would be made on Falkenstein ; we never thought the enemy would besiege it like a fortress. We were mistaken."

"And what is to be done?" asked Catherine, growing pale.

"We must reduce each one's ration to half. If Marc does not return in a fortnight, we shall have no more. Then, indeed, we must see what is to be done."

So saying, Hullin with Catherine and the smugglers, their heads drooping, took the path to the notch. They reached the descent, when, thirty feet beneath them, they saw Materne climbing breathlessly among the stones, and dragging himself along by the bushes to increase his speed.

"Well," cried Jean-Claude, "what has happened?"

"Ah! there you are. I was going to look for you. One of the enemy's

officers is coming along the wall of the old *burg*, with a little white flag. He seems to desire a parley."

Hullin, directing his steps toward the slope of the rock, saw, indeed, a German officer standing upon the wall, seemingly awaiting a sign to ascend. He was two musket-shots off, and further away were five or six soldiers, resting on their arms.

After gazing a moment at the group, Jean-Claude turned, saying:

"It is a flag of truce coming to summon us to surrender."

"Fire on him!" cried Catherine ; "we have no other answer."

The others all seemed inclined to do so, save Hullin, who, without speaking, descended to the terrace, where the rest of the partisans were gathered.

"My friends," said he, "the enemy sends a flag of truce. We know not what he wants. I suppose it is a summons to lay down our arms ; but it may be something else. Frantz and Kasper will go to meet him. They will bandage his eyes at the foot of the rock, and lead him hither."

No one having any objection to make, the sons of Materne slung their carbines on their backs and departed. At the end of about ten minutes the two tall hunters reached the officer ; there was a rapid conference between them, after which all three began to climb to Falkenstein. As they ascended, the uniform of the German officer, and even his features, could be clearly seen. He was a lean man, with ashy flaxen hair, tall, well knit, and resolute in movement and appearance. At the foot of the rock Frantz and Kasper bandaged his eyes, and soon their steps were heard beneath the vault. Jean-Claude went to meet them, and himself untied the handkerchief, saying:

"You wish to communicate with me, sir. I am listening."

The partisans stood some fifteen paces off. Catherine Lefevre, nearer, knitted her brows; her bony figure, long, hooked nose, the three or four locks of gray hair which fell by chance upon her hollow temples, and down on her wrinkled cheeks, her tightly pressed lips, and fixed gaze, seemed first to attract the officer's attention; then the pale and gentle face of Louise behind her; then Jerome, with his long, yellow beard and cloak; and old Materne leaning on his short rifle. He looked at the others, and at the high, red vault, with its colossal mass of granite hanging over the precipice, and covered only with a few brambles. Hexe-Baizel, behind Materne, her long broom of twigs in her hands, her outstretched neck and feet, on the very edge of the rock, seemed to astonish him.

He himself was the object of much attention. His attitude and bearing, long face, finely-cut bronzed features, clear gray eye and thin mustache, the delicacy of his limbs, hardened by the toils of war, all bespoke aristocratic lineage; and he had, too, a look of shrewdness mingled with that of the man of the world, the soldier, and the diplomatist.

But this mutual inspection was only the work of an instant. The officer began, in good French:

"Is it the Commandant Hullin that I have the honor of addressing?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jean-Claude.

The officer glanced hesitatingly at the circle around.

"Speak out, sir," cried Hullin; "let all hear you. Where honor and our country are the subject, no one in France is out of place; our women understand the words as well as we. You have some propositions to offer me. In the first place, on behalf of whom?"

"Of the general commanding-in-chief. Here is my commission."

"Very good. We are listening, sir."

Then the officer, raising his voice, proceeded in a firm tone:

"Before I begin, commandant, permit me to say that you have performed your duty magnificently; you have forced your foes to admire you."

"As for duty," answered Hullin, "we merely did what we could."

"Yes," added Catherine, in short, dry tones; "and since our foes admire us on that account, they will admire us much more in a week or two, for the war is not yet ended. Marc is to come!"

The officer turned his head toward her, and stood as if stupefied at the savage earnestness imprinted upon the old woman's features.

"Those are noble sentiments," said he, after a few moments' silence; "but humanity has its rights, and to spill blood uselessly is only doing evil for the sake of evil."

"Then why do you come to our country?" cried Catherine, and her voice seemed like the eagle's shriek. "Begone, and let us alone!"

Then she added:

"You make war like robbers: you steal, pillage, burn. You all deserve to be hanged. We ought to throw you over the rock, for the sake of the example."

The officer turned pale, for the old woman seemed ready to execute her threat; but he soon recovered himself, and continued calmly:

"I know that the Cossacks set fire to the farm-house opposite this rock. They are pillagers such as follow all armies, and this one act proves nothing against the discipline of our troops. The French soldiery often did the same in Germany, and particularly in the Tyrol; and, not satisfied with robbing and burning the

villages, they shot pitilessly all the mountaineers suspected of having taken up arms to defend their homes. We might make reprisals. It is our right to do so ; but we are not barbarians ; we understand that patriotism is grand and noble, even when wrongly directed. Besides, we do not make war on the French people, but on the Emperor Napoleon. Therefore, our general, on learning of the conduct of the Cossacks, publicly punished that act of vandalism, and moreover, decided that the proprietor should be indemnified."

"I ask no indemnity of you," interrupted Catherine rudely. "I wish to live with my wrong, and to avenge it!"

The officer saw the hopelessness of trying to bring the old woman to terms, and that it was, besides, dangerous to reply. He turned, therefore, to Hullin, and said :

"I am charged, commandant, to offer you the honors of war, if you consent to surrender your position. You have no provisions, as we are well aware. A few days from now, you will be compelled to lay down your arms. The esteem the general bears you alone impelled him to offer you these honorable conditions. Longer resistance is useless. We are masters of Donon ; our *corps d'armée* is passing into Lorraine. The campaign will not be decided here ; so that you have no interest in defending a useless position. We wish to spare you the horrors of famine upon this rock. Decide, commandant."

Hullin turned to the partisans, and said simply,

"You have heard. I refuse the conditions ; but I will submit, if all accept the enemy's propositions."

"We all refuse them," cried Jerome.

"Yes ; all, all !" repeated the others.

Catherine Lefevre, till then so stern, happened to glance at Louise, and then her firmness gave way. She took her by the arm, and leading her to the officer, said :

"We have a child among us ; is there no means of sending her to one of her friends in Laverne ?"

Louise had scarce heard the words when, throwing herself in Hullin's arms, she cried affrightedly,

"No, no ! I will stay with you, Father Jean-Claude ! I will die with you !"

"Go, sir," said Hullin, with bloodless lips, "tell your general what you have seen ; tell him that Falkenstein we will hold to the death ! Kasper, Frantz, lead back the officer."

The last seemed to hesitate ; but as he was about to speak, Catherine, pale with wrath, cried,

"Go, go ! You are not yet so sure of us as you think. It is the villain Yegof who told you we had no provisions ; we have enough for two months, and in two months our army will have swept you from the earth. Traitors will not always flourish, and then woe to you !"

As she grew more and more excited, the officer judged it prudent to withdraw. He returned to his guides, who again put on the bandage, and led him to the foot of Falkenstein.

Hullin's orders regarding the provisions were carried out the same day ; each one received a half-ration. A sentry was posted in front of Hexe-Baizel's cavern, where the food was kept, and the door barricaded. Jean-Claude ordered the distributions to be made in presence of all, to avoid injustice ; but all these precautions did not save the unhappy patriots from the worst horrors of famine.

## CHAPTER XXV.

For three days food had been entirely wanting. Still Dives gave no sign. How often during those long days of agony did the mountaineers strain their eyes toward Phalsbourg ! How often did they listen to the low murmur of the breeze, thinking it bore upon it the sound of the smuggler's footsteps !

In the midst of the torments of hunger, the nineteenth day since the arrival of the partisans on Falkenstein dragged away. They no longer spoke to each other ; but seated on the earth, their fleshless faces gazing at vacancy, they passed hours as in a dream. Sometimes they would turn sparkling eyes upon each other, as if ready to satisfy their hunger at the expense of a comrade's life ; then all would again sink into a gloomy calm.

Once Yegof's raven, winging its way from peak to peak, came near this scene of misery ; but old Materne brought his rifle to his shoulder, and the bird of ill omen flew back at its utmost speed, uttering mournful cries, and the old hunter's piece fell harmless.

And now, as if the horrors of hunger were not enough to fill the measure of their misery, they only opened their lips to accuse or threaten each other.

Louise was delirious ; her great blue eyes, instead of living objects, saw spectres fleeting over them, sweeping the tree-tops, and lighting upon the old tower.

"Food—food at last !" would she cry.

And then the others, carried away by fury, shrieked that she was mocking them, and bade her beware.

Jerome alone remained calm and collected ; but the great quantity of snow he had eaten in his pangs kept

his body and bony face covered with a cold sweat.

Dr. Lorquin knotted a handkerchief around his waist, and drew it tighter and tighter, pretending that he thus satisfied his cravings. He sat against the wall of the tower with closed eyes, which from hour to hour he opened, saying,

"We are at the first, second, third period. Another day, and all will be over !"

Then he would deliver dissertations on the Druids, on Odin, Brahma, Pythagoras, quoting Latin and Greek, all announcing the approaching transformation of the people of Harberg into wolves, foxes, and all sorts of animals.

"I," he cried, "I will be a lion ! I will eat fifteen pounds of beef a day."

But soon recollecting himself, he continued,

"No, I would rather be a man. I will preach peace, brotherly love, justice ! Ah my friends ! we suffer for our own faults. What have we been doing on the other side of the Rhine for the last ten years ? By what right did we place masters over those nations ? Why did we not rather exchange thought, feeling, the products of our arts and industry with them ? Why did we not meet them as brothers, instead of trying to enslave them ? We should have been well received. How they, poor wretches, must have suffered during ten years of violence and rapine ! Now they are avenging themselves. God is just. May the malediction of heaven fall on those who divide nations to oppress them !"

After a few moments of excitement like this, he would sink exhausted against the wall, murmuring :

"Bread ! only a morsel of bread !"

Materne's boys, seated among the bushes, their rifles at their shoul-

ders, seemed awaiting the sight of game, which never appeared ; but the thought of their eternal resting-place sustained their expiring strength.

A few, in the agonies of fever, accused Jean-Claude of being the author of their misery in bringing them to Falkenstein.

Hullin, with more than human energy, yet came and went, watching all that passed in the valleys, but speaking no word.

Sometimes he would advance to the very edge of the rock, with jaws pressed firmly together, and flashing eyes, to see Yegof seated before a great fire on the meadow of Bois-de-Chenes, in the middle of a troop of Cossacks. Since the enemy's arrival in the valley of Charmes, this had been the fool's constant post ; and from it he seemed to gloat over the agony of his victims.

The tortures of hunger in the depths of a dungeon are no doubt terrible ; but beneath the open sky, with floods of light pouring down on every side, in view of help, in view of the thousand resources of nature, then no tongue can paint their horrors.

At the end of this nineteenth day, between four and five in the evening, the weather became cloudy ; huge masses of gray vapor rose behind the snowy peak of Grossmann ; the setting sun, glowing redly like a ball of iron just taken from the furnace, threw a few last gleams through the thickening air. Deep silence reigned on the rock. Louise no longer gave any sign of life ; Kasper and Frantz still sat motionless as stones among the bushes. Catherine Lefevre, huddled on the ground, clasping her knees within her withered arms, her features hard and rigid, her hair hanging over her ashy cheeks, her eyes haggard, and lips closed tight as

a vice, seemed some ancient sibyl. She no longer spoke. That evening, Hullin, Jerome, old Materne, and Doctor Lorquin gathered around the old woman, that all might die together. They were all silent, and the last glimmer of twilight fell dimly upon the group. To the right, behind a projection of the rock, the fires of the Germans sparkled in the abyss. Suddenly the old woman, starting as from a dream, murmured a few words, unintelligible at first.

"Dives is coming !" she continued in a low tone ; "I see him ; he sallies from the postern—to the right of the arsenal. Gaspard follows him, and—"

She counted slowly.

"Two hundred and fifty men, National Guards and soldiers. They cross the fosse ; they mount behind the demi-lune. Gaspard is talking to Marc. What is he saying?"

She seemed to listen.

"Hasten ! Ay, hasten ; never was more need of speed ! They are on the glaciais !"

There was a long silence ; then the old woman, suddenly springing to her feet, rose to her full height, and with arms outstretched, and hair flying wildly about her head, shouted : "Courage ! Strike ! kill ! kill ! kill !"

She fell heavily to the earth.

Her terrible cry had awakened all ; it might have awakened the dead. New life seemed breathed into the besieged. Something strange and unearthly seemed to fill the air. Was it hope ? life ? I know not ; but the entire party came crawling up on all fours, like wild beasts, holding their breath that they might listen. Even Louise moved slightly, and raised her head. Frantz and Kasper dragged themselves on their knees, and strange to say, Hullin, casting his eyes toward Phalsbourg, thought he



saw the flashes of musketry, as if a sortie were being made.

Catherine resumed her first attitude ; but her cheeks, lately rigid as a marble mask, now quivered, and her eye again grew dreamy. The others listened ; their lives seemed hanging on her lips. Thus a quarter of an hour passed, when she again spoke slowly :

"They have passed the enemy's lines ; they are hastening to Lutzelbourg ; I see them. Gaspard and Dives are in the van with Desmarets, Ulrich, Weber, and our friends of the city. They are coming ! they are coming !"

She was again silent. They listened long, but the vision had vanished. Minutes followed minutes that seemed centuries, when at once Hexe-Baizel's sharp voice arose :

"She is a fool ! She saw nothing. I know Marc. He is mocking us. What is it to him if we perish ! So long as he has his bottle of wine and his dinner, and his pipe after, what does he care ? O the villain !"

Then all was silence again, and the wretches whose hearts were for a moment animated with the hope of speedy deliverance, again sank back in despair.

"It was a dream," thought they.

"Hexe-Baizel is right ; we are doomed to die of hunger."

Night had fallen. When the moon rose behind the tall firs, shedding her pale light on the mournful groups, Hullin alone watched, although fever was burning his vitals. He listened to every sound from the gorges. The voices of the German sentries called their *Wer da ! Wer da !* as the rounds passed the bivouacs ; the horses neighed shrilly, and their grooms shouted. At last, toward midnight, the brave old man fell asleep like the others. When he awoke, the clock of the village of

Charmes was striking four. Hullin, at the sound of its far-off vibrations, started from his stupor, opened his eyes, and, while he gazed upward trying to collect his senses, a dim light like the flare of a torch passed before his eyes. Fear seized him, and he muttered :

"Am I going mad ? The night is dark, and yet I see torches !"

The flame reappeared ; he saw it more clearly ; he arose and pressed his hand for some seconds upon his brow. At last, risking a glance, he saw distinctly a fire on Giromani, on the other side of Blanru, flinging its red glare in the sky, and throwing black shadows from the firs on the snow. Suddenly he remembered that it was the signal agreed on between Pivrette and himself to announce an attack ; he trembled from head to foot ; a cold sweat poured from his forehead, and groping through the darkness like a blind man with arms outstretched, he stammered :

"Catherine ! Louise ! Jerome !"

But no one answered ; and after wandering thus, feeling his way, and often thinking he was moving on when he made not a step, he fell to the ground on his face crying,

"My children ! Catherine ! They are coming ! We are saved !"

There was a dull murmur ; it seemed as if the dead were awakening. There was a short peal of laughter. It was Hexe-Baizel, crazed through suffering ; then Catherine cried :

"Hullin ! Hullin ! Who spoke ?"

Jean-Claude, overcoming his emotion, shouted in a firmer voice :

"Jerome, Catherine, Materne, all of you ! Are you dead ? Do you not see yonder fire on the side of Blanru ? It is Pivrette coming to our rescue !"

At the same instant a crash rolled like a tempest through the gorges of

the Jaegerthal. The trump of judgment could not have produced a greater effect upon the besieged. At once all were awake and listening.

"It is Pivrette! It is Marc!" cried broken voices, sounding hollow as those of skeletons. "They are coming to save us!"

They tried to rise. Some fell back sobbing; they could no longer weep. A second crash brought all to their feet.

"It is the volley of a platoon!" cried Hullin; "our men are firing by platoon too! We have soldiers in line! Long live France!"

"Mother Catherine was right," said Jerome; "the men of Phalsbourg are coming to help us; they are descending the hills of the Sarre, and Pivrette is attacking by way of Blanru."

The fusillade was, in fact, commencing on both sides at once, toward the meadows of Bois-de-Chenes and the heights of Kilberi.

Then the two leaders embraced, and as they groped about in the darkness, seeking the edge of the rock, the voice of Materne shouted:

"Take care! the precipice is there."

They stopped short, and looked down, but saw nothing; a current of cold air, from the depths beneath, alone told them of their danger. All the surrounding peaks and valleys were buried in darkness. On the sides of the opposite slope, the flashes of the musketry glanced like lightning, now lighting up an aged oak, or the black outline of a rock, or mayhap a patch of heather, covered with forms rushing hither and thither. From the depths, two thousand feet below, rose a confused murmur, the clattering of horse-hoofs, cries, commands. Now the call of a mountaineer—that prolonged shout

which flies from peak to peak—rose like a sigh to Falkenstein.

"That is Marc!" said Hullin.

"Yes, it is Marc cheering us," replied Jerome.

The others, near by, with necks outstretched and hands on the edge of the cliff, gazed wistfully. The fire continued with a rapidity which told of the desperation of the fight; but nothing could be seen. How those poor wretches longed for a part in the struggle! With what ardor would they have hurled themselves into the combat! The fear of yet being abandoned—of seeing the retreat of their rescuers—made them speechless.

Soon day began to break; the pale dawn shone behind the dark peaks; a few rays of light fell into the shadowy valleys, and, half an hour after, silvered the mists of their depths. Hullin, glancing through a break in these clouds, at last understood the state of affairs. The Germans had lost the heights of Valtin and the field of Bois-de-Chenes. They were massed in the valley of Charmes, at the foot of Falkenstein, one third of the way up the slope, so that the fire of their adversaries might not plunge from above upon them. Opposite the rock, Pivrette, master of Bois-de-Chenes, was ordering an abatis to be raised on the descent to the valley. He rushed hither and thither, his short pipe between his teeth, his slouched hat pulled down on his ears, and his rifle slung behind him. The blue axes of the wood-cutters glanced in the rising sun. To the left of the village, on the side of Valtin, in the midst of the heather, Marc-Dives, on a little black horse with a trailing tail, his long sword hanging from his wrist, was pointing out the ruins and the old path over which the wood-cutters were wont to drag their trees. An

infantry officer and some National Guards in blue uniforms listened. Gaspard Lefevre alone, in advance of the group, leaned on his musket and seemed meditating. His mien told of desperate resolve. At the top of the hill, two or three hundred men, in line, resting on their arms, gazed on the scene.

The sight of the fewness of their defenders chilled the hearts of the besieged; the more so as the Germans, outnumbering them seven or eight to one, began to form two columns of attack to regain the positions they had lost. Their general sent horsemen in every direction with orders, and the lines of bayonets began to move.

"The game is up!" muttered Hullin to Jerome. "What can five or six hundred men do against four thousand in line of battle? The Phalsbourg people will return home, saying, 'We have done our duty!' and Pivrette will be crushed."

All thought the same; but what filled the measure of their despair was to see a long line of Cossacks debouch at full speed into the valley of Charmes, the fool Yegof at their head galloping like the wind, his beard, the tail of his horse, his dogskin and his red hair streaming behind. He gazed at the rock, and brandished his lance above his head. At the bottom of the valley he spurred toward the enemy's staff. Reaching the general, he made some gestures, pointing to the other side of the plateau of Bois-de Chenes.

"The villain!" exclaimed Hullin. "See! he says Pivrette has no abatis on that side, and that the mountain must be turned."

A column indeed, began its march at once in the direction shown, while another pressed on toward the abatis to mask the movement of the first.

"Materne," cried Jean-Claude, "is there no means of sending a bullet after yonder fool?"

The old hunter shook his head.

"None," he answered; "it is impossible; he is not in range."

Even as he spoke, Catherine uttered a wild cry, a scream like that of a falcon.

"Let us crush them!" she shrieked—"crush them as we did at Blutfeld!"

And the old woman, but a moment ago so feeble, seized a fragment of rock which she lifted with both hands; then, with her long gray hair floating in the wind, her hooked nose bent over her compressed and colorless lips, and her wrinkled cheeks rigid as iron, she rushed with firm steps to the edge of the cliff, and the rock cleft the air.

A horrible clamor arose from beneath, through which could be heard the crash of broken branches; then the enormous mass rebounded a hundred feet outward—dashed down the steep slope, again flew out into the open air, down, down, falling full on Yegof, and crushing him at the general's feet! All was the work of a moment.

Catherine, erect on the edge of the cliff, laughed a long, rattling laugh.

Then the others, those phantoms, spectres, as if a new life had been given them, dashed over the ruins of the ancient burg, shrieking:

"Death! Death to the Germans! Crush them as we did at Blutfeld."

Never did eye behold a scene more terrible. Wretches at the gates of the tomb—lean, fleshless as skeletons—found again their strength and their courage. They blenched not; each man seized his fragment of rock, hurled it over the precipice, and rushed back to find another, without even waiting to see the effect of the one he had thrown.

No pen can paint the terror of the Kaiserliks as this storm of rocks dashed down upon their heads. All turned as they heard the crashing bushes and trees, and at first stood gazing as if petrified. Raising their eyes, they saw others, and still others, rushing down, and, above, figures like spectres appear and disappear, hurling missiles of death into the air; they saw around them their crushed and mangled comrades—lines of fifteen or twenty men stricken down at once. A wild cry echoed from the depths of the valley to the peak of Falkenstein, and despite the commands of their leaders, despite the hail of shot that began to pour from right and left upon them, the Germans, careless whither they went, fled anywhere—anywhere to avoid the horrid death that smote them there.

In the thick of the rout, however, the Austrian general succeeded in rallying a battalion and brought it in good order to the village. Calm and collected amid disaster and death, he seemed worthy his high rank. He turned gloomily, from time to time, to gaze on the falling rocks, which still ploughed bloody furrows through his column.

Jean-Claude observed him, and in spite of the intoxication of victory, and the joy of having escaped the horrors of a death by famine, the old soldier could not restrain his admiration.

“Look,” he cried to Jerome, “he does as we did on the retreat from Donon and Grossmann. He is the last to retire, and only yields his ground foot by foot. Truly there are brave men of all countries!”

Marc-Dives and Pivrette, witnessing this turn of fortune, descended among the fir-trees to cut off the enemy's retreat; but the effort was in vain. The battalion, reduced one half, formed square behind the vil-

lage of Charmes, and then retreated slowly up the valley of the Sarre, halting at times, like a wounded and hunted wild-boar turning upon his tormentors, whenever the men of Pivrette or from Phalsbourg pressed them too closely.

Thus ended the great battle of Falkenstein, known among the mountains as the Battle of the Rocks.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

SCARCELY had the fight ceased, when, toward 8 o'clock, Marc-Dives, Gaspard, and some thirty mountaineers, bearing baskets of food, reached the peak of Falkenstein. What a spectacle awaited them there! The besieged, stretched on the earth, seemed dead. In vain they shook the bodies and shouted in their ears; no answer came. Gaspard Lefevre, seeing his mother and Louise lying motionless with teeth fast locked together, told Marc, in his agony, that unless they recovered he would blow out his brains with his own musket. Marc replied that every one was free to do as he pleased; but that for his part, he would do no such thing on Hexe-Baisel's account. At length, old Colon placed his basket on a stone. Kasper Materne suddenly sighed, opened his eyes, and, seeing the food, began clacking his teeth like a famished fox.

They knew what that meant, and Marc-Dives passed his flask under the nose of each one, which was sufficient to resuscitate them. They wanted to devour all the provisions at once; but Doctor Lorquin had sense enough remaining to warn Marc not to listen to them, for the least excess would be sure death. Each one received, therefore, only a small piece of bread, an egg, and a glass of wine, which restored their powers singularly. Then they placed

Catherine, Louise, and the entire party on sleds, and descended to the village.

Who could describe the enthusiasm and emotion of their friends, when they saw them arrive, more meagre than Lazarus risen from his grave! They were gazed at, embraced, hugged, and every new-comer from Abreschwiler, Dagsberg, Saint-Quirin, or anywhere else, had to repeat the ceremony.

Marc-Dives was obliged twenty times to relate the story of his journey to Phalsbourg. Luck had been against the brave smuggler. After having almost by miracle escaped the bullets of the Kaiserliks, he fell, in the valley of Spartzprod, into the middle of a troop of Cossacks, who robbed him of every thing. Then for two weeks he had to roam about the Russian posts, which surrounded the city, drawing the fire of their sentries and running the risk dozens of times of being arrested as a spy, before he was able to enter the works. Then the commandant Meunier, fearing from the weakness of the garrison, at first refused all help, and it was only at the pressing entreaty of the inhabitants of the city that he at length consented to detach two companies for the purpose.

The mountaineers, listening to this recital, could not cease admiring the courage of Marc, and his perseverance amid so many perils.

"What would you have me do?" asked the tall smuggler of those loudest in their praises. "I only did my duty; would you have me leave my comrades to perish? I knew that the task was not an easy one; those rogues of Cossacks are sharper than custom-house officers; they scent you a league off like crows; but no matter, we got the better of them this time."

At the end of five or six days, all

the lately besieged were on their feet again. Captain Vidal, from Phalsbourg, had left twenty-five men at Falkenstein, to guard the ammunition. Gaspard Lefevre was of the number, and the brave fellow came every morning down to the village. The allies had all passed into Lorraine; none were seen in Alsace, except around the fortresses. Soon the news came of the victories of Champ-Aubert and Montmirail; but the evil days had come upon us, and, in spite of the heroism of our army and the Emperor's genius, the Germans and Russians entered Paris.

This was a terrible blow for Jean-Claude, Catherine, Materne, Jerome, and all the mountaineers; but others have related the history of these events; they form no part of our story.

Peace concluded, the old farmhouse of Bois-de-Chenes was rebuilt in the spring; wood-cutters, sabot-makers, masons, and all the workmen in the country round lent a hand in the work.

About the same time, the army having been disbanded, Gaspard trimmed his mustache, and his marriage with Louise took place.

The wedding-day was all the heroes of Falkenstein and Donon gathered, and the farm-house received them with open doors, and windows too. Each one brought a present to the couple—Jerome, a pair of little shoes for Louise; Dives, packages of smuggled tobacco for Gaspard; each one according to his means.

Tables were set even in the barns and sheds. How much wine, bread, and meat, how many pies and puddings were disposed of, I know not; but what I do know is that Jean-Claude, filled with gloom since the entry of the allies into Paris, cheered upon that day and sang the old song of his youth as gayly as when he set

out, musket on shoulder for Valmy, Jemmapes and Fleurus. The echoes of Falkenstein took up the old patriotic air—the grandest, noblest ever heard by man. Catherine Lefevre beat time on the table with the handle of her knife; and if it be true, as many maintain, that the dead come to listen when we speak of them, our slain must indeed have rejoiced, and the King of Diamonds foamed on his red beard.

Toward midnight, Hullin arose, and addressing the bridegroom and bride said :

"You will have brave children ; I will dance them on my knees, and teach them this old song ; and then I will follow those who have gone before me."

He embraced Louise, and linking arms with Marc-Dives and Jerome, went to his own little home, followed by all the wedding guests singing

their grand old song. Never was a finer night known ; millions of stars sparkled in the dark blue sky, and a low murmur arose from the bushes at the foot of the slope where so many brave hearts lay cold. All felt at once rejoiced and sad. At Jean-Claude's door they shook his hand and gave him good night ; then, scattering in little parties to right and left, sought their villages.

"Good-night Materne, Jerome, Pivrette, Dives," cried the brave sabot-maker cheerily.

His old friends turned and waved their hats, and said among themselves :

"There are indeed days when it is a joy to be in this fair world. Ah ! if there were no pestilence, nor war, nor famine ; if men understood, loved, and helped one another ; if wrongs and distrust were unknown—what a paradise would be ours !"

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#### PORTER'S HUMAN INTELLECT.\*

IN returning to consider this elaborate volume more in detail, we would remark that its author has designed it as a text-book for college students in the class of philosophy, and has proceeded, in writing, on the presumption that they for whom he writes have not the slightest knowledge of the subject. Hence his pages are filled with matters which those who have made some proficiency in the science of the human understanding, and are not wholly ignorant of philosophy, properly

so called, are already masters of, and which they cannot even read without great weariness of the body, and do not deem it worth their while to read at all. They feel that to be able to understand the author, it is enough to consult his principles and method, and his definitions of the several topics he takes up and discusses. They have neither the patience to read carefully through a huge volume which is, nine-tenths of it, filled with what is for them mere baby-talk. But the author does not, in composing his work, begin by stating and defining his theses, and then proceeding to elucidate and prove them ; but attempts to begin where he sup-

\* *The Human Intellect ; with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul.* By Noah Porter, D.D., Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. New York : Scribner & Co. 1868. 8vo, pp. 673.

poses the infant begins, and proceeds as a learner, not as a master. Consequently, we are compelled to read his book from the beginning to the end, or not be sure of his doctrine on any one point.

It is true, the author sometimes attempts definitions, but they are seldom scientific, rarely embrace his whole thesis, and nothing else, and are pretty sure to mislead the unfortunate reviewer who relies on them. He seldom abides by his own definitions. In one place he defines consciousness a power, and in another he makes it an act. Sense-perception is defined to be the power by which the intellect gains the knowledge of material objects ; then we are told that the object perceived is not the material existence, but "a joint product of the material agent and the sentient organism," a psychological transcript of the material object ; while in another part of his work we find him denying that what the mind perceives is such transcript, and refuting, by plain and solid reasons, those who maintain that it is. A really scientific definition is a definition *per genus et per differentiam* ; Dr. Porter sometimes gives the *genus* and forgets the *differentia*, and sometimes gives the *differentia* without giving the *genus*. He also adopts a terminology in many respects not familiar to us, though it may be to others, without the necessary explanation of the terms he uses ; and even when the terms he uses are such as we are familiar with, they are used in a sense to which we are not accustomed. We cannot tolerate *subject-object*, for subject and object are distinct, and stand the one over against the other. The subject in thought is never the object, and the object is never the subject. Grammar teaches so much. *Object-object* says no more than simply object. Every object is object,

and no object is more or less than object. The object is always real ; for it is causative, since in the act of thought it resists the subject, and becomes a counter-pressure. We dislike *percepts* and *concepts* ; for they are intended to imply that they exist, as it were, independent of the subject and the object, and that the product of subject and object may itself be object. We protest earnestly, in the name both of philology and philosophy, against calling existences, which are nothing except by the creative act of God, *beings*, and still more earnestly against so calling the products of second or third causes. This might pass with the Gentiles, who substituted generation for creation, but is inexcusable in a Christian philosopher. We know the schoolmen did so, but they are not to be commended for it. They speak of *ens simpliciter*, *ens secundum quid*, *ens reale*, and *ens possibile*, and even of *ens rationis*, as if being, the creations of being, mental abstractions, and the creations of fancy and imagination could be all of the same genus or placed in the same category ! There is a philosophy in language which can never be disregarded without more or less injury to the philosophy of things.

The professor's method and technology render his work exceedingly difficult to be understood without as much study as would be necessary to construct the philosophy of the human mind without it ; and therefore if we should happen at times to miss his meaning, he must blame himself. He is far more intent on explaining the processes of the mind in knowing than on setting forth what it knows. These processes have no interest for us ; for they really throw no light on the power or fact of knowledge. We want to know what the author means by philosophy, and

what is its value, and we therefore want him to speak as the professor, not as the pupil. We have no disposition to waste our time and weary the flesh, even, in reading the mass of stuff which he writes and which tells us nothing we want to know. But enough of this.

The professor divides, not very scientifically, his work into four parts. Part I. treats of Presentation and Presentative Knowledge ; Part II., of Representation and Representative Knowledge ; Part III., of Thinking and Thought-Knowledge ; and Part IV., of Intuition and Intuitive Knowledge. He says, p. 77, "The leading faculties of the intellect are three : the presentative or observing faculty, the representative or creative faculty, and the thinking or generalizing faculty. More briefly, the faculty of experience, the faculty of representation, and the faculty of intelligence." But experience is not a faculty ; it is the result of the exercise of all our faculties, and a source of intelligence. Intelligence, as a faculty, is the intellect itself ; as a fact, it is indistinguishable from experience, which is improperly restricted by some psychologists of the inductive sort to the knowledge of the external world through the senses, but extends to all acquired knowledge, whatever the faculty exercised in acquiring it or the object perceived. The real distinction is not between experience or empirical knowledge and intelligence, but between empirical knowledge or experience and the ideal principles which are given intuitively by the Creator, and neither acquired nor developed by the soul's own action. Distinctions should be real, not arbitrary or abstract.

We are able to know objects of various kinds and sorts, but the knowing is always the same fact,

and by the same cognitive faculty, whatever the object known, the order to which it belongs, or the means and conditions of its cognition. The learned professor's division, making four sorts of knowledge, since he makes intuition empirical, or an act of the soul, appears to us, therefore, without any real foundation. All knowledge or actual knowing is presentative, and is in all cases by direct contemplation of the object in the light of ideal intuition. Demonstration only strips the object of its envelopes, removes the *prohibitentia*, and presents it to direct contemplation. In the longest chain of reasoning, each link is, in the empirical sense, intuitively apprehended. The apprehension is always immediate, and the several mental processes serve only to bring the subject and object together, face to face. These processes, however named or whatever their character, never extend the matter of knowledge beyond the objects presented.

The presentative faculty the author subdivides into consciousness and sense-perception. But consciousness is not a presentative faculty, nor a faculty, nor a subdivision of a faculty at all. It is simply the recognition of the soul, as reflected from the object, of herself as subject. At most, it simply presents the subject of the thought. Sense-perception presents only material or sensible objects. The professor's doctrine is then that of Locke, who derives all our ideas from sensation and reflection, and confines all our knowledge to sensibles with the soul and her operations. Reflection only operates on the sense-perceptions without extending the matter of knowledge beyond them. This is pure sensism, which we are somewhat surprised to find held by an eminent professor in Yale College. Does



Dr. Porter know his doctrine is sensism, and therefore materialistic? He says, though not truly, we apprehend the soul in consciousness as a spiritual being, but is the soul the only non-sensible he means to assert?

But, as we showed in our former article, the soul recognizes herself only as subject, and therefore only as the correlative of object. She knows her own operations only in the same correlation. Take away the object and you lose the subject or fact of consciousness. This, we fear, the professor does. He defines, p. 131, sense-perception to be "an act of objective knowledge, in which the soul knows and only knows;" but adds, "if the soul knows, it knows some *being* as its object. But what being does it affirm? We answer, The being which is the joint product of the material agent and the sentient organism. . . . In perception proper we do not know the excitant apart, nor do we know the organism apart, only the result of their joint action. This we know as an object, with which the mind is confronted both as a sentient and as a percipient." But as there can be no thought without the conjunction of the intellective subject and the intelligible object, if the mind does not apprehend the material object itself, there can be no such joint product as pretended, and, consequently, no object at all. The object then vanishes, and leaves only the subject, which is, we need not say, pure idealism. As the subject is the correlative of object, and recognizes itself only in thinking the object, if the object vanishes, the subject, too, must vanish, and leave behind it only the *sensation transformée* of Condillac. But as sensation, however transformed, is still sensation, and as sensations are incapable of standing alone, or of subsisting without the subject, the sen-

sations themselves must go, and nihilism alone remains—the result to which all psychologisms and ontologisms are necessarily tending, and in which Sir William Hamilton says all philosophy necessarily ends, if we may trust a passage which we saw quoted from him not long since in *The New Englander*, by a Princeton professor, in a striking article on *The Present State of Philosophy*, in which the writer has well stated the problem presented, but which he neither solves nor attempts to solve; a problem, the solution of which is in the ideal formula, or the real synthesis of principles of things and of science, of which he seems never to have heard.

The professor draws a proper distinction between sensation as feeling and sensation as perception, but we cannot agree with him that sensation as feeling is an affection of the soul. Those psycho-physiologists make a great mistake who call the body "*The House I live in.*" The union of soul and body is too intimate for that. I am not soul, as distinguished from the body, nor am I body, as distinguished from the soul; but I am the union of the two. A General Council defines the soul to be "*forma corporis,*" the informing and animating principle of the body. Yet there is a distinction between them. We can predicate of the one things which we cannot of the other. There is, indeed, no sensation without thought, or an act of the soul; but the sensation itself, as distinguished from the perception, is felt, not merely localized, in the body, not in the soul. When I feel the twinges of the gout, I feel them, not in my soul, but in my toe. We must distinguish two classes of affections, frequently confounded; the one sensible, of the body, the other spiritual, of the soul. The sensible

affections or emotions, such as joy and grief, sorrow and delight, pain and pleasure, are of the body animated and informed by the soul. They indeed imitate in the sensible order the affections of the soul, but have in themselves no moral character. Hence, the masters of spiritual life make no account of what is called sensible devotion, and see in it nothing meritorious, and no reason why the soul, in its itinerary to God, should seek it. But very different is the other class, often called by the same name, and which may or may not be accompanied by sensible emotion. This difference is at once understood by all who have learned to distinguish between the love of the senses and the love of the soul, the love Plato meant when he represented the soul, in his fine poetical way, as having two wings, intelligence and love, on which it soars to the empyreum. This love, in one degree, is chivalric love, which the knight cherishes for his mistress whom he worships as a distant star; in a higher degree, it is heroic love, a love that braves all dangers for the beloved, whether friend or country; in a still higher degree, and informed by grace, it is charity or saintly love, with which the saint burns and is consumed as he contemplates the Beauty of Holiness, or "the First Good and the First Fair." This is not sensible love, and its glory is in struggling against the seductions of the senses, or the flesh, and by the grace of God winning the victory over them, and coming off conqueror through Him who hath loved us and given his life for us.

The professor has entered largely into the physiology of the senses, and the joint action of the soul in the fact of knowledge, and the process of the mind in forming what he calls *percepts*; but as all he says

under these heads, whether true or not true, throws no light on the intellectual act itself, we pass it over, and proceed to his Part II., Representation and Representative Knowledge.

"Representation or the representative power," the author says, p. 248, "may be defined in general [that is, *the genus*] the power to recall, represent, and reknow objects which have been previously known or experienced in the soul. More briefly, it is the power to represent objects previously presented to the mind." Clearly, then, representation adds nothing to the matter previously presented by the presentative power. But the author continues: "It is obvious that, in every act of this power, the objects of the mind's cognition are furnished by the mind itself, being produced or created a second time by the mind's own energy, and presented to the mind's own inspection. It follows that representation, in its very essence, is a creative or a self-active power."

We cannot say that this is obvious to us. The definition of representation given by the author makes it what, in the language of mortals, is called memory; and we have never learned that memory is a creative power, or that in memory the mind creates the objects it remembers. To recall or to reknow is not to create. Even that the soul is self-active—that is, capable of acting from itself alone—is by no means obvious; nay, is impossible, unless we take the soul to be the first cause, instead of merely a second cause; and, even if it were self-active, it would not follow that it creates. God is self-active because self-existent, or being in its plenitude; but he is not necessarily a creator. He has infinite scope for his infinite activity in himself, and he is free to create or not to create as he pleases. That

the mind does not in memory create the objects remembered, is evident from the fact that the facts remembered are, as the author himself admits, facts or objects previously known or experienced. The fact of memory, or the fact remembered, is the same fact that was known in presentation, accompanied by the recognition of it as an object previously present and known, and not now known for the first time. There is no creation a second time any more than there was the first time, or when the object was presented.

The professor says, p. 251, "The objects of the representative power are . . . mental objects. They are not *real things*, nor real percepts, but the mind's own creations after real things. They are spiritual or psychical, not material, entities; but, in many cases, they concern material beings, being psychical transcripts of them, believed to be real or possible." Does he mean this as a true description of the facts of memory? Probably not. Then his definition needs amending, for it does not include all that he means by representation. His definition includes only memory; but his description includes, beside memory, reflection, fancy, and imagination, things which have nothing in common except the fact that the mind operates in them all on matters which have been previously presented. Reflection and memory are in no sense creative faculties; fancy and imagination are sometimes so called, but even they do not create their own objects. Reflection is the mind operating on the ideal principles re-presented in language, and in their light, on the facts of experience in their synthetic relations with them. Memory is simply, as a faculty, the power to retain and to re-present, more or less completely and distinctly, the facts

of experience. Its objects are those facts themselves, not a mental representation or transcript of them. - The author confounds re-presenting with representation. In the one, the object previously presented is re-presented, or presented anew; in the other, the object itself is not presented for more elaborate consideration, but a certain mental transcript, image, or resemblance of it, which is the product of the mind fancying or imagining, yet is never its object in correlation with which it acts. This distinction alone upsets the author's whole theory of science, or *Wissenschaftslehre*, and renders worse than useless more than nine-tenths of his volume. His whole theory is vitiated by confounding representation, in the sense of showing or exhibiting by resemblance or similitude, with the etymological sense, that of re-presenting, and in taking the representation as the object of the soul in the intellectual act, which it never is. Neither reflection nor memory represents, in his sense of the word, the objects previously presented; they only re-present them.

In point of fact, we never know anything by mental representation; for we either know not at all, or we know the thing itself. Representation only replaces the phantasms and intelligible species of the schoolmen, for ever made away with, we had supposed, by the Scottish school of Reid and Hamilton, and the professor himself has given excellent reasons for not accepting them. Plato, indeed, asserts that we know by similitude, but in a very different sense. The idea is impressed on matter as the seal on wax, and the impression is a perfect fac-simile of the idea; and by knowing the impression, we know the idea impressed. But he never made either the idea or the impress of it on matter the

product of the mind itself. He makes either always objective, independent of the mind, and apprehensible by it. In other words, he never held that the mind creates the similitude by which it knows, but, at most, only that by observation the mind finds it. The peripatetics never, again, made their phantasms and intelligible *species* mental creations, or represented them as furnished by the mind from its own stock ; but always held them to be independent of the mind, and furnished to it as the means of apprehending the object. If they had referred their production to the mind itself, they would have called the species *intellective*, not *intelligible* species. The soul has, indeed, the faculty of representation ; but in representing its correlative object, it is not the representation, but the thing, whatever it may be, that it attempts to represent. The *product* of the mind may be a representation, but the *object* of the mind is not. In all the imitative arts, as poetry, painting, sculpture, the artist seeks to represent, but operates always in view of that reality of which he produces the representation or resemblance.

The author himself distinguishes memory from representation, though very indistinctly. "Representation," p. 303, "recalls, memory recognizes." Here he uses representation in the sense of re-presenting ; for what is recalled is not the mental representation or semblance, but the object itself ; so, really, there is no representation in the case, and the professor should not have treated memory under the head of representation. "I see a face, and I shut my eyes and picture it to myself." This is not an act of representation, but of memory. There is a re-presenting, but no representation, in memory ; for, so far as the fact is not reproduced in memory, there is no

memory, but simply fancy or imagination. The objects of reflection are simply the objects originally presented with only this difference, that, in presentation, the fact of consciousness is myself as subject knowing, whereas in reflection it is myself as subject reflecting, and, in memory, myself as subject remembering.

Fancy and imagination are, in a loose way, called creative faculties ; but properly creative they are not. Creation is production of substantial existences or things from nothing ; that is, without any materials, by the sole energy of the creator. Fancy and imagination can operate only on and with materials which have been or are presented to the mind. Fancy is mimetic and simply imitates imagination, as throughout the universe the lower imitates the higher, as the universe copies the Creator, or seeks to actualize the type in the Divine mind ; and hence St. Thomas says, *Deus similitudo est omnium rerum*. God creates all things after the type or ideal in his own mind, and *idea in mente divina nihil est aliud quam essentia Dei*. Hence, man is said to be made after the image and likeness of God, *ad imaginem et similitudinem*, though he is not the image of God ; for that is the Eternal Word, who, St. Paul tells us, is "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his substance," or being. (Heb. i. 3.) Fancy is mimetic, and plays with sensations and sensibles ; but though it combines them in its own way, as a winged horse, the objects combined are always objects of experience. Imagination is of a higher order than fancy, and operates on and with objects of experience, sensibles, intelligibles, and the ideal principles intuitively given. It sweeps through the whole range of creation, descends to hell, and rises to heaven ; but its ob-

jects are always those which have been presented to the mind, which it can only arrange and combine in new forms of its own. But the representations it produces are its products, not its object. In producing them, the mind has a real object as its correlate, as in presentation. Let the professor, then, abandon the absurdity which runs through his book that a mental creation or representation is the object of the soul in producing it. The object of the soul is the object whose activity joined to its own produces it.

Take the artist. The object in his richest and sublimest productions is the beautiful which he sees, which is his soul's vision and his soul's love, and which he seeks to express on canvas, in a statue, a temple, an oration, a poem, or a melody. Tell us not, as so many æsthetic writers do, that the artist projects from his own soul, or creates the beauty which he struggles to express in his work, and which he can never express to his satisfaction. The ideal infinitely transcends the expression. The soul contemplates the beautiful, but does not create it. The beautiful, as Plato somewhere says, "is the splendor of the Good." It is the splendor of the True and the Good, that is, of God; though Gioberti, in his *Del Bello*, seems to divorce it from the ideal, and, while asserting the reality of the object, would appear to resolve the beautiful into the subjective impression on the sensibility, produced by the apprehension of the object, which supposes that beauty exists only for sensible existences. It is as real as God himself, and as objective as the ideal formula. It is the divine splendor, inseparable from the Divine Being. Everything God has made participates, in a higher or lower degree, of beauty, because it participates of being; but beauty it-

self in its infinity is only in God himself, which exceeds all the power of men and angels to represent. The artist, by the noetic power of the soul, which, if a true artist, he possesses in a higher degree than ordinary men, beholds, contemplates, and loves it. It is, as we have just said, the vision of his soul and the object of his love. He detects it in creatures, in the region of fancy, in the mind, and in the soul itself, and adores it in the ideal. The power of detecting it in sensibles is fancy; in the ideal, is imagination. In seeking to represent it or express it in his productions, it is the real, the objective, he seeks to express or embody. He may form in his mind a representation of it, but that representation is not the object of the mind in either fancy or imagination, nor is it a pure mental representation, not only because it is formed after the real, but because it is formed only in conjunction with the activity of the real.\*

These remarks are sufficient to show that all that Dr. Porter says of the faculty of Representation is, when not confused or false, of no

\* The artist ought always to be highly moral and devout, but whether so or not depends on the motive with which he acts, or purpose for which he seeks to embody the beauty he sees. The relation of æsthetics to ethics, of art to religion is easily understood. Art is not, as some Germans would persuade us, religion, nor is the culture of art true religious worship. Art may be licentious, and is, when it embodies only the sensual passions and affections of our nature, and the more so in proportion to the exquisite touch and skill in the execution. In no case can the brilliancy and perfection of the execution atone for the moral deformity of the object represented. Art which appeals simply to the senses, and inspires only sensible devotion, is not necessarily immoral, but is not positively moral or religious. But art which seeks to embody or express the ideal, the splendor of the real, the true, the good, whether as presented in the ideal intuition, or as participated by the creatures of God, can hardly fail to be moral and religious in its effect as well as in its ideal. God is worshipped in spirit and in truth, even worshipped in his works, for he enters into all his works as their cause, and their being is in him. We praise God in his saints, in all his works of nature or grace. The art is not the worship, but it is an adjunct to worship, and hence religion in all ages has called into its service the highest and richest forms of art.

moment. He darkens instead of elucidating his subject. We pass on, therefore, to his Part III., on Thinking and Thought-Knowledge.

The mental operations treated by the author under the head of Thinking and Thought-knowledge, are those which Locke calls by the general name of reflection, and are conception, abstraction, or generalization, judgment, reasoning, deductive and inductive, and scientific or systematic arrangement. They are not faculties, but operations of the mind. The proper English name for the faculty on which they depend, so far as usage goes, is not thought, nor the power of thought—for every intellectual act, whether representative or presentative, is a thought—but *understanding* or *reason*. The old word was understanding, but it is objectionable, because it includes, according to present usage, only the intellectual activity of the soul, and implies nothing of voluntary activity. Reason is the better term; for it combines both the intellectual and the volitive activity of the soul.

The objection of the professor that "reason is used for the very highest of the rational functions, or else in a very indefinite sense for all that distinguishes man from the brute," does not appear to us to be conclusive. Every intellectual act, the highest as the lowest, is thought, an act of one and the same thinking faculty. The objects and conditions of knowledge may vary, but the faculty of knowledge does not vary with them. Reason is not used in a more indefinite sense when used for all that distinguishes man from the brute, than is thought as used by the professor. Man is well defined to be *animal rationale*, or rational animal; but this does not mean that man is animal *plus* reason, but the animal transformed by reason; and hence

there is a specific difference between the sort of intelligence which it seems difficult to deny to animals, and the intelligence of man. All human intelligence is rational, the product of reason. Coleridge and our American transcendentalists, after Kant, attempted to distinguish between understanding [*Verstand*] and reason [*Vernunft*], and to restrict understanding to that portion of our knowledge which is derived through the senses, and reason to an order of knowledge that transcends all understanding, and to which only the gifted few ever attain. But they have not been successful. Knowledge of the highest objects, as of the lowest, is by the same faculty, and we may still use reason in its old sense, as the subjective principle of all the operations the professor calls thinking.

The word *reason* is, indeed, used in an objective as well as in a subjective sense. As subjective, it is a faculty of the soul; the objective reason is the ideal formula, and creates and constitutes the subjective reason. Cousin distinguishes between the two, but as between the personal and the impersonal—a mere modal distinction, not a distinction of substance. He identifies the objective reason with the λόγος or Word of God, while it is really identical with the ideal formula, which embraces both being and existences; united and distinguished by the creative act of being, as explained in our former article. This asserts a distinction of subject and of substance between the objective and subjective reason asserted by Cousin. In the objective reason, God, in the subjective, man, is the actor; and there is all the difference of substance between them that there is between God and man, or between real, universal, and necessary being,

and finite, contingent existence. They ought not to be both called by the same name, and we ourselves rarely so call them. We ourselves call the objective reason the ideal formula, or, briefly, the ideal; yet good writers and speakers do use the word in both senses. They say, "Man is endowed with reason," or has a "rational nature," in which they employ the term subjectively. They say, also, of such an assertion, "It is unreasonable, or it is contrary to reason;" that is, to the truth, or principle of things, in which they use it objectively, as they do when they speak of the principles affirmed in the ideal formula, and call them the reason, necessary and absolute ideas, or the principles of reason; for nothing necessary or absolute is or can be subjective.

We ourselves use the word in a subjective sense, and understand by it the faculty of reasoning, or the subjective principle of all our mental operations. It is not a simple power, but a complex power, embracing both the percipient and volitive capacities of the soul. In every rational operation of the soul, there is both perception and volition, and it is this fact that distinguishes reason from the simple power of perception, or intellectual apprehension. We *see* and we *look*, and we *look* that we may *see*; we *hear* and we *listen*, and *listen* that we may *hear*. The *looking* and the *listening* are peculiarly rational acts, in which the soul voluntarily, or by an act of the will, directs her intellectual capacities to a special intellectual purpose or end. This voluntary activity, or direction of the capacity to know, must not be confounded with free will; it is the *voluntarium* of the theologians, distinguished, on the one hand, from spontaneity, and on the other, from the *liber arbitrium*, or free will,

which is the faculty of electing or choosing between right and wrong, and implies, whichever it chooses, the power to choose the contrary. It is the principle of all moral accountability. The *voluntarium* is a simple, voluntary activity, or power of directing our attention to this or that intellectual object, or of using the cognitive power in the service of science. The reason may be defined, then, the soul's faculty of using her intellectual and volitive powers for the explication and verification of the knowledge furnished by presentation.

With these preliminary remarks we proceed to consider some of the mental operations which give us what Professor Porter calls Thought-Knowledge. We do not question the fact of these operations, nor their importance in the development of our rational life; what we deny is, that they are a power or faculty of the mind, and that in performing them they are objects of the mind, or that they add anything to the matter of our knowledge.

The professor says, p. 383, "The power of thought [reason] as a capacity [faculty] for certain psychological processes, is dependent for its exercise and development on the lower powers of the intellect. These furnish the materials for it to work with and upon. We must apprehend the individual objects by means of the senses and consciousness [pure sensism] before we can *think* these objects." So in consciousness and sense-perception we do not think, and we must apprehend sensibles before we can think them! To intellectually apprehend an object is to think it. Intellectual apprehension and thought are one and the same fact. The professor continues, "We can classify, explain, and methodize only individual things, and these

must first be known by sense and consciousness before they can be united and combined into generals." Here are two errors and one truth. The first error is in regarding consciousness as a cognitive power or faculty, and the second is in confining the individual things to sensibles, or the material world. We know in presentative knowledge not only the sensible but the supersensible, the intelligible, or ideal. The ideal principles cannot be found, obtained, or created by the mind's own activity, and are apprehended by the mind only as they are given intuitively by the act of the Creator; but being given, they are as really apprehended and known by the mind as any sensible object; nay, are what the mind apprehends that is most clear and luminous, so luminous that it is only by their light that even sensibles are mentally apprehensible or perceptible. The one truth is that the objects of the soul in her operations must first be known either by perception or intuition before they can be classified, explained, and methodized. Hence the operations of which the author treats under this head do not extend our knowledge of objects. They are all reflective operations, and reflection can only re-present what has already been presented.

The professor is right in maintaining that only individual objects are apprehensible, if he means that we apprehend things only *in individuo* or *in concreto*; for this is what we have all along been insisting on against him. Things are not apprehensible in general, but in the concrete. Hence Rosmini's mistake in making the first and abiding object of the intellect *ens in genere*, which is a mere possible *ens*, and no real being at all. It is simply conception or abstraction formed by the

mind operating on the intuition of real being, which never is nor can be abstracted or generalized. Yet the author has argued under both presentative knowledge and representative knowledge that the mind, sometimes with, and sometimes without, anything distinct from and independent of itself, creates its own object; and that the object, as well as the act, may be purely psychical. Thus he tells us that in sense-perception we do not perceive the material thing itself, but the joint product of the material agent and the sentient organism; and that in representation the object represented may be unreal, chimerical, and exist only in the soul, and for the soul alone. And he dwells with great unction on the relief and advantage one finds in escaping from the real world to the unreal which the soul creates for herself. True, he says that whatever the object, real or unreal, abstract or concrete, it is apprehensible only as an individual object; but the unreal, the chimerical, the abstract, is never individual. Why does he call conceptions *concepts*, if not because he holds the conception is both the act and the object of the mind in conceiving? And does he hold the concept to be always individual, never general? Conception, in his system, is always a generalization, or a general notion, formed by the mind, and existing only in the mind. How, then, can it be an object of the mind? He says truly the object is individual, but "the concept (p. 391) is uniformly general." And yet, in the very first paragraph on the next page, he calls it an object of cognition! Farther on, he says, "The concept is a purely relative object of knowledge," whatever that may mean; and in the same section, section 389, he speaks of it "as a mental product and *mental object*."



To our understanding, he thus contradicts himself.

Yet we hold that whatever the mind cognizes at all, it cognizes in the concrete, as an individual object. And therefore we deny that the ideas of the necessary, the universal, of necessary cause, and the like, which the author calls intuitions, and treats as first principles, necessary assumptions, abstract ideas, etc., are abstractions, mental conceptions, or generalizations; for there are no concretes or individual objects from which they can be abstracted or generalized. As we really apprehend them, when affirmed in the ideal formula by the divine act, and as we cannot apprehend what is neither being nor existence, as the author himself says, though continually asserting the contrary; and as every existence is a finite contingent existence, they must be real, necessary, and universal being. They cannot be generalizations of being; for nothing is conceivable more general and universal than being. Being, taken in its proper sense, as the *ens simpliciter* of the schoolmen, is itself that which is most individual and, at the same time, the most general, the most particular and the most universal. These so-called necessary ideas, then, are being; and in apprehending them as intuitively affirmed, we do really apprehend being. Hence, as being, real and necessary being, is God, whom the theologians call *Ens necessarium et reale*, God, in affirming the ideal formula, intuitively affirms himself, and we really apprehend him, not as he is in himself, in his essence, indeed, but as being, the ideal or the intelligible, that is, as facing our intelligence; or, in other words, we apprehend him as the subject of the judgment, *Ens creat existentias*, or as the subject of the predicate existences, united

and distinguished by his creative act, the only real, as the only possible, copula.

The author makes man the analogon of God, and, indeed, God in miniature, or a finite God, and gravely tells us, p. 100, that "we have only to conceive the limitations of our being removed, and we have the conception of God." But as we are not being, but existence, we are finite and limited in our very nature; remove the limitations, and we are not God, but nothing. Eliminate the finite, says Père Gratry, and you have God, in the same way and by the same process that the mathematician has his infinitesimals. But this process of elimination of the finite gives the mathematician only the infinitely less than the finite number or quantity, and it would give the theologian not the infinitely greater but the infinitely less than the finite existence. Besides, the process could at best give us not God in his being, but a mere abstract God, existing only as a mental generalization. The universal cannot be concluded from the particular, nor the necessary from the contingent, because, without the intuition of the universal and the necessary, we have and can have no experience of the particular and the contingent—a fact we commend to the consideration of the inductive theologians.

As the conception is always general, it can never be the object of the mind in the fact of thought. It is a product of the mind operating on the individual object or objects with which the mind has thought, and is never the object itself. The same may be said of generalization, abstraction, and every form of reasoning. But if this be so, in what are conceptions, abstractions, etc., known? If they are known at all, they must be objects of knowledge;

if not known at all, how can we think or speak of them? They are known in knowing their concretes, as the author himself tells us. As concepts, abstractions, generalizations, or general notions, they do not exist in nature, and cannot be known or thought. But they exist as qualities or properties of things, and are known in knowing the things themselves. Thus we know round things; all round things have the same property of being round; we may, then, consider only this property common to all round things, and form the general conception of roundness; but we do not see or apprehend roundness, and the object of thought is always the round thing. So of all so-called universals that are abstractions, conceptions, or generalizations. The object known is the concrete; the abstraction, abstracted from it, being nothing, is not known or even thought.

But Cousin, in his *Philosophie Scholastique*, has very properly distinguished general conceptions or general notions from genera and species. The former are real only in their concretes, and knowable only in them; the latter are real, and actually exist *a parte rei*. Genus has relation to generation, and is as real as the individual, for it generates the individual. Hence, we cannot agree with Leibnitz, when he makes the genus or species consist in resemblance, and declares that resemblance real. The individual does not merely mimic the genus, but is produced by it. The genus is always causative in relation to the species, and the species, in relation to the individual. The intelligible is always causative in relation to the sensible, which copies or imitates it. The genus is not the possibility of individuals, nor are they its realiza-

tion. It is not a property or a quality of men as individuals, for it is, in the order of second causes, the cause producing them, and therefore cannot be generalized from them, or be a general notion or conception, like roundness, the generalization or abstract of round. Without the genus there could be no generation, as without a generator there could be no genus. Yet, though genera and species, the only universals, properly so-called, are, as the old realists held, real, existing *a parte rei*, and are distinguishable from the individuals, as the generator from the generated, the species from the specified; they are not separable, and do not exist apart from them. Adam was an individual, lived, acted, sinned, repented, and died, as an individual man; yet was he the generic, as well as individual, man; for he was the whole human race, and the progenitor of all men that have been born or are to be born.

But while we adopt, in relation to genera and species, the doctrine of the mediæval realists, we hold with regard to other so called universals with St. Thomas, who says they exist *in mente cum fundamento in re*. The *fundamentum in re* of conceptions, abstractions, and generalizations is precisely the individual objects apprehended by the mind from which reason abstracts or generalizes them. The only point which we now make against the author is that the object of thought or knowledge is not the conception or notion, but the object from which the reason forms it; and that in it nothing is thought beyond that object. Philosophy has been divested of its scientific character, made infinitely perplexing and most difficult to be understood, as well as utterly worthless, by being regarded as the science, not of things, but of these very conceptions,

abstractions, and general notions, which, apart from their individuals or concretes, are pure nullities. We insist on this, because we wish to see philosophy brought back to the real, to objects of experience in their relation to the ideal formula ; and our principal quarrel with the professor is, that his philosophy is not real, is not the science of realities, but of conceptions and abstractions.

We can hardly pause on what the professor says of judgment and the proposition. We can only remark in passing that every thought, every perception, even, is a judgment—a judgment that the object thought or perceived is real or really exists. Every affirmation is a judgment, and every judgment is an affirmation ; for denials are made only by affirming the truth denied. Pure negations are unintelligible, present no counter-action to the mind, and cannot be thought. “The fool hath said in his heart, God is—not.” It is only by asserting that God is that we can deny that he is. Every negation is the contradiction of what it affirms. So-called negative judgments are really affirmative. We do not mean that denials cannot be made, for we are constantly making them ; but they can be made only by affirming the truth ; and the denial that transcends the truth affirmed in the denial is simply verbal, and no real denial at all. Universal negation is simply impossible ; and hence when we have shown that any system of philosophy leads logically to nihilism, or even universal scepticism, we have refuted it. Logicians tell us that of contradictories one must be false ; but it is equally just to say, that of contradictories one must be true ; for truth cannot contradict itself, and only truth can contradict falsehood.

But we pass on to Reasoning, which the professor holds to be me-

diate judgment, and to which we hold all the reflective operations of reason may be reduced. What a mediate judgment is, we do not know. Reasoning may be necessary as the means and condition of judging in a certain class of cases, but the judgment itself is in all cases direct. The error of the professor here, as throughout the whole of this Part III., and, indeed, of his whole treatise, is that he treats every question from the point of view of conception, or the general notion, instead of the point of view of reality, as he cannot help doing as an inductive psychologist.

Reasoning is a reflective operation. It operates on the matter presented by ideal intuition and experience ; it clears up, explains, verifies, and classifies what is intuitively affirmed, together with what experience presents. Its instrument is language. We can think without language, and so far De Bonald was wrong, unless he understood, as the professor does, by thought, an act of reflection ; but we cannot reflect or reason without language of some sort to re-present to the mind's contemplation the ideal or intelligible intuition. This re-presentation is not an act of the soul herself, nor the direct and immediate act of the Creator, as is the ideal intuition. It is effected only by language in which the ideal or intelligible is embodied and re-presented, and of which it is the sensible sign or representation. In other words, the ideal is an object of reflection only as taught through the medium of language ; for we must bear in mind that man is not pure spirit or pure intelligence, but spirit united to body, and that he must have some sort of sensible representation in order to reflect. Hence the peripatetic maxim, *nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuerit in sensu*,

which does not mean that only sensibles are cognizable, but that nothing can be reflectively thought, or as the Italians say, re-thought, (*ripensare*,) without sensible representation. That God is, can be proved with certainty by reason; for we have immediate intuition of that which is God in the intuition of real and necessary being; but we cannot reach the conclusion that the intuitively affirmed object really is God without reflecting on the intuition, and this we cannot do unless it is re-presented or held up to our contemplation in language, or without its being sensibly represented by the word God. Language is the necessary instrument of reason; we cannot reason without it, and only rational existences have language properly so called. No animal deprived of "the discourse of reason" has even articulation.

Those philosophers, or pretended philosophers, who regard language either as a human invention or as the spontaneous production of human nature, have never duly considered its office in the development of thought, and in the rational operations of the soul. Men could not have invented language without reflection, and without language they cannot reflect. It needs language to be able to invent language. The other theory is no better. The soul does not secrete language as the liver secretes bile, for language has in it more than human nature. The spontaneous productions of nature may be less than nature, but cannot be more. There is a philosophy in language broader and deeper than human thought, a philosophy that embraces elements which are known only by revelation, and which human nature does not contain. All language is modelled after the ideal formula. Its essential elements are

subject, predicate, and copula, or the noun, adjective, and verb. The verb and adjective may be, and often are, combined in the same word, but they can be resolved always into the predicate and copula. The copula is always the verb *to be*, or its equivalent in other languages than our own, and this verb is the only verb in any language.

The verb *to be* is precisely the name of God himself, the *SUM QUI SUM*. We cannot make, then, a single assertion but by the Divine Being, and he enters as the copula into every one of our judgments without which no affirmation can be expressed. But God is supernatural, and is the author of nature; the ideal formula which is repeated in every judgment is not contained in human nature, is not in the human mind as in its subject, but is above our nature, and by affirming itself creates our nature, both physical and intellectual. How then could our nature, operating simply as second cause, produce spontaneously language which in its essential nature expresses what is beyond and above itself? Men, especially philosophers, or rather theorizers, have corrupted and still continue to corrupt language, as we can see in the book before us; but we have never yet heard of any one by the spontaneous action of nature secreting or producing a language, or of any one having a language without being taught it. Yet nature is all to-day that it ever was, and as fresh, as vigorous, as prolific. Even the fall has not deprived it of any of its primitive faculties, capacities, properties, or tendencies. If language is a spontaneous production of human nature, we ought to have some instances of children growing up and speaking a rich and philosophical language without having ever learned

it. For ourselves, we have a huge distrust of all those theories which assume that nature could and did do in the past what she does not and cannot do in the present. Our *savants* employ themselves in seeking the types of domestic animals in the wild races ; why not seek the type of the wild races in the domestic ? Why suppose man could and once did domesticate races which he finds it difficult, if not impossible, to domesticate now ? We do not believe much in the modern doctrine of progress, but we believe just as little in the wonderful superiority of nature and men in ante-historical times, which is sometimes assumed, especially by the champions of progress.

Language is neither a human invention nor a natural production, but was created by God himself and infused into man along with the affirmation of the ideal formula, when he made him and placed him in the Garden, and it has been perpetuated by tradition, or by being handed down from father or rather mother to child. It comes to us from the hand of the Creator ; he who made man gave him speech. We can explain the origin of language in no other way, as we can explain the origin of man only by saying with the catechism, God made him. As language is the instrument of reason, and re-presents to his contemplation the ideal which the Creator fitted it to symbolize, its corruption or confusion has a most disastrous effect on philosophy. It was confounded at Babel, and men lost the unity of speech, and with it the unity of the ideal, and were dispersed. The Gentiles lost the unity of language, and they lost with it the unity of the ideal, or the copula of the divine judgment, and labored to explain, as our modern *savants* are

laboring to explain, the existence and laws of the universe without the creative act of God. Language, corrupted, re-presented to the ancient Gentiles, and as it does to our modern physiologists and psychologists, the ideal only in a mutilated form, and hence the fatal error of Gentilism and of modern so-called science, which asserts pantheism. It is necessary, in order to have a true philosophy, to have some means of preserving the purity and infallibility of speech, and at no former period was such means more necessary than it is now.

The instrument of reasoning is language ; its form is the syllogism, which is given in the ideal formula. All the matter of knowledge is given in presentation, and the syllogism does not advance it ; but it explains, distinguishes, arranges it according to the real relations of the objects known, clears up what is obscure, and verifies what is uncertain, doubtful, by reducing the whole to its principle or principles. The principle and model of the syllogism are in the ideal. Being and existences are the extremes, and the creative act is the *medius terminus*. The major represents being, the minor existences, and the middle term produces the conclusion. To this regular form of the syllogism every form of argument is reducible. If the major is universal, and the minor is proved, the conclusion is necessary and apodictic.

The modes in which reason operates are two, deduction and induction, or analysis and synthesis. Induction is simple analysis, or what Kant calls analytic judgment, and simply dissects the subject, analyzes it, and brings out to our distinct view what is in it. It is never illative, but always explicative, and enables us to distinguish the part in the

whole, the property in the essence, or the effect in the cause. Dr. Porter entirely mistakes it in supposing it to be an imperfect induction. There is nothing inductive in it. Induction is what Kant calls a synthetic judgment *a posteriori*, and adds an element not contained in the subject analyzed. In synthetic judgments *a posteriori*, the added element is taken from experience; in synthetic judgments *a priori*, the added element is from the ideal formula, intuitively given, or rather, the ideal formula is that into which what Kant calls synthetic judgments *a priori* are resolvable. The syllogism is used in deduction and in induction; yet it is not properly either, but is productive. As being creates existences, so the major through the middle term unites the minor to itself and produces the conclusion. Such men as Sir William Hamilton and J. Stuart Mill, who reject the middle term, and hold the major may be a particular proposition, are misled by their philosophy, which excludes the creative act of God both from the universe and from science. No man who has a false or defective philosophy can understand logic as a science. Pantheism, which excludes the creative act, is the supreme sophism. It is not easy to say what Dr. Porter's views of logic, either as a science or as an art, really are.

The chief complaint against the professor here is, that he makes reasoning turn on the laws of the mind, on conceptions, and general notions, and reflecting, as logic, only the relations and forms of the creations or products of the mind, instead of the relations and forms of things. He studies everything from the point of view of the mental act, instead of studying them from the point of view of the ideal intuition, which is the

point of view of God himself. He therefore gives in his science, not things as they are, but as the mind conceives them.

The conceptions and general notions play, no doubt, an important part in the process of reasoning, but they play not the chief part, nor do they impose upon logic the laws it must follow. The categories are not general conceptions or general notions, formed by generalizing individuals or particulars. M. Cousin assumes that he has reduced them to two, substance and cause, or being and phenomenon; but as with him substance is a necessary cause, and as phenomenon is only an appearance or mode of substance, his reduction is really to one, the category of substance, which it is needless to say is pure pantheism. They, however, may be reduced to the three terms of the ideal formula; for whatever is conceivable is being, existence, or the creative act of being. The categories are not, then, merely formal, simply conceived by the mind *cum fundamento in re*; but are the ideal principles of things themselves. Take the categories of space and time, which seem to puzzle the author as they have puzzled many greater and wiser men than he. Space is ideal and actual. Ideal space is the power or ability of God to externize his act, that is, to create or act *ad extra*; and actual space is the relation of coexistence of his externized acts or creatures. Ideal space pertains to being, is being itself; actual space being a real relation between creatures, and, like all relations, really existing in the related, comes under the head of existences, and is joined to being as well as distinguished from it by the creative act. The reason of space and time is the same. Time also is ideal and actual. Actual time is

the relation of succession, and ideal time is the ability of God to create existences that, as second causes, are explicated and completed successively, or reach their end progressively. Ideal time is God. Actual time is creature, since all relations really exist in the related. The difficulty which so many eminent men have felt with regard to these two categories, evidently reducible to the terms of the ideal formula, grow out of their attempt to abstract them, the ideal from God, and the actual from the related, whether existences or events. Take away the body and the space remains, says Cousin. Certainly; because the intuition of the ability of God to externalize his act—that is, to create—remains. So of time. So of the infinite lines of the geometrician. No actual line is infinite, and the conception of its infinity is based on the intuition of the infinite power or

ability of God, the real ground on which the line, when conceived to extend beyond the actual, is projected.

There are various other points presented by the learned professor in this part and in Part IV. on which we intended to comment, but we have exhausted our space and the patience of our readers. We have said enough, however, to show that he recognizes intuition only as an act of the soul, and therefore, however honorable his intention, since he fails to recognize ideal intuition, which is the act of God, he fails to get beyond experience, to extend science beyond the sensible or material world with the operations of the soul on sensations, and therefore cannot be followed as a safe guide in the philosophy of the human mind. He has learning, industry, and even philosophical instincts, but is ruined by his so-called Baconian method.

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## HEREMORE-BRANDON; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

### CHAPTER VI.

I COULD not tell you one half the projects Dick formed and rejected as entirely hopeless before he at last succeeded in inducing a gentleman who had been very kind to him to make an offer to Mr. Brandon of some place in his office, which, while it would not be more than, with his now broken energies and failing health, he could easily perform, if he had the disposition, would give him something to help him live upon.

Soon after this offer was made and (with much grumbling) finally

accepted, Dick, without really seeking it, found himself becoming known to Mr. Brandon; and, thanks to the patience with which he listened to that gentleman's railings against the world, and his own hard fortunes in it, taken into favor. It was a very sad sight for a hopeful, self-respecting, God-fearing Catholic like Dick to see this querulous man, from whom all vigorous spirit seemed to have fled, brooding over his losses, instead of holding up his head, and bravely going forth to make the most of what was left; a sad thing to hear these miserable repinings in

which there was never a thought of gratitude for the long years of comfort and plenty with which God had blessed him. But Dick bore it patiently, and sought in every way which his simple experience could devise to draw him from his despondency; to inspire him with some trust in God. It was, however, without any apparent success, other than greater condescension from Mr. Brandon, who, at last, weak and nervous, would gladly avail himself of Dick's young strength in his walks home.

And so, in time, that which had seemed the impossible came to pass very naturally. Mr. Brandon urged Dick to enter the house, and he was received as a guest in Miss Brandon's home. Home it must be called, I suppose; though it was a dreary, desolate room, with "boarding-house" stamped in glaring letters all over the grey walls and badly-assorted furniture. Even Dick could realize that it must be a very different home from any which Miss Brandon had ever seen before; for it was far different from the only pretty rooms *he* had ever entered—those dear, clean, sweet rooms at Mrs. Alaine's.

"Mr. Heremore, Mary," was his introduction, accompanied by a patronizing wave of Mr. Brandon's hand. Do not be surprised; you know I have never said—not even in his days of prosperity—that he was a gentleman—"Mr. Heremore, Mary; a young man who has thought it not worth while to be unkind and disrespectful to an old man who has lost every thing."

"I have heard my father speak of you often," said Mary very quietly; but in such gentle tones that Dick wondered how any man could count himself poor—knowing *her*.

"I really felt very nervous," Mr.

Brandon further explained, "about coming home alone. I have been so very uncomfortable to-day. But that's of no consequence, of course, *now*."

"I am very glad you brought Mr. Heremore," Mary answered readily, and with more warmth than before; "and I am sure he was very careful of you."

After that, conversation became somewhat easier; although Dick felt half like an impostor, and could not do much to second Miss Brandon's efforts to make the hour go by pleasantly. She had several albums and scrap-books of engravings with which she tried to entertain him; but to do his best, he could think of little else than the languid, weary manner which had replaced the quick steps and stately sweetness he had known of old. When Mr. Brandon left them for a few minutes, she turned with animation and said:

"Mr. Heremore, I must thank you for your kindness to my father. I would not have him suppose I consider it kindness, but in my heart I know it is, and I know you mean it as such. Since things have gone wrong with him, he seems to have changed his whole nature; he does not appear to have any courage to stand against the tide. I suppose it would have been very different if Mrs. Brandon had lived; a wife would have kept his spirits up as no one else can."

"I know," stammered Dick, not knowing what to say under the gaze of her beautiful eyes, "I know—that the death of your mother last summer—"

"Mrs. Brandon, you mean," she interrupted in her quietest tones, "that is, my father's second wife. This Mrs. Brandon was not my mother; my own mother died long ago." This so coldly that, for some



inexplicable reason, Dick fancied she was glad to correct him.

"You were in the carriage at the same time," said Dick, feeling that he must say something.

"Yes," answered Mary, "but I remember little about it; as soon as we found the horses were running away, Mrs. Brandon became very much alarmed, and almost before I could say a word to her, we were thrown out, and were both picked up senseless. She was not conscious of anything again. All these things together have completely unnerved poor papa, and I really feel very grateful to any one who is interested in him. His old friends have received but little encouragement to visit us here, although it is only a fancy of papa's, I am sure, that they feel any difference, and he is often quite lonely."

Mr. Brandon soon returned, and seeming to wish his daughter's undivided attention, Dick rose and said, "good-night."

It need hardly be said that he was after this more enthusiastically devoted to their fortunes than ever before. He spent a few hours there at different times during the winter and spring, and soon found himself at ease in that dreary room; but as he knew Mary better, his reverence for her, while it diminished not in the least, became a deep and fervent feeling, which kept her always in his thoughts. She, too, seemed to regard him with very kindly feelings, and the sympathy between them was so strong that it bore down many of their differences of association and education, and each was astonished to find an unexpectedly ready understanding in the other. But as yet Dick had said nothing of the little girl on the steps who gave him her candy one cold Christmas morning years ago.

Once at New-Year's, and again on the 22d of February, holidays on which he was free, Dick had been down to the cottage in the country, and had seen Rose and the boys skate and make snow-houses, and spent two of the coziest, happiest evenings of his life around the bright fire, talking pleasant talk with those dear people, among whom alone he realized the faintest idea of the word home. Now time had gone by so rapidly that he was to spend a whole week there as he had the year before. But not exactly the same; for the last time he had been there—a clear, bright day in February, when they were all coming home from the skating-pond together—it had chanced that he and Rose had fallen far in the rear of the children, who, having skated since one o'clock in the keen air, professed themselves "ever so hungry," and, as Dick would not hurry with them, walked off in disgust, each declaring to the other that they didn't like Mr. Dick half so much this time as before; he was "no good" at all.

"What a magnificent day!" Dick said, for about the tenth time, as he tramped by Rose's side through the crisp snow, just as the sun was going down in one great glow before them. "I think I never saw a more splendid winter day in all my life."

Not thinking of any addition to this speech, and not being able with truth to contradict it, Rose kept on her way, her neat little boots cutting the snow, and making, Dick thought, the most delicious music there ever was. Rose looked especially charming that afternoon; from the very crown of her head, with her wealth of golden hair, only half hidden by her felt hat, to the dainty little boots before mentioned, which her warm skating dress, looped up, did not even affect to conceal, Rose was

charming. Dick thought that her very cloak seemed to nestle more lovingly to her plump figure than another's would; and as for the tiny muff, Uncle Carl's present, and the blue silk handkerchief knotted around her neck, Dick was certain that Stewart never sold anything half so pretty. So, if his lips talked about the weather, it is hardly surprising that his eyes embraced another subject; and I question if, when her demure glances met his gaze, Rose needed words to tell her its meaning; for, after all, are words, the dearest and sweetest that come from the lips, any dearer or sweeter than those the eyes speak?

But whatever she knew, Rose was a true little woman, and showed no sign.

"This is the place where Mrs. Brandon was thrown," she said, as they passed a broad street cutting across the narrow road they were following. "Just by those trees. They say the horses could have been managed only for her screams; a woman who screams at such a time must have very little sense."

"I think so," answered Dick, looking sadly toward the place Rose pointed out.

"Miss Mary behaved wonderfully well," continued Rose, with one quick look into Dick's face as they passed on. "She was perfectly calm, and tried to quiet Mrs. Brandon. She was very much hurt herself."

"Yes, so I have heard; she shows it, too; you would hardly recognize her now, she is so thin and altered."

"But, of course, she is more beautiful for that," said little, plump Rose, who had a great idea of delicate, fragile girls.

"Not more beautiful, exactly," answered Dick, who had not a great idea of delicate, fragile girls, "but it makes one feel for her more."

"I know you feel for her very much," said Rose.

"I have always honored her very much," answered Dick warmly. "It almost seems presumption for me to say I *feel* for her; but I do, indeed I do."

"I am sure of it," Rose responded with great warmth, and then there was silence for a long time.

Rose broke it with a little trembling in the first word or two at her own audacity, but gathering courage as she went on: "I knew you did when you were here last summer; then I heard of her father's failure, and then it seemed more natural; and—now—I am very glad for your sake. I hope you will be very happy. I do, indeed."

Now, Dick was no fool, and when the strangeness of this speech caused him to look harder than ever into the glowing but demure little face by the side of him, he felt for the moment a great inclination not to say a word; for provokingly innocent as she looked, he did not believe she was at all so ignorant of the real state of things. Rose felt the moment's hesitation, and, poor little thing, got frightened at her own conjuring, which fright so changed the expression of her face that Dick's hesitation vanished, and he answered:

"Of course I know what you mean, Rose, although it is so strange. I do not think of such a thing—it would be very strange if I did. You know better, don't you, Rose?"

Rose looked up with a careless answer, but thought better of it, and said nothing.

"You never did really think it, did you, Rose?" he added, pursuing his advantage, and repeating it until there was no escape for Rose, who had to answer truthfully, "No." She having made this concession, he made one, and told her the story of

his boyish days, and of the Christmas day when he first saw Mary Brandon. He had not felt very easy about Rose's opinion of much he had to tell her, and was greatly relieved when he saw all her assumed carelessness depart, and that she listened to him with earnest sympathy. He was so encouraged by the gentle, womanly interest she gave him that he did not stop with the history of his boyish days, but went on to narrate a later experience; very few words sufficed for this. When he told it, Rose understood very well why, if Mary Brandon were a queen upon her throne, she would be no more than friend or sister to him.

After that, there seemed no more to be said; for they finished the walk in the still winter twilight almost in silence.

That was in February, when Dick went down to Carlton to spend Washington's birthday, and it inaugurated a new era for Will. Rose had a sudden interest in the post-office, which was a long walk from the cottage, and, in rainy weather or on very busy days, was beyond her reach. I believe all her spare pennies went into Will's coffers about that time, and I am sure all her cakes and apples went into his possession; but, for all that, he was an ungrateful page, and wished "there wasn't no post-offices in the world," which opinion Will may alter when his own time comes.

This was in February, and it was now August, and Dick was going down for a week, one whole week in the country. Rose was at the gate as she had been a year ago; but she did not say "you are welcome," as she had said before. The children took him into favor when they found he had not come empty-handed, but had brought the books for Will, the doll for Trot, and just such toys for

the rest as were most desired; and though many times in their rambles Will did have his patience sorely tried by "Mr. Dick's everlasting lagging," he was, on the whole, admitted to be an acquisition. I believe, though, that Rose's bosom-friend, Clara Hays, who was always urged to be of every party, and sadly neglected when she got there, was the greatest sufferer; it is not every day you see lovers who are perfectly well-bred and considerate for everybody. My excuse for Rose and Dick is, that they only had a week, and a week is such a short time when one is very happy!

Dick's week was nearly at its end when his birthday, his twenty-first birthday came, and his good friends made a little rejoicing for him in their homely way. It was a very beautiful August day, and was celebrated like a holiday by all the family. Yet it was not exactly a cloudless day for Dick, though it was the first birthday of his that had ever received the slightest notice from any one, and ought to have made him radiantly happy. He had received a present made for him with her own hands, with no one could tell how many loving thoughts of him worked in it, from his own dear Rose. His little table was covered with the first keepsakes he had ever received from any one, and still he was not happy. Among the treasures on his little table there stood one—which reminds me that I should not have called the others the first—from the mother whose face he could not remember, and what might it not contain? Hitherto he had thought but little of the box of which Carl spoke so slightly years ago; but now that the day of opening it had come, he grew really afraid of it. He remembered stories of vengeance bequeathed from the grave, of crimes to be

expiated by the children of the perpetrators years afterward, of fearful confessions of sin and sorrow and wrong in countless forms ; and Dick, in the first glow of his first joyous days, did not know how he could bear even a mist upon the rising sun of his happiness.

"Not until the last thing to-night," he said finally, laying down the box and turning away from the table. "I will be happy to the last minute," and he went down to ask Rose to walk with him in the beautiful twilight after tea. It was earlier than he had thought when he went down, and Rose was reading in the shadow of the porch, or seeming to read, for a book was in her hand, and not, as he supposed, engaged in getting tea.

"I did not suppose I should find you here," said Dick.

"Shall I go away?" she asked, looking up and smiling.

"Yes, do," he replied, sitting by her, "you know there's nothing would please me better." But for all he tried to be gay, Rose saw that the shadow she had observed over him all day was deeper than before.

"Dear friend," she said, softened and made earnest at once, "something troubles you to-day."

"Yes, dear Rose, I am troubled to-day in spite of all the kindness shown me. My little box troubles me ; I am afraid to open it."

"Then the best thing is to do it at once, is it not? One only makes such things worse by thinking about them."

"I know it. No, I will not open it now ; I will have every moment of happiness I can first."

"What happiness can it take from you? You will be yourself still, let there be in it what there will. Our happiness is our own."

"O Rose!"

"O Dick! if we are good, are we

not happy? And nobody can make us bad against our will."

"But, Rose, this may tell me something that you—there is my fear, Rose, it may take you away from me."

"Oh! no, Dick, dear Dick, how can anything take me away from you? But even if it did, you know we always said, '*If it were for the best.*' If it were not for the best, we would not wish it, would we, dear? Yes, we could help wishing it ; when the good God saw it was not best, he would give us strength to bear it."

"I never could bear it," said Dick.

"Yes, you would ; but I am not afraid. One should not be afraid of one's own parents. Come, there is a long time before tea. We will go up the hill where no one will interrupt us, and where we shall be within call if we are wanted. Won't you get the box, Dick, and we will open it up there? that is, if you want me with you."

"You make me brave, dear Rose. Perhaps, after all, it is nothing."

So he did as she advised ; and, seated a little back of the house, the only spot in which there could be five minutes' reading possible, he broke the seal, undid the wrapping, now yellow with age, while Rose spoke a word or two of courage, then turned her head a little away from him, and you may be sure prayed hard and fast for strength and grace for both to hear whatever of good or of evil was in store for them. Inside the wrapper Dick found a tiny key with which he eagerly unlocked the little mahogany box which was, perhaps, to make great revelations to him.

Then Rose drew still further away from him, and with a more earnest gaze watched the sun going down to the west ; for they were young, and many things that you and I would

count the merest trifles, were of great importance to them; neither thought of anything worse than of something which should separate them. Poor little Rose trembled lest he should find a will therein—as she had read in story-books—that would make him too rich and great for her to think of him; and Dick, to whom her love for him had always seemed a wonder—so great was his reverence for her and his own feeling of unworthiness—trembled lest he should find some legacy of disgrace that would make it impossible for him ever to see Rose again. So in silence and with wordless but earnest prayers, they sat together in the softening August sunlight, with hearts beating heavily for fear it might be for the last time.

#### CHAPTER VII.

AFTER all, there was not much in the mysterious box. A square package, looking like a letter, folded in the old style, and just fitting in the box, lay uppermost; upon the outside of which, in a clear, round hand, was written the name *Richard Heremore*. Before breaking the seal of this, Dick took out two paper boxes, in each of which was a miniature, painted on ivory; he glanced at one, then with an expression of intense relief, not unmingled with something of awe, he, for the first time, turned to Rose.

"Look, Rose," he said, in a low voice.

"Do you think this is your mother?" she asked, in a voice even lower and more reverential than his, after a long, long look; for it was a young and beautiful face, with clear eyes that looked frankly at you, and that bore in every feature the unmistakable stamp of true womanliness. "Do you think this is your mother?"

"I cannot tell yet," said Dick; "but as *this* is here, it's all right; there's nothing more to dread now!"

But Rose did not answer. Her quick eyes had seen more than the character; they had placed the original of that portrait in her proper social sphere, and that—the highest.

The other miniature was of a man somewhat older, though not more than twenty-five or thirty, if so much; but it was a face of less character and less culture. Dick showed it to Rose, but neither made any comment upon it. Dick then broke the seal of the letter, and again Rose turned away her face. A few slips of paper fell out as he unfolded the package; these he gathered up without looking at them, and then, calling Rose's name once more, he read in a low voice, from the yellow paper, his mother's letter:

"MY DEAR CHILD: I have put aside a few little things that have been treasures to me, and as I may not live to see the day when I can give them to you, I write a few lines with them, which possibly may come to your eyes some day. A healthy, ruddy little fellow you are, creeping around my feet and trying to climb up my dress as I write, and I am so weak a woman that I may hardly stoop to raise my darling to my lap. It is hard for me, seeing you so, to write to you as a man; and what kind of a man I have no way to judge. I fear I shall not live long enough to leave any impression of your mother's face upon you; and what will become of you, my own dear child, in this terrible world after I am gone, I dare not think. You are so tender and good now that I cannot realize that you will change; but you will have no one to guide you. You put your arms up to me, your brown, hard little arms, as if to beg me not to speak of this, and I will

try to believe that God will save you through everything ; so that when you read this, you will be one whom I would be proud to own if I lived.

"You are my greatest comfort, and such a comfort ! It seems as if you knew everything, and could console for everything ; and often I think that for you I shall in some way find strength to struggle on for a few years more. Dear child, I know not how much or how little to tell you." I would like to write volumes for you, that you might know me in the future days when no father, mother, or brother will be near to help you in your troubles. But I can only write a little.

"I have been married five years, and you are my oldest but not my only child. You have a sweet little sister asleep on the bed. I say the words to you aloud, and you creep on tiptoe to look at her, turning and smiling at me as you go. Even if she should live after I am gone, which I cannot wish for, I cannot tell whether you will be kept together ; if not, I know you will care for her if it is possible, if only because your dead mother asks it. I cannot believe the wonderful child-love you have for her and me will be permitted to die out, or that your heart can ever grow hard, your heart so tender now. There ! kiss the dimpled hand ever so softly and come away, for you must not wake the darling now. Will you love her always, let what may be her fate ? Remember always, she had no mother to guide her. Your father I have not seen for two years, since Mamie was a few months old. I have since heard that he is dead. I know none of his relatives ; for he brought me an entire stranger to New York three years ago, and seemed unwilling that I should make many acquaintances. I have no relatives whom I have ever seen, in

the world, except my father, who lives, or did live, at Wiltshire, in Maine. I do not know if he is living or not ; I have written to him again and again, but I have heard nothing from him. He would have come to me if he were alive, for he was always devoted to me. I could write you a hundred letters about his love and devotion ; and now, if I could only let him know where I am, he would come to me wherever he might be. I have named you for him. He saw you once when you were a month old ; he came and took me home for the summer ; he loved you dearly, as he loved me, and was proud enough of you. If only I could put you and Mamie in his hands now, how contentedly I could die ! For this I toiled and struggled from the day I saw your father last, until this poverty and sickness have killed all hope. Not all hope ; for I think every step I hear—and I hear thousands passing by—that my father has come to me to save me, to take my darlings under his care, and to let me die on my own white bed in my own dear room at home.

"There, darling, there's no more to tell. Why should I tell more ? You come of good blood, my child, of a brave, upright race. My child, my darling, put your arms tight, tight around mamma's neck, and promise for the man that you will be worthy of your name and race. Be good, be true, be honest. How I should blush in my grave, it seems to me, if child of mine, if these dear children, so pure and innocent, who cling to me now, covering me with kisses, should soil their white souls with falsehood, deceit, or dishonesty. God knows what I would say. Fatherless, motherless, I must leave my little ones ; no earthly help, no comfort, nothing, only the one hope that will not leave me to my latest breath,

that my father lives, will find me out, save me, and take care of you.

"It has been hard for me to write this poor, childish letter ; one poor apple-woman—poor, yet not so poor as I—has been my only friend ; to her I have talked for hours of you, and she has listened earnestly, and will do her utmost for you two. God will aid her, I know. I will not put any 'good-byes' on paper so little likely ever to be seen by your eyes ; but I will kiss you a thousand times, my darling, while I take one last look at these portraits of your father and me, you leaning against my knee looking at them too. You, pure, unsullied child, shall cling to me, and answer, though you cannot understand, the promises to be good I ask of you to fulfil through all your life. Your mother,

"MARY HEREMORE BRANDON."

"*Brandon!*" repeated Rose and Dick together, when he read the signature. Then Dick read the slips of paper that had fallen out of the letter ; they were all the same, notices of her marriage from different papers :

"MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, May 5th, Charles Brandon, of New-York, to Mary, only daughter of Dr. Richard Heremore, of Wiltshire, Maine."

Rose looked at Dick almost with terror in her face. Dick knew not how to answer her.

"It may not be the same," she said at last.

"The letter does not seem sure of his death," suggested Dick.

"But you have met him—would he not have noticed your name?"

"I should think so. But it was long ago, and perhaps he has known others of the name. Besides, Miss Brandon—O Rose ! if she should be that sister !—Miss Brandon told me

her mother died long ago ; she seemed so proudly to disclaim this Mrs. Brandon, whom I called her mother."

"How could she be with your father, if Mr. Brandon is that, and he not know any thing about you?"

"I cannot understand it. I will go to see him to-morrow."

"O Dick !"

"Yes, dear Rose, I must. I have only two days of vacation left, and I must know all before I go back."

"And then you will not be here for so long?"

"Yes, I will, Rose ; I'll be here if I have to walk all night, see your windows, and go back before daylight ! Yes, I will see you. I will not bear all the long separation as I did before, it is too much ! Now, may I go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Dick, you must go. O Dick ! what a mother she was ! I can just see her, so weak she could not lift little you in her arms ; and yet, I am sure, giving you a thousand caresses, and crying over you as she wrote that letter ! If she could only see you now !"

"I know she does see me ; but she does not see me as I ought to be, having had such a mother."

"She is proud of you if she sees you."

"See how patient she was, Rose ! She says she is poorer than the poor apple-woman, and yet no complaint ; and she was not used to trouble, I am sure, from her face."

"So sweet and grave as she is ! Really, Richard, look ! Upon my word, Miss Brandon has just such eyes ! It *is* so ! See ! the same blue-gray eyes, so clear, deep, and looking at you so frankly and graciously ; not with the frankness of a question asked ; but—I can't describe it—but that calm, straightforward way Miss Mary has when she listens to you ; always as if she would encourage

you, too, to go on. Indeed, you must go to-morrow!"

"It is so strange, Rose. I feel my head almost turning. Have we time to read it over once more?"

"I fear not, for it is already quite late; but you will tell mamma and Aunt Clara about it, and Uncle Carl?"

"Oh! at once; as soon as I can. I shall think of nothing else until to-morrow. Rose, he must have treated her badly, or she would have given me his name instead of her father's."

"I think, perhaps she meant *Brandon* to be added."

"She does not say a word against him; but she does not praise him. I will make him tell me, himself, if he is the man. Do you think he is?"

"I am sure of it! And Miss Brandon is your sister; perhaps that is why she spoke to you that Christmas day, and why you have always been so attracted to her."

"How strange it is! Will she be sorry to have me for a brother, I wonder?"

"Sorry! She will be very proud of you."

"I wonder how I should speak to her. O Rose, Rose! do say something to steady me; I feel so strange, and as if I were talking so foolishly!"

"You are not talking foolishly, dear Dick; and if you were, there is only Rose to hear you, and shall you not talk as you please to her?"

"Thank God, my darling! this has not separated us."

"No, not yet."

"Not yet!"

"What will your new father and your grand sister think of me?"

"Well, Rose, wait till I ask them!"

"Perhaps a grandfather, too," said Rose.

"I love him already. If he should

be living, that would be something grand, wouldn't it? You may be sure she loved him."

"And you may be sure she never let him know until perhaps the very last, that she was in trouble. Women and children never tell their sorrows to those who are entitled to help them."

"Why, Rose?"

"Oh! I cannot tell you that! I only know it's so. Here we are at home. Have patience; for though to-morrow you will have the news, to-night is all I have!"

"And no matter what happens, Rose," said Dick, as they lingered a moment outside the house, "you will trust me just the same?"

"Of course I will," Rose answered readily. A question and answer that have been given—and falsified—I wonder how many times since the world began; falsified, for even a woman's faith is not without limit; though Rose thought it was, as many had thought before her. "Of course I will; why should you ask, Dick?"

"I don't know; only that everything seems whirling around with me to-night, and the only thing that seems clear to me is that I must not lose you."

"It will be your own fault if you do," said Rose. "But you must not try me too much; for things might get whirling around with me, too, some day, and I should not know faith from want of pride; so be good."

"And if it is possible, I must come down at once and tell you how it all ends. If it could only be that I could have you close at hand to tell you all!"

"Indeed! I am glad," exclaimed Rose, who, much as she loved Dick, could not endure to think of the time when she should have to leave



her home. "Come in, now. What will Uncle Carl say to all this, I wonder?"

Uncle Carl did not say much, when, the children having been sent out to play, the elders drew their chairs closer around the still standing tea-table, and listened intently to Dick's story. The others received it with many exclamations and much wiping of eyes; but the stolid German smoked his big pipe and looked, or tried to, as if he had known it all before.

"I'll know before this time tomorrow if it's the same," said Dick, when the reading was finished, and many conjectures had been put forward and discussed.

"It is the strangest thing ever was heard of," exclaimed Mrs. Alaine, "that he should meet you so often and not know who you were!"

"With your mother's name, too," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"Perhaps, after all, he is not so ignorant," suggested Dick. "It may be that it was on account of my name he made so much of me."

"I think he must be devoured with remorse," Mrs. Alaine said forcibly, "whenever he thinks of his beautiful wife."

"This Mrs. Brandon couldn't hold a candle to her," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"I never saw her," said Dick.

"She was very pretty," explained Carl, speaking unexpectedly.

"Pretty!" cried Mrs. Stoffs, in great surprise.

"Pretty!" repeated Mrs. Alaine, with great contempt.

"Pretty!" echoed Rose, with great incredulity. "Why, Uncle Carl, she was a little doll-baby!"

"She was very pretty," persisted Carl.

"Well, indeed, if you call such a baby pretty, I give up!" said Mrs. Stoffs. "Why, Mr. Dick, she did

not look as if she could say boo to a goose, and yet she ruled the whole house; it was her extravagance that ruined the poor man."

"I think it was his own dishonesty," said Carl.

"O Uncle Carl!" remonstrated Rose, "right before Mr. Richard."

"We don't know yet that he has anything to do with 'Mr. Richard,' as you call him; but I'd say it, if need were, to the man's own face. His wife may have been a little, tyrannical, extravagant fool; but the more fool he for letting her take other men's money out of his purse."

"Indeed, Carl, that's a thing they'll never say of *you*," responded his wife, laughing. "But now come away, and let Mr. Dick get some rest, for I suppose he'll be off by daylight."

"I shall, indeed," said Dick.

"Well, good-night! Mr. Dick, you must not let these things keep you awake; if you find your family out, it may be the last time you will sleep under our roof."

"If I thought that, Mrs. Stoffs, I should seek them with a heavy heart; but nothing can make that so but death, can it?"

"Go to bed, good people," grumbled Carl; "all your noise makes my head ache."

He went up with Dick and had a long conversation with him, after the rest were asleep.

"Go find Dr. Heremore, of Wiltshire, unless there comes to be no doubt that he is gone away, or dead," were his parting words; "he is better worth seeking than any other. You will need money, and you shall owe me for this." And he gave him a few gold pieces which Mrs. Stoffs, in the sanctuary of her own room, had hurriedly and gladly brought out from countless rags, all tied up in an

old stocking, at her liege lord's command, for this purpose.

"But, Mr. Stoffs, I have, I think, enough for this."

"Then do not spend mine, but take it with you for fear of accident. Good-night ; do not be fooled by anything Mr. Brandon may say—he's an artful one—but find out all you can about your grandfather ; remember that."

So Dick was left to pass a sleepless, fevered night, filled with the strangest fancies, and perplexed by a thousand fruitless conjectures. At the first glimmering of daylight he was up, and, after making a show of eating the substantial breakfast his kind friends had prepared for him, turned, without being able to say more than a word or two, to leave.

"Dood-by," said Trot, sliding down from her chair, with her bib on, and her face not over clean, to get his parting kiss, as well as to put in a reminder for his return. "What 'oo bing Trot from the 'tore?"

"What do you want, Trot?" asked Dick, lifting her up.

"Me wants puttytat," she answered with animation ; "dear 'ittle titten !"

Dick promised to do his best, shook hands silently all around, tried to laugh at the old shoe Minnie had ready to throw after him, at last heard the gate close behind him, and was alone on his way to the little yellow station-house.

"He'd better be alone," Rose had said when something had been said privately about accompanying him. "He has a great deal to think about, and he can do that best while he is walking in this fresh morning air."

"O mamma !" she said, when Mrs. Alaine stood beside her, after Dick had passed out of sight, "O mamma ! if Mr. Brandon should take it angrily !"

"You may be sure he will not," replied Mrs. Alaine, "he is so broken down, he will be very thankful to find a son like our Dick who will be worth so much to him. He is the most selfish man ever lived, Mr. Brandon is."

"Well, I wish it were over," sighed Rose, turning back to the house and the day's round of household duties.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

## THE APPROACHING GENERAL COUNCIL.

BY MGR. DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

THE church and the world have been filled with expectation for more than a year. When the catholic bishops were gathered at Rome to celebrate the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter, and for the solemn canonization of saints, the Sovereign Pontiff declared the necessity of a general council, and announced, at the same time, his intention to convoke it at an early date.

The bull of indiction has already appeared. On the twenty-ninth day of last June, the feast of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, the Holy Father, by letters addressed to all the bishops of the Christian world, fixed the date of the future council, and summoned the Episcopate of the Catholic Church to Rome. Since that time, by two truly paternal letters, the Holy Father has invited the Greek Bishops, and our separated brethren of all the protestant communions, to profit by the future council to undertake again the work of reunion, already several times attempted by the church, but which has always been frustrated by the misfortunes and the evils of our day.

So it is no longer merely a hope. The first act necessary for the holding of the council is accomplished. The apostolic letters, known already throughout the world and received everywhere with joy, even amid the infatuations and the bitter woes of the present time, have stirred the hearts of the people. All look again to Rome. Even her enemies are attentive as well as astonished, and they feel that a great event is going

to happen. And truly that which is soon to come to pass at Rome, and in the church, is a rare and solemn fact, a fact of sovereign importance, perhaps even the greatest event of the century. Let no one feel surprised at this language. I am well aware that events of immense importance have marked the beginning and the course of the nineteenth century. Profound revolutions have passed over it, and even yesterday we have seen one of the oldest thrones of Europe toppling over. Enmities and wars have disturbed nations. The old and new world are forced to meet the same difficult problems. Yet in this century there is something superior to worldly ambition and the interests of political passions. It is the spiritual interests of the people, and those supremely important questions, whose solution brings peace to the soul, and tells us of the eternal destinies of humanity. It is for such purposes as these that the Catholic Church calls her bishops to Rome. True it is that the church appears to many men as being of little importance ; she seems to occupy only a small place in modern society, so small, indeed, that modern politicians have recommended that she should no longer be taken into consideration. Yet the church is, and must remain, the most noble power of the world, because she is the spiritual power ; and Rome, the centre of this power—Rome which will soon see within her walls these great sessions of catholicity—will be always, ac-

cording to the words of the poet, "the most beautiful and the most holy of things beneath the sun"—*Rerum pulcherrima Roma.*

What then is the Catholic Church, and what is this council which is going, within a few months, to present so grand a spectacle to the world? I propose to follow the example of my venerable colleagues, who have, in France and in the different parts of Christendom, published pastoral instructions on this subject. I will recall to your minds what an ecumenical council is, to which, for a long time, we have not been accustomed. I will state the motives, inspired from on high, which have induced the Holy Father to take this step, which is the most considerable and extraordinary of the pontifical government. Then we shall see if there is any foundation for the alarm that the announcement of this act has caused among certain badly disposed or feebly enlightened minds: finally, I will make known what we, bishops, priests, and faithful, have the right to expect.

#### I.

##### THE COUNCIL.

"God," says Bossuet, "has created a work in the midst of us, which, separated from every other cause and belonging to him alone, fills all time and all places, and bears everywhere in the world the impression of his hand, the stamp of his authority: it is Jesus Christ and his church."

There exists, then, in this world, above all human things, though at the same time most intimately connected with them, a spiritual society, an empire of souls. An empire of a different and divine order, more heavenly than worldly, and yet an empire really here below, a complete

society, having, like every other society, its organization, its laws, its action, its life. A society not built up by the hand of man, but by God himself. It does not require the approval of any human being; for its mission is as sacred as its source, and it draws from it all its essential rights. A pilgrim in this world and a divine stranger, as Bossuet has somewhere said, and yet a sovereign, the sovereign of souls, where she has an inviolable sanctuary. She does not encroach upon the temporal powers, neither will she abdicate at their suggestion her divine rights. She is happy to meet with their approval, and she does not disdain their alliance; but she knows, when it is necessary, how to do without them. She does not impede their terrestrial mission, nor will she consent that they should interfere with her career. A universal society is God's church, which knows no limit of time or barrier of space; she is the treasure-house of celestial goods, charged to communicate evangelical truth to men until the end of time; and, for this reason, as well as by her origin and her growth, she holds in a world which she alone has civilized, a place which no other power will ever fill. Yes, this marvel exists upon the earth; among all human, temporal, limited, and constantly changing governments, there is this spiritual society, this government of souls, extending everywhere, immutable, without boundaries, and which is called the Catholic Church.

If we examine her construction more closely—and we must do this if we wish to understand the meaning of the most solemn of her acts, the Ecumenical Council—we shall see with what divine art Jesus Christ has proportioned the means to the end. It is a part of our faith, that the Son of God has given to men, not

for a time but for the whole duration of time, "for all days, even to the consummation of the world," a collection of truths, of commandments, and of sacred ordinances. The Christian society that our Lord called his church, *ecclesiam meam*, has the guardianship of these divine revelations. A visible society, because religion should not be an occult thing; and perpetually visible, because perpetuity has been promised to it; in short, a universal society, because all men, without exception, are called and admitted within her fold.

But the divine revelations could not be transmitted unaltered for ages, if they had been subjected to changing and capricious interpretations of private judgment; therefore it was indispensable that the doctrinal authority should be sovereign, that is to say, it must be infallible. An authority cannot be sovereign in matters of faith, and demand an interior assent, without being infallible. This it was that the divine Founder of Christianity has wished to do, and really did, when, giving to the apostles their mission, he pronounced these words, the last which have fallen from his lips: "As the Father has sent me, I send you. Go then and teach all nations, baptize them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and teach them to observe all the commandments that I have given to man: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Such is, then, the essential character of the church; it is a doctrinal authority, providentially infallible by the divine assistance, in all things revealed by God.

It is easily seen how unity is born of this infallibility; not an accidental unity, but a necessary and permanent unity, because the principle of unity is permanent in the church.

The principle of unity, and besides this, a centre of unity, was among the indispensable conditions of a church thus founded. It was necessary that a teaching church, spread throughout the world, should have a head, a centre, a chief, in order that it might be united in a single and distinctive body. Jesus Christ has not neglected this necessity; for among his disciples he chose one whom he invested with certain special privileges, to whom he entrusted, according to his divine expression, "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," whom he called the rock, the foundation-stone of the edifice, whom he commanded "to confirm his brethren in the faith," whom he called the pastor of the sheep as well as of the lambs, that is to say, the shepherd of the entire fold.

This is the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. In order to place a perpetual check upon time, which destroys all things, and in order to give the necessary support to the human mind, which is ever changing, it was, indeed, necessary that a religious society should be thus constructed. But a divine hand was required to constitute a society of this kind, which was composed of frail men; and these grand characters of unity and authority, in perpetuity and in catholicity, are in the church as the shining seal of the powerful hand which has established it. Thus it remains firm among men, and even in spite of universal change. In vain is the natural restlessness of the human mind shocked at the dogmas of our faith, and heresies succeed to heresies;\* this constant movement cannot affect her firm constitution; she will remain, as says the apostle, "the pillar and ground of truth"—*Columna et firmamentum Veritatis*.

\* "It is necessary that heresies should be." 1 Corinth. xi. 19. Terrible necessity, says Bossuet.

Such is the Catholic Church. An ecumenical council is this Catholic Church assembled to do, with more solemnity, the same work which, dispersed, she does every day. This work is the transmission and authentic interpretation of the dogmatic and moral truths of divine revelation. This is what I desire to explain at this time, so that it may be clearly understood by our contemporaries, who have long been unaccustomed to these things. My design is not, indeed, as you know, an intention to write so exhaustively that no one else may treat upon the questions connected with the councils of the church. Volumes have and could again be written on this subject. But at least there are some necessary notions which require to be explained with precision, since these matters are not familiar at this day, and also because, as on every other topic, the simple and fundamental ideas are always the most useful.

A council is an assemblage of bishops convoked for the purpose of discussing questions concerning the faith, morals, and discipline. A council is particular or general ; particular, if it represents only a part of the church ; general or ecumenical, when it represents the universal church. A general council, simply because it represents the whole church, has the gift of doctrinal infallibility and supreme authority given by Jesus Christ to the church herself, to the body of pastors united to their chief. A particular council has no infallibility.

The supreme chief of the church, the Pope, and he only, has the right of convoking general councils. For the same reason, the Pope alone has the right of presiding over their deliberations. And as a question of fact, it is true that popes, either personally or by legates, have presided over

every ecumenical council. Thus at Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon, as well as at Trent, the popes presided by legates. At the councils of Lateran, Lyons, Vienna, and Florence, they presided personally. "Holy Father," wrote the fathers of Chalcedon to Pope St. Leo, "you will preside in the midst of the bishops, who are judges of the faith, as the chief over the members in the persons of those who hold your place." It is the sovereign pontiff's duty to close the council, to dissolve it in case of necessity, and to confirm its decrees. The accord of the bishops and the Pope is manifestly necessary for the ecumenical character of a council.

Gathered in council from all quarters of the world, and having the Pope at their head, as witnesses of the faith of their churches, as judges of the divine law, "*Episcopis iudicibus*," said the fathers of Chalcedon. "*Defining I have subscribed*," "*I have subscribed pronouncing with the holy synod* ;"\* thus it was that the bishops of Chalcedon and Ephesus, and also of Trent, affixed their signatures.

Custom governs the exterior forms used in these assemblies. The solemn sessions, where the decrees are promulgated, are distinguished from the congregations where they are elaborated ; with what care, what exactness, what profound research, the history of the Council of Trent has already shown, and the coming Council of Rome will give us a no less remarkable proof. The Holy Father, indeed, ever since he took the great resolution of convoking a council, has been occupied with activity proportioned to the importance of the future assembly. He has used such means as were proper for the head

\* "*Definiens subscripsi*." "*Subscripsi pronuntians cum sancta synodo*."

of the church in an ecumenical council. Several commissions or congregations, composed of learned cardinals, and of theologians chosen from different nations, were at once appointed by him, and are now zealously working upon the questions which will be considered in the council. There is a special congregation upon Dogma, one upon Canon Law, one to consider the various questions concerning Religious Orders, one to discuss the relations of Church and State, and one upon the churches of the East.

It is the usage of the church, when the Pope intends to convene an ecumenical council, to notify in advance the bishops who bring there not only the authority of their sacred character, but also the counsels of their experience, because their dispersion in many different countries has given them great knowledge and a special competency to understand the times and the needs of their people. Thus Pius IX., in two allocutions, addressed to the bishops assembled at Rome, announced to them the future council. By his last Bull, he has called them all there and fixed the precise date, so that the prelates, notified and convoked in advance, may have the time to study the questions at their leisure, and arrive perfectly prepared at the date indicated by the Sovereign Pontiff.

I do not need to add that, although the Pope and bishops can add disciplinary laws, and modify, more or less, the canon law, because these are not by their nature immutable, that in matters of faith, it is not the business of councils to make dogmas. Dogmas are never made in councils, but they may be formulated there. All that concerns dogma is learned from the holy Scriptures and tradition, and from their authorized interpreters. It is only after these have been tho-

roughly investigated and discussed, and after the invocation of the Holy Ghost, that the council declares what has always been, what is now, the belief of the church.

History counts eighteen ecumenical councils.\* It would be difficult to determine the almost infinite number of particular councils. Nothing can show more clearly than do these assemblies the wonderful vitality of the church, and the power she bears within herself to protect her own existence both against the errors which the human mind is ever producing, and also against corruption and abuses within the church, abuses which are unavoidable because of the infirmity of human nature. She is the only society upon the earth where revolutions are not necessary, and where reform is always possible. There is not one of these many councils but which has a regulation upon discipline at the same time that it has a definition of faith; and the great Council of Trent itself, without fear-

\* The following is a list of these eighteen ecumenical councils: 1. Nice, in 325, against Arius, who denied the divinity of the Word. 2. Constantinople, in 381, against Macedonius, who attacked the divinity of the Holy Ghost. 3. Ephesus, in 431, against Nestorius, who erred concerning the Incarnation, and refused to give the Blessed Virgin the title Mother of God. 4. Chalcedon, in 451, against Eutyches, who originated an error, the opposite of that of Nestorius. 5. Constantinople, in 553, against the three celebrated chapters which fostered the error of Nestorius on the Incarnation. 6. Constantinople in 680, against the Monothelites, who continued the error of Eutyches, in denying that Jesus Christ had a human will. 7. Nice, in 787, against the Iconoclasts, or breakers of images. 8. Constantinople, in 869, against Photius, the author of the Greek schism. 9. Lateran, in 1123, for the promulgation of peace between the ecclesiastical power and the empire, after the long quarrels of the Investitures, and also for the Crusades. 10. Lateran, in 1139, for the reunion of the Greeks and against the errors of the Albigenses. 11. Lateran, in 1179, for different questions of discipline, and against the heresies of the day. 12. Lateran, in 1215, against the Vaudois. 13. Lyons, in 1245, for the Crusade and the troubles with the Emperor Frederic. 14. Lyons, in 1274, for the Crusade, and for reunion with the Greeks. 15. Vienne, in 1311, for the Crusade, and different questions of discipline, and for the affair of the Templars. 16. Florence, in 1439, for reunion with the Greeks. 17. Lateran, in 1511, against the conventicle of Pisa. 18. Trent, in 1545, against Protestantism. Several sessions of the Council of Constance have also been considered ecumenical.

ing that word, reform, which had revolutionized Europe, accepted it, because it belonged to the church, and accompanied its dogmatic decrees concerning the Catholic faith with decrees concerning reformation—*De Reformatione*. Assembled in ecumenical council the Pope and bishops thoroughly investigate the situation of affairs in the Christian republic, and use fearlessly the remedy for its wounds and its sufferings. Thus the immortal youth of the church is renewed, a more active and vigorous breath of life animates this immense body, and even society feels its happy influence. It is, then, one of these ecumenical assemblies which the Pope has just convoked. After long meditation upon the needs of the time, and earnest prayer for God's guidance, the head of the Catholic Church has spoken a single word. He has made a solemn sign, and it is sufficient. From the west and east, from the north and south, from every part of the habitable globe, from every race, from every tongue, from every nation, the chiefs of this great spiritual society, the dispersed members of this government of souls, leave their sees to meet at the place appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff. They meet, not as in human congresses, to debate concerning peace and war, conquests and frontiers, but to treat of souls and their sacred interests, of things spiritual and eternal. They obey the divine words of Him who founded the church, "*Go, therefore, and teach all nations.*" They meet to accomplish the most august duty of their sovereign mission—to proclaim, in a general council of the church, and, as it were, in the very face of human errors, those truths whose guardianship has been confided to them by Him who is the Truth itself. Such is the work of an ecumenical council.

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Can there in this world be a greater one?

It is now three hundred years since the world has seen one of these assemblies; even at the beginning of this century they were considered impossible. "In modern times," wrote J. de Maistre, less than fifty years ago, "since the civilized world is, so to speak, cut up into some sovereignties, and the world has been so much enlarged by the boldness of our sailors, an ecumenical council has become a chimera."

The political difficulties which so provokingly impeded the Council of Trent were remembered, and it seemed that the present time was yet more unfavorable. It was thought that the modern powers were more defiant and more hostile, and consequently that the liberty of the church was in greater danger, her action more circumscribed than ever. But we wronged our century, and instead of coming before God with complaints, we shall do better to adore his powerful hand, which, as an ancient proverb goes, "can write straightly on crooked lines," and force events to bend themselves, in spite of man's efforts, to his eternal designs. A missionary and a traveler, the church longs to see the road diminish. A preacher and a liberator, she profits and rejoices over the destruction of fetters. Then our age has accomplished these two works, the suppression of distance, the breaking down of barriers. I understand the words distance and barriers in the social and political sense, as well as in a material point of view. It was thought that they would serve only the world's interests, but they are really allies of the faith; all this marvellous movement, which seemed to be contrary to catholic ideas and opposed to the Catholic Church, will turn to her advantage.



The spirit of the age obliges political governments, whether they be willing or not, to act more fairly toward the church; and it has destroyed the old prejudices which even recently have hindered her actions. The holding of an ecumenical council is easier to-day than it would have been in the times of Philip II., Louis XIV., or of Joseph II.

"For the convocations of the bishops alone," says again J. de Maistre, "and to establish legally this convocation, five or six years would not be sufficient." To-day it has been enough for Pius IX. to post his bull upon the walls of the Lateran; modern publicity, in spite of many wishes to the contrary, carries it to the extremities of the earth. Soon, thanks to the marvellous progress of the sciences and mechanics, the bishops will hasten to obey the Pontiff's summons on the wings which steam has given to our vessels and our cars. These have, as it were, consumed space. The bishops will come from every free country, and, as we hope, even from those which are not free. And thus—for I like to repeat it—this double current of the ideas and of the industry of our time is going, in the future, not to serve the material life of man alone, but also to aid us in the government of souls, in the highest manifestation of the spiritual life of man, in the greatest work of God's Holy Spirit upon the earth. It is just, as divine Providence has so willed, that we should see in this the secret harmony hidden in the depths of things and in the unity of divine works. Matter is placed once more at the service of the spiritual, and the thoughts of man follow the order of God's counsels.

Three times already, as you are aware, the bishops have gathered about the vicar of Jesus Christ within a few years; but none of these three

great reunions had the character of a council. The glory of resuming the ancient traditions of the church, so long interrupted, by the convention of a true ecumenical assembly, has been reserved to this magnanimous Pontiff, so powerful in his mildness, so calm amid his trials, and so confident in that God who has sustained him and who has manifestly inspired him to undertake the work of summoning the ecumenical council.

## II.

### THE PROGRAMME OF THE COUNCIL.

And why, with what thoughts, has the head of the church called to this great tribunal of catholicity those whom he names as being "his venerable brothers, the bishops of the catholic world, whose sacred character has called them to partake in his sollicitudes?" *"Omnes venerabiles fratres totius catholici orbis sacrorum antistites, qui in sollicitudinis nostrae partem vocati sunt."* The apostolical letters inform us clearly. It is necessary to read them and to judge the church with equity by her own statement, not by rancorous or frivolous commentaries. The programme of the future council is thus traced in the bull of the Sovereign Pontiff:

"This ecumenical council will have to examine with the greatest care, and determine what is best to do in times so difficult and so perverse as these, for the greater glory of God, for the integrity of the faith, for the honor of divine worship, for the eternal salvation of men, for the discipline of the regular and secular clergy, for their useful and solid instruction, for the observance of ecclesiastical laws, for the reformation of customs, for the Christian education of youth, for general peace and universal concord."

"It is necessary for us to use every exertion that, by God's help, we may separate every evil from the church and from society; to lead back into the straight way of truth, justice, and salvation, those unfortunate people who have wandered from it; to repress vice and refute error, so that our august religion and its salutary doctrine may acquire a new vigor throughout the world, that it may be extended further every day, that it regain its empire, and thus that piety, honesty, justice, charity, and all Christian virtues may be strengthened and flourish for the greatest good of humanity."

The entire programme, all the work of the future council, is in these words. There are, then, two great objects, the good of the church and the good of human society. This is its object and its only object.

But especially does the church assemble her bishops that her interior life may be reanimated, and, as the apostle says, "To stir up the grace of God which is within us." The reason of this is because the church has the wonderful privilege that I have already mentioned—she is the only body which possesses the power of perpetually renewing her youth in the course of a perpetual life. It is in virtue of this divine constitution that none of the truths which she has preserved can change, can be lost, can be increased—that not even a syllable can be altered or an iota destroyed! "One jot or one tittle of the law shall not pass away until all be fulfilled," said Jesus Christ. The church is a living institution composed of men, borrowing its head and its members from every nation and from all ranks, always open to receive those who wish to come to her, and unceasingly increased by the addition of new races of men among her children. A river which

has received many streams into its current reflects the objects along its banks and adapts its course to the climate, and to the country with its irregularities; so the Catholic Church has the gift of accommodating herself to the times, to the institutions, and to the requirements of the generations through which she passes and the centuries which she civilizes.

And more than this is true, because in the world she labors perpetually in order that she may ever become more worthy to speak of God to men, and in a way to be heard and understood by them. She is continually examining, with respect, and at the same time with sovereign authority, her disciplinary books, her laws, her institutions, her works, and especially her members, distributed in the different grades of the hierarchy. Indeed, we do not believe that we are without faults or blemishes. "Ah! should we be astonished," Fénelon used to say, "to find in man the relics of humanity!" But, eternal thanks be given to God, we find in the imperishable treasury of truth, and of the divine laws which we are called to guard, the means of recognizing our faults and reforming our manners.

Thus it is especially against ourselves, or rather for ourselves, that this council is going to assemble. There will not be one among us to take his seat in this august assembly, who has not in the early morning bent his knee upon the lowest step of the altar, bowed his head, struck his breast, and said, "If God is not better known, if he is not better served than by me, if the truth suffers violence, if the poor are not assisted, if justice is in peril, O God! it is my fault, it is my fault, it is my most grievous fault!" Monarchs of the earth, who settle the fate of nations with such a frightful boldness, an

examination like this would be good even for you, if you could only endure it! O human assemblies, parliaments, tribunals, popular conventions, do you think that this rigid self-examination, these confessions, these scruples, and these courageous habits of discipline and reform, will be useless in appeasing blind agitation and arrogant passion, or in rousing up sleepy routine?

When each of us has thus examined, questioned, and accused himself, we shall ask ourselves, What are the obstacles which to-day prevent the propagation of the faith among those who have not yet received it, and its reëstablishment among those who have lost it? We shall revise regulations, we shall reform abuses, we shall reëstablish forgotten laws, we shall modify whatever requires modification. Under the supreme authority of a common father, of the bishop of bishops, the experience of old men, the zeal of the young, the inspiration of the holy and the wisdom of the wise, will all concur in declaring the present condition of the church, its mission upon the earth, and its duties in the future. This examination will be made in the most unconstrained and fraternal discussion, which will soon be followed by solid resolutions, which will become, then, and for centuries, the rule of the church's life.

Such will be the first object of the assembly of bishops. An object at once sublime and humble, one which fills the children of the church with respectful admiration, and which strikes her enemies with an astonishment that they seek in vain to disguise. Yes, our ministry is so noble, our assemblies so elevated above other assemblies, that the language of man contains the involuntary admission of its superiority. If they desire to designate a noble office,

a superior mission, they call it, often even with exaggeration, a *priesthood*. If they wish to speak of some unusually imposing and solemn gathering, which will have a place in history, they say it was a *council* of kings or legislators. Human language has no more lofty words than these: not that we should pride ourselves upon them, for our hands have not done these things. They come from God, and the dignity of the words which express them recalls to our humility at once the majesty of our vocation and the formidable extent of our duties.

But what is the cause, in our day and at this hour, of the retreat of the entire catholic episcopate into the breast of a new cenacle? If I may presume to put it thus, what does this vigil of arms mean? Why these preparations, this work of a great council? Why has the Sovereign Pontiff, under the eye of God, and from his inspiration, judged it proper to call the church together in this second half of the nineteenth century?

It was said of our Master, the divine Saviour of the world, that "he was wounded because of our iniquities." Yes, it is for the iniquities of man, and for our own, that we are going to impose such a work upon ourselves. The more dangerous the times are, the more necessary is it for us to be pure enough to withstand the most formidable conflict, wise enough to enter into the most stirring discussions, prepared to engage in the rudest conflicts. And if men ask why we are striving to increase knowledge and charity among ourselves, we will answer that, not forgetting ourselves and our own needs, we are

\*The Bishop of Orleans is here referring to the pious custom of the days of chivalry, which compelled the knight who was to receive his armor for the first time on the following morning to pass the vigil watching in the chapel, where his future arms were placed upon the altar.

doing it also on their account, looking earnestly upon their condition, their aspirations, and their sufferings, and with a hearty desire to do them more good.

### III.

#### CAUSES OF THE COUNCIL.

WHAT is the condition, then, to-day, of the souls and the state of the races which are spread over the surface of the earth? There are few who have not been interested in this question. The Pope, looking upon the world and lending his ear to the sound of the struggles of contemporary society, could not help seeing, what every one knows, that now is a time of profound crisis; or, as it is expressed in the papal bull, there are torments which are afflicting at this time both church and society: "*Fam vero omnibus compertum exploratumque est qua horribili tempestate nunc jactetur ecclesia, et quibus quantisque malis ipsa affligatur societas.*" What is this crisis of the church and the world? If we collect in our mind the course of history and the vast ocean of ages on which we are borne for a moment, only to be swallowed up in our turn, you will first answer that this crisis is only an incident of a perpetual crisis, an interrupted scene of the drama which the destiny of the human race is composing. Untried travellers are ever thinking the voyage a long one, and that the sea has dashing waves and tempests only for them. Old sailors know that the ocean is always uncertain and that the storm of to-day has been preceded by many a severe gale.

But if we are just, as well as attentive, we shall recognize that the crisis of the present time is not a chance one, and that, like others which have gone before, it will not escape the guidance of God. I say even, when

I remember the profound designs of providence, that this crisis is not without its grandeur, that it has both beauty, laws, and an end, just as do those natural phenomena which appear the most confused and disordered. Through continual struggles and obstacles, the evangelical ideal is followed by the church, who knows where she is going, and by men, often without their knowledge. The church, since her mission is to raise souls to that standard, is sorrowful here below, because that ideal is never realized perfectly enough for the glory and happiness of humanity. Undoubtedly the industry, the science, and the courage which men display to-day should be admitted. Within a few hundred years, vast treasures of science, wealth, and power have been developed. In two worlds, a most wonderful harvest of gifted men have appeared; artists and orators, *savants* and generals, legislators and publicists, whose names will be recognized by posterity with well-merited gratitude. Yet after we have been just toward the good, let us be just to the evil, and acknowledge, with the august and truthful Pius IX., that human society is at this moment profoundly troubled.

But do not think that I intend to speak of political trouble and of war. I know that Europe has, within a few years, resounded more than once with the shock of battles, and that at the present moment many feel a dull restlessness. The people are arming and preparing, it is said, for gigantic struggles. Does the Sovereign Pontiff wish to speak of the mighty interests of political affairs, of questions of nationalities, of the frontiers of kingdoms, and of the balance of power? The church is not indeed indifferent to peace or war between nations, for every day her prayers ascend to heaven for concord between

Christian peoples and Christian princes. But yet, as I have already stated, she does not gather her council to solve these questions; the pacific assembly at Rome will meditate neither revolutions nor conquests, neither leagues of sovereigns nor treaties of nations, neither the establishment of dynasties nor their downfall.

While all Europe—and, if we look further, while the new world as well, as the old—is trembling at the threatening signs of war and revolution, at Rome, that august centre, that reserved place, gathered about the successor of St. Peter, around the chair of truth, the pastors of nations—their feet, it is true, upon the earth and on the immovable rock, but their eyes turned toward heaven—will be occupied with souls, the needs of souls the eternal salvation of souls; in one word, with the highest and permanent interests of humanity.

And surely they will do well; for, who can disguise it? are not souls in peril and the faith of whole nations menaced?

Do you ask, what new heresy has arisen? From the bosom of the church, none; the clergy have never been more closely united in the faith from one end of the world to the other. Without the pale of the church the same attacks, a hundred times repelled and a hundred times renewed, are levelled against all the points of Christian doctrine, but under new forms and a fresh vigor. Yet there is more than this. With an impiety which outstrips even the eighteenth century, the natural truths, those first principles on which every thing here reposes as its safeguard, even the natural truths, are denied or boldly discussed. Science is also to have its heresies. There is a schism among the philosophers. Reason has to take its turn in assaults which

seemed reserved for the faith. Strange thing! Faith to-day is guarding the treasures of reason, and serves as their rampart! To-day it is you, O savants, O philosophers, who have need for us! You have often accused us of having neither science nor intelligence; but you, my poor brethren, who are so wise and so intelligent, have scarcely been able to defend a single well-known truth! And you, O Protestants! who expected to reform the church of God, it is you who to-day need reforming; it is you who feel most keenly how great an injury is the loss of the blessing of authority!

Look for a moment at the state of the intelligent minds of our day. Where have discordant philosophies led them? For three centuries, in Germany, impetuous minds have risen who, rejecting the guiding rein of faith, have shown to the astonished world the audacity, and at the same time the feebleness, of reason. This too has quickly been followed by like audacity and feebleness of morals. What has come from the prodigious efforts of talent and erudition? Nothing more admirable than the resurrection of every error of pagan times—pantheism, atheism, scepticism—and among those who yet cling to some form of religion, Christianity has in reality perished because of their many contradictory and ridiculous explanations of its doctrines. Thus have ended, under our own eyes, eighteen centuries after Jesus Christ, all these wonderful intellectual labors which are the greatest that the world has ever witnessed.

And what is the state, to-day, of France? Religious belief is vigorously attacked and even philosophical faith seems ready to disappear. The truths of reason are overthrown, and a pretended science, intoxicated with itself, denies human reason, and

wishes, in the name of atheism and materialism, to snatch from man his belief in the immortality of the soul and his faith in God. The most dangerous doctrines concerning morals, society, the soul, the family, a future life, and God, are warmly defended by means of journals, pamphlets, and even novels. Our contemporaries are either wrecked on this sea of errors, or float, without a helm or a compass, at the mercy of every wind of doubt. Dark storms are rising in human souls, and they penetrate the very depths of the masses of the people.

At the same time, there are many misunderstandings in regard to the church, and consequently there is an animated attack upon her doctrines. When the revolution, which is now making a tour through Europe and the rest of the world, appeared in France, the church was attacked by bonds, which time had forged, to the old political order. She was carried with that political system into the struggle. Hence it comes that men have not been able to distinguish that which belongs to a legitimate state of society, without being at all necessary to the church, and that which constitutes the essential principles and immutable spirit of Christianity.

With certain men there is only one feeling toward the church—that of blind and implacable hatred. Forgetting eighteen centuries of benefits, they continue to wage an ungrateful war. The waves of revolution sweep in their course both truth and falsehood, virtue and crime, benefits and injuries, and the church, because she can make no compromise with error and vice, must persist in pointing out the illusion of deceitful words and the danger of false doctrines. Many stubbornly charge the church with thoughts and doctrines which are not hers. An infidel

press and unscrupulous blasphemy against the church strive to separate the people from her fold. We hear, both in disorderly conventions and in the writings of those journalists who convene them, the most stupid and reckless assertions against the church mingling with threats of social war. And even in our legislative assemblies this unreasonable enmity appears, demanding a violent separation of the church and society.

And lately, when the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff was raised to describe the overflow of those impious and immoral theories which now inundate us, how many complaints, how many unmerited accusations were everywhere made! Without caring to understand his meaning, the Holy Father was calumniated. And with grief we saw statesmen, under the influence of violent passion and without asking or writing for any explanation, hasten to proclaim an antagonism which, thank God, does not exist.

These hostilities against the church, while separating from her the people who are deluded, render the peril in which these contemporary errors would drag us far more formidable. Doctrines are not inoffensive; M. De Bonald promulgated a law of history which is confirmed by constant experience, when he wrote these forcible words: "There are always great disorders where there are great errors, and great errors where there are great disorders." It is thought that brings forth facts; storms come from above.

And I say to men of good faith, you expected to establish the government of people and the conduct of life on reason alone. This experiment has been tried for three quarters of a century in France; what is the result? Are the morals of our people better? Is the civil authority

respected? Is liberty well established? Has war disappeared? Or misery? Or ignorance? And what can be said of those questions which reason asks with a rare fertility of invention, but which she cannot answer, and which concern the very organization of society—questions about labor, wages, and workmen? I do not exaggerate when I assert that since reason has pretended to reign alone, she reigns, like the night star, over shadows which she cannot dissipate. Even in the most civilized countries, the earth has become an abode of anxiety, distress, strife, and terror. The nineteenth century will soon close, agitated, weary, barren, and incontestably diseased. Rash indeed would be the one who would venture to predict that it would close in glory and not in perdition.

## IV.

## REVIEW OF THE PAST

However, I beseech my friends and brethren in the faith not to exaggerate anything. It is permitted to be sad, I repeat, when we consider the present times; and I should feel bound to consider the soul which is not saddened by these things as possessing very little true nobility. The sons of the nineteenth century, the men of my day, have had many enchanting dreams; we have nourished many generous hopes; but now we are going to die, and to die deluded. But what! is our short life the whole of history? We did not live in the sixteenth century; we shall not see the twentieth; but the church lived yesterday, and she will live to-morrow. If I should say what she hopes, all my prophecies would not be forebodings; and if I should question her memory, the

present times would appear all the brighter by being compared with the past. If we glance at ages which are no more, shall we find many centuries which did not have their troubles and their dangers? Ah! the discouragement of certain Catholics calls to mind the sentence of one of the sapiential books: "Say not: what thinkest thou is the cause that former times were better than they are now? for this manner of question is foolish."\* I was reading a few days since some of the bulls of convocation of the ancient councils of the middle ages. The lamentation of those popes of the misfortunes of their time far exceeds anything which is heard to-day. And, not to go further back than the Council of Trent, let the church tell us of those times, for she was present to them. What did she see then?

That century was much like ours, because of its great discoveries, its appreciation of learning, and its revival of the arts; it was like the present century, also, in the bad use it made of these gifts. The sixteenth century peopled America, which had been only recently discovered; abandoned itself to cruel excesses of crime and avarice there, and introduced the disgrace of human slavery. It received treasures from that country, and it used them for the corruption of the morals of Europe. Whether we look upon the thrones, or among the masses of the people, or even in the church herself, we find many a sad spectacle. This century was the witness of the crimes of Henry VIII.; Elizabeth; Ivan the Terrible; Christian II.; the Medici; Charles IX.; and Henry III. This century saw the pillaging of Rome and the siege of Paris. This century saw the pretended reformation

\* Eccles. vii. 11.

rend the church, disturb the peace of all Europe, and divide Christians into two parts. If one desires to find out the evils which existed in the church and in society in those days, let him read the lives of great and holy people of that time; let him read of Bartholomew, of the Martyrs St. Charles Borromeo and St. Francis of Sales. I have already mentioned the papal bulls of the middle ages; but read those of the pontiffs who convoked the Council of Trent, and it will be soon seen that Adrian VI., Paul III., Pius IV., were then more alarmed at the dangers of the Christian republic than Pius IX. now is. There was tepidity, disorder, and scandal; the clergy poorly organized; the religious orders much relaxed; and then, too, princes were divided, the people oppressed, and war a daily occurrence in every country. And the council which had assembled amid such sad circumstances was compelled to meet in a little village hidden in the mountains of Tyrol, and for six years it was at the mercy of temporal princes to suspend or to allow it to proceed; and thus it was compelled to endure a perpetual conflict.

But vain are obstacles to God's church! Her virtue will triumph over everything. What great works and great men came forth from this council and from the regenerating breath that it breathed over Christian society! St. Charles Borromeo, St. Philip Neri, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Francis of Sales, St. Jane of Chantal, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis Borgia, and St. Francis Regis, heirs of the spirit of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. Then closely following these canonized saints were such apostolic men as the B. Peter Fourrier, Cardinal

Berulle, M. Olier, M. Eucles, M. Bourdoise, the Abbé of Raucé, and many others. Then too came many congregations, which were fruitful in showing again the true standard of clerical and religious life, and in re-animating everywhere the love of study, regularity, and charity. Such was the universal improvement which the church displayed. This was followed by Fénelon and Bossuet and the majestic unity of the seventeenth century. And notwithstanding all the misfortunes that this immortal Mother of men has had to overcome, the church has now places of worship in Jerusalem, liberty in Pekin and Constantinople, the episcopal hierarchy in England and Holland, her councils in Baltimore, and her missionaries in Africa, Oceanica, and Japan. The church rejoices from the very depths of her soul to see that, although religion has got much to wish for and much to deplore, still in every part of the world the laws are now more equitable, the powerful are less oppressive, the weak are better protected, the poor more generously assisted, and slaves are declared free. But when the church turns to that pretended reform which so audaciously rose up against the spouse of Christ in the sixteenth century, she finds that its doctrines have almost vanished; it has run its course and exhausted its arms. How different is the present condition of the Holy Church! That church, whose abuses were so fearful that they could no longer be endured, to-day presents a Pope whose eminent virtue compels respect; her bishops are more numerous and zealous; her priests faithful, united, devoted; her religious orders, tempered by the fire of persecution and poverty, are learned and exemplary. And when this



church desires to assemble a council, it is to Rome she bids her children come, by the reliable roads, the rapid carriages and the facilities of every kind which she owes to the genius, the justice, and the resources of modern times.

It is well enough known that I am not among those who close their eyes and preserve silence in regard to the evils of the day and the many perils which lie in the way of souls. But neither do I wish to be ungrateful for the benefits of God, or to refuse to see the power which lends its strength to the church, and the help which he gives to the good cause, even in the worst times. Nor should it be forgotten that man's duty is to struggle for truth, and that each century has its task and its difficulty. I pity, I do not execrate, the present time. I do not despair of the people, and I do not anathematize their rulers. They are not omnipotent, and they have to contend with many difficulties. I pray for them, as the Catholic Church has always done ; I caution them, both princes and people, as much as lies within my power, and I ask a loyal and sincere concurrence to the great work of the

church, which is the sanctification and civilization of the world.

There are three things which should cause us all the keenest anxiety ; these are, the destruction of faith, which has been hastened by the impious direction which scientific and philosophical studies have taken ; the prevailing laxity of morals, which may fairly be attributed to the thousand new and seductive forms of vice ; and lastly, the unjust statements which the enemies of religion delight in perpetuating between the church and the masses of the people. These are three diseases which, by God's grace, will be cured.

There are certain persons in whose eyes these three scourges are only the partial results of that which is now, and has always been, the greatest of all scourges, namely, revolution. I do not like to use this vague and indefinite word which, like a spectre, appears and grows formidable at one's will ; but yet it is very true that these evils do foster in the bosom of society a division of mind, a scorn of God and of all authority, a pride and a hatred, which are continually threatening these societies with a return to revolutions.

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## CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

## NUMBER FIVE.

## LAWS ACCORDING TO WHICH THE MYSTERY OF THE TRINITY SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD.

WE proceed, in this article, to lay down some general laws which govern, so to speak, the organism of the life of the infinite. The ignorance or the overlooking of these laws has ever caused those who plunged into the abyss of infinite life to search its genesis, to fall into one form or other of pantheism, as will be seen in the course of this article.

The first and principal law may be enunciated as follows: *No other distinction can be predicated of the infinite, but that arising from the relative opposition of origin between the terms.\**

We have already demonstrated that the life of the infinite is terminated by three distinct personalities, which establish a multiplicity in its bosom. A distinction, therefore, *must* be predicated of the infinite. But of what sort?

This distinction, in the first place, could not fall upon the essence, without breaking its absolute simplicity. It must, consequently, be found among the terminations of the essence, or personalities. But, again, these three persons being possessed of the same identical essence, and thus participating in all its perfections, how can they be distinguished, one from the other? By a real opposition of origin. One person originates; the other is originated; as principle and term they are neces-

sarily opposed to each other, and consequently distinct.

This law maintains both the unity and the multiplicity in the infinite. It maintains the unity; for the law does not require any real distinction between the persons and the essence, but only a distinction made by our reason to facilitate our apprehension; hence the three divine persons are truly and essentially the infinite. It maintains multiplicity, because the three divine persons are opposed on the ground of opposition of origin, and are consequently distinct. Here lies the whole difficulty, the reader will say; three things opposed one to another, and thus distinct from each other, how are they *one* in essence?

We might reply, in the first place, that the possibility of this is grounded on a psychological fact, which every one accustomed to reflection may easily ascertain. Take the operation of the human spirit. Man knows himself; in this fact the *me* enters twice; because the *me* is the subject which knows, and at the same time the object known. The *me* knowing is the being in the subjective form; the *me* known is the being in the objective form. Again, man loves himself through the idea of himself: the *me* here enters three times—the *me* under the subjective form of knowing and of loving; the *me* under the objective form of known; the *me* under the objective form of being loved. Nevertheless, all three are

\*Realis distinctio inter relationes divinas non est nisi ratione oppositionis relativæ. S. Th., S. T.; qu. 30, art. 2d.

one and the same being: the *me* under the subjective form knows and loves the *me* under the objective form; a multiplicity and a unity which cannot be disputed; not only because of the testimony of consciousness, which avers to the fact, but because on this multiplicity and unity are founded two distinct sciences, psychology and ideology; psychology, which treats of the *me* as subject, of its nature and properties; ideology, which treats of the product of the *me*, or ideas.

This operation of man is an image of the genesis of God's life. The infinite knows and loves himself. Into this fact of his eternal life he enters three times; the infinite, so to speak, as subject knowing and loving himself; the infinite as object known; the infinite as object loved. The infinite knowing himself is necessarily opposed to the infinite known, because it originates him by an intellectual operation; the infinite known is necessarily opposed to the infinite knowing, because originated by him. Again, the infinite loving himself and the infinite known (because the infinite cannot love himself except through the infinite known) are necessarily opposed to the infinite loved, because they originate him; the infinite loved is necessarily opposed to the infinite loving and known, because emanating from both. This relative opposition of origin causes a real distinction among the terms without breaking the unity of the essence.

But, the better to illustrate this law, and to show how well it maintains unity and multiplicity in the infinite, we shall here investigate the metaphysical law of the fact; that is, why and how things which are opposed to each other can harmonize and be brought into unity, in a third thing.

We have given an example of the fact in the operation of man; but let us give a few more instances to generalize it more and more. This fact is observed in both the ideological and ontological orders. First, as to the order of ideas. Two ideas, which in their own order are opposed to each other, harmonize and are brought together in a third idea. Take, for instance, the idea of substance and modification; substance conveys the idea of something subsisting by itself, that which requires no being to lean on in order to subsist. It means something standing permanent. The idea of modification is that of something which is not permanent in itself, but requires another being to lean on, to cling to, in order to subsist. The two ideas, as it appears, are directly opposed to each other, since their notions are contradictory; yet both ideas, contradictory one to the other in their own order, agree and are brought into companionship in the common idea of existence, one existing permanently, the other existing by leaning on another.

Moreover, take the transcendental idea of unity, truth, and goodness. Unity implies a negation of multiplicity, something undivided in itself and distinct from others. Truth implies a multiplicity, because it is essentially a relation of an object to an intelligence; *æquatio rei et intellectus*, as St. Thomas defines it. Goodness also implies a multiplicity, because it is essentially a relation of a being to a tendency or faculty.

These three ideas, contradictory or diverse, are brought into harmony in the common idea of being; for every metaphysician knows that unity, truth, goodness, are the transcendental qualities of being, and are identified with it.

The fact is therefore indisputable in the ideological order, that is, of

ideas contradictory one to another or diverse, agreeing in a common idea. It is no less true in the order of reality, because ideology is founded on ontology. Take, for instance, a body ; it has length, breadth, height, and depth. These qualities of bodies are contrary to each other in their own order, yet they harmonize in the body. Take the forces of attraction and repulsion ; both are contradictory laws, yet both agree in the same body. Man harmonizes and brings together in himself the laws of movement, of vegetation, of animality and of intelligence, which are different and contradictory to each other. And in his spirit, as we have said before, he opposes himself as an object to himself, as subject without breaking the unity of the soul. Now wherein lies the reason of this fact ? In the ideological order it lies in the universality of ideas ; in the order of reality, in the intensity of being, or in the amount of perfection. A universal idea comprehends and harmonizes in itself inferior and more particular ideas, opposed to or different from each other ; a more perfect being, or a greater reality harmonizes and brings together inferior realities opposed to and diverse from each other, for the reason of its very intensity of perfection. A doctrine of St. Thomas beautifully illustrates this truth. He inquires into the distinction between intelligent and non-intelligent entities, and, after having remarked that intelligent beings are distinguished from those not intelligent by this—that the second are only capable of containing their own forms or actuality, whereas the first, besides their own actuality, are capable of receiving the forms or actuality of other things, because in intelligent beings is found the ideal similitude of the object known, he alleges, as a reason for

this distinction, contraction or limitation. “From this it appears,” he concludes, “that the nature of unintelligent beings is more contracted and limited, while the nature of intelligent beings is endowed with the greater extension ; hence the philosopher said that the soul is as it were every thing.”\*

This reason, however, which accounts for a more general idea or for a greater reality harmonizing in itself particular ideas or lesser realities opposed to each other in their own order, does not account for an opposition lying in the very bosom of a being. In other words, when the particular ideas and the lesser realities are taken as opposed to each other, they are considered distinct and apart from the general idea or greater reality. When they are harmonized in the general idea or greater reality, their limits and opposition are supposed to be eliminated ; and this is the reason why the harmony becomes possible. But when the opposition is to be found in the same being, that is to say, when terms opposed to each other are not distinct from the general idea or greater reality, but lie in its very bosom, then what is it that maintains both the opposition of the terms and the unity and simplicity of the being ?

In this case, a relation of origin causes the opposition without breaking the unity of the being.

The same being supposed subsistent, being capable of intelligencing itself, can beget an ideal conception of itself ; in other words, the same being can exist as object understood in itself, as subject understanding, as object loved in itself, and as subject loving. In this origination, the relation between the terms originated is

\* S. Th., S. T. ; part. 1, qu. 14, art. 1.

true and real ; because the being as subject, as such, is really opposed to itself as object, and truly relative to itself. The being could not be subject, without opposing itself as object to itself as subject. Yet this takes place without addition to or subtraction from the unity and the simplicity of the being ; ontologically, the being is absolutely the same. What prevents us from perceiving this fully and clearly, is the action of the imagination and the essential condition of our intelligence, which cannot be exercised except by the help of a sensible phenomenon. Thus, when we strive to perceive a relation, it is pictured to our imagination as being something real, a kind of link or chain between the terms related. Now, when it is considered that this is only imaginary, and that ontologically a relation is nothing more than the attitude, to speak the language of schoolmen, of one object toward another, it is evident that a being, capable of intelligence and of love, can oppose itself, as object, to itself as subject, without addition to or diminution from or breaking up of the simplicity of the being.

We conclude—particular ideas or lesser realities, opposed to each other, can be harmonized in general idea, or greater realities.

The metaphysical reason of this is, that opposition proceeds oftentimes from limitation, and that general idea or greater reality, by elimination of the limits, can harmonize things opposed in their own order. This reason is satisfactory when the particular ideas or lesser realities are considered distinct and apart from the general idea or greater reality ; that is, they are opposed when distinct—the opposition vanishes when identified. But the reason is not satisfactory to explain how there

may be terms distinct and opposed to each other in the same being, without breaking the unity of the being. The law of opposition of origin, and the relation resulting therefrom, fully explains and maintains both the multiplicity and the unity in the same being.

Applying these ideas to the infinite, it is evident that, the distinction of the divine personalities taking place according to the law of opposition of origin, both the multiplicity of persons and the absolute simplicity of the divine essence are maintained. Because the distinction of the divine persons is caused by a relation of origin. Now, as we have seen, a relation of origin neither adds to nor subtracts from the essence ; on the other hand, the relation between the terms is true and real. Consequently, the law of opposition of origin explains, as far as human intellect can fathom, how the distinction of the divine personalities can be maintained without at all detracting from the unity of the essence.

It will not do to say that theologians have imagined this law, to suit their systems. This law is given by the fact of human thought and by the ontological requirements of being. As we have already observed, being is essentially one, true, and good. Now these qualities at the same time are identified with being, because, when the mind tries to fathom them, it finds nothing added to being, and yet are they essentially a relation. Here we have identity and distinction, and nothing can explain it, as far as the mystery of being can be explained, except the law of opposition of origin. Our readers, from the above remarks, may see what becomes of that great objection, so often urged against the dogma of the trinity, and so many times dis-

posed of by the doctors of the church, yet repeated again and again which the same assurance.

It is said, *quæ sunt idem tertio, sunt eadem inter se*; that is, things which are identical with a third thing are identical with each other. Now, the three divine persons, according to catholic doctrine, are identical with infinite essence; therefore they are identical with each other; that is, not distinct, and consequently cannot exist. Oftentimes, in thinking over this objection so triumphantly brought forward, we have thought of the well-known lines of Pope:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;  
Those shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking largely sobers us again."

For the principle, when examined carefully, does not apply to those cases in which a distinction is predicated of a being caused by a relation to itself.

For instance, upon that principle we might reason thus: things which are identical with a third thing are identical with each other. But height, length, breadth, and depth are one and the same thing with bodies; therefore, are identical among themselves; and all distinction between height and depth, length and breadth, is a pure figment; and architects, calculating the proportions of a building, would do well to remember the principle, for it would save them considerable time and trouble.

Again: unity, truth, and goodness are identical with reality. But those things which are identical with a third are identical with each other; therefore, unity, truth, goodness are identical among themselves, and it is the same thing to be one, true, and good, as to be. And all the different sciences formed on these relations of being are useless wastes of thought and meditation.

Moreover, the thinking and loving subject in man, the thought and the love, are identical with the soul; therefore, according to the said principle, there is no distinction between the thinking subject and the thought, and all ideology and grammar is nothing but useless pastime, and we could correctly say, the soul is a thinking subject—the soul is a thought.

The truth is, that the principle applies only to particular cases, and is by no means general; because, as we have demonstrated, being, in general, requires three distinct relations to be conceived, and which, remaining distinct among themselves, are yet identical with being.

The infinite being could neither be conceived, nor be actual, without three distinct relations, which must be identical with the essence, without ceasing to be distinct one from another. If its truth were general and it applied to all cases, it would abolish all distinction in the infinite being, and consequently, abolish its actuality and intelligibility, and leave it only as an abstraction—the Hegelian being—nothing.

Moreover, that the principle does not apply to the infinite is evident from the very enunciation and meaning of the principle. Things which are identical with a third are identical with each other. In the enunciation and in the meaning, the principle supposes a plurality, and, consequently, a distinction; for the gist of the principle is to compare a multiplicity to a unity. Now, who does not see that, if there were not a supreme identity and a supreme multiplicity beyond the sphere and subordination of this principle, the principle itself would be destroyed?

For if it be asked, what is the origin, the cause, and the supreme expression of plurality and distinc-

tion, which this principle supposes, we must rise to a supreme and typical distinction and identity, not subject to the principle; else we could never account for the existence of the principle.

The infinite is the supreme identity and the supreme multiplicity, the cause of all distinction and identity, and consequently, to it the principle cannot apply.

We conclude, therefore, that the first law governing the genesis of God's life is the law of opposition of origin, and that this law accounts both for the unity of essence and the trinity of persons in God.

We pass to the second law, which is as follows: *In the infinite, there must be a person who does not proceed from anything, and who is neither begotten nor made, but who subsists by himself.* The metaphysical reason of this law is, that there must be a first principle in everything, both in the ontological and in the ideological orders.

In the ontological order, because if every principle of reality, if every cause called for the existence of another to explain its existence, it is evident that there would be a process *ad infinitum* without explaining anything. For an infinite number of causes, each requiring another cause to explain their existence, would multiply, *ad infinitum*, the necessity of first cause, existing by itself and containing in itself the reason of its existence.

In the ideological order, because every science must have a principle which is not derived from any other, and which must be taken for granted, otherwise science would become impossible. Ask a proof and a demonstration for every principle, say of mathematics, and you will never be able to learn it.

Thus, in the genesis of infinite life,

there must be a first person who subsists by himself, otherwise the life of the infinite becomes impossible.

But, besides this general reason which requires a first person undervived from anything, there is a particular reason, more closely allied to the subject, which demonstrates it. Because, if there were not a first person in the infinite, not proceeding from any other thing, it would originate either from the essence or from another person. Now, it could not originate from the essence; because between the principle and its product there is a real opposition of origin; therefore, in the supposition, there would be a real opposition between the essence of the infinite and the first person. Now, the essence in question is infinite, and only the finite can be opposed to it. The first person, therefore, proceeding from the essence, would be finite and not infinite; that is, he would be a creature. Moreover, it would be impossible that the first person should proceed from the essence, because the essence without subsistence is an abstraction, and an abstraction could not originate a reality.

It could not proceed from another person, because, as we have remarked, this other person, unless subsisting of himself, would require another as his principle, and so on *ad infinitum*.

As a corollary of this law, it follows that whatever other persons may be supposed to exist in the infinite, they must originate from the first; because—no other distinction being possible in the infinite, but that arising from opposition of origin—it follows that, if there were other persons in the infinite, and if they did not originate from the first, they could not be opposed to it, and therefore they could not be distinguished from it; in other words, they could not exist.

A third law governs the life of the

infinite ; which, if possible, is yet more important than the former two. It is the law of immanence, which may be expressed in the following formula.

*The action, by which the persons in the infinite are originated, terminates inside of the infinite, and is permanent, eternal, and complete.*

Let it be observed that the action of an agent is always interior to it, because it is its own movement. But the product of the agent is not always so ; sometimes it is laid inside the agent ; sometimes it terminates outside the agent. In the first case, the action is called immanent or interior ; in the second, transient or exterior ; not because the action is not always interior to the subject, but because the effect or term of the action is exterior or foreign to the subject. The first sense, then, in which the law of immanence is to be applied to the infinite is, that the terms of the action of the first person terminate inside the infinite ; because, if they were to terminate outside of God, they would be something different from him, and consequently not divine persons, but finite beings.

But the law has a higher and more important bearing : it implies that the action by which the divine persons are originated is not transitory, successive, and incomplete, but permanent, eternal, and complete ; because God is infinite actuality, or actuality itself.

Forget for one single moment to apply this law to the genesis of God's life, and you fall at once into pantheism. For suppose the act, by which the divine persons are originated, to be transient, successive, temporary, incomplete, and it would follow at once that God is in continual development and explication. For He is either complete and perfect, or on

the road to perfection. He is in *fieri*, or becoming.

And since, as we have often remarked, every development consists of different stages of explication, the last of which is always more perfect than those which precede it, it would follow that the genesis of God's life consists of a successive series of evolutions, the last of which is always more perfect than that which precedes it. Now, assuming the genesis of God's life at one determinate stage, and travelling backward to arrive at the first stage of explication from which He started, we should pass from a more perfect, defined, concrete stage of development, to one less perfect, less defined, less determinate, and thence to one still less so, until we should arrive at the most indeterminate, undefined, abstract stage of evolution ; at the *least being*—the *being* not *being*, the first principle of pantheism.

But, keeping in view the law of immanence, every one can see that God's action is supposed at once all perfect, complete, and adequate—in one word, eternal ; and consequently every idea of development, progress, and succession is eliminated ; and the consequence is, that the infinite is at once conceived as being infinite actuality ; the first principle of Catholic theology—the precise contradictory of pantheism.

Hence, according to this law, the first person is always originating, and his origination is always perfect ; the others are always originated, and their existence is always perfect, adequate, and complete. We say *always* and *are originated*, not because the expressions convey the idea of eternal actuality and completeness, but because, our mind being measured by time, we can find no better words to exhibit the idea.



Let this remark be made once for all.

A corollary of this law is, that whatever persons are originated in the infinite, being within the essence of God and terminating in Him, they are—the *infinite*, because nothing can be added to the infinite.

Fourth law : *In the infinite there are no more than two processions.*

By processions we mean the origination of one person from another.

Now, that in God there are no more than two processions will appear evident, if we consider the proper operation of God. God is a spiritual nature ; the proper operation of a spiritual nature is by intelligence and by will ; therefore, the operation of God is by intelligence and by will, and consequently one origination is by the intelligence, the other by the will.

So far we have given those laws which govern, in general, the genesis of God's life. We must now proceed to those laws which govern the particular origination of each of the two divine persons.

Now, the law governing the origination of the second person is the law of intellectual generation. Generation implies the following elements : 1st, the production of a living being from a living principle ; 2d, identity of nature between the two ; 3d, this identity required by the very natural, essential, and direct tendency of the action by which the term is produced. It is according to these elements of generative law that the second person in the infinite is produced ; and consequently he is really and truly the *Son* of God, as the producer is *Father*.

For the first person, whom we have said to be subsisting by himself, being intelligent activity, necessarily intelligences himself. He is the Godhead intelligencing himself.

Now, an object understood, inasmuch as it is understood, exists in the understanding in an intelligible state ; for to understand means just to apprehend, to grasp intelligibly that which is understood.

The Godhead, therefore, is in himself as the Godhead understood is in the Godhead understanding. Now, the object understood existing in the intelligence, is what is called mental word, intellectual conception, and by the Greeks, *logos*.

Hence in the Godhead exists the Godhead as mental word or *logos*. St. John, with a sublime expression, which electrified all the Platonic philosophers, began his Gospel thus : "In the beginning (the Father) was the Word."

This Word of the Godhead being conceived by an immanent act, an act which has neither beginning nor end, which is not power before it is act, is conceived therefore eternally, and consequently is coeternal with the conceiver. It is God or the infinite ; because the first person, or intelligent activity, begets him by an operation which terminates inside himself, by the law of immanence ; consequently the Word is identical with his essence, and is, therefore, the infinite.

Yet is he a distinct person from the first as Word.

For although the intelligent activity and the Word are both God, yet are they distinct from each other by the law of opposition of origin, which implies that a term proceeding from a principle is necessarily opposed to it, and consequently distinct from it. Thus the intelligent activity, as principle, is necessarily opposed to the Word as term ; and, *vice versa*, the Word as term is necessarily opposed to the intelligent activity as principle. In other words, the intelligent activity could not be what it is, unless

it were the opposite of the Word, and this could not be the Word unless it were the very opposite of intelligent activity. Hence, to be intelligent, activity belongs so exclusively to the First, as to exclude any other from partaking in that distinctive constituent; and to be Word is claimed so exclusively by the Second, as to be attributed to no other. The result is a duality of terminations, possessed of the same infinite nature and its essential attributes, each having a constituent so exclusively its own as to be altogether incommunicable. Now, two terminations, possessed of the same infinite nature and its essential attributes, with a constituent so exclusively their own as to be attributed to no other, convey the idea of two persons. For what is a person? A spiritual being with a termination of his own, which makes him distinct from any other, gives him the ownership of himself and renders him solidary of his action.

Now, the intelligent activity is a spiritual being, since he is the Godhead; is possessed of a constituent of his own, intelligent activity; has the ownership of himself; for, as intelligent activity, he is himself and no other, and cannot communicate himself; and is solidary of his notional action, that is, the action which constitutes him what he is: he is, therefore, a person.

Likewise the Word is a spiritual nature; for he is the same Godhead as to substance; as a relation or Word, he is the owner of himself, incommunicable, and solidary of his notional action; hence, he is also a person.

In other words, the Godhead is an infinite spirit; all that constitutes him, both substance and terms of relation, is spirit. Consequently, each term of the divine relation, as such

term, has an individuality of his own and, as infinite spirit, has knowledge and intelligence of himself; he beholds himself distinct from the other as term of relation, one with the other as substance. His distinction causes his relative individuality; consciousness and intelligence of this relative individuality make him a person.

Here an objection might be raised; to be a person implies, necessarily, to be intelligent, which is an essential attribute of spiritual being. Therefore the Word also must be intelligent, otherwise he would have neither knowledge nor consciousness of his individuality. But you have attributed intelligence to the first person as being his particular termination; therefore how can the Word be a person, if intelligence be the particular termination of the first? Either the Word is not intelligent, and then he cannot be a person, or intelligence is not the particular termination of the first, and in that case they cannot be persons, for they cannot be distinct.

The difficulty will vanish if it be observed that we have not attributed intelligence to the first person as his particular termination, but intelligent *activity*.

A slight attention to the manner according to which the Word is produced in the infinite, will illustrate this distinction. The intelligence of the Godhead is infinite in its activity and actuality, as well as infinite in its term; which means that the Godhead understands itself infinitely, and an infinite term is the product of this intellection. Hence, once God has understood himself and conceived the expression of his intelligence, the activity is complete and fully terminated; consequently, the Word, the term of this intelligencing, has the Godhead with all its

essential attributes communicated to him; except the activity of intelligencing, because the activity is complete in the production of the Word.

In other words, the act of the first person is eternal, complete, and perfect, by the laws of immanence. Its activity is fully and perfectly exercised in engendering the Word, hence it cannot be communicated. If it were communicated, it would argue imperfection and incompleteness in the act and in its term. In the act, for if any portion of activity remained to be communicated, the Godhead would not intelligence himself to the fullest extent of his infinity; in the term, because the Godhead not intelligencing himself to the full extent of his infinity, the intellectual utterance which would be produced would not fully and perfectly express the object.

Consequently both would be imperfect, incomplete, and potential. This happens in human conception. Our mind, being finite, that is, partial and imperfect, is forced to exert itself partially and conceive various mental words, which would not be the case if its activity were perfect and complete, as it is in the infinite.

This answers another objection which is brought forward by those who lose sight of the law of immanence in the divine operation. It is said, If the Word be intelligent, there is nothing to prevent his engendering another Word, and this second, a third, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The Word is intelligent, but not intelligent activity. When intelligence, so to speak, is communicated to him, it has been exercised in the engendering of himself; or better, the eternal immanent act of the intelligent activity communicating intelligence to the Word, is continually

being exercised in the immanent engendering of the Word; therefore it cannot be communicated to him.\* Hence that magnificent expression of the Scripture, "*Semel loquitur Deus.*" "*God speaks but once.*" But because the activity of engendering another Word is not communicated to him, it does not follow that he is not endowed with the act of intelligencing the Father or himself; the Father as his principle, himself as the product of the Father. For it is one thing to be intelligent, another thing to be intelligent principle. To give some examples of this distinction. The architect of a building who has planned it, is the intelligent principle of the building; another, who understands the plan of the building, is the intelligent *beholder* of the building.

God is the intelligent cause of the world, man is the intelligent perceiver of the world.

There being, therefore, a distinction between intelligence as principle or cause, and intelligence as perception, one may easily conceive how the Word in the infinite may be possessed of intelligence, without being the principle of intelligence.

The Word, who is one Godhead with the first person, a distinct person himself, is also the substantial image of the first person. Because, in force of the act by which he is uttered, which is essentially assimilative, he is produced as the likeness of him whose expression and utterance he is; and as he is one as to substance with the conceiver, he is, consequently, his substantial image and likeness. We conclude, therefore, that the production of the second person in the infinite—resulting in a person, the substantial image of

\* In Filio non habet *intellectus* illam veluti *virtutem* quia iam habuit actum sibi adequatum.—*Suarez*, *De Trin.*, lib. i. cap. 7. v. 11.

the conceiver, in force of the act of intelligencing by which he is produced, which is essentially assimilative—is governed by the law of generation; and that, consequently, the first person in the infinite is *Father*, and the second, *Son*. “*Thou art my Son, to-day I have begotten thee.*” \*

The law by which the third person in the infinite is produced, is different from that which governs the production of the second.

The latter takes place according to the law of generation or assimilation; the former is subject to the law of aspiration, which must be understood as follows.

By his Word, the intelligent activity apprehends and conceives his infinite perfection and goodness. For the Word, as we have seen, is nothing but the infinite and most perfect expression or image of the intelligent activity, and as the intelligent activity is infinite perfection and excellence, so the Word is the utterance, the intellectual reproduction of that excellence and goodness. Hence the intelligent activity, by his Word, conceives and utters himself as infinite perception and excellence. But perfection or goodness *apprehended* is necessarily loved. For goodness, once apprehended, awakens the will, and necessarily inclines it toward itself; it necessarily attracts and affects it. The intelligent activity, therefore by apprehending himself through his Word as infinite perfection and goodness, necessarily loves himself.

Love implies the incidence or indwelling of the object loved in the subject loving. The intelligent activity, therefore, who necessarily loves himself through his Word, must be as object loved in himself as subject loving.

This love as object must be co-

eternal with the infinite, because by the law of immanence which governs the genesis of infinite life, every origination in the infinite must be co-eternal with the infinite.

By the same law also, it must be identical and one with the infinite; because love, being originated by an immanent act, terminates inside of the infinite, and is, therefore, identical with the infinite. The love as object, therefore, is coeternal and identical with the infinite; it *is* the infinite.

It is distinct from love as subject and from the Word, by the law of opposition of origin, which implies that a term which originates from a principle is necessarily opposed to it, and consequently distinct. Now, love, as object in the infinite, originates from the intelligent activity and from the Word. The intelligent activity, by apprehending himself, as infinite goodness and excellence, through his Word, loves himself. Hence, this love proceeds from both—the intelligent activity, who conceives his infinite goodness—the Word, who represents it, and makes it intelligible. This love-object is a third person. For, from what we have said, it appears that love-object is identical with the infinite, with the divine essence, and consequently partakes of all the infinite attributes of the essence; hence he is a spiritual and intelligent being; as distinct from both the intelligent activity and the Word, he is possessed of a termination exclusively his own, which makes him the owner of himself incommunicable and solidary of his notional action. Hence he is a person.

This third person, not being originated according to a likeness of nature, cannot, like the second person, be called son. He is the personal and subsisting love of the Father and of the Son; and as the object

\* Ps. ii. 7.

loved exists in the subject loving, as inclining, and in a certain manner as impelling, the subject toward it, as raising in the subject an attraction or aspiration toward it, hence the third person is called the living and subsisting Spirit of God.

The better to conceive this distinctive termination of the third term in the infinite, let us suppose an attraction between two persons. It is needless to remark that we use this term for want of a better and more spiritual one. Suppose, therefore, an attraction between two persons; do not make it an accident or modification, but substantial; carry it to its utmost perfection, actualize it *ad infinitum*; so that it may be able to return upon itself, to have consciousness of itself, to possess and own itself, and in this sense to feel itself distinct from and independent of all others—and you will have, as product, a subsisting or *personal* attraction, a third person.

Such is the idea we can form of the Holy Spirit. The Father beholds himself totally in the Son as an offspring of himself, and loves himself in his offspring, his perfect and substantial expression.

The Son beholds himself totally in the Father as his author, and loves the Father as his principle and origin. This common love, this mutual attraction, this aspiration of the Father toward the Son, and of the Son toward the Father, being infinite, is most actual, perfect, and complete—a living, subsisting attraction, with consciousness and the ownership of himself, a subsistence personifying their mutual love and binding both in one eternal tie of affection.

Hence, by this distinctive constituent of common love, the Spirit is the archetype of harmony and order; since in his personality he brings the opposition existing between the

conceiver and the conceived into harmony and unity of love.

He is also the archetype of the *beautiful*, being the very beauty and loveliness of God.

Beauty, in its highest metaphysical expression, is variety reduced to unity, by order and proportion. Now, the Spirit harmonizes the reality and the intelligibility of God into a unity of love. Hence he is the beauty of the Father and the Son—their personal and eternal loveliness; and as such, the archetype of the beautiful in all orders.

He is the very bliss of the infinite, because bliss is the perfect possession of infinite life. Now, it is in the production of the Spirit that the genesis of infinite life terminates and is complete. He is, then, the expression of the perfect possession and enjoyment of the infinite life—the living Blessedness of the infinite. The last law which governs the mystery of God's life, and which is a consequence of all the laws we have explained, is the law of *insidence*.

This implies the indwelling of all the divine persons in each other. It is founded both on the community of essence and the very nature of personalities.

For the essence of the three divine persons, being one and most simple, it follows that they all meet in it, and consequently dwell in each other. On the other hand, what constitutes them persons is essentially a relation. Now, a relation necessarily asks for and includes the relative term. The intelligent activity is such, because in him dwells the Word, his infinite expression. The Word is such, because he is the expression of the intelligent activity, and dwells in him. The Spirit necessarily dwells in both, because he is the subsisting aspiration of the activity toward its conception, and

of the conception toward its principle.

*"Believe that the Father is in me, and I in the Father."* (St. John.)

With these laws, we conclude the first part of the problem of multiplicity raised by pantheism. It is true, as pantheism affirms, that there must be a certain multiplicity in the unity of infinite essence. For, without a certain multiplicity, no being can exist or be intelligible. Pantheism, in giving such prominent importance to the problem, has rendered great service to philosophy and to religion, and has cut off, in the very bud, all those objections raised by the superficial reason of Arians or anti-trinitarians of old, or Unitarians of modern times. But, as we have seen, however able in raising the problem, Pantheism utterly fails in resolving it; and, in its effort to explain the problem, destroys both the terms to be reconciled. Catholicity, fully conscious of the immense value of the problem, unflinchingly asserts that it alone has the secret of its solution. Without at all assuming to explain away its super-intelligibility, it lays down such an answer as fully satisfies the mind which can appreciate the importance and the

sublimity of the problem, and follow it into the depths of its explanation. The infinite, says Catholicity, is not infinite as an abstraction or potentiality, a germ as Pantheism affirms, which ceases to be infinite when it passes into multiplicity; the infinite is actuality itself.

This actuality consists in a first personality unborn and unbegotten, with full consciousness of himself and his infinite perfection. This personality is active intelligence, and in intelligencing his infinite perfection, begets a conception, an intelligible expression of that perfection, a second person. The active intelligence loves his infinite personality conceived by him in his intelligence. This love is a third personality.

Three personalities or terminations of one infinite actuality: a multiplicity in unity; unity without being broken by multiplicity; multiplicity without being destroyed by unity.

Hence the infinite is not a dead, immovable, unintelligible unity, but a living, actual, intelligible unity; because it is unity of nature and a trinity of persons; because the unity falls in the essence, the multiplicity, in the terminations of the essence.

## A LEGEND FOR HUSBANDS—1699.

WHICH WIVES, TOO, MAY READ—POSSIBLY NOT WITHOUT PROFIT.

My story is of people that have long since passed away, so that no one need take it as personal.

American travellers sometimes differ—though for my part, I do not see why they should—as to the relative attractions of Paris and London. But they seldom fail to concur in their estimate of Brussels as one of the most interesting and agreeable cities in Europe.

And really the Flemish metropolis presents a remarkable variety of attractions. Parks, boulevards, botanic gardens, museums, quaint old streets, quainter old houses, libraries, great pictures, treasures of Rubens, wealth of old MSS., and last, not least, grand specimens of middle-age architecture, such as the Hotel de Ville and the Cathedral of St. Guld.

Indeed, in mediæval monuments no country in Europe is richer than Belgium.

In presence of her grand old cathedrals you can well understand the enthusiasm of those artists who maintain that our age takes entirely too much credit to itself for its encouragement of the fine arts. Neither the past nor the present century, they maintain, will leave to posterity monuments of such grandeur, boldness, beauty, and originality as have been bequeathed to us by the period that immediately followed the crusades; and strangely enough, these bequests of the “dark ages” can bear any test of critical scrutiny, even in the full blaze of our nineteenth century enlightenment.

Will our architectural legacies ap-

pear as well in the eyes of future generations?

“Why, look around you,” said to me a Flemish artist; “in those days the erection of a costly edifice was not handed over to mere mechanics. The body of it was intrusted to architects. Sculptors created its wood-work. Carvers executed what is now turned out by machinery; painters gave you pictures where you now get plaster, and the Benvenuto Cellinis of the day worked their miracles of art in metals which to-day the blacksmith hammers out at his forge. Ah! that was the golden age of artists, when the pulpits, the altars, the stalls, and the organ-lofts were monuments; when furniture, doors, chairs, and tables were poems in wood; when the family goblets, the mere handle of a poignard or a sword were chased and embellished; when exquisite miniatures, illuminated missals, and wood engravings made a picture-gallery of the driest chronicle; when fresco and encaustic decorated the walls and floors; when ceilings and beams shone with arabesques, windows were bright with stained glass; when, in short, all the arts brought their tribute of beauty to a church or to a palace. It was in the fading twilight of these artistic glories that sculpture in wood still flourished among the artists of ancient Flanders.”

Somewhat thus discoursed to me an enthusiastic young Belgian painter, as we stood together admiring that grand work of art, the carved oak pulpit in the cathedral of St. Guld, at Brussels.

This pulpit is a work to which the term unique may be applied with scrupulous fidelity.

The admiration drawn from you by sculptures in wood elsewhere culminates in presence of this singular creation of genius. No description can adequately place it before you or render it justice. In its exquisite architecture and sculpture, a poem as grand as that of Milton is spread out before you.

An outline, only, the merest outline, can be attempted to supply description.

Adam and Eve apparently sustain the terrestrial globe. An angel chases them from Paradise, and Death pursues them. The life-size figure of Adam, in particular, is admirable. Carved in marble, it would have been something for Canova to have been proud of. The preacher stands in the concavity of the globe, which is overshadowed by the branches of the tree of good and evil, covered with birds and animals characteristically grouped. By the side of Adam is an eagle ; on that of Eve, a peacock and a squirrel.

To the top of the tree is attached a canopy upheld by two angels and a female figure symbolical of truth. Above stands the Blessed Virgin with the infant Saviour, who, with a cross in his hand, crushes the head of the Serpent, whose hideous body, in huge folds, twines around the tree.

"This pulpit was made," said, or rather sang, to me, the old gray-haired sexton or *bedeau*, to the tune in which he had shown the lions of the cathedral for more than thirty years—"This pulpit was made by Verbruggen, of Antwerp, in 1699, for the Jesuits of Louvain. Upon the suppression of their order, it was presented to this cathedral by the empress Maria Theresa. This pulpit—"

Here I interrupted him with questions as to Verbruggen—what was known of him? Had he left any other works? and so on, to the end of the chapter. All in vain ; I could obtain nothing but a negative shake of the head, and a hint that it was time to close the cathedral doors.

My stay in Brussels was prolonged many weeks ; and besides my attendance on Sundays, I frequently, in my rambles between the grand park and what Mrs. Major O'Dowd calls the *Marchy O'flures*, strayed into St. Gudule to admire the finest specimens of stained glass in the world ; to read the inscriptions on the tombs of the Dukes of Brabant, and to feast my eyes and imagination on the grand old pulpit.

In the course of these visits I became better acquainted with the *bedeau* in charge, and after some persuasion and a few well-timed attentions, the old man at last acknowledged to me that there was something more than mere names and dates connected with the history of the pulpit.

Finally, upon my solemn assurance that I was not an Englishman, and would not write a book and put him and the pulpit therein, he promised to tell me all he knew about it.

Accordingly, by arrangement with him, I loitered in the cathedral one evening after vespers until the faithful had finished their devotions and left the church.

Taking a couple of rush-bottom chairs from one of the huge pyramids of them piled up at the lower end of the building, we seated ourselves just outside the grand portal, and the old man began his recital. Years have since gone by, and I cannot repeat it in his quaint manner ; but, substantially, he thus told me the



## STORY OF THE CARVED OAK PULPIT.

HENRY VERBRUGGEN was heart and soul an artist. Gay, careless, pleasure-loving, he appeared to live but for two things ; his art, first, and then his amusements.

Verbruggen married Martha Van Meeren, the pretty, the timid, the good Martha Van Meeren. In the mirage of his artist's enthusiasm her sweetness, her grace, her beauty, made her at first appear to him a sylph, a muse, an angel.

Alas ! though gentle and attractive, Martha was, after all, only a woman, of the earth, earthy. In a quiet, well-ordered household Martha would have been a treasure ; but in the eccentric home of the artist she was out of her element.

A pattern of neatness and economy, an accomplished Flemish housewife, a neat domicil and well-spread table possessed for Martha more attraction than the imaginary world of beauty in which her artist husband revelled, even when poverty threatened or want oppressed them. Poor Martha ! In vain she remonstrated ; in vain she implored. Henry would neglect his work ; he would be idle and spend his days at the *cabaret*, in the society of those who were even more idle and more dissipated than himself.

Thus years went on. Martha was not happy. A tinge of moroseness shaded the clear sunshine of her usual mildness. Occasionally, too, she came out of her quiet sadness and found sharp words of reproof for Henry, and anger for the companions who kept him from home. And so it came about that soon, in Verbruggen's eyes, Martha appeared harsh and repulsive. Then swiftly followed dispute and recrimination. His early enchantment had disappeared ; Martha was not the wife for him, thought Verbruggen. He

should have had one as careless, as enthusiastic as himself. Would such a wife have suited him, think you—you who know the human heart ?

Meantime things went from bad to worse. Verbruggen scarcely came home, totally neglected his art, fell into utter idleness and the slough of despond, and his family was soon reduced to want—almost to beggary.

In this crisis—it was in the year 1699—a Jesuit father who had heard of Verbruggen's talent, called upon him, supplied him with means, and ordered a pulpit, the most beautiful his art could produce, for the church at Louvain.

Surprise, gratitude, joy, enthusiasm, all contributed to arouse the dormant energies of the artist. He set himself energetically at the composition of a design for his work.

"I will make," said he, "of this pulpit my greatest production. It shall be," he exclaimed, growing radiant with artistic inspiration, "something that shall display at a glance the history of the Christian religion. I will place," thus he mused, "under the terrestrial globe, Adam and Eve the moment after the fatal act of disobedience. This globe shall be the pulpit. Around it shall hang the canopy of heaven, supported on the right by angels, on the left by Truth herself. The date-tree shall lend its shade. The long scaly wings of the serpent shall encircle it, reaching from man on earth to the Blessed Virgin in heaven. By the side of man I will place the cherubim armed with his flaming sword, and near Eve, young and beautiful, a hideous figure of Death. Higher up shall be the divine infant, with one foot on the head of the serpent ; he shall stand by the side of his august mother, resplendent in her crown of stars, surrounded by angels,

cherubs, and seraphs. Yes, all this and more will I do. The very wood shall grow into life under my hands, and ages yet unborn shall hear of Henry Verbruggen of Antwerp."

The artist went at his work with all the enthusiasm of genius, and had completed the body of the pulpit without placing the Evangelists according to his original design, when, in a moment of malicious spite, he imagined he would punish Martha by displaying near Eve various satirical emblems of her sex's qualities.

On the branches, then, that entwined the staircase leading up on the side of Eve, he placed a peacock, symbol of pride; a squirrel, symbol of destruction; a cock, symbol of noise; and an ape, image of malice; of all which defects, poor Martha, as the angels well knew, was as innocent as an infant.

Of the statue of Adam, Verbruggen made a *chef d'œuvre*—a figure full of dignity and manly beauty. The figure of Eve is inferior, and has less grace and animation.

And now to complete his sculptured marital spite, on Adam's side he carved an eagle, symbol of genius.

Thus far had he progressed when poor Martha sickened and died. In his motherless household Verbruggen soon discovered the extent of his misfortune, and learned, as Shakespeare has so well told the world, that

"What we have we prize not to the worth;  
But being lacked and lost,  
We then do know its value."

And now came the reaction. Verbruggen deeply mourned Martha. He sincerely deplored her. Her admirable qualities came fresh upon his memory, and he bitterly re-

proached himself for his unkindness and neglect.

Soon he fell into fits of despondency. Discouragement took possession of him, and his pulpit, begun with so much energy, stood unfinished.

Accustomed to find his home in order, his table spread, he soon discovered their loss, as well as the want of a thousand little attentions and kindnesses which none could now give him; and in short, as he was in the high road for discoveries, we may safely conclude that he found out, with Ben Franklin, that a lone man is but the half of a pair of scissors.

Twelve months passed by. Verbruggen's friends counselled him to remarry. "You are but thirty-six," said they. "You have sincerely mourned Martha's loss, and have done full justice to her excellent qualities; but you can yet do as well, if not better. There is Cecily Van Eyck, talented, a painter, an artist, like yourself. Your dispositions accord, and if she consents to have you, she will be a mother to your little girl and make you an admirable wife."

Henry listened to his friends, thought over what they said, and followed their advice. He became Cecily's suitor, and was accepted.

Now Cecily Van Eyck was very smiling, very sweet, very charming; but Cecily had a will of her own.

Scarcely had the honeymoon gone by, when she enlightened Henry with some new ideas, and gave him several very distinct notions as to the proper distribution of domestic power in a household. In a more propitious age Cecily would have made her mark in a *Sorosis*, and been a leader of the most advanced radical wing of a woman's rights party.

Her mastery over Verbruggen

was complete, and the poor artist even kissed his chains.

One day she said to him, "What are you doing? Your apathy is complained of, and I am taunted with it. Remember, if you please, that Van Eyck is a name not unknown. Let me not lose, I pray you, by changing it for that of Verbruggen. Where is the pulpit, that *chef d'œuvre* you so long since announced?"

In reply he led her to his studio. Cecily had an artist's eye, and more—a woman's.

"What mean," said she, "these emblems by the side of Eve?"

The sculptor blushed.

"When I made them," he answered, "I did not know Cecily Van Eyck."

"Tis well. But after these emblems of defects, which perhaps women have not, what do you intend to bestow upon your own sex?"

"I had already commenced," stammered Verbruggen—"you see the eagle. 'Twas perhaps somewhat vain."

"Vain! Oh! no; not at all. The eagle—a bird of prey and rapine, the symbol of brutal tyranny—nothing could be fitter. Well, and what further do you intend?"

Verbruggen could find no reply.

"Well, then, listen," continued his wife, "to render full justice to your sex, near the eagle you will place a fox, emblem of deceit; a parrot, emblem of noisy chatter; a monkey eating grapes, symbol of intoxication; and a jackdaw, emblem of silly pride."

Verbruggen executed her orders with a docility most edifying. The pulpit was soon finished, and, fortunately for us, has been preserved intact through years of war and revolution. Higher teachings have been proclaimed from it, but to those who know its story even its dumb wood speaks a salutary lesson.

"Ah sir!" ejaculated the old sexton, when he had finished the story of the pulpit, "if I had known the history of that pulpit before I married a second time, I—"

Just then I came away.

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## THE FUTURE OF RITUALISM.

WE propose to devote a few pages to the consideration of Ritualism and its probable future, because it is an interesting religious movement which is of great importance to many souls, and because it seems to us to have reached its crisis. A writer in the *Churchman* (an Episcopalian journal of Hartford, Ct.) wonders that Catholics take such an interest in his communion and its members. "Our bishops being no bishops," he says, "our clergy only decently behaved

laymen, our laity a perverse generation whose only chance of salvation lies in the charitable hope of their invincible ignorance, surely it is wasting powder and shot upon us to criticise our doings when we are thus only playing at being a church." It is certainly true that in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and also of every ecclesiastical body which has the apostolic succession, the bishops of the Episcopal Church are no bishops, and the clergy are mere lay-

men. It is also true that the extreme High-Churchmen are "playing at being a church." But cannot the writer understand our zeal for the salvation of souls and our honest desire to help those whose religion is only a logical farce? We assure him that if he does not appreciate our sincerity, he does injustice to the feelings which should animate every Christian heart. We see that which every intelligent and unbiassed mind can see, a party in the Episcopal Church holding opinions which are suicidal to every species of Protestantism, and which lead directly to the Catholic faith, and we know that those who belong to this party cannot long continue in their present position. They must come honestly forward to us, or go backward to lose what little faith they have. Is it wonderful that for the love of Christ we beg them to be truthful to their convictions, and manly in their profession? Is it strange that we attempt to show them that the doctrines they profess to hold have no home in Protestantism, and that the church they pretend to venerate is only a fiction of their imagination?

In this spirit we write now a few words which will, we hope, fall into the hands of Ritualists, and help at least some to the knowledge of the truth. Let us say at once, and in all candor, that our sympathy is with the movement which is called Ritualism, and that from its beginning we have earnestly prayed to God to bless it to the conversion of many souls. We hope it will go on and prosper, and be truthfully developed; for we can think of nothing so fearful as "playing church," when the question is one of salvation. There is, however, among some of the leaders of this movement, a want of honesty and a direct untruthfulness which surprise us greatly. If this dishonesty be not wilful,

it is owing to an obliquity of mind which it is hard to comprehend. The object of this article is to show that Ritualism can have no standing in the Episcopal Church, and that they who would propagate it had better lay down the weapons of insinuation and falsehood and be brave enough to look the truth full in the face.

There is nothing gained by attempting to skulk away under the *general* meaning of the name which the world has applied to a particular signification. "There can be no religion without external ceremonies, say the High-Churchmen, "therefore, Ritualism is proper and necessary." This argument is as fallacious as the following "There is no man without a body, therefore the negro is a necessity to the human race." The question, honest friends, is not whether the religion of Christ demands ceremonies, but whether it demands the particular ceremonies advocated at St. Alban's and other ritualistic churches. And Ritualism does not mean the adoption of any rites in the service of God, but the use of the peculiar ones which are recommended by the leaders of the movement in the Episcopal Church. Why, then, not say so at once with manliness? A man will make little progress in our day who is afraid to avow his creed.

Ritualism means a good deal more than mere rites and ceremonies. We do not take our good friends who put on Catholic vestments as automata who are dressed up by the tailor to show off his art. They are not so senseless as to play for the benefit of the dress-maker alone. There is doctrine beneath all this external ritual which is intended to show forth the sacrifice of the mass, and the real presence of our Lord in the holy eucharist. It includes the

whole sacramental system, and the power of the priesthood. There is little outward distinction between the tenets of the Ritualists and the creed of the Catholic Church. They may pretend to draw a line for the satisfaction of fearful disciples, but really there is little difference. As far as we can see, they are willing to accept our faith, so long as they can enjoy it without submitting to the Catholic Church. They go to confession, and invoke the saints, and pray for the dead, and believe in the seven sacraments, and kneel devoutly before the bread and wine which they elevate for the adoration of the people. "You can have," said a leading Ritualist of this city, "everything in the Episcopal Church which you can find in the Catholic communion, and why therefore should you go away from the fold in which you were born?" We ought, therefore, to define Ritualism as a movement toward the actual faith and worship of the one church of Christ, which were rejected by all Protestants at the Reformation. This is its true definition before every honest mind, and any attempts to hide under generalities, are attempts at deception.

It will perhaps bring our remarks to more clear conclusions, if we show, first, that these doctrines which underlie the whole movement can have no status in the Episcopal Church; secondly, that any attempts at disguising the truth, only injure the leaders in their enterprise; and lastly, from the indications of the present, conclude the future of Ritualism.

Little time need be spent to persuade any honest mind that the sacramental system can have no home in the Anglican communion. First of all, the great body of the people reject it, and can never be made to accept it, while they say with sincerity that they see no distinction be-

tween it and the teachings of the Catholic Church. If it be deemed worth while to profess substantially all the doctrines of Trent, why not undo the Reformation and go back at once to the fold which their forefathers forsook? And, as Bishop Lee remarked at the opening of the late Episcopal Convention, what right had the church organized by Queen Elizabeth to set forth articles of faith, or in fact to be a church at all, if not on the Protestant principle of private judgment? The majority of Episcopalians have the greatest possible aversion to anything that can be called Romanism, and will, as a body, never allow themselves to be catholicised. In this country there is great liberty of speech, and great pretensions are easily tolerated; but when it is understood that such pretensions mean more than words, the spirit of Protestantism, which is the only living thing in the Episcopal Communion, shows itself in full armor. Individuals daily come to the one fold of Christ, but the body will never move from its hostile attitude. It will stand consistent to its own principle until the hour of dissolution. If any Ritualist doubts this, let him actually practise all he preaches, and openly avow all he believes. His eyes will soon be opened sufficiently to see that the antagonism between himself and his surroundings can never be removed.

Our friends, the High-Churchmen, are zealous upholders of church authority; but where is the authority to which they submit? Their own church ought to be an authority to them, yet we find that its decisions have no weight for their minds. The articles are against them, and every doctrinal judgment that has been made throughout the history of the controversy is distinctly adverse to

their views ; yet they insist on holding on, and appealing from the stern present to the impossible future. The thirty-nine articles are really the doctrinal standards of the English Church and truly express the belief which formed and animates their communion. When these articles are given up, if such an event should ever take place, the Episcopal brotherhood will commit suicide and vote itself out of existence. These remarkable canons of doctrine condemn the whole sacramental system, deny any real presence of Christ in the blessed Eucharist, and cut away, root and branch, any encouragement which the Ritualists might find in the other portions of the Prayer-Book. Whatever authority therefore the Episcopal Church has, is most decidedly against the unnatural children who profess great fondness for their mother, call her by great names which she disowns, and still never obey her. We have before us a declaration of principles made in the year 1867, in which are contained the very doctrines which the articles condemn, and which the bishops, whenever they have spoken, have rebuked. One sentence particularly pleases us by its great frankness and amiable sincerity. "We heartily and loyally *obey* the authority of our own particular church, receive *every one* of her doctrines, and adopt, as our own, her every act of devotion." Article xxviii says, "The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped." The declaration of these *loyal* children declares that "Christ is *really present* in the Holy Eucharist, and being present, is of course to be adored."

Now, if the bishops of the Anglican communion have any right to decide in litigated questions, they

have spoken with sufficient plainness. The "Catholic school" in England has had a hard road to travel while one after another their favorite positions have been condemned. The last decision of the Privy Council is adverse to the ceremonies of Ritualism, and of course to the doctrines which underlie them. Twenty-eight bishops of the American Episcopal Church have published an open protest against the new movement, and the late Pastoral of the Convention reasserts the principles of the Reformation, denies the presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, and concludes the subject by saying: "We would most earnestly deprecate those extravagances in Ritualism, recently introduced, which tend to assimilate our worship to that of a church hostile to our own. And we must urge you to remember that the reverent obedience to their bishops and other chief ministers, promised by the clergy at their ordination, would, if faithfully rendered, prevent these evils." We are not aware that anything more explicit be required by our friends who "love their own particular church" so well ; but if the above be not enough, we imagine they will not wait very long for something more.

The most painful feature, however, in this movement, is an apparent want of truthfulness and a disingenuousness which are inconsistent with the earnest desire to know the faith of Christ. It is very hard to comprehend the course of some of the leaders in this "Catholic revolution," unless their aim be to maintain a cause without any regard for truth or justice. They are sometimes very insincere in their condemnations of Romanism before the people, when in their hearts they must see that they are making dupes of the ignorant.

A very vapid book has been handed to us, entitled *Conversations on Ritualism*. The Rev. Mr. Wilson (Ritualist) instructs Mr. Brown, and opens his eyes to see that there is a pure Catholicity all unknown to Rome, and even to the (beloved) East, which is now about to revive and do wonders. Mr. Brown is informed that the American Church has not yet been put together. The elements of which it is composed are floating around ; but so sure as the sun rises some bright day, the chaos will be one beautiful scene of order and unity, when all shall think alike, and the brilliant altars shall blaze with candles and smoke with incense. Now, Rev. Mr. Wilson "doubts if there are many of his bishops and priests who know more than the mere A, B, C, of the real question of the church worship." They will, however, be enlightened, because the world is to see the "gorgeous Ritual without the doctrinal errors and corruptions of Rome," and to take a "pill which is not to be gilded." Puritanism comes in for a terrible malediction. "If ever an evil spirit has appeared on the earth, of such a character as to put men out of patience with its inconsistencies and absurdities, that spirit is Puritanism." O Puritanism, Puritanism, thou that abhorrest pictures and flowers, stained glass and altar-cloths, thou that lovest whitewash and blank hard-finish, with what amazement shalt thou hereafter discern the glories of the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem ! "This Puritanism is a very subtle and persistent poison ; I have known it to crop out where least expected ; I have even known of *mitred* heads which seem in some way turned by it." But, bad as it is, it is not worse than Popery, which good Mr. Brown is taught to distinguish well from Ritualism. Then Rev.

Mr. Wilson, speaking *ex cathedra*, defines what this Popery is. Its errors are "the cultus of the Blessed Virgin ; adoration of the cross, images, and relics ; the doctrine of purgatory, Transubstantiation, Papal pardons, indulgences and dispensations, supererogatory merits, and forbidding the clergy to marry." Pope Wilson, who rejects the authority of Pius IX., pronounces these doctrines and practices as grave errors. There can be no doubt, therefore, of the clearness of his vision, and discussion were useless and certainly inappropriate. But, behind the scenes, what is the practical difference between the Catholic doctrine condemned, and the belief symbolized by the Ritualists ? Mr. Brown has gone home quite satisfied, and he will not hear our conversation, and we can afford to talk our honest convictions. The cultus of the Blessed Virgin and the saints is nothing more than the devotion which our friend, Mr. Mackonochie approves under another name. Catholics do not *adore* the cross, nor images, nor relics. They treat them with veneration and religious respect, and so do the Ritualists. Rev. Mr. Wilson prays for his departed friends, though for the world he would not say out loud Purgatory. Transubstantiation he does not accept, though he believes that the bread and wine are the body and blood of Christ, and to be adored with every outward symbol of devotion. Pardons are very good in themselves, if the Pope has nothing to do with them ; and as for forbidding the clergy to marry, he would leave that an open question. Many of the Ritualists have evinced a preference for a single life, and a desire even to establish convents and monasteries. Mr. Brown is sleeping quietly on his Protestant pillow while Mr. Wilson prays

before his crucifix, and is a Romanist at heart though not in name. We fear there are many Mr. Browns, and Madame Browns, and Misses Brown, who are likewise deceived. In religion we would prefer more manliness and outspoken honesty. These *Conversations on Ritualism* are only an example of what we have often seen and heard with much pain. We have great hopes of any man who is truthful; but when there is a desire to deceive, and an unwillingness to follow truth to its just conclusions, there is little chance for argument.

But some of the Ritualists are as unfair toward their own church as they are toward us. It cannot condemn them; for whatever language it may use, they will interpret it to suit their own case. When Tract No. XC. appeared, the entire English communion scouted its attempt to reconcile the articles with Catholic doctrine. Now, there is no difficulty in explaining away every objectionable point and making those thirty-nine daggers inoffensive. The *Baptist Quarterly* says: "The twenty-fifth article declares, 'The sacraments were not ordained to be gazed upon,' an unquestionable interdiction of eucharistic adoration. But this, we are told, must mean that they are not to be looked upon without reverence and devotion. So article twenty-eight says, 'The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance lifted up or worshipped.' This, it is said, may mean that elevation may not be practised, on the ground of its being done by Christ's ordinance, but it may be done on some other ground. What may be the casuistry of men who can so defend their principles, it is difficult for minds accustomed to frank and straightforward actions to comprehend." If the Privy Council forbids the practices of the Ritualists, the

*Church Record* tells us that "they must indeed be short-sighted who suppose that the disuse under compulsion of the ritual expression of a doctrine will hinder it from being taught and believed." If the whole house of American bishops distinctly deny any presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist, and forbid any worship of the elements, on the ground that Christ is not there, then these loyal churchmen are "cheered," and take refuge under the incautious use of a term which in one sense might be objected to even by Catholics. Say the bishops, "Especially do we condemn any doctrine of the holy eucharist which implies that, after consecration, the proper nature of the elements of bread and wine does not remain; which *localizes* in them the bodily presence of our Lord." The prelates meant to say that our Lord is not really in the sacrament, and had no idea of the theological objection which Catholic doctors might find to the use of the word *localize*. The *Catechism* of the Council of Trent tells us that our Lord is not in the sacrament "*ut in loco*," that is, he is not limited or circumscribed by the ordinary laws of quantity and extension. This is evident, because our Lord is present by miracle and according to the conditions of his glorified humanity. "When the Pastoral is examined," says the *Churchman*, "it turns out to be a denial of a physical or carnal presence, which the writer (in THE CATHOLIC WORLD) not having the fear of the Council of Trent before his eyes, declares must be *local*." The Pastoral says nothing about a physical or carnal presence, the precise meaning of which in high-church casuistry we do not know; but it denies any "bodily presence." Now, if our Lord's body is there at all, there is



a bodily presence, and that presence is localized, that is to say, he is within the species of bread and wine. To use the words of St. Cyril, "That which appears to be bread is not bread, but the body of Christ; and that which appears to be wine is not wine, but the blood of Christ." It is hard for us to believe that the author of the above stricture on the Pastoral knows what he means himself. If by "physical" he means according to the ordinary laws of physics, he need not beat the air any more. If by "carnal" he intends to say that our Lord is not in the eucharist, as when in the days of his sojourn on earth, he was subject to all the natural conditions of flesh and blood, he will find no adversary in the Catholic Church. The substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, and he is in the eucharist sacramentally, but as truly and really as he is at the right hand of the Father in heaven. Two substances cannot coexist at one time in one and the same space, and so, according to the plain definition of our creed, the Incarnate Word is miraculously present, whole and entire in either form, and under every consecrated host in the world. That the bishops meant to deny distinctly any true presence of Christ in the sacrament, is evident enough to any mind, and we cannot admire the candor of the writer who would try to escape from it by a quibble upon a word whose common acceptation is quite plain. The *Church Record* would have us believe that anything can here be tolerated, provided you do not use the word "Transubstantiation."

But what shall we say of the following language taken from the *Churchman*? "The Romish Church does not, comparatively speaking, care one fig for transubstantiation,

the celibacy of the clergy, the employment of her particular liturgy and ceremonial. She has sacrificed these for dominion in times past. She will do it again. She will explain away transubstantiation, she will admit the marriage of the clergy, she will make almost any other concession, if she can get her penny's worth in return. But one thing she does care about, and that is the Pope's supremacy." The author of this famous passage is unsafe in any community, and ought to be continually watched by detectives. It is easy to write falsehood, and not very hard to speak it; but it avails very little those who have the hardihood to use it. We have come to the conclusion, from a long experience, that high-churchmen will never be driven from their ground by any decisions of their own church, and that many of them are exceptions to the ordinary laws of humanity. They are inaccessible to reason. On this ground they will excuse us if we pray the more earnestly for them, or endeavor to point out to the world their wonderful inconsistency. They advocate a kind of infallibility which, to be sure, is not within the reach of any one, and yet when the Catholic Church is called infallible, they find the very idea inconsistent with their reason. "So long as Rome keeps to itself, it is grand, imposing, and may pass for powerful. But when it appeals to argument and ventures into the province of reason, it admits the possibility of an adverse conclusion. Infallible men must not reason, they can only pronounce." Perhaps it was a hoary head that indited these words in the *Churchman*, or it may have been a young and inexperienced warrior. Is there any objection to show the grounds of our faith to one who asks for them, and may not even the writer of the

above enter upon an argument to prove the existence of God, "without admitting the possibility of an adverse conclusion"? It is something new to us that we can only defend by argument the things that we doubt. We do not reason on the *intrinsic* credibility of the doctrine proposed to our belief, but upon the extrinsic evidence that God, the only revealer, really proposes the doctrine. And we are quite ready to show to any honest mind the proofs that the Catholic Church is the one and only church of God. Nay, this has been done by our fathers and doctors from the beginning. Every Catholic is infallible so far as his faith goes, because he relies upon the church which is infallible; but this does not prevent him from defending by reason the creed which he holds. The same luminous author asks if "Rome will stand equally well the daylight which will be let into her secret places." So also the accusation has been made, that "the Romish Church has one set of doctrines for the public and another for the initiated; that to converts she always showed her best face, and did not reveal her true features until she had fairly caught them in her iron grasp." In reply to these nursery tales, meant for crying children only, we say briefly that Rome has no "secret places" whatever; that the daylight shines in her, and through her; and that all she holds and teaches is in her catechism, which is taught to young and old. Any one who wishes to know her creed can easily find it out, and it is as much in the possession of the unlettered peasant as it is of the learned philosopher. It is barely possible that they who write and speak such silliness as the above may be honest; but surely, if they are in their right minds, there is no excuse for their ignorance. Dear Ritualists, when

you wish to keep your friends or parishioners from going Romeward, pray tell the truth; for when they find out that you have tried to deceive them, they will all the faster run from a system which cannot bear honesty and plain-dealing.

There is another point in which our good friends who like to call themselves Catholics are manifestly either ill-informed or disingenuous. They profess to see a great distinction between the schismatic Greek communion and the Catholic Church, and speak as if there were the slightest hope of any intercourse between themselves and the Eastern sects. The separated Greeks are certainly in a lifeless state, owing to their schism and their slavish subjection to the state; but their standards are as decisive against Protestantism and the English pretensions as even the canons of Trent. To speak otherwise, and to represent to an unlettered person that there is any approximation between Anglicanism and the East, is only an attempt to deceive. The position of the schismatic Christians of the East is quite simple upon our views of Catholic unity; but we venture to again urge our brethren of the Episcopal Church, to prosecute their investigations and do something more than pass resolutions such as are every year triumphantly carried at the sessions of the American and Foreign Christian Union. "Why not quietly wait," says the *Churchman*, "and let us be snubbed?" We are quite willing to wait; but in this day of telegraph and steam improvements, may we not beg the committee to move a little faster? In the mean time, we would place in their hands a little manual, by Dr. Overbeck, a Russian priest, who speaks only the sentiments of his whole communion. We quote from the English edition

of his work on Catholic orthodoxy. Speaking in the name of the Greek Church, he says in answer to Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, (page 97,) "We do not want your power nor your riches; these are no baits for us. We are content with our poverty and our pure faith, which nobody shall sully; and are we to commune with a church *so replete with heresy* as the English Church is! Are we to expose our only treasure, our pure faith! You have installed heresy in your pulpits; you do not cast it out; nay, you cannot cast it out, because your church is historically a Protestant Church, and Protestants framed your articles which you contrive in vain to unprotestantize. God forbid! *No communion with an heretical church! No communion with the English Church—it would be the grave of orthodoxy.*" Again, (page 89,) "The Orthodox Church does not recognize the English Church to be a *church*, in her own meaning of the word, any more than the Lutheran, Reformed, or any other Protestant Church. If we, nevertheless, use the term *church* in the controversy, it is only a conventional mode of speaking, while disproving the fact, and denying the truth of the underlaid idea." "The English Church is not, and never was recognized by any Catholic Church."

From what we have seen, the prospects of Ritualism are not very bright. Whatever authority the Episcopal Church possesses will undoubtedly be used to prevent its growth and influence. It is quite certain that it can never be grafted upon the service or discipline of a communion whose very existence depends upon its Protestantism. The bishops are in a directly hostile attitude toward the movement; and if some of them let it alone, it is, perhaps, because they think that it will the sooner die out. Ritualists

will go forward to a certain point, and High-Churchmen will stand ungenerously behind to take any advantage of their success, and to disavow all responsibility when the hour of trouble comes.

After a while, the whole revolution will cease, and while many will become Catholics, others will return to indifference, and to greater torpidity than at the beginning. Already there are signs of division among the movers in the drama. They are not agreed on the question of quantity, some proposing to go much further Romeward than others are willing to follow. English Ritualists are dissatisfied with their American friends, and accuse them of cowardice or want of frankness. The bishops snub them at every opportunity, the powers of the state fall down upon them, and they cannot come to any settled conclusion what to do. In this country they can act as they like, untouched by civil authority, and yet the whole land can boast of only one or two churches where ceremonies are carried out according to the code. It is doubtful how long these churches can be supported on the voluntary principle. Our own judgment is, that a few years will see the end of a movement which ought to result in many conversions to the Catholic faith. If there were strict honesty among the leaders, we should be more hopeful; but when false statements are constantly made, and the "No Popery" cry is held up as a blind by even the advance-guard who wear chasubles and hear confessions, what encouragement have we for the future? It is so easy to retrace one's steps and to look unconscious of all harm if the tide of battle turns. We know of more than one bishop, and many ministers in the Episcopal Church, who have recanted their errors with more or less manliness.

and are now in the surgeon's tent, far away from all danger. The lawn-sleeves and the fair heritage have proved too much for their faith in things eternal. They who once were ready to accept all the decrees of Trent and utterly reject the articles of their own church, have become doctors of divinity, with large families of children, and the pangs of conscience have ceased. Monasteries well organized have been broken up by the marriage of nearly all the reverend monks, and communities of sisters have been seriously embarrassed by the drafts the clergy have made upon their number. We mention these facts in sorrow; for it is a sad proof of the inconsistency of man in matters of religion. Why should we expect any more from the Ritualists than we have realized from their contemporaries or progenitors? Especially, when we behold among them a self-sufficiency and untruthfulness which have no parallel in ecclesiastical history, what shall we dare hope?

The Anglican communion can never be unprotestantized. It may in the course of time fall to pieces, and every living moment within its bosom will help its dissolution. As a body, it never can take any Catholic position, nor wash off the birthmarks which prove its parentage.

Those who really wish for a divine church and the rites which speak the old unchangeable faith, will come one

by one "to the pillar and ground of truth." Having tried shadows long enough, being wearied by "playing at church," and tired of holding up a religion by their own strength, they will come where God hath established his covenant in Zion and his mercy in Jerusalem. No honest man can long hold the doctrine of the Real Presence and remain away from the altars where alone the Holy of Holies can be found. No man can seek to confess his sins and often kneel to one who is afraid to hear him openly, who presents at best a doubtful code of morals, and plays, like a foolish child, with tools whose proper use he knows not. The end will soon come. The Catholic Church would have perished long ago, if her life had not been the life of God, and no counterfeit of her august creed can survive the changes of time. Ritualism will pass away, and something else will take its place. The Holy Spirit of truth speaks through this movement to honest hearts who will hear and obey. Many are like the young man in the gospel, who went away from Christ because the sacrifice was too great. He was "not far from the kingdom of God," neither are our Ritualistic brethren far distant from the portals of the true Zion. God grant that they may be not unfaithful to the truth they know, nor lastingly unwilling in the day of the divine power.

## IRELAND'S MARTYRS.\*

THE Catholic Church in Ireland, oppressed from the days of the Norman invasion, became, from the time of Henry VIII., a living martyr ; her sufferings having no parallel in Europe from the time of the three centuries of persecution under the Roman emperors. It was not so much the persecution and martyrdom of individuals so much as of a race and nation. Hence, while the *Acts of the Early Roman Martyrs*, formally drawn up, have long since been collected by Ruinart ; while a Chaloner, for England, collected records of the martyrs of the faith in his *Missionary Priests*, that all-absorbing favorite of our earliest days ; while even the memorials of the missionary martyrs in our own land had been collected, no one seemed to think of selecting the records of Ireland's martyred priests from the harrowing tale of the suffering and unconquerably faithful people amid whom they perished.

It has been well that this pious task has at last been undertaken, and so well accomplished. This work of Mr. O'Reilly is a plain, unvarnished collection of contemporary accounts, with no attempt to make, from the simple details given, a graphic and affecting picture. Brief, too brief, indeed, many of these records are ; but further researches, unexplored archives, correspondence not hitherto consulted, will, we trust, ere long, give more extended and edifying memorials of these faithful

clergymen, these bishops, priests, secular and regular, of the Isle of Saints.

During much of the period of the great Irish persecution, during that long interval between 1540 and 1701 it was scarcely possible to draw up and send out of Ireland, much less preserve in it, extended accounts of the martyrdom of those who died for the faith. Research or inquiry into their births or early lives was out of the question.

The chief sources where we can now seek information as to these heroic men are the historical writings of the religious orders who labored in Ireland. Among the Franciscans, the great annalist of the order is Father Luke Wadding, an Irishman, who has preserved many valuable accounts relating to his native country. Colgan, another Irish writer of the same order, in the preface to the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, gives an account of the death of two of his literary associates, Fathers Fleming and Ward.

De Burgo, of the order of Preachers, published a well-known work, *Hibernia Dominicana*, devoted to the history of his order in Ireland.

The Jesuit, Father Tanner, in his *Societas Jesu Militans*, records the lives of many of his order who died for the faith in Ireland, and, in another work, not cited by our author, his *Mortes Illustres*, while treating of distinguished Irish members, enters into the persecutions of the church in their native land.

Then there were special works on the various persecutions : the *Relatio Persecutionis Hiberniæ*, by Father Dominic a Rosario, published at Lisbon

\**Memorials of those who suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries.* Collected and edited from the original authorities. By Myles O'Reilly, B.A., LL.D. New York : Catholic Publication Society, 1869. 12mo, pp. 462.

in 1655 ; Bruodin's *Propugnaculum Catholicæ Veritatis*, issued at Prague in 1669 ; Bishop Rothe's *Analecta Sacra Nova et Mira de Rebus Catholicorum in Hibernia pro Fide et Religione Gestis*, published at Cologne, in 1617, under the assumed name of Philadelphus ; and the *Processu Martyrialis* of the same author, which appeared two years later ; the *Persecutio Hiberniæ*, 1619 ; Morrison's *Threnodia Hiberno-Catholica, sive Plantatus Universalis totius Cleri et Populi Regni Hiberniæ*, published at Innsbruck, in 1659 ; and Carve's *Lyra*, Sulzbach, 1666, with other works of more general scope.

Besides these printed works, Mr. O'Reilly cites several manuscripts preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels—*Magna Supplicia*, written about 1600 ; an account of the martyrdom of Bishop Dovany in 1612 ; Mooney's account of the Franciscan Province in Ireland ; and unpublished letters of Irish Jesuits.

The first blows at the Catholic Church in Ireland were struck under Henry VIII. at the monasteries ; then came the intrusion of men, as bishops, who acknowledged that monster as head of the church, and the expulsion of those who refused to admit this new power in the crown. In the reign of his daughter Elizabeth came the doctrine that the sovereign, provided always, nevertheless, that he be not a Catholic, is not only head of the church, but empowered to make creeds and a ritual for worship. In a few reigns more came the doctrine that the Calvinists in a nation are the head of the church and state, may behead kings, make and unmake worships and creeds, and put to death all who gainsay them.

The persecution under Henry was comparatively bloodless ; the plunder was too plentiful for men to stop

to slay. Only one instance is recorded—that of the beheading of the guardian of the Franciscan convent at Monaghan, and of several of his friars ; but we can scarcely credit that under so sanguinary a tyrant so little blood was shed in Ireland, where no scruple ever held back the English sword from slaughter, only a few Irish families or bloods being recognized as men whom to kill was murder.

England had her illustrious martyr, Cardinal John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester ; Ireland in her hierarchy had an illustrious confessor in William Walsh, Bishop of Meath, a Cistercian, born at Dunboyne, and a monk in the Abbey of Bective, till its suppression.

"Whatever doubt there may be about the place of his birth and his early history, there is none whatever as to his eminent virtues, distinguished abilities, and the heroic fortitude with which he bore numerous and prolonged sufferings for the faith. His unbending orthodoxy and opposition to the innovations of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. marked him out for promotion after the accession of Mary, and accordingly we find him associated with the zealous primate, Dr. Dowdall, in the commission to drive from the sanctuary all such as were faithless to their trust.

"Dr. Walsh was consecrated about the close of 1554, and immediately applied himself with zeal and energy to reform abuses, and to heal the wounds which during the last two reigns had been inflicted on faith, morals, and discipline. The period of his usefulness was, however, destined to be brief, and he had time merely to stimulate his priests and to fortify his diocese when the gathering storm burst over the Irish church, and sacrificed the Bishop of Meath among its first and noblest victims. Queen Mary died in 1558, and was succeeded by Elizabeth, who at once publicly embraced the reformed tenets, and proceeded to have them enforced on all. In 1560, an act was passed, under the deputyship of the Earl of Suffolk, which ordered all ecclesiastical persons, judges, officers, justices, mayors, and all the other queen's officers, to take the oath of supremacy under penalty of forfeiture, and also enacted that if any person

should, by writing, printing, teaching, preaching, by express words, deed, or act, maintain any foreign spiritual jurisdiction, he should for the first offence forfeit all his goods and suffer one year's imprisonment, for the second offence should incur the penalty of præmunire, and for the third be deemed guilty of high treason."

He was first imprisoned in 1560, and after a brief respite, was, in 1565,

"reconducted to his former prison; this was 'a subterraneous dungeon, damp and noisome—not a ray of light penetrated thither; and for thirteen years this was his unvarying abode.' During all that time his food was of the coarsest kind, and, with the exception of rare intervals, when the intercession of some influential friends obtained a momentary relaxation, he was allowed no occupation that could cheer the tedium of his imprisonment. In all this lengthened martyrdom, prayer was his resource, and, as he himself subsequently avowed, he oftentimes passed whole days and nights overwhelmed with heavenly consolations, so that his dungeon seemed transformed into a paradise of delights. To preclude the possibility of idleness, he procured a bed made of twisted cords, and whensoever his mind was fatigued with prayer, he applied himself to untie those cords, and often was he well wearied with the exertion before he could reunite them to compose himself to sleep.

"His persecutors, overcome by his constancy, and finding his fervor in spiritual contemplation a continual reproach to their own wickedness, at length, about Christmas, 1572, connived at his escape."

Reaching the continent, he died at Alcalá, in 1577, bearing to the grave the marks of his thirteen years' imprisonment.

Next in importance among the sufferers for the faith was a most remarkable man, David Wolf, a native of Limerick, a priest of the Society of Jesus, whose labors, perils, sufferings of every kind, while acting as nuncio to the Pope in Ireland from 1560 to 1578, form the matter for a most interesting volume—not only from the personal interest attaching to a man of his ability, learning, and courage, but from the influence exercised by him in perpetuating the

episcopacy, and, consequently, the priesthood and the faith in Ireland.

The first martyr of whom we have any details is the Franciscan, Daniel O'Duillian, of the convent of Youghal, put to death in 1569. Indictment, trial, judge, or jury seem to have had no part in his cause. Father Mooney thus describes his death as he obtained authentic information within fifty years after its occurrence:

"When one Captain Dudal (probably Dowdall) with his troop were torturing him, by order of Lord Arthur Grey, the viceroy, first they took him to the gate which is called Trinity Gate, and tied his hands behind his back, and, having fastened heavy stones to his feet, thrice pulled him up with ropes from the earth to the top of the tower, and left him hanging there for a space. At length, after many insults and tortures, he was hung with his head down and his feet in the air, at the mill near the monastery; and, hanging there a long time, while he lived he never uttered an impatient word, but, like a good Christian, incessantly repeated prayers, now aloud, now in a low voice. At length the soldiers were ordered to shoot at him, as though he were a target; but yet, that his sufferings might be the longer and more cruel, they might not aim at his head or heart, but as much as they pleased at any other part of his body. After he had received many balls, one, with a cruel mercy, loaded his gun with two balls and shot him through the heart. Thus did he receive the glorious crown of martyrdom the 22d of April, in the year aforesaid."

Similar disregard of all law and forms of justice appears in the terrible martyrdom of the Franciscan Father O'Dowd, who died like Sir John Nepomucen, a martyr of the seal of confession.

With some other prisoners, he fell, in 1577, into the hands of the soldiers of Felton, then president of Connaught.

"They pressed a certain secular, who was one of their captives, to tell them something of the plots which they said he had made with others against the queen of England; but he protested he could tell nothing but the truth, and that there were no plots; so

they determined to hang him. When they said this, he begged he might be allowed to make his confession to Father O'Dowd; this they granted the more readily that they thought the priest, if he were tortured, would reveal what might be told him. As soon as the confession was over, the secular was hung; and then they asked the priest, who was also to be hung, if he had learned aught of the business in confession. He answered in the negative, and, refusing to reveal anything of a confession, they offered him life and freedom if he would reveal, and threatened torture if he refused. He answered he could not, and they immediately knotted a cord round his forehead, and, thrusting a piece of wood through it, slowly twisted it so tightly that at length, after enduring this torment for a long time, his skull was broken in, and, the brain being crushed, he died, June 9th, 1577."

Father Mooney recorded this horrid statement from the lips of some of the very soldiery who perpetrated it.

When Dr. Patrick O'Hely, Bishop of Mayo, and his companion, Father Cornelius O'Rorke, were arrested in the County Kerry, soon after landing, they were loaded with chains and imprisoned in Limerick till Sir William Drury arrived.

"The two prisoners were first placed on the rack, their arms and feet were beaten with hammers, so that their thigh-bones were broken, and sharp iron points and needles were cruelly thrust under their nails, which caused an extreme agony of suffering. For a considerable time they were subjected to these tortures, which the holy confessors bore patiently for the love of Christ, mutually exhorting each other to constancy and perseverance.

"At length they were taken from the rack, and hanged from the branches of a neighboring tree. Their bodies were left suspended there for fourteen days, and were used in the interim as a target by the brutal soldiery."

Here began, it will be seen, a sort of process, or at least arraignment, torture, and execution; although anything like a trial is wanting.

But in the fearful deaths of Rev. Daniel O'Nielan, (March 28th, 1580,) Rev. Maurice Kinrehan, Rev. Mau-

rice Scanlan, and his companions,\* in the same year, no pretence of examination was made; the soldiery either killing them on the spot, or wreaking on them any and every cruelty that wanton malignity could devise or suggest.

In the case of the heroic Cistercian, Abbot of Boyle, Father Gelasius O'Quillenan, and his companions, arrested while in Dublin, in 1580, there was not the wanton cruelty of lawless soldiers, or the mere blood-thirstiness of officers accustomed to every barbarity. Here the action proceeded from the very highest English authority in Ireland, in the days of Lord Coke, who tells us in those legal treatises which have come down to us as oracles, that he never knew of torture having been used in England.

The abbot and his companions underwent preliminary examinations.

"John O'Garvin, then Protestant Dean of Christ Church, was among those who assisted at his first interrogatory, and, having proposed many inducements to the abbot 'to abandon the popish creed,' Gelasius, in reply, reproved him for preferring the deceitful vanities of this world to the lasting joys of eternity, and exhorted him 'to renounce the errors and iniquity of heresy by which he had hitherto warred against God, and to make amends for the past by joining with him in professing the name of Christ, that he might thus become worthy to receive a heavenly crown.' The holy abbot and his companion were then subjected to torture, and, among their other sufferings, we find it commemorated that their arms and legs were broken by repeated blows, and fire was applied to their feet. The only words of Gelasius during all this torture were, 'Though you should offer me the principedom of England, I will not forfeit my eternal reward.' Sentence of death being passed against them, they were led out with all possible ignominy to execution. They, however, were filled with consolation; the sight of the joyous sufferers excited the ad-

\* These three in 1580, and the three Franciscans, of the same names, nearly and at the same places in 1582, must be identical.



miration of the assembled multitude, and many even of the heretics declared that they were more like angels than men. It was on the 21st November, 1580, that they were happily crowned with martyrdom. The garments which they wore, and the implements of their torture, were eagerly purchased by the Catholics, and cherished by them with religious veneration."

Nor can it be said that in the use of torture thus used to wring from the Irish clergy admissions to justify their execution, the authorities in Dublin acted without the knowledge or consent of the queen. Any such pretext is at once scattered to the winds by English records in the case of one of the most illustrious martyrs in the whole honored list of Ireland's witnesses for the faith—Dermod O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel.

"The birthplace of this glorious martyr was a little village in the diocese of Limerick, less than three miles from that city, called Lycodoon, where his parents lived respectably by farming, both of tillage and cattle; they were held in good estimation by their neighbors, both rich and poor, especially James Geraldine, Earl of Desmond.

"Having then been raised to the episcopacy by Gregory XIII., and named Archbishop of Cashel, he took his route toward Ireland."

At Waterford he was detected by a Protestant named Baal, on whose information he was pursued to the Castle of Slane, where he had, indeed, taken refuge for a time, but had proceeded further. When Lord Slane found himself in danger, he joined in the pursuit of the archbishop, and, overtaking him at Carrick-on-Suir, induced him to proceed to Dublin, where his arrival is noted by Archbishop Loftus and Sir H. Wallop, in a letter to Robert Beale, temporary chief secretary to the queen, dated Oct. 8th, 1583, and still preserved in the Public Record Office in London. In a subsequent letter, on the 10th of December, addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham, they say: "Among other letters di-

rected to us, and brought by this last passage, we received one from your honor declaring her Majesty's pleasure for the proceeding with Dr. Hurley by torture or any other severe manner of proceeding to gain his knowledge of all foreign practices against her majesty's state, wherein we *partly* forebore to deal till now." Then they remark, "for that we want here either rack or other engine of torture to terrify him . . . the Tower of London should be a better school than the Castle of Dublin . . . we do wish that we had directions to send him thither."

The pretext here was shallow; there was wit enough in the dominant party in Ireland to invent any necessary racks. Walsingham evidently directed them to proceed in Dublin, and himself suggested the mode of torture. On the 7th of March, 1584, they again write, "We made commission to Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Secretary Fenton to put him to the torture *such as your honor advised us*, which was, to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots." What these Walsingham boots were, we learn from contemporary statements taken down from eye-witnesses. "The executioners placed the archbishop's feet and calves in tin boots filled with oil; they then fastened his feet in wooden shackles or stocks, and placed fire under them. The boiling oil so penetrated the feet and legs that morsels of the skin and even flesh fell off and left the bone bare. The officer whose duty it was to preside over the torture, unused to such unheard-of suffering, and unable to look upon such an inhuman spectacle, or to hear the piteous cries of the innocent prelate, suddenly left his seat and quitted the place." (Pages 91-2.) All this failed to extort from him anything to justify his arraignment even, though

the torture was continued till the executioners believed life extinct, and hastily endeavored to restore animation ; for he "lost all voice and sense, and when taken out lay on the ground like dead." (Ib. 93.)

The lords justices were in great perplexity. The judges, on being consulted, had positively declared that, as no act of treason had been committed by him in Ireland, he could not by law be arraigned. Their opinion, still preserved in the Public Record Office, is given by our author, (p. 109.) Again they apply to Walsingham, and the whole passage is so curious that we cite it at length :

"And herein we thought good to remember your honor by way of our opinion that, considering how *obstinate and wilful* we find him every way, if he should be referred to a public trial, his *impudent and clamorous* denial might do great harm to the ill-affected here, who in troth have no small admiration of him. And yet, having had conference with some of the best lawyers in the land, we find that they make a scruple to arraign him here, for that his treasons were committed in foreign parts, the statute in that behalf being not here as it is in England. And therefore we think it not amiss (if it be allowed of there) to have him executed by *martial law, against which he can have no just challenge*, for that he hath neither lands nor goods, and as by that way may be avoided many harms, which by his presence, standing at ordinary trial, and retaining still his former impudence and negative protestations, he may do to the people."

The idea of any man impudently objecting to submit to the honor of being executed by martial law, when a trial at law must result in his acquittal, is indeed extraordinary, and sufficient to disquiet Christian rulers.

Elizabeth relieved them. A letter of April 29th, 1584, announced her majesty's resolution for the course to be holden with Hurley, namely, "that they should proceed to his execution (if it might be) by ordinary trial by law, or otherwise, by martial law."

Loftus and Wallop, accordingly, on the 19th of June, 1584, gave warrant to the knight-marshal in her majesty's name to do execution upon him." (Letter July 9th, 1584.)

Accordingly, on Friday before Trinity-Sunday, Hurley—whose wounds had been so skilfully treated by a Jesuit who was enabled to reach him, as to enable the holy sufferer to regain sufficient strength to sit up and even rest on his feet—was ordered to prepare for execution. He was taken out at early dawn, amid the cries of his fellow Catholic prisoners, proclaiming his innocence, one bishop, who was expiating in fetters a guilty pusillanimity, exclaiming that he himself, for the scandal he had given, deserved to die, but that the archbishop was an innocent and holy man. He was drawn on a hurdle through the garden gate to a wood near the city, and "there he was hanged on a withey, calling on God, and forgiving his torturers with all his heart." At evening his body was buried in the half-ruined church of St. Kevin. So great was the veneration felt for this holy man, that the church was restored to satisfy the devotion of those who flocked to the spot to recommend themselves to his prayers, and many of whom averred that miracles were wrought there.

Elizabeth and the ministers of her godless tyranny, in thus trampling on law and justice, had gained nothing toward the advancement of the new doctrines in Ireland. The death of Dr. Hurley but confirmed the Irish Catholics more immovably in the faith.

In another case, Dr. Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, who escaped from the Tower of London in 1565, but, after two years' labors in Ireland, was seized in Connaught in 1567, the government ventured on

a trial at law ; but the jury acquitted him. Little did this avail : he was kept a prisoner, but at last effected his escape, and, for a short time, labored to console the afflicted Catholics. Falling again into the hands of the persecutors, he was sent to England, and died of poison in the Tower of London, (Oct. 14th, 1585,) leaving one of the most venerated names in the annals of the Irish church. Another prelate, Murlagh O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, died the same year in prison, at Dublin, after undergoing tortures.

The interesting biography of another martyr, Rev. Maurice Kinrechin, gives a picture of a Catholic Easter during these dark ages in Ireland that is too touching to omit. It is in a letter from Father Robert Rochfort :

"I send you an account of the glorious martyrdom of a friend of mine, Maurice Kinrechin, a pious priest, chaplain to the Earl of Desmond, whom you know. He was for this cause taken prisoner by the English, and taken to your native town of Clonmel, where he lay in prison for more than a year. On the eve of Easter, 1585, Victor White, one of the principal citizens of Clonmel and a pious Catholic, obtained from the head jailer permission for the priest to pass the night in his house ; this the jailer agreed to, but secretly informed the President of Munster, an English heretic, who chanced to be in the town, that, if he wished, he might easily seize all the principal citizens while hearing mass in the house of Mr. White at daybreak ; at the same time he bargained to be paid for his perfidy. At the hour agreed on, the soldiers rushed into the house and seized on Victor ; but all the others, hearing the noise, tried to escape by the back-doors and windows ; a certain matron, trying to escape, fell and broke her arm. The soldiers found the chalice and other things for mass ; they sought everywhere for the priest, (who had not yet begun the mass,) and came at length to a heap of straw, under which he lay hid, and, thrusting their swords through it, wounded him in the thigh ; but he preserved silence, and, through fear of worse, concealed his suffering, and soon after escaped from the town into the country. But the in-

trepid Victor (who, although he had for this reason suffered much, could never be induced to attend the conventicles of the heretics) was thrown into prison because he would not give up the priest, and would, no doubt, have been put to death, had not Maurice, hearing of the danger of his friend, voluntarily surrendered himself to the president, showing a friendship truly Christian. The president upbraided him much, and, having sentenced him to death, offered him his life if he would abjure our Catholic faith and profess the queen to be head of the church. There came to him also a preacher, and strove long, but in vain, to seduce the martyr ; nor would he on any account betray any of those who had heard his mass, or to whom he had at any time administered the sacraments. At length he was dragged at the tail of a horse to the place of execution as a traitor. Being come there, he devoutly and learnedly exhorted the people to constancy in the faith. The executioner cut him down from the gallows when yet half alive, and cut off his sacred head, and the minister struck it in the face. Then the Catholics by prayers and bribes obtained of the executioners that they should not lacerate his body any further, and they buried it as honorably as they could. Farewell, and peace in the Lord, and be ye imitators—if occasion offers—of the courageous Maurice Kinrechin, and till then prepare your souls for the trial. Your devoted servant, dated from the College of St. Anthony, 1586, 20th March, ROBERT ROCHFORT."

Thus it went on during the reign of Elizabeth. The year 1588 witnessed many hanged, drawn, and quartered—the Rev. Peter Miller, at Wexford ; Peter Meyler, at Galway, and Maurice Eustace—both candidates for the priesthood, the Franciscan fathers, O'Molloy, Dogherty, and Ferrall, at Abbeyleix. The next year another of the same order at Clonmel.

Curry, in his *Civil Wars in Ireland*, thus sums up other examples:

"John Stephens, priest, for that he said mass to Teague McHugh, was hanged and quartered by the Lord Burroughs, in 1597 ; Thady O'Boyle, guardian of the monastery of Donegal, was slain by the English in his own monastery ; six friars were slain in the monastery of Moynihigan ; John O'Calyhor and Bryan O'Trevor, of the order of St.

Bernard, were slain in their own monastery, De Sancta Maria, in Ulster; as also Felim O'Hara, a lay-brother; so was Æneas Penny, parish priest of Killagh, slain at the altar in his parish church there; Cahill McGoran; Rory O'Donnellan; Peter McQuillan; Patrick O'Kenna; George Power, vicar-general of the diocese of Ossory; Andrew Stritch, of Limerick; Bryan O'Murhirlagh, vicar-general of the diocese of Clonfert; Doroghow O'Molowny, of Thomond; John Kelly, of Louth; Stephen Patrick, of Annaly; John Pillis, friar; Rory McHenlea; Tirilagh McNisky, a lay-brother. All those that come after Æneas Penny, together with Walter Fernan, priest, died in the Castle of Dublin, either through hard usage and restraint or the violence of torture."

To whom may be added the Rev. George Power; Rev. John Walsh; Bishop Brady, of Kilmore, and his companions, whose sufferings are here most touchingly given; the Rev. Donatus O'Mollony, so tortured by iron boots and thumbscrews, as well as the rack—of all which there was now, apparently, a full supply in Ireland—that he died a few hours after.

But single executions were not prompt enough. In 1602, the authorities intimated that such of the clergy as presented themselves to the magistrates would be allowed to take their departure from the kingdom. Forty-two, secular priests and fathers of the Dominican and Cistercian orders, believing that a Protestant government would keep faith with Catholics, accepted the offer, and assembling, as directed, at Inniscattery, were put on board a vessel of war to sail for France. But no sooner had they reached the broad Atlantic, than the whole of these priests were thrown overboard. On the return of the vessel to port, great indignation was pretended by the authorities, and the queen cashiered the officers; while they were, in fact, secretly rewarded.

This martyrdom, fearful for its treachery, and the number of the

priestly victims, closed, so to say, the reign of bloody Elizabeth. The hatred of Catholicity was intense; but yet there was apparent from first to last, a sense of respect for the opinion of the Catholic powers, an attempt to justify the executions by color of law, or excuse them as unintended acts of severity in putting down revolts or conducting military operations.

When the son of Mary, herself a martyr and sufferer, ascended the throne, his accession was hailed by the Catholic Irish with a burst of joy. A prince of their own race, they could regard him with feelings never awakened by former sovereigns of England. The memory of his mother would have bound them to him. He might have rendered Ireland a happy country. Led away by this vision, the Irish Catholics openly celebrated the long proscribed worship; but they soon were rudely awakened from their delusion. The glorious army of martyrs under James I. begins with Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, hacked to pieces by a party of horse in 1604.

Among all the martyrs of this reign, however, the most illustrious was Cornelius O'Dovany, Bishop of Down and Connor, put to death at Dublin, February 1st, 1611. At an early age he embraced the rule of St. Francis, and became a model of piety and patience. Raised to the perilous dignity of the episcopate, he labored strenuously to fulfil its duties. At last, he was arrested and sent to Dublin Castle, where he nearly perished from want of food and of all comforts. As the persecutors admitted that they could not legally compass his death, he was at last released. But it was only for a time. Seizing as a pretext his presence in the district held by the Earl of Tyrone in his rising against the

crown, they again, in June, 1611, committed him to his former prison. He was then brought to trial, and, although he pleaded the Act of Oblivion, which clearly covered his case, the government, grown wiser in its malice, packed a jury, and obtained a verdict.

Our author thus describes his martyrdom from contemporary narratives:

"The 1st of February, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he was called to mount the cart which, surrounded by guards, stood at the prison door. When the holy bishop came in sight of that triumphal chariot, he sighed and said, 'My Lord Jesus, for my sake, went on foot, bearing his cross, to the mountain where he suffered; and must I be borne in a cart, as though unwilling to die for him, when I would hasten with willing feet to that glory? Would that I might bear my cross and hasten on my feet to meet my Lord!' Turning to his fellow-sufferer, Patrick, he said, 'Come, my brave comrade and worthy soldier of Christ, let us imitate his death as best we may who was led to the slaughter as a sheep before the shearer. Then bending down and kissing the cart, he mounted up into it, and sat down with his back to the horses, and was thus drawn through the paved streets to the field where the gallows was erected.

"Cornelius, when he was come to the place of sacrifice, being solicitous for the constancy of his colleague, begged that Patrick might be put to death first; for he feared lest, by the sight of his death and the wiles of the Calvinists, Patrick might be induced to yield to human weakness. But as his wish would not be granted, Father Patrick assured the bishop he might lay aside all fear for him. 'Though,' said he, 'I would desire to die first, and be strengthened in my agony by your paternal charity, since we are given up to the will of others, go, happy father, and fear not for my constancy; aid me by your prayers with God, by whose help I am sure that neither death nor life, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall separate me from the love of Christ, or from my companionship with you.' Rejoiced at these words, Cornelius threw himself on his knees, but had only breathed a hasty prayer (which yet reached God in heaven) when the councilors, the captain and guard called out to

make an end quickly. The field, situated to the north of the city, which would easily hold 3000 persons, was crowded. The executioner was an Englishman and a Protestant, (for no Irishman could be found who would stain himself with the blood of the bishop,) who was condemned to death for robbery, and was promised his life for acting as executioner on this occasion. Yet, though he had thus purchased his life, he was touched with reverence and compassion for the gray hairs of the bishop, and prayed his pardon, and with trembling hands adjusted the noose. The moment the bishop mounted the first step of the ladder, and his head was seen above the crowd, a great shout and groans burst from all the spectators.

"Then the minister Challoner, furious at the cries of pity raised by the people, said to the bishop: 'Why delude ye the ignorant people? Why end ye your life with a lie, and a vain boast of martyrdom? Tell the multitude that ye are traitors, and that it is for treason and not for religion ye suffer.' To these unjust words the bishop answered: 'Far be it from us, who are about to appear before the tribunal of Christ, to impose upon the people. But also far be it from us to confess ourselves guilty of crimes of which our conscience tells us we are innocent. Nor yet do we vainly ambition the title of martyrs, though for us to die for Christ is gain. You know that you are yourself guilty of that prevarication of which you accuse us; for but a few hours ago, sent as you said by the viceroy, you offered us life and freedom if we would subscribe to your heresy. Leave us, then, son of darkness, and calumniate not our innocence.'

"Then the minister departed and left the martyrs in peace. As they mounted the middle of the ladder, again there rose the cry of the people; and a third time, when he was about to be thrown off, the groans of those who beat their breasts rose louder than before. Thrice he prayed, as he stood there: once for all the bystanders; secondly, for the city of Dublin, and all the Catholics of this kingdom, that they may serve God piously, faithfully, and perseveringly; a third time he prayed for all heretics, and for his persecutors, that they might be converted from the evil of their ways.

"The Bishop's head was hardly cut off when an Irishman seized it, and, rushing into the centre of the crowd, was never found, although the viceroy offered a reward of forty pounds of silver. The Catholics gathered up his blood, and contended for his garments, despite the resistance of the sol-

diery. The priest Patrick followed the same road, singing, as he mounted the ladder, the canticle of Simeon, 'Now, O Lord ! dismiss thy servant in peace,' and, after the example of the bishop, he prayed for the bystanders, blessed them, and forgave all his enemies. The rope being put round his neck, he hung for a short time, was then cut down half alive, mutilated, and cut in pieces. The soldiers, warned by the loss of the bishop's head, resisted the unarmed crowd, who strove to catch the martyr's blood and other relics, and wounded many. The day after, the bodies were buried at the gallows foot, but in the stillness of the night were removed by the Catholics to a chapel."

We cannot enter on the other sufferers of this reign whose records are carefully collected in the *Memorials*.

The reign of Charles I. opens with the deeply interesting life of Francis Slingsby, showing how, even amid all the terrible persecutions of the church, God called his own elect to the light of his truth, and endowed them with firmness. He was a son of Sir Francis Slingsby, an English knight settled in Ireland, and was born in 1611. After being educated at Oxford, he travelled on the continent, and at Rome was converted to the faith ; and, at the tomb of St. Aloysius, firmly resolved to enter the Society of Jesus. At the earnest entreaty of his father and mother, he returned to Ireland ; but after an interview with Archbishop Usher and Lord Strafford, he was thrown into prison. Cardinal Barberini exerted his influence with the queen of England, and, in May, 1635, he was admitted to bail. His stay in Ireland was not fruitless ; for he converted his mother, his younger brother, his sister, and several others. This increased his dangers, and, the General of the Society urging him to come at once to Rome, he proceeded thither in 1636 ; but learning that his friend Spreul, whom he had converted, and won to the order he himself had chosen, had been struck down by disease, he returned to Ire-

land, tended him in his illness, and then both reached Rome in 1639. Renouncing all his worldly prospects in favor of his brother, he began his studies, and, after his ordination, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1641 ; but died at Naples before he could return to Ireland to labor in the field where his words, example, and fetters had preached so eloquently. The sketch of this heroic young man, and that of Maurice Eustace, son of Sir John Eustace, and a novice in the Society of Jesus, who, returning to his family by permission of his superiors, was seized, tried, hung, drawn, and quartered, on the 9th of June, 1588, form a most interesting addition to our biographies, and show us in Ireland two young imitators of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, whose virtues and example can be held up to the young with the power that flows from the fact that they lived among scenes and trials so familiar to us.

When the civil war began between the Puritans and Charles I., the persecution, bitter already under the king, became fiendish under the Parliament. Hitherto some form, some limit, had been observed ; but the Puritans revelled in blood with all the ferocity of tigers, and with as little scruple.

"The Parliament of England resolved, on the 24th of October, 1644, 'that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to *ayn papist born in Ireland* ;' and their historian, Borlase, adds, 'The orders of Parliament were excellently well executed.' (*Hist. of Rebellion*, p. 62.) Leland and Warner refer to the letters of the lords-justices for the fact that the soldiers 'slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing even the women.' Cromwell declared on landing in Dublin that no mercy should be shown to the Irish, and that they should be dealt with as the Canaanites in Joshua's time. It is impossible to estimate the number of Catholics slain in the ten years from 1642 to 1652: Three bishops and more than 300 priests were put to death for the faith.

Thousands of men, women, and children were sold as slaves for the West Indies; Sir W. Petty mentions that six thousand boys and women were thus sold. (*Political Anatomy of Ireland*, p. 187.) A letter written in 1656, quoted by Lingard, puts the number at 60,000; as late as 1666 there were 12,000 Irish slaves scattered among the West Indian Islands. (Letter of Rev. J. Grace, written in 1669, ap. Moran, p. 147.) 40,000 Irish Catholics fled to the continent, and 20,000 took refuge in the Hebrides and other Scottish islands. (Moran, p. 99.) In a word, as Sir W. Petty writes, the population of Ireland in 1641 was 1,466,000, of whom Catholics were about 1,240,000; in 1659, the whole population was only 500,091, of whom Irish were only 420,000, so that very nearly or quite one million must have perished. (Sir W. Petty, *Polit. Anat.* p. 13, ap. Moran, and Hardinge's *Census of 1659*.)

In this general and fearful slaughter of priest and people, records were impossible; and of many of the priests and religious who perished no trace remains. At the sight of such appalling massacres the mind shrinks back to seek refuge in doubt; but that doubt vanishes before the records of the butchers, who, reeking with slaughter, asked mankind to admire their work as a mercy of God, and even in our day, their descendants ask us to praise them as champions of religious freedom.

We can scarcely be accused of being too severe in our language when Merle d'Aubigné, a professed eulogist of Cromwell, admits that he used "a greater severity than had perhaps been exercised by the pagan leaders of antiquity."

Although, necessarily, for many of their victims there are no details whatever, nevertheless nearly one-fourth of this whole work of Mr. O'Reilly is devoted to memorials of those who perished by the hands of the Puritans in the brief period of twenty years; and he might well close it by the formula at the end of each day in the Roman martyrology, *Et alibi aliorum plurimorum Mar-*

*tyrum et Confessorum*, etc.—"And elsewhere of many other martyrs and confessors," whose names, though unrecorded on earth, are written in the Book of Life. Cromwell, Ireton, Inchiquin, and Coote marked their path in blood. Drogheda, Wexford, Cashel, Limerick, witnessed general massacres, where neither age nor sex could rouse a spark of human feeling in the insatiate butchers. The intense and cruel fanaticism seems to have been either a diabolical possession or a mental disease.

A grandson of Sir Charles Coote, become Earl of Bellomont, was, some years after, made Governor of New York and of New England, and was strongly suspected of complicity in the piracies of Captain Kidd. He certainly showed the fierce anti-Catholic spirit of his father and grandsire, having introduced and forced through, both in New York and Massachusetts, laws to punish with imprisonment for life, or, on recapture, with death, any Catholic priest entering those colonies.

Among the more illustrious martyrs we notice the Most Rev. Malachy O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam, who was overtaken at Clare, near Sligo, in 1645, by some Puritan cavalry. They hacked off his right arm, and then cruelly mangled his body, cutting it into small pieces. In 1650, Boetius Egan, Bishop of Ross, a holy Franciscan friar, appointed to that see in 1647, on the recommendation of the Nuncio, Rinuccini, left the retreat in which he had been hidden for months, to visit some distant and abandoned parts of his diocese, although Ludlow's Puritan bands were laying waste the country. After performing the apostolic duties that had called him forth, he was returning to his lonely hiding-place, when he was overtaken by a troop of horse hastening to join

Cromwell in besieging Clonmel. The commander of this troop, Lord Broghill, whom our readers may not recognize as Robert Boyle, subsequently Earl of Orrery, offered him life,

"If he would deny his faith and join the Parliamentarians, but he rejected the temptation with disdain. He was then abandoned to the soldiers' fury, and, his arms being first severed from his body, he was dragged along the ground to a neighboring tree, and, being hanged from one of its branches by the reins of his own horse, happily consummated his earthly course in November, 1650."

The fall of Limerick enabled Ireton to revel in the blood of Catholic priests. The martyrs were led by Terence Albert O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, born in Limerick in 1600, and nurtured piously by a devoted mother. At an early age he entered the order of St. Dominic, and, after pursuing his studies in Spain, returned to labor in his native city. In 1643, he became provincial of his order, and attended a general chapter at Rome. Four years afterward, he was consecrated Bishop of Emly, and labored there earnestly till he joined the rest who took refuge in Limerick.

"Knowing the fate that was reserved for him, Dr. O'Brien retired to the pest-house, in order to devote the last hours of his life to the benefit of his suffering fellow-citizens, and to preparing himself for death. Here he was found by the officers sent to arrest him, and brought before Ireton, who told him he was to be tried by a court-martial, and imprisoned till the sentence was pronounced. The bishop heard this unmoved, and when asked did he want counsel, calmly replied that all he required was his confessor. This boon was granted, and Father Hanrahan, a member of his own order, was suffered to pass the whole day and night of the 30th of October in his prison. On the following evening he was led out to execution, and, as Father Hanrahan related, walked as joyfully to the place as to a feast. His contemporary, De Marinis, relates his execution thus: 'He went with joy to the place of execution, and then, with a serene

countenance, turning to his Catholic friends, who stood in the crowd inconsolable and weeping, he said to them, "Hold firmly by your faith, and observe its precepts; murmur not against the arrangements of God's providence, and thus you will save your souls. Weep not at all for me, but rather pray that in this last trial of death I may, by firmness and constancy, attain my heavenly reward." The head of the martyr was struck off and placed on a spike on the tower,' ('which is on the middle of the bridge.'—*A Rosario*), 'and long after seemed to drop fresh blood, and uncorrupted and unchanged in aspect, flesh, or hair—a tribute, as may be thought, to that virginal purity which it is universally believed he preserved to the end.' Thus he went to his reward, on the vigil of All Saints', 1651. De Marinis and A Rosario relate that the holy bishop summoned Ireton to the judgment-seat of God to answer for his crimes; and on the 18th day afterward that bloody persecutor was seized with the plague, and, after sixteen days, expired in great torments. Dr. Moran mentions that the spot where this holy bishop was martyred is yet pointed out and venerated by the Catholics of Limerick."

Another Dominican martyr of this scene, Father James Wolf,

"was an old man, and preacher-general, who had before been a long time in prison for the faith, and in this last persecution was as a wall against the enemies of the faith. He was taken in Limerick while offering the mass, and in a few hours afterward was sentenced to be hung, and brought out into the market square, where he made a public profession of his faith, and exhorted the Catholics to constancy in the religion of their ancestors, and that with so much ardor that it moved his very enemies. Standing on the top step of the ladder, and about to be swung off, he joyously exclaimed, '*We are made a spectacle to God and angels and men—of glory to God, of joy to angels, of contempt to men.*' Having said this, he was hung, and so went to his crown."

It is a strange fact, and one that we must regret, that England should owe the final conquest of Canada to one who should have honored this martyr of his family, but who was really intensely English, and rivalled Ireton by his bloody march up the St. Lawrence, butchering priests at their own church doors with as little



compunction as Ireton felt for Father James Wolf. That martyr had a brother George, an officer in the Irish army. Although doomed, he managed to escape, and reaching England, finally settled in Yorkshire. His grandson Edward fought under Marlborough, and rose to the rank of general. His son, a namesake of the Limerick martyr, was General James Wolfe, who died in the arms of victory at Quebec, having struck the blow that seemed to crush for ever Catholicity in Canada.

Another bishop, Arthur Magennis, a Cistercian, Bishop of Down and Connor, was, in spite of his infirmities and years, dragged on ship-board, to be carried to some other land. Death was, however, the object of his tormentors, not exile; and, as he lingered too long to please their impatience, they dragged one of the ship's cannon beside his berth, and, firing it, caused such a shock to the invalid that he expired.

The clergy who suffered met death in every form. Some perished of starvation in the mountain, like the Rev. John Carolan; some were starved to death in prison, like the Dominican father, John O'Laighlin; some, tracked to their hiding-places, were shot in their caves, like the Franciscan father, Francis Sullivan; some were stoned to death, and flung into rivers, like the Dominican father, John Flaverty; many cut down by the roadside, or shot and hacked to pieces, like Stephen Pettit, the Dominican fathers, Peter Costello, Dominic Neagan, Lawrence O'Ferral; others more deliberately hanged on sea or land, like the Franciscan fathers, Fergal Ward, Denis Nelan, Rev. Peter Higgins, the Dominican Bonaventure de Burgo, and many more; or drowned at sea, like

the Trinitarian fathers O'Connor and Daly; or tied to stakes and shot, like the Jesuit, Father Bathe, and his brother at Drogheda.

"Of the many thousands of Irish men, women, and children who were sold into slavery in the West Indies, the names of very few have been preserved. Among these was Father David Roche, Dominican. Full details of this infamous traffic are given by Prendergast, *Cromwellian Settlement*. Thus, a government order, published on March 4th, 1655, states that, in the four preceding years, 6400 Irish, men and women, boys and maidens, had been disposed of to the English slave-dealers. On the 14th September, 1653, two English merchants, named Selleck and Leader, signed a contract with the government commissioners, by which a supply was granted to them of 250 women and 300 men of the Irish nation, to be found within twenty miles of Cork, Youghal, Kinsale, Waterford, and Wexford. Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, (afterward Earl of Orrery,) deemed it unnecessary to take such trouble in visiting different parts of the kingdom, and undertook to supply the whole number from the county of Cork alone; hence he received an order empowering him to search for and seize upon that number, 'and no person, being once apprehended, was to be released but by special order in writing under the hand of Lord Broghill. In the month of November, 1655, all the Irish of the townland of Lackagh, county of Kildare, were seized on by the agents of the government. They were only forty-one in number, and of these four were hanged by sentence of court-martial; the remaining thirty-seven, including two priests, were handed over to Mr. Norton, a Bristol merchant, to be sold as bond-slaves to the sugar-planters at the Barbadoes.' Again, on the 8th December, 1655, we find a letter from the commissioners to the Governor of Barbadoes, 'advising him of the approach of a ship with a cargo of proprietors, deprived of their lands, and seized for not transplanting.' They add that among them were three priests, and the commissioners particularly desire that these may be so employed that they may not return again where that sort of people are able to do so much mischief, having so great an influence over the popish Irish."

Of their sufferings at sea our author gives no record; but Anderson, in his *History of the Colonial Church*, (ii. p. 52-3,) describes, from a

petition to Parliament, the sufferings of English prisoners "crowded into close holds amid horses," "sold, on arriving, to the most inhuman persons," and treated worse than beasts; "sleeping in styres, worse than hogs in England, and many other ways made most miserable beyond expression of Christian imagination." And nothing in the annals of history will justify the supposition that the Irish fared better.

During long examinations of early records and manuscript matter relating to the colonies which formed the American Union, no allusion has met our eye relating to any of these priests sold as slaves in America by the Puritans. It is doubtful, therefore, whether any ever reached our shores. But it seems to us that researches will yet lead to some clue or trace in the West India Islands, that favorite mart for the Puritan slave-dealers, who sold alike there the Irish Catholic, or the Christian or Pagan Indian of New England. It is, however, a curious fact that the first victim of the witchcraft excitement in New England was one of the Irish slaves, a poor woman, who though able to repeat the Lord's Prayer in Latin and Irish, failed to pray in the to her unknown English tongue, was adjudged a witch, and put to death.

Of the Irish transported to St. Christopher's we find some account in the Jesuit Father Peter Pelleprat's *Relation des Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus dans les Isles et dans la Terre Ferme de l'Amérique Méridionale*, (Paris, 1655.) Part of the island belonged to the French, and Father John Destriche (Stritch?) an Irish member of the Society, was sent in 1650, to the boundary. His long-forsaken countrymen flocked around, braving all dangers from their cruel task-masters; and he

spent three months hearing confessions, baptizing, instructing, consoling and fortifying with the sacraments these poor exiles. He then, in the disguise of a merchant, visited Montserrat, which was, for a time, an independent Irish isle, and so laid down on maps, and where even the negroes spoke Irish. But, at this time of Puritan rule, the English had reduced them to slavery. Here he raised a little chapel in the depth of a forest, and the Irish every day, under pretext of cutting wood, made their way to the spot, and, after giving the day to religion, cut some wood to carry back.

Returning to St. Christopher's, he found the English renewing the persecution. One hundred and twenty-five of the most fervent Catholics were carried off and set ashore on the barren island of Crabs or Boriquen. Here some undoubtedly perished of starvation; a few reached St. Domingo, but, on the refusal of the Spaniards to receive them, managed to find transport to Tortugas, then in the hands of the French.

Father Destriche then collected all the Irish he could, and conveyed them to Gaudeloupe, making excursions from time to time to bring in others to swell this settlement; and visiting in disguise the various English islands.

No allusion is made to any priest among these exiles; but this father was not probably alone. Research in this field may yet enlarge the touching memorials which Mr. O'Reilly deserves so great credit for presenting to us.

The persecution may be said to close with the Puritan rule; Archbishop Plunkett, whose life is well and concisely given, having been a victim to the infamous fiction of plots in the reign of Charles II., and brought to the scaffold by the false

testimony of men of his own country and faith.

The last of the martyred clergy was the Dominican Father Gerald Gibbon, sub-prior of Kilmallock, killed by some of William III.'s roving cavalry at Listuahill, in the County of Kerry, in 1691.

Mr. O'Reilly has done an excellent work. The records of the lives and deaths of these illustrious men should be familiar to all their countrymen, not to excite feelings of hostility and vengeance against the de-

scendants of the wrong-doers ; for, as in the case of Wolfe, the later generations fall away at times, and the priest we revere may trace his descent from a persecutor. But the lives of these martyrs remind us in these days of insidious prosperity, that we should struggle as manfully against the persecution of religious indifference as they did against the persecution of rack, and sword, and halter, and show that we deem the religion they died for worthy of a life of love and sacrifice.

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#### DE PROFUNDIS.

O WEARY, weary heart, O fainting soul !  
 Thy struggle is in vain ;  
 The fiery waves of woe that o'er thee roll  
 O'erwhelm with fiercest pain.  
 There is for thee no rest, for thee no peace  
 Till thought and mem'ry, life itself shall cease.

“ Rest for the weary ”—words that flatteringly  
 Promise thy heart relief ;  
 The words of peace are meaningless to thee,  
 They mock thy endless grief.  
 Think not thy soul from further woe to save,  
 Seek not for rest, or—seek it in the grave !

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Sweet rest, sweet peace. O Jesu ! thou canst give  
 E'en in my mortal woe ;  
 Thou bidst my struggling, dying soul to live,  
 And lead'st me gently through  
 The waves that dash against my tired feet,  
 To fields of living green and verdure sweet.

Jesu ! sweet Jesu ! in my darkest hour  
 On thee alone I call ;  
 Though waves may dash and dark'ning skies may lower,  
 And raging storms appall,  
 I heed them not—I look beyond, above,  
 And find my refuge in thy Heart of Love !

K. A.

FROM LA SEMAINE LITURGIQUE DE POITIERS.

# THE LEGEND OF ST. MICHAEL AND THE HERMIT.

"Consummatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa."—*Book of Wisdom.*

A POOR but venerable hermit, wearing the habit, sandals, and cord of St. Francis of Assisi, travelled, from dawn till the going down of the sun, over the flowery highways of verdant Normandy, passing through boroughs and villages, castles and towers. Was he a palmer from the Holy Land, come to rekindle the ardor of noble and valiant men of arms with tales of the woes of the Christians in Palestine? No, the times of Philip Augustus and Louis IX. had passed away. Yet our hermit kept steadily on, allowing himself not a day of rest but the Lord's day, seeking some one or something.

"What art thou seeking, pious traveller? Thy ardor is greater than that of a knight-errant longing to break a lance in honor of the fair lady whose color he wears."

"I am seeking a soul," replies the hermit, "because St. Michael the Archangel has made known to me that a throne in the eternal mansions awaits some soul from earth, a throne of dazzling beauty, resplendent with sapphires and diamonds, and the golden palms of the heavenly Jerusalem. But the soul thus summoned to a throne on high must not be *too young*."

"Keep on thy way. Old men are to be found in every country on the earth."

And the hermit kept on his way from the earliest dawn till eventide. At last he finds an aged abbot beneath the Gothic arches of an old Benedictine abbey. His reputation for sanctity and his great age, which

was fourscore years, made our pilgrim hope that he had found the object of his search. So, on Sunday, after the hour of lauds, the hermit joyfully offered St. Michael, on bended knee, the name of the venerable abbot, with an account of his exemplary life; but, in the evening, after the hour of compline, the archangel said unto him, "Continue thy search. The abbot Fulgentius, worthy as he is, merits not this high reward. That servant of the Lord is still *too young*."

"He is fourscore years of age, of which sixty-four have been spent in the monastic state and in the same monastery."

"He has not yet lived twenty years as years are reckoned by the guardian angels. Pursue thy way, good hermit, and continue thy search."

After three months the pilgrim worn by fatigue and prolonged vigils joyfully brought four names to St. Michael. It will be understood that these names were chosen from among thousands by the zealous pilgrim. The first bright name on the list was that of a Lord of Falaise, illustrious through his ancestors, and still more so for his own charity. His castle with its square towers, surrounded by crags, deep moats, and high walls, was always hospitably open to all pilgrims and strangers as well as to the unfortunate. There he himself waited upon them at table, after having washed their feet with his own hands, count and baron as he was, and he never suffered them to depart till he had given them alms and chanted the divine office with them in the nave

of his chapel of St. Prix. A numerous progeny revered him, and all his vassals proclaimed his fatherly kindness. What more could be asked that he might exchange his feudal power for a throne in heaven?

The second on the list was the mother of fifteen children, seven of whom served their king as brave soldiers, seven others served the altar as priests or monks, and the remaining one, a daughter, had many children, who were reared under the careful and vigilant eye of their grandmother of pious renown. What more could be asked that she might pass from family honors to a throne in heaven?

The third was a noble warrior of the Knights of Malta, covered with wounds and scars gained in the service of God. Having been made, at the age of thirteen years, knight of his order and page of the grand master, he was appointed, at the age of twenty-two, to the command of three war-vessels which he armed at his own expense. He made himself formidable to all the Turks on the seas of the Levant. Being appointed captain of one of the galleys of Malta, our knight took twenty-two vessels from the paynim and delivered many thousand Christian slaves. The Emir Fraycardin, who held sway over the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and boasted of his descent from Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, conceived so high an esteem for him that he came forth from the town of Sayeda to visit him on board of one of his vessels, and on that occasion gave him a scimitar from Damascus, with a scabbard of wrought silver, inlaid with diamonds and rare pearls, which our hero presented to the king of France, in presence of the same emir of illustrious memory.

The escutcheon of our knight bore a chevron gules, on a field or, charged

at the bend with a flower-de-luce or, and surmounted by the silver cross of the Order of Malta.

He seemed truly endowed with valor and sanctity, which made up for want of age, for he was only twenty-nine. What more could be asked that he might pass from the midst of combats to the bosom of everlasting peace, and from the triumphs of victory to a glorious throne in heaven?

Finally, the fourth name was that of a widow, like the prophetess Anna, who departed not from the temple of Jerusalem, by fasting and prayers serving God day and night. Like her, she was devoted to good works, to the care of the sick, the help of the infirm, and the charge of orphans. She was called "the eye of the blind," and "the consolation of the afflicted," and throughout old Neustria with its green orchards the echoes of the manor-houses and the huts alike knew of the wondrous deeds of good Dame Lois.

Proud of all these names, the hermit at the early hour of lauds presented the list to St. Michael; when evening had brought the hour of compline, the holy chant being ended, St. Michael gave back to the hermit the precious paper, all perfumed with the incense of paradise, and said to him: "Faithful servant, continue thy search: all these names are dear and precious in the eyes of God; but they who bear them are still *too young*."

"But the sire of Falaise has seen almost a hundred years pass over his now bald head, and his beard is whiter than the snows of Mount Saint Bernard!"

"That noble lord of a hundred years is only reckoned fifteen by the calendar of the guardian angels," replied the archangel.

"But this mother of fifteen children

and twelve grandchildren who are her crown and her glory? . . . And the pious widow?" . . .

"The mother will only be eight years old come the festival of the Assumption of Our Lady, her holy Patroness; and the pious and chaste widow is hardly older than the sire of Falaise."

"And the Knight of Malta? Illustrious and brave above his fellow-knights, he is only twenty-nine years old according to the record of his baptism; but these few years have been well employed in defending Christendom against the infidel Turks who tremble before his Damascus blade."

"The knight has made progress, it is true, in the way of real life. He is almost old enough to reign; but his guardian angel demands yet a space of time before imprinting on his soul the seal of the eternal and heavenly life. Go thy way, and continue thy search."

The hermit, in the silence of his cell, was terrified to see how hard it was to attain length of years according to the reckoning of the angels; but he redoubled his zeal to discover the rare treasure demanded by St. Michael. Seven Sundays having passed away weeping and praying in the undercroft of the church of St. Gerbold, shepherd of Bayeux, of learned memory, he saw the archangel with his sword of gold coming toward him resplendent with light. Troubled in the depths of his heart, the hermit said to him humbly: "I have only one name to present thee, and this name offers but little that is worthy of relating; yet I lay it before thee." And he held forth the paper wet with his tears to St. Michael, who took it, smiling meanwhile on the trembling hermit.

The paper had hardly been placed in the angel's hands when the sombre crypt was filled with a soft light; an unknown perfume embalmed the air,

and the hermit, almost ravished with ecstasy, at once understood that the chosen one so long sought after was at length found. . . .

The elect soul rose like a blue vapor above the tower of the church, above the lofty mountains, beyond the stars: it rose luminous and full of majesty, till it came to the courts of the New Jerusalem to take its place upon the dazzling throne awaiting it among the angels.

"How old, then, is this soul according to the calendar of eternal life?" were the first words addressed St. Michael by the hermit, still on his knees.

And St. Michael graciously replied: "This saint was only twenty-one years old according to the reckoning on earth, but he was a hundred by that of the guardian angels who watch over souls. Not one hour of his short life was lost for eternity. It was not only not lost, but—which is necessary to attain length of years that are meritorious and venerable in our eyes—not one hour failed to be reckoned twice or thrice, and sometimes a hundredfold, by the merit of his deeds of faith, hope, charity, and mortification. Nothing is lost which is pleasing in the eyes of the Lord. A glass of water given with love in his name becomes a majestic river flowing on for ever and ever; while a treasure given without love or from human motives is counted as nothing in the great Book of Life! To really live, thou must love God while exiled here below, as we love him in the home of the blessed. Thou must also love thy neighbor, whose soul reflects the image of its Maker."

With these words the angel disappeared, leaving behind him a long train of light in the dim vaults of the crypt of St. Gerbold.

"O Lord!" cried the hermit

"grant me a true knowledge of the Christian life—the only life really worth the name—that at my last hour I may not hear resounding above my head the terrible words, *Too young!* Teach me, O my God! the value of time, which is only given us that we may lay up treasures for heaven. Time is the money of

eternity! time is the price of the Saviour's blood! time, so fleeting, which we seek to kill, and which will surely kill us; time, the inflexible tyrant who spares no one! Oh! that I might in turn triumph over time by making it serve to the sanctification of my soul and the winning of an eternal crown."

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### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DISSERTATIONS, CHIEFLY ON IRISH CHURCH HISTORY. By the late Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D. Dublin: James Duffy. 1869.

Rev. Matthew Kelly, a canon of his native diocese of Ossory, Ireland, and a Professor in Maynooth College, was one of the most accomplished of the contemporaries of Dr. John O'Donovan, Professor Eugene O'Curry, George Petrie, Rev. Dr. Todd, Very Rev. Dr. Renehan, and the few other truly great Irish scholars of the past and passing generations. He was a native of Kilkenny City, and was barely in the forty-fourth year of his age when called to his reward, Saturday, October 30th, 1858. He was a very able writer on and investigator of Irish history, in all its branches, particularly in the ecclesiastical and ethnological lines, of which his editorial labors for the Celtic and Archæological Societies of Dublin, his editions of White's and O'Sullivan's writings relative to Ireland, as well as of the Martyrology of Tallacht, and his contributions to the *Dublin Review*, *Duffy's Catholic Magazine*, the *London Rambler*, etc., etc., have given abundant proof. He is more widely known by general readers through his remarkable translation of Gosselin's great work, *On the Power of the Pope during the Middle Ages*. His friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. Dr. McCarthy, has collected from the periodicals named, chiefly

from the *Dublin Review*, into this volume—for a copy of which we are indebted to the Catholic Publication Society—several dissertations by the lamented Dr. Kelly, chiefly on Irish church history—an examination of which makes us deeply regret that he was not spared to complete the labors in which he was engaged, and which he had in contemplation at the time of his death—which included nothing less desirable than a new and thorough edition of the *Acta Sanctorum* of Colgan; a new edition and a continuation of Rev. Dr. John Lanigan's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*; and the completion of the publication, under such care as he was capable of bestowing, of the Very Rev. Dr. Renehan's *Collections on Irish Church History*. The volume before us should find a place in every private as well as public collection that aims to have represented in it the genuine scholarship of Ireland.

A FEW FRIENDS, AND HOW THEY AMUSED THEMSELVES. A Tale in nine chapters; containing descriptions of twenty Pastimes and Games and a fancy-dress party. By M. E. Dodge, author of *Hans Brinker* and the *Irrington Stories*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The author in this little book makes a happy effort to revive amongst us

again those pleasant, home-like games that give such a charm to the fireside. Many of these pastimes are new, and all of them interesting and amusing, requiring enough thought and wit to keep one's faculties in pleasant activity. Society, it is true, will scarcely condescend to be amused in so simple and cheerful a way ; but as it is a question whether it is ever heartily amused, we can very well afford to set aside its ruling, and enjoy ourselves with the pleasant pastimes of our "Few Friends." A picture-gallery, such as is described in its pages, although it might not provoke such artistic and wonderful criticisms as the Academy of Design, would not yet fail to be very amusing. The great charm of these games, as the author remarks in her preface, is the bringing together the old and young, in the common pursuit of pleasure.

A SHORT GRAMMAR OF PLAIN CHANT,  
for the use of schools, seminaries, and  
religious communities. Troy, New  
York: P. J. Dooley. 1868.

It is with the sincerest pleasure we meet with any evidences of a desire to return to the use of the Gregorian chant in the offices of the church. Perfectly rendered, we know of no modern compositions in figured music which can equal it in fitness or grandeur. The best that can be said of timed music is, that it is pleasing ; that its varied harmonies delight the ear ; and that in the most worthy of such compositions there are pathetic, joyous, and at times sublime expressions. But of the Gregorian chant only can it be said that it edifies, compels to prayer and praise, and never hints at the world, the flesh, or the devil. Like the sacred vestments of the priest and the solemn ceremonies of Catholic worship, it is a part of the outward expression of the church's homage to God. It is the befitting song of the sanctuary, and we are thankful the church has never sanctioned any other.

To sing Gregorian chant as it should be sung is a science of its own ; a fact not a few of our musicians appear to be ignorant of ; and although the present

little handbook does not pretend to be a treatise on the subject, yet it may perhaps be found, in the present state of our knowledge, a work better adapted to our wants than a more extended and philosophical treatise would be.

It is a first book on chant for beginners, and gives in a concise form all the preliminary notions upon which a further study may be based. The author has divided it into three parts : the first treating of the notation of plain chant ; the second, of the structure and peculiarities of the modes or tones ; and the third, or psalmody.

A convenient appendix has been added containing the different intonations for High Mass and the Divine Office. The whole will be found in strict conformity with the Roman Missal and Office Books, a matter which we deem of no slight consequence. The author, we observe, has followed the ordinary method (a faulty one, we think) in the matter of the division of the Psalm tones and the corresponding adaptation of the words. According to the system commonly adopted in our choir-books and in works on plain chant hitherto published in this country, the different mediations and cadences would require at least four different divisions or pointings of the Psalms. In fact, the rules laid down by all masters in Gregorian chant for accentuation and the adaptation of dactylic and monosyllabic words require only one pointing of the Psalms for all the tones and their various conclusions. We think this important point can be demonstrated, although it would be out of place here.

As a book of first principles of the chant, we most heartily commend this little volume to those for whose use it has been prepared, and have no doubt that it will find its way into all our seminaries and religious communities, and, we venture to hope as well, into our schools. To our Catholic youth the song of the church ought not to be an unintelligible jargon of sound. Let us add, that the effort of the publisher in putting out a work of this kind is deserving of the highest praise, and we trust will be fully appreciated. The work bears the imprimatur of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Albany.



THE LAW OF LOVE AND LOVE AS A LAW ; or, Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical. By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., President of Williams College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

This volume, albeit of moderate size and pretensions, would require an elaborate review to do it justice. The brief notice we bestow on it must not therefore be taken as a criterion of our estimate of its ability, or as a full and matured judgment upon its doctrines and arguments in detail or in reference to special points. Its general scope and tenor of thought and reasoning, we can say without hesitation, are in accordance with Catholic doctrine in respect to those matters which are clearly defined, and in accordance with that system of moral philosophy which we regard as the soundest and most rational on matters which are open to discussion. The tone and spirit of the work are elevated, its thought is strong, its style limpid and tranquil, its sentiments generally moderate and conservative. The author demolishes the wretched system of utilitarianism and several other sophisms, by a few blows as quietly yet as effectually given as those of a polar bear. He establishes also the freedom of the will as the necessary condition of obligation, and thus cuts up Calvinism root and branch. We should be glad to see a more distinct statement of the absolute right of God over his creatures as the author and preserver and sovereign Lord of the creation, as the basis of the obligation to obey his laws and those of his delegates even in things indifferent in themselves. This would in no wise conflict with the doctrine of the author that the reason of the eternal law is situated not merely in the free determination of the divine will, but chiefly and radically in the divine intelligence. The argument proving that all morality is determined by the final cause, or the relation of human acts to the ultimate end of man and creation, is admirable. So also is the resolution of all the ends and motives of creation into the *amor entis*, which is really the dominant idea in the author's philosophy

and forms the character of his book. It is chiefly on account of this noble and elevated view that we take occasion to commend it, and expect a very great good to be done by it within the circle of the distinguished author's influence.

MENTAL SCIENCE. A Compendium of Psychology and the History of Philosophy. Designed as a text-book for high-schools and colleges. By Alexander Bain, M.A., Professor in the University of Aberdeen, etc. New York: Appletons. 1868.

We are willing to believe that this book may contain much valuable information in regard to the history of philosophy, physiology, and psychological phenomena. But as a text-book of "Mental Science," it is an utter absurdity, since its fundamental principle destroys all metaphysical certainty. It is the quintessence of the worst and most absurd opinions of the empirical school of Herbert Spencer and Mill, and therefore simply a dose of intellectual strychnine. For the refutation of this mis-called "Mental Science," we refer to all the philosophical articles of this magazine.

LIGHT ON THE LAST THINGS. By William B. Hayden. Publishing House of the New Jerusalem. 20 Cooper Union. 1869.

We are rather surprised not to see on the title-page of this book, "published by order of the archangel Gabriel." It gravely informs us that the "Last Judgment foretold by Daniel, and in the book of Revelation, took place as described in that book, in the World of Spirits, in the year 1757, upon those who had accumulated there since the Lord's first appearing thus finishing the dispensation in *hades*. The last judgment once inaugurated, continues to 'sit,' as expressed in Daniel; it constantly proceeds hereafter, as explained in chapter vii.; the vast accumulation of the evil communities there will no more be allowed; it takes effect upon the multitudes who

arise, at longest, in a very few years." (P. 188.) We are glad to have authentic intelligence of such a gratifying nature. But this is not the best of it. "This removed evil influences, for the most part, from the intermediate world, replacing them with good influences. The heavens by the increase of numbers, and by an increased endowment of love and wisdom from the Lord, became more powerful, and began immediately, as a consequence, to shed down their influences more powerfully upon mankind, the church and the world. And they were moved nearer to men by the Lord that they might effect this purpose." We shrewdly suspect that our author has taken a moon-light ride on Mohammed's *Alborac*. Whoever has the curiosity to seek for a brief and easily readable summary of that fantastic system called Swedenborgianism will find it in this little volume. In point of credibility and reasonableness the doctrine of the New Jerusalem Church is about on a level with that of the Koran and the Book of Mormon, though more elevated and pure in its morality. There was never anything more ridiculous than the pretension of its adepts to be the true gnostics or spiritual men, and to look down on Catholics as the psychical or half carnal. Their doctrine of the incorporation of the Godhead is a crude and gross notion incompatible alike with the principles of reason and revelation, and rendering the formation of either a sound theology or a sound philosophy impossible. The rest of their system is a tissue of dreams and fancies resting on nothing more solid than the imagination of Swedenborg, and without the slightest claim on the attention of any reasonable man.

**LIFE OF THE BLESSED CHARLES SPINOLA, S.J.**, with a sketch of the other Japanese Martyrs beatified on the 9th of July, 1867. By Joseph Brock-aert, S.J. New York. John G. Shea. 1869.

The subject of this memoir was a Jesuit missionary in Japan in the seventeenth century, illustrious by birth but still more so by his virtue. Interwoven with the

sketch of his life and martyrdom are many incidents of the history of Christianity and its glorious confessors in Japan, and an interesting account of the recent discovery of many thousands of Christians who have preserved the faith handed down by their ancestors from the days of persecution until the present time. The history of Japanese Christianity will compare with that of the first ages of the church, and is by itself a sufficient and overwhelming proof of the divine truth of the Catholic religion. Such books as this might be read with profit by every Catholic and by all who profess the name of Christ.

**THE CONSCRIPT: A Story of the French War of 1813.** By MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. Translated from the twentieth Paris edition. With eight full-page illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

Those of our readers who have already perused this story in our pages, will doubtless be pleased to learn that it is at length issued in a permanent and separate form. The volume needs no commendation from us; and we believe that many American readers will find in its pages new ideas of war and its horrors, even although our own battle-fields are yet scarcely green.

**OUTLINES OF COMPOSITION.** Designed to simplify and develop the principles of the Art by means of Exercises in the preparation of Essays, Debates, Lectures, and Orations. For the use of schools, colleges, and private students. By H. J. Zandee, and T. E. Howard, A.M. Boston: Published by Robert S. Davis & Co. New York: D. & J. Sadlier, and Oakley & Mason. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. St. Louis: Hendricks and Chittenden. 1869.

We take pleasure in noticing this Manual as an effort in the right direction. In all the experience of school-children there is nothing more difficult or perplexing than the art of composi-

tion ; and few, even of the most diligent, attain to any degree of ease in its exercise until maturer years have taught them the lesson which these outlines are intended to convey, namely, that knowledge precedes speech, and thought goes before expression. The years which elapse while the young writer is learning "what to say, and how to say it," will, in our view, be materially diminished by the use of such works as this, and we are glad to see, by its imprint, that publishers appreciate its value.

GRAY'S SCHOOL AND FIELD BOOK OF BOTANY. Consisting of "First Lessons in Botany," and "Field, Forest, and Garden Botany," bound in one volume. By Asa Gray, Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York : Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. Chicago : S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.

The works of Professor Gray have been too long before the public and enjoy already too wide a reputation to make necessary any extended notice of this new and collected edition. The volume now before us is a fine octavo of more than 600 pages, and contains both the principles of the science, and the classification and description of various plants, to the number of nearly three thousand species. The illustrations are very numerous and of superior character ; and the care which is displayed in the revision of the work, and its adaptation to the latest advancements of science, as well as the mechanical execution of the book itself, recommend it to all lovers of "the Field, the Forest, and the Garden."

CHARLIE BELL, THE WAIF OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of *Spartacus to the Gladiators*, *Good Old Times*, etc. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 1868. pp. 325.

This book will assuredly suit those for whose special pleasure it was writ-

ten. It abounds in stirring incident and thrilling adventure on sea and shore, which, though sometimes somewhat exaggerated, will not render it less acceptable to its juvenile readers. A good moral lesson, although not made obtrusively prominent, is taught in the gratitude of the orphan Charlie to his kind protectors. How true, too, and how boylike his remark to his "mother," on her expressing doubt as to his ability to accomplish a certain project, "O mother ! when a boy gets anything in his head, he is bound to do it, by hook or by crook."

THE "Catholic Publication Society" will soon publish a new volume for youth, entitled, *Glimpses of Pleasant Homes*, by the authoress of the *Life of Mother McAuley*, etc. It will be beautifully illustrated and got out in the best style of the art. The same Society will also soon publish *Why People do not Believe ; or, the Cause of Infidelity*, translated from the French of Mgr. Lapot, of Louvain University ; *Not Yet : A Story of To-Day*, by Miss Oxenham ; *Impressions of Spain*, by Lady Herbert, illustrated ; *Tales for the Many* ; *The Life of Father Ravignan* ; Aubrey de Vere's *Irish Odes*, and the third series of *Illustrated Sunday-School Library*, will be ready in a few days.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH. A Lecture delivered in the hall of the Cooper Institute, by the Rev. Thomas S. Preston, on the First Anniversary of the Church of the Epiphany, Sunday evening, January 10, 1869. New York : Robert Coddington, Publisher, 366 Bowery. 1869.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY ON THE STATE OF THE FINANCES FOR THE YEAR 1868. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1868.

Tales of a Grandfather. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Second Series. A.D. 1603 to 1707. W. W. Swayne, New York and Brooklyn.

# Christianity in the United States

BY

PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D.

UNION THEOL. SEMINARY

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THE PROBLEM OF THE HUMAN WILL. Prof. HENRY CALDERWOOD,  
LL.D., University of Edinburgh.

THE LAWS OF WAR IN THEIR BEARING ON PEACE. SHELDON  
AMOS, LL.D. London.

SECULARIZED EDUCATION. Prest. ROBERT L. DABNEY, Hampden-Sydney  
Theol. Seminary.

VIRGIL AS A PRECURSOR OF CHRISTIANITY. Principal SHAIRP, D.C.L.,  
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## PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way ;  
The first four Acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

THESE lines of the philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, inspired by his noble missionary and educational zeal for the British Colonies in the western hemisphere, are often quoted as a prophecy of the future greatness of America, and express a general law of historical progress. Civilization and religion follow the course of the sun from east to west, encircling the globe, until they shall reach again the lands of their birth. Asia is the cradle of the human race. Europe is an advance upon Asia ; America ought to be, and will be, in due time, an advance upon Europe, unless the world should come to a sudden end.

But it may be said with equal propriety, especially at this time :

Eastward the course of empire takes its way.”

The West acts back upon the East. As Alexander the Great carried Greece to Syria, and as Napoleon carried France to Egypt, so Russia and England are now transplanting their sceptre and institutions, the one to Siberia, the other to India. America, too, by her politics, commerce, letters, useful arts, and religion, exerts a growing influence upon older nations.

The whole civilized world, by the wonderful inventions of

the press, the power of steam, and electricity, is becoming more and more one international and intercontinental community. Time and space are annihilated. An American gentleman reads at his breakfast what was said and done the evening before in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Calcutta.

#### EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Europe is in the prime of manhood, America in her fresh youth. Manhood has moderation, wisdom, and experience ; youth has its levity, vanity, and conceit, but also its buoyancy, elasticity, and hopefulness ; and while it has much to learn and to unlearn, it may with its peculiar gifts teach a good lesson even to old age, as Elihu did in the poem of Job.

Dean Stanley, of Westminster, who has in his keeping the venerable mausoleum of English history and literature, was struck with the remark he often heard during his recent visit from American lips in a tone of plaintive apology : " We are a young people," and " We have no antiquities ;" but he adds (reversing Lord Bacon's "*Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi*") : " The youth of a nation is also its antiquity."

America has, it is true, no pyramids like Egypt ; no colosseum like Rome ; no venerable cathedrals like Westminster and Cologne ; no libraries like the Vatican and the British Museum ; no Universities like Oxford and Berlin ; no art collections like Paris and Florence ; no poets like Shakespeare and Milton, or Goethe and Schiller ; no philosophers like Plato and Aristotle, or Leibnitz and Kant ; no historians like Gibbon and Macaulay, or Neander and Gieseler ; no theologians like Augustine and Calvin. She lives on the immortal works of genius which older countries and former generations have produced. She was discovered by an Italian sailing under the Spanish flag, and named after another Italian ; she derived her language, laws, customs, and religion from England ; her idea of a republican confederation from Switzerland and Holland ; her population, books, and works of art from all parts of the globe. Without the preceding history of Europe she would be still an unknown wilderness inhabited by savages.

But America—by which, of course, I mean here the United States—has learned a great deal in a short time, and claims a joint inheritance in the potent traditions and historic memories of all Christian nations, from whom she gathered her own population. Her few historic spots, such as Jamestown, Plymouth Rock, Independence Hall, Mount Vernon, touch English history in some of its most important epochs, and are as inseparably connected with it as the stem is with the root. The achievements and fame of Christopher Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, Roger Williams, William Penn, General Oglethorpe, Bishop Berkeley, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Count Zinzendorf, General Lafayette, Dr. Priestley, Louis Agassiz, James McCosh, and other distinguished men of modern times are divided between their native Europe and their temporary or permanent home in America.

In one respect America is only a new edition of Europe. Human nature and divine grace are the same in all ages and countries, and the great antagonist of God is as busy in the new world as in the old. There is nothing new under the sun. And yet there is nothing old under the sun. History never repeats itself. Every age and every nation has a peculiar mission to fulfil, and adds to the capital of wisdom and experience. America is not a feeble echo of Europe, but is honoring her ancestry by making a profitable investment of her rich inheritance and will transmit it doubled in value to posterity.

#### CENTENNIAL PROGRESS.

The progress of the United States within the first century of their independent existence is one of the marvels in modern history. It is due not to superior merit, but chiefly to the immense extent of country and a foreign immigration which has assumed the proportions of a peaceful migration of nations. We would not forget that God sometimes selects the smallest countries—as Palestine, Greece, Switzerland, the British Isles—for the greatest service. But vast empires are also included in his plan, and the unprecedented growth of the youngest of nations foreshadows a great future, as it involves corresponding danger and responsibility.



The United States of America is the daughter of Great Britain. It passed from the colonial into the national state by the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776; was recognized after a seven years' war by Great Britain, February 10, 1783, and adopted a constitution, September 17, 1787, which was enlarged from time to time by fifteen amendments, the last amendment being passed, February 26th, 1869. It has had nineteen Presidents, some having served two terms of four years. In 1876 the nation celebrated its first Centennial by an international exhibition in Philadelphia, the city of its birth, and by innumerable local commemorations. No nation on earth has celebrated such a centenary; none had such cause of gratitude for the past and hope for the future; none received such a rich legacy; none such a vast responsibility.

During that century the United States has had four wars; two with Great Britain, one with Mexico, and, worst of all, a fierce civil war which brought it to the brink of dismemberment. The first was the war for independence, the last for the preservation of the Union, the sovereignty of the national government over State rights, and the emancipation of four millions of negro slaves. The civil war cost probably more blood and treasure and stimulated more speculation and corruption than any war of the same duration; but the destruction of slavery—that relic of barbarism and heathenism which turned the Declaration of Independence into a lie and attracted the finger of scorn from the civilized world upon this land of boasted freedom and equality—was worth the cost. And, what is not less remarkable, immediately upon the defeat of the rebellion the immense army melted away like snow before the vernal sun, and the soldiers returned to the occupations of peace. Fortunately this country needs no standing army except for the protection of the frontier against Mexicans and wild Indians.

The progress within a century may be summed up in the following facts: The population—in round figures—has grown from less than three millions to more than forty millions, the number of States from thirteen to thirty-eight (besides ten Territories which in the course of time will take their rank among the States), the extent of territory by purchase and war from 420,892 to 3,026,494 square miles, with every variety of

soil and climate, and inexhaustible agricultural and mineral wealth.

The growth of churches, schools, colleges, libraries, newspapers, benevolent institutions, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, public roads, railroads, steamboats, and every branch of industry and art has been in proportion to the increase of population.

The American idea of a republic, as "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," has been consistently developed and ceased to be a mere experiment.

At the same time we have learned that republican institutions are just as liable to be corrupted and perverted as monarchical and imperial institutions, and that liberty without moral self-government and respect for law is a delusion and a snare. Universal suffrage, which after the civil war was extended to the negroes without any qualification, has worked well in the country as a whole and in national elections, but in the large cities it has thrown the ruling power into the hands of an ignorant multitude of voters under the control of selfish demagogues; and even our national elections are not free from disgraceful frauds. But universal suffrage once given to the people can never be recalled, except by a revolution, and its evils can only be counteracted by universal education. The evils of older countries are fast accumulating among us. Wealth is breeding extravagance and luxury, and is sweeping away the noble simplicity of republican habits. Materialism and Mammonism are undermining the foundations of virtue and spreading a degrading form of idolatry. Vice, crime, and pauperism are on the increase. Capital and labor are coming into conflict. We had street riots, in Philadelphia (1844), New York (1863), and elsewhere, and even a fearful outbreak of communistic violence (in 1877), which stopped railroads, destroyed millions of property, and threatened whole cities with destruction. Bribery and corruption have disgraced many a legislature, and even the judiciary is not always administering impartial justice. We are forced to witness the humiliating and shameful spectacle of whole States repudiating their honest debts, after Mississippi long ago had set the bad example, and there is no power in the general government to vindicate the national honor. If with a

comparatively small population in an immense country waiting for occupants we have already so much trouble, how much greater will our dangers and troubles be when the land shall be as thickly settled as Europe?

Some look upon universal education as the remedy for all evils, forgetting the inborn depravity of human nature. But intellectual education is worth little without virtue, and virtue must be supported and fed by piety, which binds men to God, inspires them with love to their fellow-men, and urges them on to noble thoughts and noble deeds. Our safety and ultimate success depends upon the maintenance and spread of the Christian religion. This was the conviction of our greatest statesmen from Washington to Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. The religious tie of authority and loyalty must be strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed. A self-governing democracy which does not obey the voice of conscience, and own God as its Ruler, must degenerate into mobocracy and anarchy. "Despotism," says De Tocqueville, that profound student of American institutions, "may govern without faith, but liberty cannot." God's Church, God's Book, and God's Day are the three pillars of American society. Without them it must go the way of all flesh, and God will raise up some other nation or continent to carry on his designs; but with them it will continue to prosper notwithstanding all hindrances from without and within.

A distinguished English divine, when visiting Niagara Falls, as he looked at midnight from the bridge which spans the river and unites the British and American dominions, into the seething chaos below and listened to the ceaseless roar of that avalanche of water, thought it a fit emblem of the restless and bewildering whirlpool of American life; but when he raised his eyes to the moonlight sky, "there arose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable: that silver column glittering in the moonbeams seemed an image of American history—of the upward heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present."

It is the motto of an American citizen never to despair of the commonwealth, and it is the motto of every believing

Christian never to despair of the progress and ultimate triumph of Christianity.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS.

Figures are facts. The following statistics will give you the best idea of the outward growth and the present numerical status of Christianity in the United States.

##### I. STATISTICS OF 1870.

We present first the results of the last decennial census of the United States, which was taken in 1870. They were published in three large quarto volumes, and condensed in "A Compendium" of 942 closely printed pages of figures, edited by Francis A. Walker (Superintendent of Census), Washington, 1872. From this document we make the following extracts :

Total population in the United States and Territories in 1870.....	38,558,371
White do.....	33,580,377
Colored.....	4,880,009
Foreign-born white population (included in total).....	5,567,229
Born in Great Britain and Ireland.....	2,626,241
Born in Germany.....	1,690,533

The ecclesiastical statistics of the census report (which are not given as a separate head, but strangely ranked under "Schools, Libraries, Newspapers, and Churches," and which do not agree in all cases with the statistics of denominational year-books and almanacs) are given on p. 514, in alphabetical order as follows :

DENOMINATIONS.	ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS OF 1870.			
	Organi- zations. (Congre- gations.)	Edi- fices.	Sittings.	Property.
All denominations.....	72,459	63,082	21,665,062	\$354,483,581
1 Baptist (regular or Calvinistic).....	14,474	12,857	3,997,116	\$39,229,221
2 Baptist (other, Free-Will, Mennon- ites, Tunkers, etc.).....	1,355	1,105	363,019	2,378,977
3 Christian (and "Disciples of Christ")	3,578	2,822	865,602	6,425,137
4 Congregational.....	2,887	2,715	1,117,212	25,069,698
5 Episcopal (Protestant)....	2,835	2,601	991,051	36,514,549
6 Evangelical Association.....	815	641	193,796	2,301,650
7 Friends (Quakers)....	692	662	224,664	3,939,560
8 Jews.....	189	152	73,265	5,155,234
9 Lutheran.....	3,032	2,776	977,332	14,917,747
10 Methodist.....	25,278	21,337	6,528,209	69,854,121
11 Miscellaneous.....	27	17	6,935	135,650
12 Moravian (Unitas Fratrum)....	72	67	25,700	709,100
13 Mormon.....	189	171	87,838	656,750
14 New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian)....	90	61	18,755	869,700
15 Presbyterian (regular) ..	6,262	5,683	2,198,900	47,828,732
16 Presbyterian (other).....	1,562	1,388	499,344	5,436,524
17 Reformed Church in America (late Dutch Reformed).....	471	468	227,228	10,359,255
18 Reformed Church in the United States (late German Reformed)....	1,256	1,145	431,700	5,775,215
19 Roman Catholic.....	4,127	3,806	1,990,514	60,985,566
20 Second Adventist.....	225	140	34,555	306,240
21 Shaker.....	18	18	8,850	86,900
22 Spiritualist.....	95	22	6,970	100,150
23 Unitarian.....	331	310	155,471	6,282,675
24 United Brethren in Christ.....	1,445	937	265,025	1,819,810
25 Universalist.....	719	602	210,884	5,692,325
26 Unknown (Local Missions).....	26	27	11,925	687,800
27 Unknown (Union).....	409	552	153,202	965,295

The decennial growth of all the churches since 1850 may be inferred from the following table:

	Church Edifices.	Accommodation.	Property.
A.D. 1850.....	38,061	14,234,825	\$87,328,801
A.D. 1860.....	54,009	19,128,751	171,397,932
A.D. 1870.....	63,082	21,665,062	354,483,581

## 2. COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF THE CENTENNIAL GROWTH OF CHURCHES FROM 1776 TO 1876.

The growth of churches during the first century of the United States can only be made out approximately. The Revolutionary war produced great confusion, and there are few reliable lists of ministers and congregations before 1790. The statistics of 1776, therefore, are mostly conjectural, but those of 1876 (as also those of 1878 in the next table) are from official records and private communications of leading men of different churches.

STATISTICS OF 1776 (OR 1780-90.)			STATISTICS OF 1876.		
DENOMINATIONS.	Ministers.	Churches.	DENOMINATIONS.	Ministers.	Churches.
Baptists of all descriptions.....	722	872 <sup>1</sup>	Baptists.....	13,779	22,924
Congregationalists.	575	700	Congregationalists.	3,333	3,509
Episcopalians.....	150 (No bishop.)	200 <sup>2</sup>	Episcopalians.....	3,216 (61 bishops.)	4,000
Friends (Quakers).	400	500	Friends (Quakers).	865	885
Lutherans (1786)...	25	60	Lutherans.....	2,662	4,623
Methodists of all descriptions.....	24	....	Methodists.....	20,453	40,000
Moravians.....	12(?)	8(?)	Moravians.....	75	75
Presbyterians (Gen. Assembly, 1788).	177	419	Presbyterians (Gen. Assembly).....	4,744	5,077
Reformed, Dutch..	40	100	Reformed, Dutch..	546	506
Reformed, German.	12	60	Reformed, German.	644	1,353
Roman Catholics..	26(?)	52(?) <sup>3</sup>	Roman Catholics..	5,141	5,046
Universalists.....	1	1	Universalists.....	689	867

<sup>1</sup> The Regular or Calvinistic Baptists numbered in 1790 about 200 ministers and 300 congregations.

<sup>2</sup> Estimated. The Protestant Episcopal Church had no regular statistical tables before 1832.

<sup>3</sup> The first R. C. bishop, Carroll of Maryland, was consecrated in 1790. In 1808 there were 80 Roman Catholic churches; in 1830, 230; in 1840, 454; in 1850, 1073; in 1860, 2385; in 1870, 3995.

## 3. ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS OF 1878.

DENOMINATIONS	Ministers.	Congregations.	Communicant Membership.	Nominal Membership.	Colleges.	Theological Seminaries.
Baptists :						
(a) Regular Baptists..	14,954	24,499	2,102,034	.....	31	9
(b) Other Baptists....	5,338	5,732	554,187	.....	....	....
(c) All Baptists .....	20,292 <sup>1</sup>	30,231	2,656,221	.....	....	....
Congregationalists.....	3,496 <sup>2</sup>	3,620	375,654	.....		7
Episcopalians.....	3,141	4,200	314,367	about	14	16
	(63 b'ps.) <sup>3</sup>			1,250,000		
Friends (Quakers).....	860	900	70,000	100,000	4	none.
				about		
Lutherans.....	2,976	5,176	808,428	2,000,000	18	15
Methodists :						
(a) Epis. Meth. North.	11,676	20,000	1,709,958	6,900,000	27	7
	(12 b'ps.)					
(b) Other Methodists..	11,886	12,000	1,718,092	7,100,000	25	5
(c) All Methodists....	23,562 <sup>4</sup>	32,000	3,428,050	14,000,000	52	12
Moravians.....	82	82	9,407	16,236	1	1
	(4 b'ps.)					
Presbyterians :						
(a) Gen. Assem. North	4,901	5,269	567,855	.....	....	13
(b) Gen. Assem. South	1,117	1,878	114,578	.....	....	2
(c) All Presbyterians.	8,301 <sup>5</sup>	10,648	897,598	.....	....	....
Reformed Episcopalians.	6	69	7,000	16,500	....	1
	(3 b'ps.)					
Reformed, Dutch.....	550	510	79,000	251,000	2	1
Reformed, German.....	714	1,380	124,596	151,651	6	3
Roman Catholics.....	5,750 <sup>6</sup>	5,589	6,375,630	6,375,630	78	23
	(52 b'ps.)					
Second Adventists.....	120	80	10,000	.....	....	....
Swedenborgians.....	100	115	5,000	15,000	1	2
Unitarians.....	401	358	.....	.....	....	2
Universalists.....	711	963	37,965	42,500	4	2

<sup>1</sup> Estimate of Rev. Prof. H. Osgood, D.D., Rochester, N. Y., compared with the American Baptist Year-Book. Philadelphia, 1879. (Bapt. Publication Society.)

<sup>2</sup> According to the careful statistics of the Congregational Year-Book. Boston, 1879.

<sup>3</sup> The statistics furnished by Bishop Perry, of Iowa, the historiographer of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, and the Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany, of New York.

<sup>4</sup> According to the estimates furnished by Rev. D. Dorchester, of Springfield, Mass., endorsed by Rev. Dr. Warren, of Boston. The Methodist Almanac, New York (Nelson & Phillips), 1879, differs somewhat, and credits the Methodist Episcopal Church only with 11,308 ministers (including 12 bishops), 16,099 congregations, and 1,683,783 members. But there are counted besides 12,749 local preachers. All the Methodist organizations together number 30 bishops and 26,642 local preachers, in addition to the regular ordained clergymen.

<sup>5</sup> The figures of the Northern and Southern General Assembly are from the last Minutes. The sum total of Presbyterians is estimated by Rev. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, of New York, Stated Clerk of the Northern General Assembly, and includes the United Presbyterians, the Welsh Calvinists, and the Cumberland Presbyterians, but not the Dutch and German Reformed churches.

<sup>6</sup> Among the 52 Roman Catholic bishops there are 11 archbishops and 1 cardinal. See Roman Catholic Almanac for 1879, New York (Sadlier & Co.). In some dioceses chapels are counted with churches, in others with mission stations. In some cases colleges and theological seminaries are combined, as at Emmitsburg, Md. The membership includes the whole R. Catholic population.

## 4. STATISTICS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK IN 1878.

We add the ecclesiastical statistics of the American metropolis, taken from the last report of the N. Y. City Mission Society, carefully prepared by its secretary, Mr. Lewis E. Jackson. It may furnish an idea of the strength of the churches in the larger cities.

Baptist churches and chapels.....	46
Congregational churches and chapels.....	9
Friends' churches and chapels.....	5
Greek churches and chapels.....	1
Jews' synagogues.....	23
Lutheran churches and chapels.....	23
Methodist Episcopal churches and chapels.....	58
African Methodist Episcopal churches and chapels.....	8
Free Methodist churches and chapels.....	2
Moravian churches and chapels.....	2
Presbyterian churches and chapels.....	65
United Presbyterian churches and chapels.....	10
Reformed Presbyterian churches and chapels.....	6
Protestant Episcopal churches and chapels.....	85
Reformed Episcopal churches and chapels.....	2
Reformed (Dutch and German) churches and chapels.....	28
Roman Catholic churches and chapels.....	56
Union or Undenominational churches and chapels.....	18
Unitarian churches and chapels.....	4
Universalist churches and chapels.....	6
Miscellaneous churches and chapels.....	39
Total.....	496

Of these 496 church organizations (including chapels and mission stations), 387 have church edifices, and these, together with the ground they occupy, are estimated to be worth \$40,-172,850. The total population of New York City in 1875 was 1,041,886.

The church organizations average a membership of 300, equal to a total of 80,000 communicants. The number of attendants, of course, is much larger. The Protestant churches and chapels afford accommodation probably for 275,000 persons, and the whole (nominally) Protestant population of the city is estimated at from 500,000 to 600,000.

The Roman Catholic churches are usually crowded on Sundays, and are not sufficient for the Roman Catholic population, which probably amounts to one third of the whole.



## THE DIFFERENT ELEMENTS OF AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.

The first distinctive feature of America is the commingling of nationalities. It is truly "*e pluribus unum.*" The Anglo-Saxon nationality forms the solid foundation, the very best for a vigorous, enterprising, liberty-loving, independent race ; but on this foundation are built stones from Scotland, Germany, Holland, Celtic Ireland, France, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Italy, Spain, Hungary, and Bohemia. Even African negroes, red Indians, and Asiatic Chinese are there in large numbers, but keeping apart.

With the exception of the last-mentioned races, the process of amalgamation is going on with wonderful rapidity, and out of the different nationalities of Europe there is fast rising a new and distinct nationality which more than any other seems destined to realize the unity and universality of the human family, with a continent for its home and two oceans for its outlet to the other continents. If the present English nation is superior to any of the three elements—the Celtic, the Anglo-Saxon, and the Norman-French—of which it is composed, may we not reasonably expect that the American nationality will ultimately be an advance upon any or most of the nationalities which contribute to its growth ?

A similar phenomenon is presented to us in American Christianity taken as a whole. It has gathered its material from all the churches and sects of Europe. It strikes its roots in the most excited and interesting period of English history, in the first half of the seventeenth century, when all the leading English denominations—except the Methodist—assumed a separate organization. It embraces the Anglican Episcopal Church, the Congregational, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist Churches, and the Society of Friends—all of English descent. Ireland furnishes the chief material for the Roman Catholic Church, Germany for the Lutheran, German Reformed, and Moravian, Holland for the Dutch Reformed Church. All the historical denominations are now represented in America except the old Greek Church, which numbers but one congregation in New York in connection with the Russian Embassy, and

another in Alaska Territory, which was bought from Russia under President Lincoln's administration. But these Churches are not, and probably never will be, melted into one national American Church. They exist as separate, independent organizations, on a basis of equality before the law, enjoying the protection of the government, but deriving no support from it. They are self-supporting and self-governing.

#### CHURCH AND STATE.

America has solved the problem of a "Free Church in a Free State." Church and state co-exist in peaceful and respectful separation, each minding its own business without interference or hindrance from the other. The state takes care of the secular, the church of the moral and spiritual interests of the people. The church enjoys the protection of the government for its property and the free exercise of public worship, but asks and receives no pecuniary support from it.

Congress is forever prevented, by the First Amendment of the Federal Constitution, to make any law "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This indeed does not apply to the several States, and some of them continued to tax their citizens for the support of the church till 1830, but the voluntary principle has gradually triumphed in the whole country, except in the abnormal territory of the Mormons. The law of Congress, it should be distinctly remembered, is protective as well as prohibitive, and owes its origin not to contempt, but to respect for religion and its free exercise. Herein the American idea of religious freedom differs *toto cælo* from the red-republican idea, as faith differs from infidelity, and as constitutional liberty differs from anti-nomian license.

The experiment of unrestricted religious freedom has been tried for a hundred years, and has worked well. There is no desire anywhere to change it. Every church knows that the freedom and independence of all other churches is the best safeguard of its own freedom, and that the least attempt to aspire to political power and supremacy would arouse the jealousy and opposition of the others.

Religious freedom—which is very different from mere tole-

ration, and which necessarily includes freedom of public worship—is regarded in America as one of the fundamental and inalienable rights of man, more sacred than civil freedom or the freedom of thought and speech. It is the highest kind of freedom, and is at the same time the best protection of all other freedom. The dominion of conscience is inviolable. No power on earth has a right to interpose itself between man and his Maker. All attempts to compel religion from without are apt to beget hypocrisy or infidelity. Religion flourishes best in the atmosphere of freedom. The inevitable abuses of freedom are more than counterbalanced by its benefits. These are settled principles in America.

Experience has proved already in the first three centuries of persecution, that Christianity is abundantly able to support itself and to govern itself, and to do it much better than the secular power can do it. The voluntary principle has its inconveniences, and entails a great deal of suffering on pastors of young and poor congregations, and among immigrants who are not yet weaned of reliance on government support. The average salary of ministers is probably not more than \$700 (although a few receive from \$5000 to \$10,000), and ought to be \$1000 to enable them to live comfortably and to give their children a good education. But, on the other hand, the voluntary principle secures an able, energetic, devoted clergy, who command respect by their self-denying services. It makes the laity feel their responsibility, calls forth a vast amount of liberality, and attaches them to the church in proportion to the amount of labor and money they have invested in it. Liberality, like every other virtue, grows with its exercise, and so becomes a settled habit. The more we give the more we feel the blessedness of giving. “Make all ye can, save all ye can, give all ye can.”

Upon the whole we may venture to say that America, in proportion to her age and population, is better provided with churches, Sunday-schools, and religious institutions and agencies than any country in the world, with the exception, perhaps, of England and Scotland. Church extension keeps pace with the growth of the population; and this is saying much, if we remember the enormous influx of foreign elements.

## THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN NATION.

The separation of church and state is not and cannot be absolute. It does not mean a separation of the nation from religion. It means only the absence of an established or national church to which all are bound to belong and to contribute, whether they agree with its creed and polity or not ; it means that citizenship is independent of church-membership ; it means that every man is free to choose his own creed or no creed, and that his religious opinions and ecclesiastical connection have nothing to do with his civil and political rights.

But the American people are nevertheless in fact a Christian nation, and if religion may be judged from the number of churches and Sunday-schools, colleges and seminaries, from the extent of Bible-reading, Sabbath-keeping, church-going, liberal giving, and active charity, they need not fear a comparison with any nation in Christendom. The clergy are, upon the whole, the most respected and influential class of the community. They are invited to all public festivities, and called upon to open even political meetings with the invocation of the divine blessing. The government employs in the judicaries and in the introduction of officers the Christian oath. It appoints from time to time days of thanksgiving, fasting, and prayer. The memorable national ordinance of 1787, for the government of Territories west of the Ohio, declares that "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and means of education shall ever be encouraged." Congress, the army and the navy, have their regular chaplains, paid by the government. Church property, like school property, is exempt from taxation. Christianity is an integral part of the common law of the land, and enjoys as much protection in courts of justice as in any country under the sun. It is deeply rooted in national habits, which are even stronger than laws, and has a mighty hold on the respect and affections of all classes of society.

I have consulted on this important subject, which is often misunderstood in Europe, one of the most learned jurists, Judge Theodore W. Dwight, President of the Columbia Law School,

New York, and he has kindly furnished me with the following confirmatory statement on the legal status of Christianity in the United States :

"It is well settled by decisions in the courts of the leading States of the Union—*e. g.*, New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—that Christianity is a part of the common law of the State. Its recognition is shown in the administration of oaths in the courts of justice, in the rules which punish those who wilfully blaspheme, in the observance of Sunday, in the prohibition of profanity, in the legal establishment of permanent charitable trusts, and in the legal principles which control a parent in the education and training of his children. One of the American courts (that of Pennsylvania) states the law in this manner : 'Christianity is and always has been a part of the common law of this State—Christianity without the spiritual artillery of European countries—not Christianity founded on any particular religious tenets—not Christianity with an established church and titles and spiritual courts, but Christianity with liberty of conscience to all men.'

"The American States adopted these principles from the common law of England, rejecting such portions of the English law on this subject as were not suited to their customs and institutions. Our national development has in it the best and purest elements of historic Christianity as related to the government of States. Should we tear Christianity out of our law, we would rob our law of its fairest jewels, we would deprive it of its richest treasures, we would arrest its growth, and bereave it of its capacity to adapt itself to the progress in culture, refinement, and morality of those for whose benefit it properly exists."

There are especially three points on which church and state come in contact : marriage, Sunday, and education. They require a separate consideration.

1. MARRIAGE in America is a civil contract, and may be performed by a civil magistrate as well as by a clergyman. The Mayor of New York solemnizes more marriages—chiefly among immigrants—than any minister of the Gospel. But most Americans seek the blessing of the church for their union.

The only legitimate form of marriage is monogamy. Mormonism tried to undermine this Christian institution, and to introduce a worse than Mohammedan polygamy which destroys the dignity of woman and the happiness of home ; but Congress has expressly prohibited polygamy, and the Supreme Court has affirmed the constitutionality of this law. Utah Territory will not be admitted into the confederacy of independent

States until this poisonous plant is uprooted. It is a significant fact that the increase of that abnormal sect is almost exclusively from foreign immigration, stimulated by promises of temporal prosperity, which so far has attended the Mormon settlements in Utah.

2. SUNDAY is regarded as both a civil and religious institution, and hence a proper subject for protective (not coercive) legislation. The State cannot compel people to go to church or to observe Sunday religiously, but it may lawfully prohibit the *public desecration* of it, and ought to protect the religious people in the enjoyment of the Sunday rest and the privilege of public worship as well as in the enjoyment of any other right. Hence the Sabbath is guarded in nearly all the States, and such protection is of the utmost importance to the laboring community, who otherwise would become slaves to heartless capital.

A strict regard for the civil and religious Sabbath is a national American custom, and dates from the first settlements of the country, especially in Puritan New England. Law and custom go hand in hand. All legislative and judicial proceedings, including those of the Supreme Court of the United States, are suspended on Sunday. Civil contracts are to a large extent illegal if made on that day. No political elections are held on Sunday, as is customary in France. The inauguration of the President of the United States is postponed to Monday, if the fourth of March appointed for this act falls on the Lord's Day. The Constitution of the United States, which extends over all the States and Territories, exempts Sunday from the working-days of the President for signing a bill of Congress. The whole nation celebrates the Declaration of Independence on the fifth instead of the fourth of July, if it be Sunday; thus subordinating the birthday of the nation to the day of Christ's resurrection.

So general and deep-rooted is this sentiment in the American people, that President Abraham Lincoln, even in the midst of the civil war, when every thing seemed to give way to military necessity, issued a memorable order enjoining the proper observance of the Sabbath upon the officers and men in the army and navy. The order, dated Washington, November 15th, 1862, says: "The importance for man and beast of the

prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity."

The sanctity of the American Sabbath is threatened by infidels and foreigners from the Continent, who would like to turn it into a day of secular amusement, and to substitute the theatre and beer saloon for the church and Sunday-school. But the better class of Europeans, after some observation and experience, come to see the inestimable blessing of one day of sacred rest for body and soul, and are co-operating with the Americans for the maintenance of their time-honored national custom. The Sabbath Committee of New York has done a good work in this direction and stimulated similar efforts in other large cities.

3. EDUCATION is untrammelled, and left to individuals, to the family, the church, and the several States. Religion may be freely taught in all private and parochial schools. The General Government provides only for the education of officers of the army and navy, and does so very liberally.

But almost every State and Territory maintains now a system of public schools which are supported by general taxation, and are open to all without distinction of race or creed. Some of the new Western States have made munificent provision by devoting a part of the public lands for the support of primary and even university education. President Grant, in his Centennial Message to Congress, December 7th, 1875, advised the passage of a constitutional amendment making it "the duty of the several States to establish and forever to maintain free public schools, adequate to the education of all the children in rudimentary branches, within their respective limits, irrespective of sex, color, birth-place, or religion; forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious [sectarian], atheistic, or pagan tenets," etc. But the suggestion was not acted on, and the strange phraseology in the last clause certainly would need some rectification.

In the public schools of New England and other States, the custom prevails—and has prevailed from the beginning—of opening the daily exercises with the reading of the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. This custom works very well where the

population is Protestant and homogeneous, and, although it is not at all sufficient, it keeps up before the rising generation the importance and necessity of religion as an essential element of education. This is a great deal. The effect, of course, depends greatly on the spirit and personal conviction of the teacher who conducts the religious exercises.

But just here comes in the irrepressible conflict between church and state. This time-honored custom is violently and persistently assailed by infidels, Jews, and especially by Roman Catholics—who have become very numerous in large cities. The Roman hierarchy, in accordance with the Papal Syllabus of 1864, claims the monopoly of religious education, cares more for the Roman Catechism than the Bible, regards King James' Version as a sectarian, incorrect, and incomplete translation, and is not without good reason afraid of the free Protestant atmosphere of the mixed public schools. These scruples are conscientious, and consistent from the Roman Catholic standpoint, and have inclined many Protestants to sacrifice the Bible, if necessary, rather than the common schools.

The controversy will come up again and again in different States, and can only be settled in the course of time. I will state the various plans which have been proposed.

(1) Give up the public schools, and leave education in the hands of the family and the church where it properly belongs. This was originally the Roman Catholic plan, but it was signally defeated in public elections. It would surrender a large portion of our population to the barbarism of ignorance. A self-governing republic needs for its preservation intelligent voters and useful citizens, and hence is bound to furnish the opportunity, at least for primary education. The American people will never abandon the common-school system ; on the contrary, it is gaining strength from year to year and rising higher and higher, even beyond the reasonable limits of a thorough elementary training for intelligent and useful citizenship.

(2) Divide the public-school funds annually raised by taxation among the different denominations and sects for separate management. This is the more recent Roman Catholic proposition, but is likewise impracticable. It would break up the common-school system altogether. It would require Protes-



tants, who pay most taxes, to aid in supporting the Roman Catholic parochial schools, and would leave those who belong to no church or sect without any schools. Besides, it would intensify and perpetuate the sectarian animosities, while the present system has a tendency to check and moderate them, and to raise a homogeneous generation.

(3) United secular, and separate religious education. Confine the State schools to purely secular instruction, and leave all religious instruction to the churches and Sunday-schools. This is the spirit of General Grant's proposal mentioned above, which would exclude all religious, but also all irreligious (atheistic and pagan), teaching from the public schools. It seems to be most consistent with the separation of church and state, and many advocate it as the genuine American plan. But an immense interest like the education of a nation of cosmopolitan and pan-ecclesiastical composition cannot be regulated by a logical syllogism. Life is stronger and more elastic than logic. It is impossible to draw the precise line of separation between secular and moral, and between moral and religious education. Absolute indifference of the school to morals and religion is impossible; it must be either moral or immoral, religious or irreligious, Christian or anti-Christian. Religion enters into the teaching of history, mental and moral philosophy, and other branches of learning which are embraced in our common-school system, and which public sentiment deems necessary. What should we think of a text-book of general history which would ignore the creation, the fall, the revelation, Abraham, Moses, and even Jesus Christ, and the Christian Church? An education which ignores religion altogether would raise a heartless and infidel generation of intellectual animals, and prove a curse rather than a blessing.

(4) Let the leaders of ecclesiastical denominations unite in some general scheme of religious instruction which shall be confined to the essentials held in common by all, such as a selection of psalms and hymns, the Sermon on the Mount, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed. But the Roman Catholics are not likely ever to agree with the Protestants on any religious formula. And the conscience of the Jews must likewise be respected.

(5) Let religious instruction be separately given in appointed hours by special teachers chosen for the purpose by the different churches ; the parents to be free to send their children to the teacher they prefer, or to excuse them from attendance. This may be called the German plan, which has not yet received sufficient consideration.

(6) The local option plan leaves the whole question with the school boards to be decided according to the composition and wants of the children. This is the present plan, and is likely to prevail, with some modifications and adaptations to the wants of different communities. Absolute uniformity seems impracticable and undesirable in a country where the States are independent, the population heterogeneous, and the public sentiment divided.

Fortunately, religious education is not confined to public schools, which would be meagre indeed, but is supplemented by the family, the Sunday-school, and pastoral or catechetical instruction. Even if the Roman Catholics should succeed in driving the Bible out of our common schools, it would only stimulate the churches to greater zeal in training the young for usefulness in this world and happiness in the world to come.

#### DENOMINATIONALISM.

American Christianity, as already stated, is not an organic unit, nor a confederation of churches, but is divided into an indefinite number of independent ecclesiastical organizations called *Denominations*,<sup>1</sup> which, while differing in doctrine, or discipline, or cultus, are equal before the law, and have perfect liberty to work and to propagate themselves, by peaceful and moral means, to the extent of their ability.

Where there is no national or state church, there can be no dissenters or nonconformists as in England, and no sects in the sense in which this word is used on the Continent in opposition to the (national) church. The sects have become churches, and among these the Methodists and Baptists, who

<sup>1</sup> The term *Denominations* is the American equivalent for the European (Continental) term *Confessions*, and is more appropriate, since the number of sects is much larger than the number of confessions of faith.

are scarcely known in some countries of the Continent and barely tolerated in others, are numerically the largest in the United States.

This of itself would be enough to condemn the religious condition of the United States as an anomaly in the judgment of a churchman who is brought up in the traditions of an exclusive state-churchism. To a German looking from the outside, America is a wilderness of sects, as to an American, Germany is a wilderness of theological schools. The liberty of thought, which in Germany produces more opinions than thinkers, is checked in England and America by the wholesome restraint of public opinion and orthodox sentiment; but, on the other hand, we have much greater liberty of action and organization, which produces a superfluity of sects.

American denominationalism is certainly not the ideal and final condition of Christianity, but only a transition state for a far higher and better union than has ever existed before, a union which must be spiritual, free, and comprehend every variety of Christian life. The time must come, although it may not be before the second advent of Christ as the one Head of His Church, when party names will disappear, when there will be one flock under one Shepherd, and when believers will "be made perfect in one," even as Christ is with the Father.

But American denominationalism is the necessary outcome of the church history of Europe, and is overruled by Providence for the more rapid spread of Christianity. We should consider the following facts, on which an intelligent judgment must be based :

1. There is a difference between denominationalism and sectarianism : the former is compatible with true catholicity of spirit ; the latter is nothing but an extended selfishness, which crops out of human nature everywhere and in all ages and conditions of the church. The Roman Church, with all its outward uniformity, has as much carnal animosity among its monastic orders as there ever existed between Protestant sects.

2. The American denominations have sprung directly or indirectly from the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century and the Puritan commotion of the seventeenth century ; they are found in Europe as well, though scattered and divided

by geographical and political boundaries, and hampered by many disabilities.

3. They represent historical phases and types of Christianity which must be fully developed and finish their mission before there can be a free reunion. At the same time I would not deny that there are a few petrified sects in America, which date their existence from some local or temporary quarrel in Europe, and which seem to have no right to exist except as antiquarian curiosity shops.

4. The denominations multiply the agencies for Christianizing the land, and stimulate a noble rivalry in all good works, which counterbalances the incidental evils of division. It is proper to add that proselytism is denounced by all honorable men. There is work enough for all denominations among their own members, and in the outlying semi-heathenish population, without interfering with each other.

5. They are really more united in spirit than the different theological schools and church parties of national churches under one governmental roof, and manifest this underlying unity by hearty co-operation in common enterprises, such as the distribution of the Bible, the preservation and promotion of Sunday observance, the Sunday-School Union, the Evangelical Alliance, city missions, and the management of various charitable institutions. The European delegates to the General Conference of the Alliance in New York were struck with the powerful manifestation of this unity in diversity, which they had never witnessed on such a grand scale anywhere before. And this spirit of catholic unity is steadily progressing, and all the more so because it is the spontaneous outgrowth of the spirit of Christianity, which is a spirit of love.

Among these various modes of co-operation should be mentioned the work of revising the English Bible in common use, which has been carried on since 1870 with great harmony by a large number of biblical scholars of all Protestant denominations in England and the United States. This revision, when completed and adopted for public use, will be a noble monument of the spiritual unity and exegetical consensus of English-speaking Christendom.

## THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

We now proceed to describe some of the general activities of evangelical Christianity in America. We begin with the preparation for the ministry.

Theological learning is fast progressing, even among those denominations who formerly neglected it, but are beginning to see that the intelligence and culture of the age peremptorily require a well-educated ministry, especially in a country where public opinion rules supreme and where the church depends upon the voluntary support and affection of the people. A few obscure sects perpetuate their ignorance and stagnation, and as they are dead to the surrounding world, the world cares no more for them than for antediluvian fossils.

Ministerial education is carried on in special seminaries, of which there are now probably more than a hundred in the land. A few first-class institutions would be better than many poor ones which spread a superficial culture at the expense of depth and solidity. But the vast extent of the country and the rivalry of sects stimulate the multiplication. There are institutions where one or two professors must teach all branches of learning, and spend the vacation in the humiliating business of collecting their own scanty salary. But a few of the older seminaries are nearly as fully equipped with professors, students, and libraries as the best theological faculties in Germany and Switzerland, and admit no students who have not taken a full college course. Two of them have more students than some renowned universities of Europe.

Instruction is free in all these seminaries, and professors receive no fees. Indigent and worthy students are aided by scholarships or by beneficiary boards, to which all congregations are expected to contribute according to their means. Others prefer to support themselves by teaching or by mission work in connection with some church or Sunday-school.

Discipline is much more strict than in German universities. The wild excesses of student life are not unknown in some of our colleges, but unheard of in theological seminaries. Only such students are admitted as are in good standing in their

church, and give reasonable evidence of choosing the ministry not merely as an honorable profession, but from love to Christ and desire to save souls. Every lecture is opened with a short prayer. Much attention is paid to the cultivation of piety as well as learning. From a long experience as a public teacher in Europe and America, I may venture the assertion that the theological students of America, as regards ability, gentlemanly bearing, and Christian character are equal to any in the world.

The theology taught in these seminaries differs, of course, according to the denomination. Each has its own creed and theological traditions. New England Congregationalism has produced the first and so far the only distinct school of American dogmatic theology, headed by the great and good Jonathan Edwards. It is a subtle form of scholastic Calvinism based on the Westminster standards, but it has during the last fifty years undergone, in one of its branches, considerable modification, even to the verge of Pelagianism. The latest monumental work of orthodox Calvinism is the "Systematic Theology" of the venerable and amiable Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, who after celebrating the semi-centennial of a spotless and unusually successful career of public teaching (1872), entered into his rest (1878), but will long live in his books and in the grateful memory of innumerable pupils. Dr. Tholuck, the friend of his youth, had preceded him a year before.

In biblical and historical learning we are largely indebted to Germany, which has been for the last fifty years the chief intellectual and critical workshop of Protestantism, both orthodox and heterodox. Professor Stuart of Andover, and Professor Robinson of Union Seminary, New York (the well-known Palestine explorer), were the pioneers of biblical and Anglo-German learning in America. Since that time almost every important German contribution to theological science has been imported or translated, and many German scholars—Neander, Gieseler, Tholuck, Olshausen, Lange, Meyer, Delitzsch, etc.—have more readers in America than in their fatherland (if we are to judge from the success of their translated works). A considerable number of our students are annually resorting to Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, and other universities to complete their studies; and not unfrequently they extend their visit to Bible lands, where

they can read "the fifth Gospel" and study the Book in the land of its birth. The students return with the latest ideas and advances of European scholarship, and prepare the way for America's golden age of theology, which cannot be far distant.

The American ministry, while it may be behind in classical culture, is more orthodox and better trained for practical church work than that of Protestant countries of the Continent. A minister may choose among the different creeds, but is expected to be loyal to the one he has chosen. A preacher who does not believe what he preaches is regarded as a moral monstrosity, and would soon be disciplined or starved out. There are indeed a few smart and witty sensationalists who turn the sacred pulpit into a platform for the amusement of the hearers, and preach politics, æsthetics, and anything rather than the Gospel of Christ. But these are exceptions. Dull and tedious sermons are not more frequent than in some parts of Europe. The great evangelical doctrines of sin and grace are faithfully, earnestly, and effectively proclaimed in nearly all denominations.

#### SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

In close connection with the church is the Sunday-school. It is the church for the young and rising generation. There is hardly a congregation which has not a Sunday-school attached to it. The pupils are divided into groups, and the groups are gratuitously taught by members of the church, male and female, under the superintendence of the pastor or a competent layman. The school is held either before or after the morning service. It is made attractive to children by lively music, pictures, anecdotes, and innocent amusements adapted to their capacity and taste. The chief and often the only text-book is the Bible, with or without a catechism. The recent system of interdenominational and international Scripture lessons has immensely stimulated and extended Bible studies, and called forth a flood of popular commentaries in periodicals and separate volumes.

The American Sunday-school instruction is of incalculable importance for the future of the country. It may often be very superficial; but that is the fault of the teachers, and not of the system, which admits of endless improvement. The Sunday-

school system supplements the scanty religious training of the public schools ; it popularizes and commends religion by bringing it down to the capacity of childhood in the spirit of unselfish love ; it develops a vast amount of lay-agency, and gives to young men and women a fine field of pleasant usefulness on the Lord's Day ; it promotes the proper observance of the Lord's Day by feeding His lambs ; it keeps alive a child-like spirit in the adults ; it attaches the parents to the church by the interest shown in their offspring ; and it is a most effective missionary agency by scattering the seed of new churches throughout the land.

The literature for children stimulated by the Sunday-school system is beyond any thing known in former ages of the world. There are illustrated child's papers with a circulation not only of tens of thousands but of hundreds of thousands of copies. That a large amount of this literature is not child-like but childish, may be expected. But the chaff is soon blown away, the wheat remains. Alongside with ephemeral productions you will find in the majority of Sunday-school libraries the best popular and devotional books and periodicals for teachers and pupils.

The American Sunday-school system has for the last ten or fifteen years found much favor on the continent of Europe, and is likely to become there a regular institution. A society in Brooklyn, consisting mostly of ladies, keeps up a regular correspondence with foreign Sunday-school workers and aids them with funds.

#### MISSIONS.

The churches in the United States spend more men and money for the conversion of the heathen than any other nation except the English. The two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, having the control over the seas and commercial intercourse with all parts of the world, are chiefly intrusted by Providence with the propagation of Bible Christianity to the ends of the earth. They have the means, and on them rests the responsibility. It is, however, but proper to state that some of the most devoted missionaries in the employ of the English



“Church Missionary Society” (including Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem) are Germans or Swiss trained in the Mission Institute of Basle.

Missions are carried on in America by the churches themselves as a regular church work, instead of being left to voluntary societies, as in the national churches of Europe. Each pastor and each congregation are supposed to be interested in the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad, and to contribute towards it according to their ability. Boards are appointed as the agencies of the church, with officers who devote their whole time to this cause. The missionaries are selected from the most gifted and zealous graduates of the theological seminaries, instead of being trained in separate institutions of a lower grade.

Hence American missionaries in foreign lands are admitted by disinterested observers to be men of superior character and education. Lord Shaftesbury commended the American pioneers of the mission in the Turkish empire for “a marvellous combination of common-sense and piety,” and more recently (in 1878) Lord Beaconsfield called them “men of the highest principles, of even a sublime character; men who devote their lives to the benefit of their fellow-creatures, and seek no reward but the approval of their own consciences.” It would be easy to collect similar testimonies from the books of travellers who have observed the labors of these missionaries in Turkey, Syria, India, China, and Japan.

The missionary activity is divided between Foreign missions, Home missions, and City missions.

I. The FOREIGN or HEATHEN missions began in the colonial period with the labors of John Eliot (the translator of an Indian Bible—the first Bible printed in America, 1663), David Brainerd, and David Zeisberger, among the red Indians, and if their zeal had been kept up the Indian problem would have been peacefully solved long ago. The first general Foreign Missionary Society was formed in 1810 under the name of the “American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.” It grew out of a society of students in the Theological Seminary at Andover. It embraced for a considerable period the Congregational, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, and German

Reformed churches, but is now purely Congregationalist ; the other churches having peacefully withdrawn to form their own missionary societies, with a view to develop more fully the liberality of their people. The Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, and other denominations have likewise their own mission boards.

These various societies are now supporting schools, churches, and presses among the native Indians, in the Sandwich Islands, in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Persia, East India, Siam, China, Japan, South and West Africa, Mexico, and South America, and the papal countries of Southern Europe. Some of the most zealous propagandists regard even the lands of the Reformation as an open mission field, and provoke the opposition of those who look upon them as sectarian intruders, while others welcome them as helpers in reclaiming the destitute masses, and rejoice with St. Paul if only Christ be preached and souls saved.

The American Missionary Societies combined sustain at present about 600 Protestant missionaries and many times that number of native helpers in foreign fields, at an annual cost of about \$1,704,000. Of this sum the General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian Church contributed last year \$468,147.

2. HOME Missions. The vast immigration from Europe and the constant emigration of Americans from the Eastern to the Western and Pacific States necessitates the organization of special efforts for supplying this population and the new settlements with the means of grace, with ministers, churches, and institutions of learning. All the leading denominations take part in this great work of Christianizing the continent. It is generally felt that, unless we follow the westward tide of our population with the gospel, we are threatened with a new and worse heathenism and barbarism.

As a specimen of what is done in this direction I will present a sketch of the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, which has been kindly furnished to me by one of its secretaries (the Rev. Dr. D. B. Coe):

“The Home Missionary work of the Congregational churches was commenced in Massachusetts about the year 1695, and was sustained by annual grants from the treasury of the colony. ‘The Society for Propagating the Gospel among

the Indians, and others in North America' was founded in Boston in 1787, and was the first incorporated missionary society in the United States. In 1798 the Missionary Society of Connecticut was organized, and similar societies were formed soon afterward in the other New England States.

"The American Home Missionary Society, though planned in New England, was organized, May 12th, 1826, by individuals representing four denominations of Christians. The Associate Reformed, Reformed Dutch, and Presbyterian churches successively withdrew from this alliance, and since 1860 the society has represented Congregationalists only in the work of home missions. But its resources and its operations have rapidly increased. In its first year it expended \$13,984, and sustained 169 missionaries who preached to 196 congregations in fifteen States and Territories. More than two thirds (120) of these missionaries were stationed in the State of New York, and only 33 of them in the Western States and Territories. During its last year (1878) the society expended \$284,540, and sustained 996 missionaries, who preached to 2237 congregations in 32 States and Territories; and 604 of these laborers were stationed in Western States and Territories.

"In 52 years the American Home Missionary Society has collected and disbursed \$8,200,000. Through its agency 33,000 years of ministerial labor have been performed at more than 7000 stations in 45 States and Territories of the United States. About 4000 churches have been planted or aided in the support of the ministry, 281,000 persons have been gathered into them, and nearly 2000 of them have been raised to the condition of self-support."

3. The CITY Mission is a part of Home mission, and aims to evangelize the destitute and ignorant masses which congregate in large cities, especially in New York, where, as in ancient Rome, to use the words of Tacitus, "*cuncta undique atrocita aut pudenda confluent celebranturque.*" It is conducted by combined effort of several denominations, or by separate denominations, or by individual congregations which establish and support mission Sunday-schools and chapels as a regular part of their work. "The New York City Mission and Tract Society," which is carried on by several denominations, but mainly

by Presbyterians, sustains forty missionaries (men and women), three organized churches, five chapels, five Sunday-schools with 2000 children, and expends annually about \$40,000. Besides, almost every denomination in New York has its own missions, and there are also independent missions among the seamen, the Germans, the Irish, the Italians, the colored people.

#### THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

America is the paradise of newspapers. The paradise is, of course, not free from snakes. "The satanic press," so called, is stronger in a republic than in a monarchy, and does an incalculable amount of mischief. There is no restraint whatever on the freedom of the press, which accordingly reflects all the bad as well as good passions of the people, and all the bitterness of party contests, especially in times of election. But the Americans have much more confidence in freedom than in the police, and are determined to fight out the battle on this line, being convinced that truth is mightier than error, and must prevail in the end. Newspapers are, of course, amenable to public opinion, and in the struggle for life and success they must satisfy all the reasonable demands, and respect the usages and tastes of their readers. No decent paper would dare to defy the general sentiment of morality and religion. Even the worst of them publish more religious news than any secular paper in Europe.

Every American reads newspapers. He would rather do without his breakfast than without his morning paper, which gives him a bird's-eye view of the world's life on the preceding day. The leading dailies number their subscribers by tens of thousands, some reaching a circulation of over a hundred thousand. They are brought into every household, sold on the street, in the hotels, on the steamboats, in the railroad cars, and transmitted by post to the remotest settlements. Owing to their immense circulation and advertising patronage they can afford to be very cheap. The enterprise of American newspapers shrinks from no expense. They get telegraphic news and correspondence from all parts of the world, wherever any thing of

interest is going on. The Monday issues contain even reports of popular sermons as items of news, so that millions may read what thousands have heard the day before. One editor in New York succeeded, where geographical societies and government expeditions failed, in finding Livingstone in the wilds of Africa, and revealing the mysteries of that continent from the sources of the Nile to the western coast.

This spirit of enterprise communicates itself in large measure to the religious press. Every respectable denomination has its stately quarterly review, its monthly magazine, and its weekly newspaper or newspapers. The quarterlies are intended for scholars, and for that vast and steadily-growing theological lay-public which wants to be posted in the progress of theology and general literature, and to possess itself of the results of the latest learned researches. The magazines furnish light reading for the educated classes. The weeklies are religious newspapers in the proper sense of the term. Of the last class 30 are published in New York City, 21 in Philadelphia, 15 in Chicago, 14 in Cincinnati, 11 in Boston, 9 in St. Louis, 9 in San Francisco, 4 in Richmond.

The weekly religious newspaper is a peculiar American institution, and reaches almost every family. Europe has, of course, its religious periodicals, but with the exception of a few English weeklies, they are confined to purely ecclesiastical or devotional reading, and rarely exceed a circulation of one thousand copies. An American religious weekly treats *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*, and requires at least five thousand subscribers to be self-sustaining. It furnishes a weekly panorama of the world as well as of the church, avoiding, of course, all that is demoralizing and objectionable, but omitting nothing that is thought instructive, interesting, and edifying to a Christian family. Miscellaneous advertisements, ecclesiastical, literary, and commercial, take up a good deal of space and pay the heavy expense.

The religious newspaper furnishes throughout the year a library of useful and entertaining reading for the small sum of two or three dollars. It is a welcome weekly family visitor, and easily becomes an indispensable institution, a powerful aid to the pulpit, and a promoter of every good cause.

## THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Intemperance is one of the greatest evils in America, and the most fruitful source of crime, pauperism, and taxation. It prevails especially among the lower classes, both native and foreign. A great deal of intemperance is imported from abroad, and made worse under the stimulating effect of the American climate and by the poisonous adulteration of liquors. The Latin races are generally temperate (though less so than the Arabs and Turks under the prohibition of wine by the Koran); the immigrants from the British Isles and from Scandinavia take to the strongest drinks; the Germans, whom Dr. Luther in his day charged with being possessed by the "Saufteufel," worship lager-beer, which is consumed in amazing quantities, and, although far less injurious, yet, in the opinion of Prince Bismarck, the greatest of living Germans, "makes stupid and lazy, and breeds democracy." Its effect is much worse in America, where every thing is apt to be carried to excess.

It is estimated that between six and seven hundred millions of dollars are annually expended in the United States for intoxicating drinks. In New York City alone there are 8000 licensed and unlicensed liquor-shops and lager-beer saloons. Chief-Justice Noah Davis, of New York, states from his long judicial experience that "one half of all the crimes of America and Great Britain is caused by the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors; and that of the crimes involving personal violence certainly three fourths are chargeable to the same cause." The liquor interest is a fearful monster: it defies or evades legislation, it uses bribery and corruption for its work of destruction, it devours the hard earnings of the poor, it brings misery and ruin on families, and sends thousands of drunkards reeling with a rotten body and a cheerless soul to a hopeless grave.

To counteract this gigantic evil the best efforts of philanthropists and Christians have been called into action. The temperance movement, while it reveals one of the darkest aspects of American society, is also among the strongest evidences of

the earnest, aggressive, reforming character of American Christianity. The "National American Temperance Society" covers the land with tracts and books setting forth the baneful effects of intemperance, and acts upon legislatures in behalf of prohibitive measures. There are besides innumerable local and congregational temperance organizations of men and women. Temperance lecturers travel over the land and address crowded audiences in churches, public halls, and theatres, inducing thousands to take the pledge after the example set in a previous generation by Father Matthew in Ireland. Among these lecturers are reformed drunkards like John Gough and Francis Murphy, men of extraordinary dramatic eloquence, made doubly effective by their own sad experience. The evangelists Moody and Sankey make temperance a prominent practical topic of their revival preaching. The Methodist Church as a body is a vast temperance society.

There is a difference of views as to the best means of curing the evil, but there is abundant room for a variety of methods.

The moderate temperance reformers advocate strict license laws, the prohibition of all artificial alcoholic drinks and the poisonous adulteration of genuine wine. Regarding total prohibition as undesirable or at least as impracticable, especially in large cities, they aim at such a regulation and diminution of the liquor traffic as will make it comparatively harmless. Unfortunately, in a heterogeneous city like New York the best legislation is so often defeated or evaded by faithless magistrates, who are elected and re-elected by the very breakers of the laws, that the independent efforts of disinterested citizens are necessary to bring the police and the judges up to their duty. Two years ago a vigorous Society for the Prevention of Crime was formed under the leadership of the Chancellor of the University of New York (Dr. Howard Crosby), by the influence of which 1739 unlicensed tippling houses were shut up, which had been allowed to do their work of mischief in the very teeth of the license law now on the statute-book.

The radical temperance reformers advocate total abstinence and the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic. They put fer-

mented wines and malt liquors in the same category with distilled spirits as alike poisonous. The Maine law, so called, has been actually tried in the State of Maine and several other States, but while it may be carried out in certain country districts, it is a dead letter in large cities.

The advocates of total abstinence differ again as to the ground on which they base their practice. Not a few denounce the drinking even of pure wine and beer as a sin, and thus unintentionally cast reproach on the character and example of our blessed Lord, who changed water into wine, and instituted the holy communion in wine as the symbol of His blood shed for the remission of our sins. I say, unintentionally, and under the strange delusion that the Bible wine was not fermented and not intoxicating, *i.e.*, no wine at all. But the vast majority of teetotalers base abstinence on the tenable ground of Christian charity and expediency; they apply Paul's principle concerning meat (1 Cor. 7 : 13) to drink, and deny themselves a right in order to set a good example and to avoid giving offence to a weak brother.

It is certainly a commanding phenomenon that since the beginning of the temperance reform in America about fifty years ago, the use of wine as a beverage which formerly prevailed, as it still prevails all over Europe, has been greatly diminished in respectable society. The majority of the Protestant clergy and church-members content themselves with water, coffee, and tea. You can sit down in any decent hotel or give a social party to the most distinguished guests without a drop of wine. What is the rule in good society in Europe is the exception in America. Thus much at all events has been effected by the temperance reform. But much more is needed if the lower classes are to be saved from the deadly effects of the scourge of intemperance. The temperance movement will not stop until the sale of distilled liquors, such as rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey, as a beverage, is prohibited, and banished from the land.

#### THE TREATMENT OF THE FOREIGN RACES.

Our picture of American Christianity would not be complete without a glance at the treatment of the non-Caucasian



rac<sup>es</sup>—the Negroes, the Indians, and the Chinese, who are brought as wards under the care of our government and our churches. The negroes were imported against their will by the iniquity of the African slave-trade, but have become naturalized and feel at home among the whites ; the Indians are the natives of the soil, but are still refused the privileges of citizens, and crowded out by the white men, or flee from them like the buffaloes of the prairies ; the Chinese emigrate voluntarily and form a distinct community of their own, but generally return again to their native China with the gains of their industry.

The conduct of the Americans towards these races is unfortunately characterized by the overbearing pride and oppression of a superior race, but redeemed by many examples of noble Christian devotion and a growing sense of our national guilt for the past and our duty for the present and future. The negro problem is at last happily solved, and it is to be hoped that the justice done to the Africans will ultimately be granted to the Indians and Chinese.

#### THE NEGROES.

The history of the African race in the United States is one of the most striking instances of God's wisdom and mercy overruling the wrath of man for His own glory. The civil war which brought the government to the brink of ruin was a just retribution for the national sin of slavery, but ended, by an immense sacrifice of blood and treasure, in the salvation of the Union against the suicidal rebellion of the slaveholders, and in the destruction of slavery. It would have been far more honorable if emancipation had been peacefully and gradually accomplished by voluntary action of Congress as a measure of justice and humanity, instead of being resorted to as a necessary war-measure in self-defence, with its inevitable consequence of chaotic confusion and bitter alienation of the Southern and Northern States, which it will take a whole generation to heal. Nevertheless the great cure has been accomplished, and four millions of negroes now enjoy the rights of free citizens. American slavery

lives only in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and in those plaintive songs with which the jubilee and Hampton singers have moved the hearts of Europe as well as America.

With emancipation came a new zeal for the moral and religious training of the freedmen. Considering all the difficulties of the case, the progress made is quite encouraging. The negro problem is unfortunately still complicated with party politics. The sooner the negro's rights and wrongs are taken out of politics the better.

The Southern churches have the negroes more immediately under their care and could do most for them, but they are fearfully impoverished by the war, and need Northern aid. The Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians have special societies and agencies for this branch of Christian philanthropy. The Roman Catholics also have made quiet and earnest efforts in that direction, but without much success. Schools, academies, colleges, and theological seminaries have been founded for the special benefit of the negroes; prominent among them are Howard University at Washington, Lincoln University, Fisk University, and the College at Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, in Virginia. It is supposed that one third or nearly one half of the colored people are now under direct Christian instruction. The negroes are very religious by nature, and infidelity is scarcely known among them; but their moral sense of honesty and chastity is weak. They have a marked preference for the Baptist and Methodist types of Christianity, which seem to be best suited to their emotional and demonstrative nature. They present a very important home-mission field to American Christians and philanthropists. Many of them no doubt will in course of time carry the Gospel to Africa, and form Christian colonies after the example of Liberia.

#### THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

The Indian problem is as dark as midnight. It has been called the devil's labyrinth, out of which there seems to be no escape. The romance of the earlier encounters between the

white and the red men, with which we are familiar from Cooper's novels, has long passed away. The story of the aborigines, the original lords of the soil, now reduced to beggary and apparently doomed to extinction, is a sad tragedy that must fill every American Christian with mingled indignation, humiliation, and shame. In the Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the national domain north-west of the Ohio River, the government solemnly declared that "the utmost good faith shall always be preserved towards the Indians, that their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent." And yet since the forcible removal of the Cherokees from the State of Georgia in 1830, the policy pursued towards the Indians has been one of most expensive mismanagement and injustice. There is no valid excuse, for the English Government, by strict adherence to treaty obligation, gets along well enough with the Indians in British North America.

The blame lies first upon those border ruffians who poison the Indians with the worst vices of civilization, covet their lands, push them farther and farther west from their reservations, and look upon them, not as human beings to be civilized, but simply as red-skins and incurable savages, doomed to extermination, like the hopelessly corrupt Canaanites of old ; then upon unprincipled Indian agents, who cheat both the government and the Indians by selling them rotten blankets and rotten provisions ; and finally upon the government itself, which has pursued no fixed and consistent policy of its own, but yields to the pressure of squatter sovereigns and political rings, and under this pressure violates the most solemn treaty obligations.

Is it a wonder that the poor Indian savages rise again and again in rebellion against such iniquities ? The expense of the Indian wars is so enormous that every Indian killed in battle is said to cost the government twenty thousand dollars, besides valuable lives. It is only too true what President Bartlett recently wrote (in the *New York Independent* for February 13th, 1879) :

"For at least fifty years the history of our relations to the Indian tribes has been chiefly a record of broken faith, oppressions, and exasperations on our part, followed by slaughters to put down the resistance and retaliation thus

aroused. The present and the past Administrations have shown a desire to protect the rights and interests of the tribes. But the fundamental method has been faulty; and for the most part the hand of the Government has been hard and heavy upon a race that have shown themselves, where properly approached, singularly accessible to religion and civilization. Add to this the frauds of civil agents, the violence of soldiers, the barbarity of officers, the corrupting influence of white renegades and swindlers, the devices and plottings of railway and timber speculators, the inroads of eager squatters, and the cold-blooded heartlessness that glosses over all this with the maxim that 'the weaker race is destined to fade away before the stronger,' and one is constrained to ask, Shall this go on forever? How long, O Lord! how long?"

The American Congress and people are now seriously roused on the subject, and are discussing the various modes of settling the difficult problem. Some advocate 'the transfer of the Indian affairs from the Interior Department of the Government to the War Department which managed it before, while others deprecate such a change from religious motives. General Sherman, however, recently assured the public that as long as he remains commander-in-chief, "every religious denomination should have a fair chance to establish schools, churches, and charitable societies among each and all the tribes," and that he will "personally and officially encourage every effort to convert the wild warrior to the obedient citizen with some Christian virtues superadded—be those Methodist, Episcopalian, Quaker, or Catholic."

It can scarcely be expected that the Indian can at once be changed from a wild hunter into a quiet farmer without passing first through the transition of nomad life. Above all things, treaties should be sacredly kept, or not made at all.

Whatever is to be done ought to be done quickly, for the race is gradually dying out. According to the last report of the Indian Commissioners, which contains some important facts, the whole number of Indians, exclusive of Alaska, is said to be only 250,864, against 251,000 in 1877 and 266,000 in 1876.

One thing seems certain from past experience and is confirmed by this report, that schools and missionary work are the shortest and surest road to Indian civilization. The government spent last year \$352,125 for educational purposes, and the religious societies \$66,759, making a total of \$418,885—consider.

ably more than in the previous year. There are 366 schools with 12,222 children. There are 41,309 Indians who can read. The number of missionaries of different denominations at work, exclusive of teachers, is 226, and there are 219 church buildings. It is very difficult to overcome the deep-rooted dissatisfaction and prejudices of the hostile Indians against the whites, and they must be kept under military control and at the same time be dealt with in an honorable manner that will convert them to better views. But other agents make favorable reports. The Rev. H. Swift, an Episcopal missionary at Cheyenne River (Dakota) Agency, reports that during six years spent among the Sioux he has witnessed a great change. "They were a wild, painted, armed, unfriendly, filthy, idle, dissolute, and heathen people. Now they dress properly, are cleanly, industrious, and have a desire to learn. Heathenism is no longer in the ascendant; but large congregations attend church services, and the number of professed Christians is increasing."

#### THE CHINESE.

The emigration from China (mostly from the province of Canton) began after the annexation of California and the discovery of the gold mines in 1848. The total number of Chinese emigrants during the last thirty years is estimated at 270,000, of whom more than one half have died or returned to their native land; the rest are scattered through the United States, mostly on the coast, but keep entirely aloof from assimilation with the Caucasian race. About 109,000 are now living in California (which has a total population of 670,000), and from 20 to 25,000 in the neighboring States and Territories. At San Francisco they occupy a special quarter of the city, which presents all the occupations, amusements, and strange customs of Chinadom.

The Chinese are intelligent, industrious, frugal, and peaceful. They furnish few inmates of hospitals and prisons. They have done much to develop the foreign trade and the resources of the country, and it is doubtful whether the great Pacific Railroad could have been built without their aid. Although their highest

ambition is to return to China with the gains of their industry, they leave the result of their labor behind, which is far more valuable than their earnings. The Surveyor-General of California estimates that they have increased the value of property in that State \$290,000,000 within ten years, and this property is held by white men. They have reclaimed a million acres of marsh lands, and raised their value from \$3 to \$100 per acre. This is a better showing than can be claimed by any equal number of "sand-lot hoodlums," as the white rabble of the Kearney stripe in San Francisco are called.

But, on the other hand, the Chinese bring with them also the vices and filth of heathenism, and are destitute of the ennobling influences of family life. Most of their imported women (who number only 7000) are said to be prostitutes of the lowest grade. Moreover, by their ability to live on rice and to do as good work for lower wages they have aroused the envy and indignation of the laboring classes in the Pacific States. Politicians irrespective of party are always hungry for votes, and many of them care more for money and power than for principle and honor. The same spirit of exclusive native Americanism which twenty years ago, under the name of Knownothingism, was turned against the Irish and German emigrants, was roused against the Mongolians, but now found its chief supporters among the Irish laborers, who suffer most from this competition. The whole Pacific coast resounded with the cry, "The heathen Chinese must go."<sup>1</sup>

The anti-Mongolian crusade came to a crisis in the last session of Congress, which passed by a large majority the Chinese-exclusion bill, forbidding under penalties any vessel from bringing hereafter to American shores, at one time, more than fifteen Chinamen, whether as visitors or immigrants. This bill is not only contrary to the traditional policy of the country, which hospitably opens the door to voluntary emigrants from all parts of

<sup>1</sup> The spirit and tendency of this new form of nativism was well expressed and reduced *ad absurdum* by the following fictitious counter-petitions, which we quote as specimens of American humor from the *N. Y. Tribune* of February 25th, 1879:

*To the Honorable House of Representatives.*

The undersigned, legal voters and citizens of the United States, respectfully ask

the world without distinction of race and color, but it is also an open violation of articles five and six of the "Burlingame Treaty" of 1869, wherein the United States of America and the Emperor of China, recognizing the inherent and inalienable right of voluntary expatriation, and the mutual advantage of free migration and emigration of their citizens from one country to the other, for purposes of curiosity, trade, or permanent residence, pledge to such emigrants the enjoyment of the same privileges, immunities, or exemptions in respect to travel and residence as are enjoyed by citizens or subjects of the most favored nation.

The President therefore very properly vetoed the bill, March 2d, 1879, and the House of Representatives wisely re-

that you prevent the immigration of any more Germans to this country, because they will drink lager, go on Sunday excursions, save their money, and are buying up all the land in the country.

ROBERT MACGREGOR,  
HUGH MACDOUGAL,  
SANDY MACPHERSON,  
and 1000 others.

*To Yer Honers the Mimbers of Congress :*

We the unthersigned citizens of the United States of Amerikie respectfully petition you to tack into the "Haythen Chinee" bill the white nagers or Ratalians that are coming over here in dhroves and working ten or twilve hours a day for nothin' at all at all, and boarding themselves at that. Now what can an honest man do to airn a dacent livin' if you don't put a stop to it?

PATRICK O'REILLY,  
MICHAEL McDERMOTT,  
WM. JAMES O'SULLIVAN,  
and 1000 others.

CONGRISHMAN : Vot for you no schtop dem Irishman shust de same mit Schine-man? He drinks up all de viskey like nothings, votes every time all day long, and makes drubles mit us. And it is shust so easy mit de needle in de camels' eye ash to have de behind vordt mit the Irishman.

JACOB ROERHAUSEN,  
HANS BUMGARTEN,  
PETER VON STEINBURGER,  
and many others.

*To Ze Grand Congress.*

SHENTLEMEN : If you vill keeps out of ze countarie, all ze Germans, all ze Irish, all ze Anglasie, wis all ze, ze—vat you calls him—Shine—mans and evra boda but ze Frenchmans, you vill have one magnifishant Republic.

LOUIS DU BOISE,  
PAUL COGNAC.

fused to pass it over his veto. Thus the national honor was saved from disgrace, and the wisdom of the veto power confided in the Executive, which guards the right of individual conscience, has received a striking illustration by showing that the President with the veto may better represent the national sentiment than a Congress of politicians attempting to outbid each other for a party advantage.

A wholesale immigration of heathen Mongolians for permanent residence might indeed endanger the Christian civilization of America, and would justify a modification or abrogation of the treaty by mutual consent of the two governments. But the experience of 1877 and 1878 does not justify such an apprehension, but the probability that the emigration from Asia will decrease rather than increase.

It is gratifying that the Christian sentiment of all denominations, as far as it has been manifested during the recent agitation in petitions and religious newspapers, has been strongly against the bill of Congress and in favor of the President's veto. How could it be otherwise? The instincts of the Christian heart are always in favor of peace and good-will toward men. A law like the one proposed by Congress would have been a fatal blow to Christian missions among the Chinese now residing in America, and probably also in China itself, by provoking measures of retaliation. The only way to Christianize them is kind treatment.

The missionary efforts which have been made by various churches among the Chinese in the Pacific States are by no means discouraging, if we consider the wide-spread prejudice against them. There are flourishing Chinese mission schools in San Francisco and Oakland, numbering, it is said, over three thousand attendants. I had never more attentive listeners than when I addressed one of them a year ago. A Presbyterian pastor at Oakland told me that he had in his large church for several years fifteen Chinese converts, who during all that time had led as consistent a Christian life as any equal number of American members. It is supposed that about one thousand Chinamen have been converted. Besides, two hundred Chinese youths are educated at the expense of their government in



various American institutions, and show remarkable aptitude for learning.

The providential design in the Chinese immigration seems to be the same as in the involuntary importation of the African slaves : it looks towards the extension of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of men. The conversion of Chinese immigrants, most of whom will return, is the entering wedge for the conversion of that immense empire, which numerically represents more than one fourth of the population of the globe.

PHILIP SCHAFF.

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